

MAIL CONTRACTS.

Tenders addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on FRIDAY, the 22nd day of February, 1895, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mail on the following proposed routes, from the 1st of April, 1895, viz:—

Appin Road and Hampton—semi-weekly. Dundas and Mount Hope—weekly. Glen Williams and Murray River, Kelly's Cross and New Wiltshire—tri-weekly.

Mill River and Railway Station—semi-weekly. North Lake and South East—tri-weekly. North River and South Wiltshire, etc.

Printed notices containing full information as to conditions of proposed contracts may be seen, and blank forms of tender may be obtained, at the Post Office at which the services commence and terminate, and at the office of the subscriber, Charlottetown.

F. DE ST. C. BROCKEN, Asst. P. O. Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office, Charlottetown, P. E. I., December 22, 1894.

Lippincott's Magazine, 1895.

The special feature of LIPPINCOTT'S—A COMPLETE NOVEL—in each issue, in addition to the usual Short Stories, Novellas, Essays, Poems, etc.

All combined, make it one of the most desirable magazines now published. We avoid the objection held by so many readers to a continued story.

During the coming year novels may be expected from Capt. King, Annie Rivers, Gertrude Atherton, Mrs. Stockney, Mrs. Alexander, Miss Train, (Author of "The Autobiography of a Professional Beauty"), and other well-known writers.

Price, \$1.00 per year. Single copy, 25c. Send five 2-cent stamps for specimen copy.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE PHILADELPHIA, PA.

50 YEARS

For the last 50 years Cough Medicines have been made in and dying out, but during all this time

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND

Never left the Front Rank for Curing CROUP, COUGHS AND COLDS.

All Druggists and most Grocers sell it. 50¢ 25 cents a bottle.

ARMSTRONG & CO.

Proprietors, St. John, N. B. nov23-d

The Rink

WILL BE OPENED CHRISTMAS NIGHT ICE PERMITTING.

Tickets now on sale at all the Drug Stores.

Band every Monday and Thursday nights, and every second Saturday afternoon.

Tickets at the following reduced prices: (SEASONS) \$3.00, (LADIES) 2.00, (CHILDREN (Admission)) 1.50, (PIROMENADE) 75.

Mechanical Drawing &c

The undersigned is prepared to give training lessons in Mechanical and Industrial Drawing to make Plans and Specifications for Patents, Copying, Blueprinting and Draughting in general.

L. W. MACDONALD, Land Surveyor and Draughtsman. Nov 21-

Dominion Coal Company, Ltd

The undersigned having been appointed sole selling Agents in the Province of Prince Edward Island for the above Company, are now prepared to issue orders for Round, Stick and Run of Mines, and will keep a Stock of each Mine's Coal on hand to supply customers at lowest prices.

PEAKE BROS & Co., Selling Agents. Charlottetown, May 25, 1894—17

New Store.

WATCH REPAIRING isn't a side line but we make a specialty of it—no matter how old or how new. There are no more expert repairers in the city than ours. We repair and re-set your watch against injury for 25¢ a year.

GOODSTEIN, EXPERT WATCH REPAIRER

Everything as new and nice. Everything so low in price. Everything ought to call. And see our Bargains for the Fall. At our New Shop opposite J. D. McDonald's. nov-23-d

CHARLES E. THORNE, Practical Plumber, Gas and Sanitary Engineer.

Having for a number of years worked in the United States with an experienced Plumber, will now furnish first-class work and plumbing of all kinds at short notice. TESTIMONIALS—Arthur Johnson, Esq., Bridge, Revere Hotel, etc. All orders left at REVERE HOTEL. oct-11-d

Charlottetown to Pictou.

Until close of navigation, the steamer "Northumberland" will leave Steam Navigation Company's wharf every morning at seven o'clock for Pictou returning same afternoon. By order.

F. W. HALES, Secretary. dec 10.

A CHRISTMAS CARD.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

"It is at once painful and perplexing to be answered by a heavy sigh where one expects an exclamation of pleasure and admiration."

