

THE DAILY COLONIST, JANUARY 3, 1889

CALLAHAN, GLASS & CO. Germany's Young Kaiser A Story About Courting. LOBSTER CANS.

An Interesting Chat about the Characteristics and Personality of Emperor William.

(Rome Letter in Philadelphia 2 elegraph).

But Emperor William does'nt look the invalid. Indeed he is a rather handsome man. He is just thirty years old, nearly six feet in height, well put up, after the Prussian fashion (that is of not so athletic a build as the Saxon), and just beginning to grow Teutonically stout. He is a very fair blonde, with a complexion something on the peaches-and-cream hue. His hair inclines to a darkish brown, which he wears parted on the left side, and brushed up well from the forehead and well back over the ears. He is always, when he is seen in public; kept shiningly neat, as if freshly pomaded and sombed. His features are regular and prepossessing; the eyes are honest and blue, and are very attractive when he smiles, the nose demi-Roman and the moustache, of medium size, is of a good German blonde, about three shades darker than straw color, turned upwards at the ends until the waxed points seem to tickle, the lower eyelids. The moustache is evidently Wilhelm's chief pride after his army. His left arm is his most palpable defect. It hangs rather listlessly, and is, I should say, about an inch and a half higher than the other arm. I am told that the malformation is a great vexation as well as inconvenience to him ; but he deserves praise for the adroit manner in which he uses the hand. If you had never read or heard all the things said about this imperial deformity, you would probably stand gazing at him for an hour without observing the useless member. When he stands, the lame hand rests quite naturally on the handle of his sword (for he most rarely dons civilians dress, and when he sits it is not pulled over on his lap, as is generally ostentatiously done with lame arms, but either falls by his left side, quite soldierly, or preserves its resting place on the sword-hilt. When he eats the useless arm hides under the table and the right hand manages a combination knife and fork, made somewhat on the scissors principle, so adroitly that one begins to wonder why all table instruments are not made just like it. Whatever may be the feasting function, or whatever, his private body servant stands behind his chair and helps him when two hands are more needful than one.

The handsome young Entperor rarely shows himself divected of his uniform. This is most likely owing to his extreme partiality for all things martial. It is, perhaps, also owing to his good looks being much enhanced by his military trappings. His uniforms are most superb. He dons most frequently that of the Hussars, with the dark, braided jacket or dolman hanging gracefully, in that neither on nor off state, from the left shoulder. The astrakan hat also sits coquetishly above his fair face. Sometimes he wears the white coat and brilliant helmet of the Guards, which was the uniform nearly always worn by the Emperor Frederick. Albeit young, untanned and unscarred, he looks the dashing trooper. What matters it if he wears six brilliant rings on his right hand and a bracelet or bangle on his wrist? He does; but Murat dressed for a fight more than other men for a ball-and he was a gallant trooper, if any ever lived. As I have said, the Kaiser's malady is probably responsible for his testiness. It certainly gives him variable humors. His bad humor is manifested in sulkiness, irritability, rudeness to those about him, and a disposition to quarrel generally. In his happier moments he has an air of being a thoroughly good fellow ; his face wears a genial smile, and there is a glimmer of fun in his eyes. His handshake is manly and indicates not only an intermittent heartiness but considerable arm-strength as well. I watched him as he greeted King Humbert and the Royal suite the day of his arrival in Rome, and I saw also the same cordiality of manner as he complimented the half-a-dozen Generals on the parade ground at Centocelle the day of the big review. I was impressed then by the fact that when he wants to be civil he succeeds admirably ; but I saw other instances of that want of fact and of that aggressive independence of speech which I have mentioned-instances which contribute to his personal unpopularity, always a risky quality for sovereigns. The Emperor is quite royal in his admiration of lovely women, and I fancy he left a favorable impression in some tender Roman hearts. He speaks English and French admirably, but prefers the former, in speaking which he has almost no trace of a foreign accent. When not in uniform he dresses after the English style. These are the only two respects, however, in which he inclines towards anything English. He is a German to the core-and perhaps too markedly so to be a great success as a ruler in these singular days of European alliances.

The old folks couldn't stand it much longer. There he was, night after night, in the parlor with Jennie, and all sorts of hours would pass and he wouldn't go. I don't think they minded that so much, but it used to worry them to be woke up with a start every now and again. You know how it is yourself, don't you ? You remember when you courted sweet Jessie-the long pauses, the meaningless pauses) when you forgot that the old folks were overhead and expected you to talk a good deal to their daughter. I will not give you away. You know there were no air waves possible when you had shut off the supply necessary. You knew that Jessie uddenly said :

"Oh, Willie! What will papa and mamma think? We must make some noise."

