

# THE CASKET

## A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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### THE CASKET SHOULD BE.

our many friends, we are fully  
 what kind of a paper THE CAS-  
 ket. It is nice to have friends—  
 kind friends, who help you in  
 things; and above all, friends who  
 show how to run a paper; what style  
 etc. Now our friend H. tells us  
 of it by not making THE CASKET  
 a paper throughout, of course,  
 our friend, and remember his ad-  
 vice we have also to remember.  
 H. wants it to be comic from end  
 to end. Friend A. wants a matrimo-  
 ny column, Harry K., a stamp journal,  
 and readers want us to have it "etc.ry"  
 etc. To all these dear interested  
 friends our sincere thanks; not  
 forgetting our manifold bless-  
 ings if we try to please every-  
 one. We will please nobody; but we will  
 give advice given. We can remember  
 we can get fifteen columns into  
 a four column sheet, can follow a dozen  
 styles, use a dozen different kinds  
 of type, if we have only two founts of  
 type, we can do anything that is an  
 earthly thing—at least we ought to be  
 able to do it peaceably in Toronto. Now  
 our readers like to see advertise-  
 ments. Give us a good look at the last page this  
 week, and you will only see one—and it should  
 be that of A. Dorenwendt, but  
 in objection to them, as—confident-  
 ly—no advertisement which is  
 sent us more than twenty sub-  
 scribers ever "have change;" better

even than an "idea."

But do you not think friends, that it  
 would be a "great" idea to run THE CASKET  
 in whatever shape and style it pays us best.

Never thought of that? Well, well, see  
 it stands to reason, the more papers we sell  
 the better pleased are our subscribers; there-  
 fore—at present—we are not going to fol-  
 low any particular kind of literature, (or any  
 or every body's advice), but "edick" THE  
 CASKET, (as an adviser said), after whatever  
 manner pleaseth us, and the majority of our  
 subscribers.

We will make a stand, and follow a cer-  
 tain line, and when we have decided what  
 line to follow, our friends will assuredly  
 hear of it. In the meantime, we shall take  
 pleasure in listening to the usual daily three  
 hour's advice from the usual parties. New  
 counsel solicited.

### IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE.

Alas! It is but too true that our contem-  
 porary "The Canadian," is no more. Of  
 course we heard of its demise, some time  
 ago, but failed to credit the report. We are  
 now forced to believe it, and while we ex-  
 press our sorrow, and sympathize with its  
 friends, we cannot but remark, that, having  
 caused so respectable a paper to become ex-  
 tinct, angurs well for THE CASKET.

The "Canadian" was a good paper, but  
 its sun has set.

### THE WORLD.

We hear that this, the brightest and most  
 newsy of our City papers has fallen, but is  
 once more to rise. Of this we are heartily  
 glad; but really it is surprising how the pa-  
 pers stagger and topple under the competi-  
 tion of this little sheet. We might predict  
 something.

## D A R C Y.

Where he went,  
What he did, And who he was.

By Frank H. Converse.  
Author of, "Harry Hale's Log-Book," "The  
Strange Fortunes of Max Penhurst, etc."

## CHAPTER 3 (CONTINUED)

"To effect this," Mr. Antony continued softly, as Paul Halford stood staring moodily before him without answering, "we find it an absolute necessity to advance every aspirant for musical honors who is fortunate enough to connect himself or herself with our management, in every way possible on the—the—road to fame," said the speaker, who was getting a little confused, "as well as surround him or her with the tender and sympathetic refinements of such associates as shall tend to—"

"There, there, man—don't say any more!" interrupted Halford irritably. "I wish to Heaven that I had never listened to you in the first place; but it's too late now. I'll leave a few lines for the boy, which you can hand him. There's something important that he ought to know about himself, besides the fact that I'm not his father, and am selling him for thirty pieces of silver—"

"One hundred dollars, my dear sir," interrupted Mr. Antony who was a very literal man, and not versed in scripture. "Fifty down—fifty more when the business is completed."