"I looked anxiously into her husband's face. She was holding up for my inspection a large wax doll, one of the treasures for Madge, the blue-eyed darling of four years, who was counting the days until Santa Claus should deliver every stitch of Miss Dollie's elaborate costume was the work of Mrs. Austin's busy fingers in hours when Madge was dreaming of full stockings and Christmas trees, and the last stitch set, the result was displayed for 'papa's' approval."

"Now papa was quite as devoted a parent to Madge and two-year-old Harold as mamma, and took deep interest in all nursery matters. It may be that the memory of two other curly heads and baby faces that had brightened the hours in her life, and then been hidden by coffin-lids, deepened the love for the children who came later to comfort the aching hearts. But it is very tenderly recalled that the little girl and the little boy did not slip nor stumble through the sunny streets, unheeded by the cold, she walked beside him, prattling of her home, and of the dear grandpapa that she had been taught to love."

"That was the crowning amazement. No child in a few short hours could have been taught to talk of the estranged parent as this child did. She told the old man of the prayer she said night and morning, 'Please, dear Lord, send my grandpapa home!' of the talks with her mother about the unknown relative whom she was to reverence and love, should he ever come home, opening to the hardened but, oh, such a lovely heart a hope of rest and affection, that he felt it would be bitter as death to thrust aside now."

"There was no need to pull the door-bell of the stately mansion to which Simon Austin led his grandchild. Eager hands were waiting to open the wide, eager eyes were watching for the coming of the pair. Tender arms and strong hands led Simon Austin into the parlor. Margaret's kisses fell warm and pressing upon his wrinkled cheeks; Charles's hands removed the shabby overcoat; baby Harold clung to his knees, shouting: 'Dandypapa! Santa Claus brought dandypapa!'"

"There was no pride could stand against this loving, sincere welcome, so pride collapsed. 'You really want me, Charles?' the old man faltered. 'It is not mere charity.'"

"'Hush!' whispered Margaret. 'Do not grieve him by such a word. He will never be happy until you come home, dear father.'"

"And so Christmas once again gathered up the tangled threads of estrangement and knit them into strong bands of home-love."

No Use for It. Yale—Are you going to study political economy? Harvard—Horrors, no. Why, my father's worth at least three millions.

To Be No Hurling. Delicite—What shall you wear this winter? Danbette—Oh, clothes, I suppose, seeing there will be no grand opera.

A CO-OPERATIVE TOWN. An English City Where Everybody Joins in Ownership. Oldham (Lancashire), although comparatively speaking, a modern town, and people almost exclusively by the working classes, holds the lead in many respects, but especially in its co-operative movements. No town in the kingdom owns as many joint stock or limited companies, which in their turn have created other co-operative combinations.

Its co-operative stores consist of two societies, each with a membership of nearly 11,000. These societies were the pioneers of the "limited" movement in Oldham, and the cotton industry was the first business they began with. Such rapid strides has it made that Oldham is known far and wide as the "city."

The co-operative societies spread still further, and now, in conjunction with the societies in adjacent towns, own a large coal mill, thus sharing the profits to be made from grinding the grain.

There are in Oldham district, in the cotton trade alone, about 150 limited companies, the majority of which have been formed since 1872, with capitals varying from £10,000 to £15,000, chiefly divided into 25 shares. These companies, seeing the profits accruing from buying the raw material, at once formed the Oldham Cotton Buying Company, Limited, almost every company having shares; consequently it is to their own interest to do business with the company, and thus share in the profits. But they do not stop here. Seeing the large profit made by the insurance companies, they decided to form one of their own, and the Federative Insurance Company, Limited, sprang into existence, each company holding a number of shares, and encouraging it by transferring their insuring business to it.

It is no uncommon thing for some of the cotton companies to consist of 400, 600, and, in some cases, 700 shareholders; almost all residing in Oldham. Scarcely a family in the town but what owns shares in some cotton company or other.