She then began to play very loudly on the piano. Will people ever really believe that the old folks are deceived by sudden noises and gay, loud laughter, and a commonplace remark in a loud tone and all the other transparent dodges sweethearts use when they are courting? Why, they have been there themselves, and they can tell when you steal a kiss in the middle of a sentence. But those interruptions are very useful. They break up the monotony of the thing and give you a chance to begin all over again. dare say the old lady smiles as she sits at her knitting when Jessie opens the door and cries :--"Oh, mamma, are you there ?"

" Yes," mamma says, and-goes on knitting. Mamma knows that Willie thought he heard a sound outside and Jessie had to give an excuse for going out to see if it was her mother. No. No. What if Willie does steal a kiss or two and Jessie's hair is just a trifle out of curl and her check is just a little redder than the weather justifies, and there's a long, long hair of brown on Willie's coat collar. Oaly as she sits and knits she dreams of the time when her Willie came and courted her, and the happy summer hights when their moonlight and their balmy odors, and the stormy winter evenings, when the fire cracked with delight, and her brown hair rested on his shoulder as they sat and listened/in silent happiness to the roaring gale and the dash ing rain. So court on, happy youth. The years fly past quite fast enough, and there are sorrows and responsibilitios, dreads and fears to come, for us all.

But the old man of whom I speak was different. He didn't care to have it acutely brought to him that his days for spooning were over. He forgot how he had done just the same thing himself, forget all except that somebody else was having the same fun he had long ago passed through. So he said to Jennie that if Willie could not go at ten o'clock there was going to be trouble. Of course she told the young man like a dutiful daughter what her pa said, but it was eleven o'clock before she told him. There was a clock in the parlor that struck the hour in a slow, regretful way, as if to say : "I hate to tell you, but it is ten o'clock." One day the old man brought home a new clock and put it carelessly on a little bracket just over the sofa. That night the clock on the mantle began its usual regretful chime and rang out ten o'clock. They paid no attention, but seemed to get their heads closer together, when five minutes later suddenly from that little bracket there came " bang-bang-bang," like a fire bell very much craeked, and the young man shot out at the front door like a rocket. The old man had given him five minutes' grace.

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS ARE L yearly wasted by packers using badly-made cans. The subscriber will book orders for a limited quantity of First-class Lobster Cans, put up in cases made from Extra Stock. Order early,



of the same.

BAIRD'S LINIMENT is clean, clear and bright and very rehetrating. It is not greasy, oily or shapy, and, therefore, acts prompt-ly in curing and relieving pain in any form.

DEAR SIR .- I was laid up with Rheumatism



Gabinet Makers and Upholsterers.

CRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGE THE LARGE AND INCREASED

would respectfully assure their patrons-the Public-that for the

future nothing, they hope, will be wanting to insure a continuance

patronage they have been favored with during this year, and

december29

It is hard enough, any way, for a bachelor to hold a baby, but it is simple torture when it is the baby of the girl who jilted him heartlessly only three years before.

What the Captain Endures.

Here are some of the questions that are asked the captain at the table of a big Cunarder : How long have you been a sailor ? How many times have you crossed the Atantic ?

Have you ever been shipwrecked ? Were you ever drowned?

Are you paid by the trip or by the year ? What does the company pay you ?

What was your business before you became a aptain ? . •

How did you get that scar on your nose ? Were you ever seasick ?

Do you take a bath every day ?

How much did this steamer cost ?

Do you think we shall have any storms ? What time will the steamer reach New York ? Do you think we shall have any fogs, on the Banks ?

Shall we see any icebergs ?

How much did your uniform cost ?

How much coal do you burn in a year ? Are you a married man?

Have you got any children ?

Does your wife miss you dreadfully ? Does your wife care or get jealous of other women ?

What do you do while the steamer is in port It must be real nice to be a captain, isn't it ? Do you think we'll see any whales ?

At Springfield the other day a negro butler carried a coin on a silver salver to an organ grinder in the front yard of a residence. There's nothing like style.

N. OHMAN'S, Atlantic Hotel. TO SUIT THE Bad Times we have reduced the price of all our sewing machines. We can the attention of Tailors and Sice makers to our Singer No. 2, that we can now sell at a very low figure, in fact, the prices of all our Genuine Singers, now. will surprise you. We warrant every machine for over five The Genuine Singer is doing the work of Newfoundland. No one can do without a Singer. 1st. Uses the shortest needle of any 2nd-Carries a finer needle with given size thread. 3d. Uses a greater number of si; e of thread with one size needle. 4th. Will close a seam tighter with linen aread than any other machine Old machines taken in exchange, Machines on easy monthly pay-

THE DAILY COLONIST, JANUARY 3. 1889.