"That won't take long," returned Paul Halford bitterly. "The sooner it is over and I am out of the way the better for all concerned."

Seating himself at a writing-table, well supplied with pens, ink and note-paper, stamped "Hennessy House, P. Ryan, proprietor; " Mr. Halford, who was still weak and ill from his recent excesses, penned the following lines:

"DARCY: You cannot possibly  
worse of the writer when you  
what is written, than he of him  
as I shall never see your face ag  
at least, be spared your reproach  
broken-down wretch, nearly cr  
morse and the effects of his ow  
courses, who pens these lines, ha  
sold you to the man who will d  
this letter. He will explain wh  
But there is something of even  
portance than this which you sh  
All these years you have thought  
father. Thank God (for your sa  
not. Your father died when you  
mere babe, but your mother is st  
I can say no more than this. For

"PAUL HA

"I DARE say no more," he mut  
himself, as, laying down the pen,  
ing his aching and bewildered  
his hand, he stared at the paper  
while Mr. Antony looked on with  
ed impatience. "To betray Pay  
lav myself open to arrest and pu  
and even now Payson himself is  
What did his note say? "Mad  
clue." If so, she will move he  
earth to follow it up and punish  
the utmost limit of the law. M  
causing irresolutely "why not d  
at b'fore the end comes? I ca  
self in some far-away corner of  
where even justice cannot find me  
must look out for himself. I wa  
claimed aloud.

Seizing the pen and another h  
paper from the table, he, after  
hesitation, inscribed at the top  
the words,

"PAUL HALFORD'S CONFESSION  
and, with occasional pauses,  
both sides of the half-sheet w  
his peculiar chirography. Th  
both letter and confession in  
he sealed and gave it to Mr. An

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## SNATCHES &amp; SNORTS,

As the bell of the old church re-  
we met in the meadow, not far  
lane; my limbs how they shook,  
heart, how it bounded! and oh,  
ffered! how great was my pain!  
ago, but I'll always remember  
h, sweet and balmy as hay in the  
never forget that dark night in  
er, how I went o'er the fence, with  
of a cow!

Kugle, an ingenious fellow in  
O., has constructed a sheet-iron  
promises to lay him a golden egg.  
hed up to life, full size, cackles,  
looks with one eye at a time so  
that it will deceive the oldest hen-  
the country. It is so arranged  
a hawk, mink, or pole-cat poun-  
the back springs open and the  
up and force the assailant on to a  
buzz-saw that makes 1,700 revolu-  
minute. After moving half a  
the saw stops, the hen closes up,  
wings and begins to cackle as if it  
did an egg. One winding up will  
three massacres, providing the  
cate machinery does not get clog-  
ed up with too much blood, bones and fea-  
set a freshly-painted one out in  
dry, which attracted the atten-  
one old cat belonging to the old  
who had been poking fun at the  
"fool thing." The hen is there, but the  
"egg" is gone.

When a woman rushes out into the yard,  
er eyes flashing with executive determina-  
on, and picks up a piece of board to throw  
at a boy, it is interesting to see how quickly  
the children playing in the vicinity will  
in front of her to prevent getting hit.

The music of the rooster is not composed

## THE STAMP WORLD.

Editor:—F. F. Peard, 8 Pembroke St.,  
Toronto; to whom all communications in  
the stamp line must be addressed.

## NEWLY ISSUED STAMPS.

Austria—The following envelopes have ap-  
peared: 5kr, rose on buff, and, 5kr, rose on  
white. A 2kr card (brown) is also used  
for surrounding provinces.

Copenhagen—A new local envelope has been  
issued, viz.: 10, ore blue on white. The 3  
ore has also changed its color to purple.

Cuba—This island has been very produc-  
tive, lately, in the way of new issues. This  
time the 20c brown has been surcharged 10,  
similar to the preceding provisionals.

Surmaine—A one cent lilac has been ad-  
ded to the set. Design same as 2½c.