The company movement does not stop with the staple trade (cotton). The farmers were not long behind, and then was formed the Oldham Hills, Spin and Fat Company, Limited, which, effectively demoralized private enterprise in that direction. Even the bill posting and advertising business was invaded, the partners forming the Oldham Bill Posting Company, Limited, through it posting their own bills and advertisements. The publicans were not left out in the cold, and very soon two separate water companies were in full swing, each publishing so long as they dealt with the company, but long so many shares. These he must relinquish when he ceases to deal with them. In fact, there is no business, not even poultry farming, which has escaped the company craze, and it is a pity that at one time you could have floated a dog kennel in Oldham.

Very sadly the son and his wife talked of the impossibility of helping one who would not let any appeal touch him, until suddenly Margaret cried: 'Charles, I have an idea! Let me try to win my father's love. I will send him a Christmas card.' 'My dear, he would not open the envelope.' 'But it will not go in an envelope. Don't ask any questions. Let me try, and see if your father will not die with us to-morrow.' 'Dine with us! Margaret, you must be crazy!'

'Not a bit of it. Just let me have my own way, dear.' 'Do you ever fail to get that?' was the laughing query, for something in his wife's face gave a fresh hope to Charles Austin's heart.

It was a very mean room in a very poor house where the sun of a bright Christmas morning awakened Simon Austin. Everything in the shabby place told of the lack of woman's care and love. Dust hung upon everything; disorder reigned. There were no dainty touches of household; the curtains were dingy and crooked; the carpet torn and dirty.

Very wearily and slowly the old man dressed himself. It was five in the grate and rang for the poor breakfast his landlady provided. Dinner and tea he was supposed to buy outside, but very often his muddy coffee, stale bread and tough chop or steak were the sole repast of the twenty-four hours.

It was Christmas Day, and no business was done. About what time you'll get For Santa Claus. But come along. And join the throng. And be convinced to buy some more At G. G. JURY'S Jewellery Store. A clock or watch to give you time, Rings of many different kinds, Brooches, ear-rings, for big and small, At prices that will suit you all. Spectacles and silverware. Or pretty pins to adorn the hair; Scarf pins, buttons, or chain and charms, And Nickel Clocks that will alarm. We've wedding rings that cannot linger, And, best of all, a pair of diamond rings. Now I trust you will remember A big discount throughout December. Prices never known before At G. G. JURY'S Jewellery Store. North Side Queen's Square, opposite P. O. dec-20—th fri m w th & w

then, half frightened at the strange face and the poor room, the child's eyes filled and her lips trembled. 'I want to go home!' she whispered.

'Don't cry!' Mr. Austin said, finding his senses, and taking her into his arms very tenderly. 'Don't cry, dear, I will take you home.'

'Oh, if you please, because my big doll is here and all the toys Santa Claus brought, and brother Harry. What did Santa Claus bring you?'

'Nothing!'

'Oh! with a very deep drawn sigh, was it because you are up so many stairs, and mamma always comes to our study, and mamma said, perhaps to-day, he would bring us our grandpapa? We haven't got any now, you know, and mamma said, if he did come, we would say him was the same as papa, and he would love us. And please, grandpapa, so we will.' And here the child put her little arm round the head bent low before her, and lifted the face quivering and tear-stained.

'Oh, don't cry! Oh, please, men don't cry, only naughty girls and boys! Oh! and again the tender formal voice in the plea: 'I want to go home.''

'Yes, yes! I will take you home. Bring your flowers, child. This is no place for flowers, or—Christmas cards!'

Down the crazy old stairs the old man led the child, tenderly watching that the little feet did not slip nor stumble. Through the sunny streets, unheeded by the cold, she walked beside him, prattling of her home, and of the dear grandpapa that she had been taught to love.

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holidays in Silk Handkerchiefs and Ladies' Furs of all kinds. You should also look at our Christmas Slippers, regular beauties and so cheap. The way to be happy is to buy at

J. B. MACDONALD & CO'S.

Charlottetown, December 24, 1894—Jy

JUST THE THING!

Call at our store and we will supply you with "just the thing" you want for a Xmas Gift to your friend.