BY THE AUTHOR OF "PUT ASUNDER.

CHAPTER LI.-(continued.)

SISTER TERESA.

"How came the locket there, dear child ?" she asked kindly. "Tell me."

"I do not know, sister," she cried, "I did not take it; I did not put it there: I did not steal it; but, oh, sister, how can I make any one believe me ?"

How often had that cry been rung from her in her despair. "How could she make any one believe in her innocence when appearances were against her ?"

"How can such things be ?" cried the child. "Indeed I never touched it, yet it is found among my things, and when I say that I did not take it, no one believes me."

"Heaven does !" said Sister Teresa, who had now to teach what she had learned.

"But why does not Heaven speak?" cried the child ; a question which she had asked herself in Ardrossan court, and which Monica Grey had thought her to answer.

"Heaven will, in its own time," she answered, gently.

"And I must wait until then ?" cried Annie, whose face was flushed with angry resentment.

"Yes, my dear you must wait," said the sister, gently. "Perhaps it will not be long.'

She said to herself that she was waiting still. Heaven spoke for the little Annie very soon, for the next day the real thief confessed.

She had stolen the locket and hidden it in Annie's box, to be avenged upon her, and then finding herself troubled in conscience, miserable because another was punished for her wrong-doing, she had owned her fault.

" Never judge by appearances," was the inference Sister Teresa made every one draw from this. This was the story of her-life since she had entered the convent of the Sisters of Peace.

And now, as she sits musing by the fire, its light playing over her beautiful face, a messenger comes to tell her that she is wanted in the sick-room.

So human lives are measured off. Then the doctors went away, and she was left alone with the patient. She shielded from him the light of the lamp, but he laughed.

" No, sister," he said, " let me have light while I may. Some strange words are running in my head about eternal darkness.' I wonder what they mean.' She turned the lamp on again, and then it struck her that the voice was familiar to her in some degree, a voice that she had known in the long, dead past; yet it might all be fancy.

"I can not help laughing," he said, " although it seems a terrible thing to do just after a serious accident like mine. The horse I was riding rolled over me, but fortunately it did not hurt me. It might have broken all my bones, but it did not. Yet those two men look _____yse. as solemn and as grave as though I had been mortally wounded, and they look as though I were going to die. Such nonsense! I have not even a pain-not a pain! You see no cause for fear, do you ?"

"The doctors are wiser than I," she said, in a sweet, low voice, wondering why every moment his face grew more familiar to her.

" It is their business to croak, and to make people miserable," he said. have never even thought of death. To tell me, I who feel well' comparatively speaking-to tell me that in a few hours I shall be dead is arrant nonsense."

What could she say or do? Yet he was intrusted to her, and she must do her best.

"Would you like anything," she asked, gently.

"Yes, I should. Give me what I have liked all my life-a foaming glass of champagne.

"I will get it for you," said Sister Teresa.

The sick man laughed as he watched the sparkling liquid foaming into the glass.

That will do a man's very heart good," he said; and she wondered with a sigh how she was to prepare such a man's heart for death. She went up to him with that strange sense of being familiar with his voice that had disturbed her all along. For the first time she saw-his face. The wonder was that she did not drop the glass and the wine! that she did not cry out in her sharp anguish of fear ; that she did not fall on her face in her first thrill of despair. A thick cluster of dark hair lay on the white pillow-a dark, handsome face. every line of which was familiar to her-the dark eyes, the straight brows, The handsome mouth with its dark mustache-the face of Captain Archie Douglas, which she had seen last in the court of Ardrossan ! She stood quite still for a few moments after her discovery, sick and faint of heart, pale and trembling. "Now, sister," cried the sick man, 'give me the wine. I can not stir. Well, you must raise me. I am stiff with the fall.", She raised his head and held the glass to his lips. As she did so, her fear and terror, her despair and horror were so great that she almost died. All the details of that scene came over her: she saw the bedroom at Colde Fell, the dying face of her husband, the suspicious.looks of his friends; she heard again that terrible accusation-"You did it ! I am dying like a rat poisoned in a whole, and you did it." Then she came to herself with a sudden shock, finding that the dark eyes were fixed full upon her, but there is no recognition in them." How should he, who believed Hester Blair drowned and dead, how should he recognize her in the dark-veiled sister whose face was half-hidden by that same veil?





CHAPTER LIII.