Venezuela—The 50 centavos of the new  
series has appeared with "Esculeas" at top.

Victoria—A 1d, rose on buff card is in use.

## POINTS FOR THE PHILATETIST.

There are upward of 13,900,000 letters and  
postal cards posted daily in the world. 3,  
418,000,000 letters are annually distributed  
in Europe, 1,236,000,000 in America, 76,000,  
in Asia, 36,000,000 in Australia and 11,000,  
000 in Africa.

The stamps of Cashmere are printed from  
ivory blocks, which accounts for their in-  
estimated fineness.

Hidalgo, whose portrait figures on all the  
stamps of Mexico previous to 1874, was a  
priest, who in 1812 organized the revolution  
in Spain, which eventually led to Mexico's  
independence. He was captured and shot  
in 1814.

The "Monthly" states that counterfeits of  
the first issues of Sandwich Islands are ex-  
tensively circulated. Look out for them.

Publishers of Philatelic papers finding this  
notice marked will please take it as a hint  
to exchange.

## SYNOPSIS OF THE SERMON

preached by the Rev. Dr. Wild, on Sunday morning, April 20th.

Text—"What could have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done in it? Wherefore when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?"—Isaiah, 5, iv.

Christ, while on earth, made it a great point, to teach by object, as much impression is thus made upon the mind; and, in oriental countries the minds of the people are not so strong, and consequently cannot take in anything so readily as a more active-minded people would do. This is owing to the hot, sultry climate. [The sermon is on the parable of the vineyard.] A vineyard is of great value in a hot country, and a person about to plant one, would proceed somewhat in the following manner:

1—Select the site, which should be of a southern aspect, that is, from N.E. to S.W., and it should be a loamy soil. 2—Having selected his site, he next fences it in, to keep out intruders. 3—He now clears the enclosure of stones etc., which would retard the progress of the vine. 4—Now his ground is in order he plants his vines, arranging them so that the shadow of one, may not fall upon its neighbour. 5—His vineyard being planted, he now builds himself a house—a tower, in the centre of his vineyard. Here he may look out over his estate, and, if needed defend his property. 6—His next act is to build himself a wine-press, where, when the grapes are ripe, he may have them brought, and made into wine, and thus reap the reward of his labour. Now let us apply these six facts to our sermon. Suppose the time has arrived, when the grapes should be ripe and ready to be gathered, and the lord of the vineyard passes through. The grapes hanging on the vines are small, and on tasting he finds them sour. What a failure! "For all my time, labour and expense, I have nothing—worse than nothing" Might it not be thus with some of us? Coming to the end of time, we would look back and say:

"What a failure! many called me a man. I was the wisest fool that ever ed the earth."

1—We are as vines in a fruitful hill, connected with a christian home. Oh the happiness of being born in a christian home, and of godly parents—to be in a christian land and age. 2—Our parents are as a fence, a hedge about us, to keep us in bounds. What a joy it is to say "OUR father, OUR mother." It is a great ownership. What an amount of expense "my father," and what a range of expense when when we can say no more my father. 3—Ground. Our parents seek to provide for us for life, they cast out the stones, to keep us in order just as the husbandman reserves his ground. 4—Planting the seed, to send us to school, then to college, and to take a place in life, and our father says to us: "Now I am putting you in the world, your success will be my reward." If we prove a failure, how disappointed. 5—Tower. A defence, an outlook, a place of storage. We must resist temptation open handed, not selfish. We must guard ourselves against the world. Be a tower, keep an outlook on the world, ward off temptation, do not let it crowd you out of your wall. 6—The wine-press. Now we reap the reward of our toil. What is our reward? Let us watch ourselves against temptation. Tomorrow morning the doctor will say: "The immortality of the soul, the Old Testament." Some deny the resurrection therein.

## LADIES REMEMBER

THAT OUR

WATER WAVES, WIGS, SWITCHES, TONNES &c., are unequalled for style, workmanship and lowness of price.

A. DOREN WEND,  
105 Yonge St. Toronto.