How Would Some of These Do?

Ladies' or Gents' Kid Gloves, lined and unlined. Silk Handkerchiefs—the best stock in the city. Shirts, Collars, Ties, Cuffs, Braces, Wool Squares, Clouds, Hoods, Shopping Bags, Purses, Fur Mufts, Capes, Collars and Caps, Fancy Tidies, Toilet Covers, Linen Handkerchiefs.

The Best Value in the City at MOORE & McLEOD'S.

Charlottetown, December 22, 1894—in the sat

Catch On ?

The price of our Custom-made Clothing and Gentlemen's Furnishings is like the feather on a young duck,

Down!

B. A. BRUGE.

Charlottetown, December 20, 1894—in the sat

For the Xmas Season.

During this Month I will give the following Discounts:

- Cutlery.....20 per cent. discount.
- Silver Plated Goods.....20
- Coal Vases.....20
- Fire Irons and Stands.....20
- Hearth Brushes.....20
- Clothes Wringers.....25
- Carpenter's Tools.....15
- Guns, Rifles and Revolvers.....15
- Rogers Bros. A 1 Spoons, Forks and Knives.....20
- Victoria Silver Spoons, Forks and Knives.....20
- Sets Carvers in Plush and Leather Cases.....20
- Children's Knife, Fork and Spoon in Plush & Leather Cases.....20
- Scissors in Plush and Leather Cases.....20
- Mrs. Potts' Sad Irons.....90 cents per set.

W. E. DAWSON.

Charlottetown, December 15, 1894—in w

PREPARED FOR THE SEASON.

We are now prepared to supply first-class Groceries at very low prices. Our stock is fresh, and we keep the best in the market. Black Basket Table Raisins, Muscatel, Layer, Valencia, and a fine stock of Cooking Raisins. Vostizza, perfectly clean, and Patras Currants, Layer and Cooking Figs and Dates. Candied Citron, Lemon and Orange Peel, Flavoring and Spices. We have also a choice line of Confectionery, Chocolates, Creams, Mixtures and Penny Goods in different varieties, Plain and Fancy Biscuits, and everything you need in the Grocery line. Give us a call.

S. B. ENMAN & CO.,

Charlottetown, Dec. 12, 1894—in w f Next to Woolen Mills Co's. Store, Queen Street.

THEY FOLLOW SUIT

of course, and so he gets turkey for dinner. We need not say that the people are after us too, because we are selling Winter Clothing in Usters, Overcoats, Reefers and Men's and Boys' Suits at the lowest prices ever heard of in Charlottetown. Imagine a good Fur Coat, worth \$20, selling for \$12.50, and Overcoats worth \$13 selling for \$9, and so on down. We cannot explain to you in this space all the bargains we are giving for the

THOSE TUNEFUL FROGS.

LOVE SONG OF THE SPECKLED SWAMP HABITANT.

Opera in the Marsh at 8.30—Only the Males Raise Up Their Voices, and Their Tuneful Melody is Sometimes Not Appreciated by the Cold World.

The frog is the latest member of the animal kingdom whom Science has put under the microscope and compelled to yield up information for the use and amusement of man. It appears that this gentleman, whose vocal activity is one of the features of suburban life most likely to attract attention from city visitors, is equipped with a complicated and extraordinary musical apparatus.

When the frog wishes to express his joy he bursts forth into song. He lifts up his voice and makes the woodland ring. Only the male frogs sing. The females constitute the audience who sit in the front row and enjoy the music; and it is the speckled green frog who is the prime soloist of the woods.

These operettas only take place at night, and the performance begins about 8.20, after an overture by the katydid and the early mosquitoes. The frog, however, does not come out upon the stage with a roll of music in one hand and a smug smirk on his face. Neither does he proceed to scatter sand upon the floor from a cornucopia, and preface his performance with a song and dance after the manner of vaudeville artists.