A WELL-KNOWN FACE.

A SMALL, square, bright room, plainly furnished as were all the hospital rooms, a bed with white hangings, a wash-stand, dressing-table, three or four chairs, a towel-stand that stood by the bedside, a few books, and a crucifix that hung on the wall. All this Sister Teresa's eyes took in at one glance. The ratient, whose face she did not see, lay still and quiet, but when he spoke his voice seemed strange.

Two doctors were present-the one who was attached to the hospital; in the other she recognized Sir James Carlingford, the cleverest physician of modern days.

They were talking together in low, earnest tones, and in some vague way, she could not tell how or why, the scene reminded her of the doctors at Colde Fell. Sir James turned to her, and looked with wonder at the beautiful face, which seemed to have nothing left of earth upon it.

" I should like to speak to you, sister, a few minutes," he said, and she led the way into a small consulting-room near. "You will have little to do," he said; " but your work will be tiresome. The patient utterly refuses to believe that he lies in any danger; the fact is that he suffers none or very little pain; his spine is broken; there is no earthly 'aid or help for him. There is nothing to do | frightened you?" but to watch him, cheer him, soothe him, until he dies. Give him winebrandy-cordial; but make him understand, as soon as you can, that he has to die! Men hear such news better from you than from us."

"I will do my best." said Sister Teresa.

"He will die quite quietly," continued Sir James; "he will die by inches, as it were, and the end will be all calm." "How long?" asked Sister Teresa, and Sir James took out his jeweled

watch." "It is elven now," he said. "He may last until sunrise,"

"You are trembling, I believe," he said. "Surely those doctors have not

" No, not for my own sake," shereplied.

"Surely not for mine," he answered. " I am not afraid."

"They have left me such a difficult task," she said, gently.

"They always leave the hardest part to other people," said the sick man, grimly. "What is your task?"

"To give their message to you," she replied. "But perhaps I need not fear; brave men do not fear death-you may be brave !" (to be continued.)

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Daily Colonist.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1889.

DEVELOPMENT EDUCATIONAL

Manual Training--Kindergarten Principles **OPINIONS OF PRACTICAL EDUCA-**TIONISTS.

The Supervisor of Education in Halifax, in his last report, presents the opinions of advanced educationalists on the best methods of carrying on educational work in schools. As the result of their investigations they recommend :

1. That the method of kindergarten teaching be developed for senior scholars throughout the schools, so as to supply a graduated course of manual training in connection with science teaching and object lessons.

2. That the teaching of all subjects be accompanied, where possible, by experiments and ocular demonstration, and that the necessary apparatus be supplied to the schools.

3. That the board encourage modelling in clay in all departments of schools, both in connection with drawing as a training of the artistic faculties, and for the illustration of the teaching of geography and other subjects.

4. That all manual instructions should be given in connection with the scientific principles underlying the work, and with suitable drawing and geometry.

5. That greater attention be paid to the teaching of mechanics, and that models for illustrating the instruction be supplied.

6. That instruction in practical geometry be included in the teaching of drawing, and that mechanical drawing to scale with actual measurements be encouraged in all boys' departments.

7. That the time now given for dictation be reduced, and that in substitution for the part omitted in the lower classes the reproduction by children in their own words of passages read out to them, and in the senior classes original composition be usually taken.

8. That the teaching of reading should be specially directed to give children an interest in books, and to encourage them to read for their own pleasure, and that reading books should be used for imparting a knowledge of geography, history, social economy and facts of common life to all children who may not be able to take such subjects for examination.

9. That in order to allow time for experimental teaching and manual work, the time now given to spelling, parsing and grammar generally be reduced.

10. That principals of all schools be required to forward each year, for the approval of the mar or parsing until the eighth grade be reached. The mental discipline can be supplied in more useful ways, while the practical uses can be acquired by exercises in composition and letterwriting.

5. That geography be combined as much possible with object lessons, and be taught from maps made by the teachers and pupils. Modelling in clay is required for the best teaching of geography.

6. That interesting biographical sketches should form the beginnings of history teaching. 7. That instrumental and geometrical drawing, for the purposes of training the eye and hand to accuracy, should be continually associated with free-hard drawing. Writing is very much improved by the teaching of drawing.

8. That in teaching nature lessons pupils should be made to base their conclusions on what they observe, not on what they are told.

9. That singing should be obligatory in alk schools. It lends brightness to school hours and gives a taste for a higher kind of recreation in subsequent life.

10. That teachers should be teachers and not lesson hearers.



(To the Editor of the Colonist.) ST. THOMAS'S HOME, VILLA NOVA,

New Year's Eve. DEAR SIR,-I will feel very grateful, now that we are at the close of the year of 1888, if you will kindly allow me to acknowledge through the columns of the COLONIST the receipt during the last eight or nine months, of the following special donations towards our work for the orphan boys at Villa Nova.

Besides thanking these good benefactors and feeling very grateful to Miss Fisher, Mr. Hutton and the kind ladies and gentlemen, who sang so successfully at our concert in July, I would like to add a word of special thanks to our good friend Miss Shea, who not only saug her part, but looked after all the wearisome details, that contributed not a little to the success of the concert :--

From Miss Shea-net proceeds of concert ...\$190.00 Pierca Whelan. Net proceeds of Mr Walcott's lecture in 80 00 Lord George Fitzgerald..... 4 00 William Firth, Esq..... 20 00 A Friend (anonymous)..... 20 00 Per Inspector Sullivan..... James Stewart, Esq. (Greenock)..... Burke Brothers (St Jacques)..... 20 00 20 00 20 00 Mrs Benning (St. Pierre).... Per A little lady friend.... Per Mr Steacklum-proceeds of Father Matthew's celebration.... From Mr Foran-part proceeds of carnival 20 00 20 00 13 00 Gratefully too, do we remember all the kind

friends who came out to our festival at Villa



SIXTY THREE DAYS OUT FROM ROUEN. On the Rocks at Bear's Cove.

A HEROIC SAILOR BOY,

Captain Thomas Brown, of the brigantine "Atalaya," which ship, with her crew, was lost at Bear's Cove, near Renews, on Friday morning last, arrived in town this morning. COLONIST reporter met the captain in the onne of the American Consul, (T. N. Molloy, Esq.,) this forenoon, and from him elicited the facts in connection with the loss of the vessel and crew. The brigt "Atalaya," 418 tons Thos Brown master and sole owner, left Rouen, France, on the 27th October, buind for Philadelphia. She had on board a cargo of empty kerosene oil casks. From the time she left France, the weather was extremely rough, as the captain remarked, the worst passage during his experience at sea, for a period of thirty-eight years. On the night of the 27th of December a heavy gale was blowing from the south-east, accompanied by a heavy sea and thick fog. The captain had not got an observation for some days, and did not exactly know his whereabouts ; but he thought he was considerably south of Newfoundland. At 1.20 on the morning of the 28th, the ship struck. At the time it was the mate's watch on deck, the captain was below, but had not retired. On hearing the shock; he rushed on deck, the rest of the watch soon following. . Through the mist it could be perceived that the vessel had struck some twenty feet from the shore, and the outline of a high cliff could be seen through the darkness. As was afterwards ascertained, the place where the vessel struck was Bearscoye. about two miles South of Renews. The wafer was about three and a half fathoms deep. The sea was running very high and the captain gave orders to get the small boat ready, but concluded not to leave the ship in the dark and fog unless the ship gave evidence of going to pieces. 'Ehe captain gave orders that a line be put on shore and made fast, by which, if the ship broke up, the lives of the crew might be saved. The boat was launched for this purpose, and into her got the first mate and one of the crew. As they were putting off from the ship two others of the crew jumped into the boat upsetting her and casting all into the sea, instantly drowning them. Of the four men in the boat-the

mate was a white man, the three others were negroes. If they had, remained on board the vessel all might have been saved. There

FOR THE "COLONIST."] EPISODE IN LABRADORGALE,

I've read on marbles, flashing white faors in the sun, On polished granite gleaming, the grassy mounds

among, / The recapitulation of deeds that had been done By sleepers 'neath the moss-mounds-the aged or

the young: I've read, in flowing numbers, of deeds of high emprise,

Of Sarragossa's maiden, where blood-red banner Wave, Iberia's foes repulsing, the air wurcharged with