He jumps right into the middle of his song without even a preliminary bow to the front row in appreciation, and after a succession of short, sharp notes, uttered in quick succession, he lets it go at that. Then he may receive either an encore or the objective point of antique eggs, or bits of stone from the hands of some of his auditors, in which latter case he makes a rapid dive beneath the waters and is lost to sight.

Who has not heard the sweet musical strains of a speckled frog ringing out on the calm evening air, immediately succeeded by a "kerchunk" as he is apparently beneath the waves? That happens when his song falls to meet with approbation. There are always other frogs about when these songs are sung. Most of them are females, otherwise there would be no song, for a male frog singing to his fellows would not be allowed to get further than the first two bars.

Stories have been told of a frog in the darkness who, seeing others of his kind whom he took for ladies, burst forth into loud melodious notes of joy, and was suddenly cut short in his musical career by a shower of missiles from indignant male frogs whose meditations he had disturbed. This only happens to the young bucks of the frog tribe, for the older heads are too shrewd to make fools of themselves when there are any other than female frogs about.

One of the extraordinary things about frog music, as discovered by a writer in La Science en Famille, is the fact that the frog keeps his mouth closed when he is singing. It will therefore be seen that it would be useless to tell him to "shut up."

He can sing through his skin. He is provided with a pair of resonant chambers like drums and he makes his music by snapping his muscles against these distended membranes. Then he can breathe through his skin and supply all the wind that is necessary without opening his mouth. Handled in his "Israel in Egypt" he imitated in a passage of the oratorio the motions and leaping of the frogs.

A French scientist, after long listening in the woods, has made out and reduced to writing the song of the frog, or "swamp music," as he calls it, and has discovered that the frog repertoire is varied and extensive. Frogs can carry on conversations at long distances and can communicate to each other emotions of fear or hunger.

Their songs, however, are all love songs, and, as has been said, are only indulged in when there are female frogs about. It is then that the frog distends his drums to their utmost, throwing his head well back and his legs far apart and raising his voice, as it is called, to the very highest pitch of the musical scale. A big old green frog can thus make himself heard for a distance of more than two miles, and the French servant who has studied the subject says the females are by this performance thrown into ecstasies of delight.

The song of the frog has thus been registered by the French savant: "Brekeke brekeke, brekeke! Kpate too-oo-oo! Brekeke! Brekeke! Brekeke, kwarr, brekeke too-oo." This closely resembles the famous cry of the Yale College students, taken from the frog song of the Aristophanes, and which is heard at every football match. It is supposed to express frog joy of the uttermost.

A Little Different. While the hotel proprietor in Canada writes "Don't blow out the gas," the notice found at the resort hotels in Mexico runs as follows: "There is a matter to which the management respectfully desire to call the distinguished attention of the guests who exceedingly honor the hotel with their presence. Inasmuch as many ladies have been long absent from the hotel, and verily or apprehensible carelessness of persons who have, instead of turning the small brass cock attached to the gas burner which hangs from the ceiling or is attached to some portion of the wall—it is confidently hoped by the management, etc."

To Brighton, Mich. Stoves are being put up and the house-keeper requires much patience. If the mica in the doors looks smoky here is a recipe for brightening them. Slip the mica out and put it in a dish of vinegar for a few hours, then remove and polish with a soft, dry cloth. This process will bring back its old-time brightness.

FOND OF FINE FUNERALS.

French People Make the Last Rites an Occasion for Great Display. The love of the French for display in burial ceremonies has been pointed out as characteristic of this nation. The people have a pathetic way of saying: "although it costs much to live in Paris, it costs still more to die." This, in a measure, true, and that it is so, says the Baltimore Sun, is due to the fact that the government has a monopoly of the work of burying the dead, and has established a scale of prices by which the style of funeral is regulated, from that costing hundreds of dollars to the one which opens the fosse commune (common grave). As a rule the French are fond of fine funerals. For statement of the first rank the government decrees a state funeral, which is an occasion of great display and frequently leads to political demonstrations; but private funerals are also costly, and many a man who has lived with the utmost meanness all his life is laid to rest with princely pomp. The door of his residence is hung with black curtains, enlaid with silver; his monogram, in silver, is on all the morning coaches which follow the hearse; the drivers are dressed in black with knee breeches, high boots, three-cornered hats and long capes streamers on their arms; the horses for the hearse are caparisoned with sweeping draperies of black and silver, and on the hearse itself are plumes and silver figures of angels and cherubs. Then, too, the custom of sending out notices of the death and invitations to the funeral is very common, and sometimes these notices are as elaborate and as elegant as ever were the most expensive wedding cards or invitations to a ball.