- cries-Of mangled, dying men, that, e'er night, should fill one grave ;
- Of lives self-immolated, not waiting high command;
- Mand; Of duty—freely offered upon the land or sea; Right well may rank amongst such, a youth of Newfoundland,
- His young life nobly given to save the lives of three. Two decades, now, have vanished, and boys to
- men have grown, Since in that Autumn twilight the dread North-
- Destruction on its black wings, o'er hills came
- And death and devastation wrought on fated Labrador.
- The white-winged craft are laden with North Sea's finny spoil, Down battened all the hatches, for ocean's har
- vest's o'er;
- Content the brown-browed fishermen, with pro-duce of their toil ; All wait but favouring breezes to steer for south
- ern shore ;-A skipper old, grey-bearded, with corrugated
- brow, Strides up and down the white strand, whilst puf-
- fing at his pipe, Scans round horizon th' keenly, and murmurs, "I allow
- Some weather, sure, is brewing ; a gale's for certain ripe.
- For, see, the glassy water takes hue of purplesky. The grey gulls skim the ocean ; and, yonder. see,
- 8 863 The harbor ranger sporting-true sign bad wea-
- ther's nigh-Norlonger will'it linger; its first light breath I
- The burly-framed old skipper knocks ashes from this clay, Still with himself communing, ejects a quid well
- ground, Up-hitches his duck trousers, quite thoughtful walks away-
- Meindering under stages, and terminates his round.
- Not a ripple on sea ; not a fleck on the sky ; All is still as maybe; nor a sound save the cry
- Of south-trending curlew, as cleave thro' the blue :
- and, surely, the skipper's foul-weather forecast Is as Ottawa's sages -- not e'en a blast That would swell out the sail on a tiny boat
- mast.
- Though the summer has fled, and the autumn i here ;
- Tho' the sweet flowers are dead, lying yellow and sere': Yet a beauty all rars makes the terrene as fair
- As when the bright summer smiled over the earth. And the wild flowers rejoiced, each one at its birth ;
- Ah, me how we miss them like a child from our hearth.

Say where in columns rising, in gold bought episode, In grand Cathedral aisles; where on stone or

- simmering brass Is writ by men the story of brave or noble deed,
- You'll read of act that's greater, or yet can this surpass? No record monumental marks where young
- Reddy lies, Nor rests his corpse 'neath Carmel's Mount, nor
- yet at Belvidere, But on the coast of Labrador, canopied by its skies
- Ah, well ! the noble boy needs no crumbling stone block there.

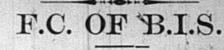
When pillars skywards turning shall be dissolved to dust,

And lettered brass corroded, mementoes to be read By coming generations, mere metalliferous rust,

His name shall stand on roll call, 'mongst names of the noble dead ! CARBONEAR, 1888. OLENAY.

Prof. Burwash's Lecture

"Unreported speech" was the title of a very instructive and entertaining lecture, by Prof. Burwash in the Methodist College Hall. The audience, though not large, was appreciative. Rev. George Bond occupied the chair. We cannot attempt to give even a summary of an address over an hour in length, which was certainly a rich, intellectual treat to those who had the advantage of being present. The leading idea of the lecture was, that no matter how accurate or faithful the reporter may be, he cannot by written or printed signs convey to the reader the speech of a public speaker. The gesture, inflection, force, stress of voice of the speaker, cannot be reported; and these, even more than the merely spoken word, convey the exact meaning. This he proved by a number of illustrations, which enlivened a learned discourse, that some might consider too didatic for a popular audience. Prof. Burwash is always full of his subject, and makes his points clear aud intelligible. After a cordial vote of thanks, he expressed his acknowledgements for the courtesy and kind attention which had been shewn him during his visit to St. John's.

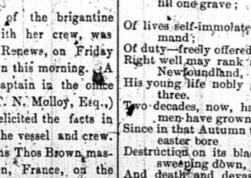


If you want to enjoy a good dance, hear good music, and have a good time all round, don't miss the assembly in St. Patrick's hall tomorrow night. The programme is splendidly arranged by Prof. Bennett, and good order will be enforced. The refreshments will be of the best to be had in the city.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

The steamer Nova Scotian is hourly expected from Liverpool.

The steamer Volunteer left Burgeo at 5 a.m. today, coming home. Tis the time when is found the gay trousseau of Spring, The first snow-fall of any extent, for the sea-Trailing, stained, on the ground, as the hollow on, covered the ground last night. ing; 'Tis the Indian summer, that, like to a rare Sparkling, jewel up-gathering a fair maiden's Get your tickets early for the dancing assembly hair. in St. Patrick's Hall tomorrow night. Clasps the white breasts of Autumn-the stately and fair. The schooner Dominion arrived this afternoon, Quick as gyrates the eagle that circles on high. 14 days from Souris, P.E.I., produce laden. The bird that is regal dom'nating the sky, Or the pale lightning's flash, comes the storm kings loud crash The programme of dances for the C. F. of From the north, where he sullenly slept in his B. I. S. dancing assembly will appear in tolair : And right over the blue, now, he waves his morrow's COLONIST. black hair. Where a moment ago all was smiling and fair. The steamer Portia arrived from New York and The old skipper was right, and the signs truly Halifax this evening. She brought a fairly read. large freight, and will be ready to sail on Satur-For he saw that ere night the black norther dread, day evening. The following passengers came by Would strike, like a mailed hand, that strikes o'er sea o'er land : her : From New York-Mrs. A. T. Steer and Came there then some monition, impendence of child; Messrs. Joseph Carroll and William doom-To the heart of the old man, did dark shadows McGibbon. From Halifax-6 in 2ad cabin. loom ? ----Like a forecast of death, in his soul's gathering The entertainment last night in the Riverhead gloom. Schoolroom was largely attended, and was thor-Three little waifs of children that night survived the gale ; How happened God alone knows, but living oughly enjoyed from one end of the programme to the other. The farce of "Paddy the Piper" reached the land, Whilst there amid the wreckage, the skipper, on was well played, its comicalities keeping the aua sail. dience in roars of laughter. It will be repeated, Tangled in the cordage, lay dead upon the strand. Stretched yon a youthful mother, her dead babe so that those who could not secure admission will in a shawl, be accommodated tonight, if they come early. Around, with throbless pulses, many a stalwart form, BIRTHS. With slimy seaweed covered-this was the fune-FORBES-At Bonavista, this morning, the wife ral pall-Cast o'er them lying dead there, a tribute of the of Dr. R. E. Forbes, of a daughter. storm. MARRIAGES. CORNER-SALTER-On New Year's Eve, at the The babes exposed were lying, yet heard their feeble cries When howling blast had lulled, and through the esidence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. T. H. James, Arthur H. Corner, of Leicestershire, England, to Hannah, second daughter of the late driving sleet W. T. Salter, Esq. A boy of ten bright summers came and peers with fearful eyes Amongst the pallid ranks of deads', just their DEATHS. bright gaze to meet. CONWAY-On Wednesday evening, after a Full tenderly he lifts them and bears to sheltering short illness, Cecilia J. Duggan, beloved wife of rock, The moss about he gathers, to shield them from Charles Conway, sr., aged 56 years, a native of Co. Waterford, Ireland. Funeral on Friday, at the storm : 2 o'clock, p.m., from her late residence, 76, Patrick-street, when friends are respectfully in-But first from off his slight frame he strips his gue'nsey frock, His life's heat in its texture the little ones keeps invited to attend. WISEMAN-On December 31st. Harrold Tucker, warm. fourth son of John S. and Mary E. Wiseman, aged 2 yerrs and two months. Throughout that night of terror, till glowed the DOUTNEY.-At the residence of her sister, Mrs. Capt. Thomas Fitzgerald, Carbonear, on the 22nd eastern skies With first faint tints of morning, young Reddy inst., after a long illness, borne with Christian . acts his part ; With mother love he took them, and soothed fortitude and resignation to the divine will, and their baby cries, No thought of "Nature's first law" in that young strengthened by the consolations of holy religion, in the 62nd year of her age, Mary, relict of the late Laurence Doutney, of St. John's, and third daughter of the late James Doyle, of Carbonear. Deceased was aunt to the Rev. Fathers Born and gailant heart. When came the pale survivors to view that scene of wreck, They found the babes, smile-wreathed, upon their Doutney (in the diocese of St. John's), and was for very many years a well-known and much remossy bed, spected resident of St. John's, where, as well as Close by, upon the brown heath, outstretched in Carbonear, her native town, her kindly dispo-sition endeared her to all who had the pleasure of upon, his back, Upturned to God his white face, there lay young Reddy-dead, her acquaintance.-R.I.P.



school committee, a scheme of object lessons and a copy of the time-tables proposed to be used.

11. That teachers be informed that the board do not pay so much attention to the percentages obtained at written examinations as to the general tone and character of the school work as set out in the supervisors' reports.

12. That the playgrounds attached to schools be used for the formation of clubs for hardy sports, gymnastic exercises and drill.

13. That the question of organized physical education out of school hours receive careful consideration.

14. That with a view to secure the improvement of kindergarten in the schools of the board, the education departments be required to grant certificates to teachers after examination, showing that they have been trained in the principles and sound practices of kindergarten.

Acting in the spirit of these recommendations would imply:

1. A great deal of intelligent and interesting reading in all the classes, for the purpose of securing readiness in word, recognition, command of language and fluency of expression. Opposed to this in the younger classes would be the mischievous habit of continually interrupting the reader and harrassing him with trivial explanations. Minute accuracy is neither natural nor desirable in very young children. A correct general understanding is all that is necessary at that stage. Let the teacher be a good reader, and read much to her pupils for their imitation.