In striking contrast with the decorous funerals of the rich are the scenes which follow the death of a very poor person to be laid in the grave. The city is strict in regard to them. The body can only be kept twenty-four hours from the time of death, and it must be buried in a coffin made of this deal boards, unpainted, unvarnished and so slight that it is always wrung up and fastened with ropes lest it should come to pieces. It is taken to the grave in a hearse which is hardly better than a tray. At the fosse commune the priest is allowed to include six funerals in one service. Fully to explain the necessity for the fosse commune, it is necessary to say a word about French graveyards. They are governed entirely different from ours, and their object seems to be to afford graves to the millions who are dead, without taking up more space than the millions who live. In certain parts of the cemetery graves may be bought outright, though at enormous prices, and remain forever in the possession of a family. In other sections the graves are bought singly for five years, the date of burial, and at the end of the specified time the bones are taken up and buried in the fosse commune. The fosse commune—the lowest grave of all—is a ditch twelve feet deep, twelve feet wide, and as long as the size of the graveyard permits. Here the coffins are put side by side in two rows, the heads meeting in the centre. When a certain number are in the ditch it is closed and another layer of earth more coffins are afterwards laid. When the ditch is filled to the surface another one alongside is opened, and so until the available space is used up. Then the first ditch is reopened and fresh coffins are put in place of the old ones, which have decayed.

WISDOM OF THE ELEPHANT.

He Knows When He Has Been Swindled, and Vigorously Resents It. One day, says a writer of English military experience, a heavy gun attack in the muddy bottom of a stream and the tandem elephant was unhooked to shove behind, or lift the muzzle of the gun with his trunk. But he would not; he only bellowed and swayed uneasily, shifting it on one foot to the other, as he stalked. At last, with pitiful shrill trumpeting, he touched the sharp point of the iron right on the muzzle. He says he is afraid of being himself, "sahib," explained the natives. "Well," answered the officer in jest, "tell him to speak the wheel." "Pranise him! lachkeesh, sahib, and he will." "Very well." The elephant carefully found a securer footing, curled his trunk round a lower spoke and made the wheel revolve. Then the slight elephant cut his tremendous weight and the gun slowly rose out of the mud and rolled up the opposite bank. The triumphant mahout demanded backbeeh for his Hooshair Hatti (wise elephant). "You scamp! You want the backbeeh for yourself!" "No, sahib, I dare not cheat him, and if you don't give him backbeeh he will remember you are no gentleman and will never work for you again." "All right," said the officer, tossing the mahout a couple of rupees in succession. "How about it, know you don't cheat him?" "Come and see him fed this evening, sahib." That evening by moonlight the officer was summoned to see Hooshair Hatti eat his supper. The elephant was away-coming to and fro, fanning himself all over, and the mahout, who had the fire stowed high chupatties—flat cakes of flour, butter and sugar—purchased with the backbeeh for the Hooshair's supper. The mahout took up one of these cakes and offered it to the "wise one," who weighed it carefully in his trunk and then deposited it, with a satisfied smack, in his raw-looking mouth. "Now, sahib, this second chupattie is light weight. See him find it out!" The elephants are accustomed to a certain rank weight, and when the Hooshair took this cake by the edge an angry twinkle came into his wicked little eye, and, quick as lightning, he slapped the mahout in the face with the leathery mass. "See, sahib," cried the man in glee, "I dare not cheat him!" And he picked himself up and offered a larger chupattie. "Here you foolish one! Did I ever cheat you? This one weighs more." The elephant understood, and ate in forgiving tranquility.