2. But little attention to spelling as a specific exercise until the pupil could read fairly well. After they have spent three or four years in becoming familiar with the forms of words by much reading and by simple exercise in composition, spelling could then be taught thoroughly at the least cost, thus saving much time for other important work.

3. That arithmetic should be practical, dealing with matters of every-day life. Arithmetical puzzles should be postponed until they could be solved by algebra. There are practical difficulties enough for the purposes of mental gymnastics without creating artificial ones. Actual weights and measures, ocular demonstration and experiment would elucidate principles and render the in an especial manner, the merchants and busisubject less obstruse. Here again time could be ness men who patronised our industries. saved.

4. That but little attention be given to gram-

Nova on Lady Day. They did not come emptyhanded, but left us substantial recollection of their visit. We have written their names in our Liber Vitae, and they will find their contributions acknowledged in our next issue of the " Orphan's Friend."

Owing to the careful management of those who are associated with me in conducting the Orphanage, I hope to be able to put by the greater portion of these sums of money, and by a lecture, or some other means, to add a couple of hundred dollars to them, so as to be able to pay off in the spring an instalment of the \$4,000 loaned me to purchase our farm and property at Powerscourt. And now, Mr. Editor, I have to ask you to find room for the following long list of kind friends who thought of the boys at Christmas, and sent us gifts, ranging from quarters of beef, apples and oranges, grapes and pineapples, some bacon, a turkey or two, flour and raisins to make sweet bread and figgy pudding, slides and skates-fittingly closing with Gerald's kind remembrance of the boys. Others, too, whose names we do not know sent us gifts. We gave the boys a high old time and didn't spare the generous presents sent us for this joyful season :--

Judge Little, Jas. Fox & Sons, W. R. Firth, E-q., Jas. Murray, Esq., Goodfellow & Co., John Casey, Esq., W. Frew; Esq., Mrs. Fenelon, John Cantwell, Esq., J. D. Ryan, Esq. Mrs. Stafford, Mrs. Jack, Mrs. H. Tobin, Mrs. T. Fitzgibbon, Miss Mullowney, Mrs. E. Croke, T. Mitchell, Esq., W. P. Walsh, Esq., Hon'ble Capt. Cleary, J. Henderson, Esq., Mrs. P. Coonan, Mrs. Kennedy, J. J. O'Reilly, Esq. One word more. A very dear friend gave me a promise, some few months ago, of \$400, contributing, as a first donation towards building a new Home, paid me \$200, and will pay me \$200 next summer.

How much we need a new Home, all who visit us can easily see; but we will not be impatient, knowing that in a year or two we will have a grand rally of friends around us, who will make the work easy to accomplish.

Wishing all our deargfriends and solicitors a happy and prosperous New Year, and thanking,

> I remain, faithfully yours, MICHAEL P. MORRIS, Guardian.

were only four men now on board, the captain the second mate (his son, a young man of eighteen), and two negroes, one of these was below sick, the other had also been complaining for some time past, and was practically of no use in any emergency. After the upsetting of the boat young Brown volunteered to swim ashore with the line, and in spite of his father's remonstrances, jumped into the water. It was the brave act of a brave man, but the young lad's efforts to reach the land were unavailing, and he was pulled back to the vessel. At five o'clock the ship went to pieces. The two negroes went down with her, but Captain Brown and his son jumped into the water. The young man had a cork fender, the father a large plank. The latter heard the voice of the boy cheering him on for some time, but a heavy sea rolled between them, the father was cast upon the shore and the manly voice of his boy was hushed forever. 'It is thought that he must have struck against some of the casks floating about, and received injuries which rendered him incapable of swimming. The captain reached the shore with his clothes nearly torn from his body. He did not know where he was, but perceiving a narrow path he followed it. In a short time he reached the house of a man named Coady, who took him in and gave him shelter for the night. He was in a very exhausted condition and was incapable of coming to St. John's till yesterday. He will go for home by the outgoing ' Portia,' which will be about Saturday. Capt. Brown is a Swede by birth, but is a naturalized American citizen, having been in that country for many years. He sailed out of Philadelphia, and is about fifty years old. He speaks highly of the kindness received from the Southern shore people, and also from Consul Molloy, for his prompt attention to his wants. Though a thorough son of the sea, and inured to scenes of hardship and danger, any reference to the loss of his son brought tears to his eyes. "My boy's last words were," he 'said, 'Come on, Pop ; we'll soon reach the land.' My brave boy ! if it were not for the cowardice of the negro crew you would be alive and with me, today."

The steamer Conscript left King's Cove at 8 .m. today, bound north.

The telegraph lipes leading out of the city will be transferred to the route along the railway track lin a few days.