

CREEDS.

Believe as I believe, no more, no less, That I am right, and no one else, confess;

That I am right, and always right, I know, Because my own convictions tell me so;

I reverence the Bible, if it be Translated first and then explained to me;

Let sink the drowning if he will not swim, Upon the plank that I throw out to him;

'T were better that the sick should die than live, Unless they take the medicine I give;

SEEING BY ELECTRICITY.

When the telephone was first exhibited, some of the incredulous, after reluctantly admitting that sound could be transmitted long distances by a simple wire and battery, triumphantly predicted that in no event would it be possible to see by similar means.

Wonders will never cease. By aid of the dioscope, an ingenious instrument brought for the first time to public notice during the Parisian Electrical Congress, patrons of the drama who are reluctant to leave their comfortable fire-sides and temporarily revolutionize all the domestic arrangements in order to attend theatrical performances *in vivo*, will henceforth be enabled to see as well as hear their favorite operatic and histrionic artists without stirring a yard from home.

AT THE POLICE COURT.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

The witnesses were generally more interesting than the parties to the suits, I thought, and I could not get tired of my fellow-spectators, I suppose, if I went a great many times. I liked to consider the hungry gravity of their countenances, as they listened to the facts elicited, and to speculate as to the ultimate effect upon their moral natures—or their immoral natures—of the gross and palpable shocks daily imparted to them by the details of vice and crime.

Not that there was any avoidable brutality, or even indecorum, in the conduct of the trials that I saw. A spade was necessarily called a spade; but it seemed to me that with all the waste of time and foreign alloy the old Puritan seriousness was making itself felt even here, and subduing the tone of the procedure to a grave de-

cecy consonant with the inquiries of justice. For it was really justice that was administered, so far as I could see; and justice that was by no means blind, but very open-eyed and keen-sighted. The causes were decided by one man, from evidence usually extracted out of writhing reluctance or abysmal stupidity, and the judgment must be formed; and the sentence given where the magistrate sat, amid the confusion of the crowded room. Yet, except in the case of my poor thief, I did not see him hesitate; and I did not doubt his wisdom—I am far from pronouncing his sentence unjust—even in that case. His decisions seemed to me the result of most patient and wonderfully rapid cogitation, and in dealing with the witnesses he never lost his temper amid densities of dullness which it is quite impossible to do more than indicate. If it were necessary, for example, to establish the fact that a handkerchief was white, it was not to be done without some such colloquy as this:

"Was it a white handkerchief?" "Sor!" "Was the handkerchief white?" "Was it white, sor?" "Yes, was it white?" "Was what white, sor?" "The handkerchief, was the handkerchief white?" "What handkerchief, sor?" "The handkerchief you just mentioned,—the handkerchief that the defendant dropped." "I didn't see it, sor." "Didn't see the handkerchief?" "Didn't see him drop it, sor." "Well, did you see the handkerchief?" "The handkerchief, sor? Oh, yes, sor! I saw it,—I saw the handkerchief." "Well, was it white?" "It was, sor." A boy who complained of another for assaulting him said that he knocked him down. "How did he knock you down?" asked the judge. "Did he knock you down with his fist or his open hand?" "Yes, sor." "Which did he do it with?" "Put his arms round me and knocked me down." "Then he didn't knock you down. He threw you down." "Yes, sor. He didn't throw me down. Put his arms round me and knocked me down." It would be impossible to caricature these things, or to exaggerate the charitable long-suffering that dealt with such cases. Sometimes, as if in mere despair, the judge called the parties to him, and questioned them privately; after which the case seemed to be settled without further trial.—*Atlantic*.

"THE FORTY THIEVES" AT THE ALBERT HALL.

Last Tuesday evening and Wednesday matinee at the Albert Hall were devoted to the performance by the boys of McTavish School of an old friend with a new face. The performance consisted of an adaptation of "Ali Baba," in the form of a musical extravaganza, for the arrangement of which all credit is due to Mr. F. English, who also deserves much praise for the way in which he had trained his company. The acting and singing were really most creditable, and where all did so well it seems invidious to particularize, although we cannot refrain from acknowledging our attraction to Morgiana, with whom, had we not previously received a hint of her real sex, we should have at once fallen in love. The whole *mise en scene* was capital, indeed some of the ladies thought that the introduction of poor Cassim cut into quarters was "quite too horribly real, don't you know" while his Satanic majesty nearly frightened the children into fits. Our artist has made on another page some sketches of the scene and characters.

HELPING THE PARTY.

In the days gone by a Detroit Sheriff who had made a close shave of being elected had the ill-luck to lose a prisoner from the jail. The fellow made good his escape to the country, but the Sheriff overhauled him about eight miles out and drove him under a barn. The prisoner was captured and yet he was not. If he could not get out the Sheriff could not get in, and threats had no effect on him. In this emergency the officer called out: "Say, Jim." "Yes." "You know I had a mighty close shave getting this office?" "You did that." "Well, I'm laying my pipes for a second term. If I lose you I might as well hang up. The opposition will hold it up in letters four feet high, and hundreds of men in my own party will slip my name. Do you hear me?" "I do." "Well, I ask you to come out, not exactly as a prisoner going back to jail, but more as a patriot bound to stand by his party. Come, Jim." "I'll be hanged if I don't!" replied the prisoner. "The judge was agin me, my sentence was unjust, and I hate your jail, but if it's going to help the party and crush the hydra-headed opposition out I come!"—*Free Press*.

A MONUMENT to "Charles Sealsfield"—the name which Karl Postel adopted after his flight from his monastery at Prague, and by which alone he is known as an author—was uncovered at Zaaim on October 23.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE census of Paris and of France will be taken on December 18th.

THE Abbé Franz Liszt is lying dangerously ill. The last reports state that the worst is feared.

M. GREY'S "Telephonic Soirées" are quite a success. The ex-Queen of Spain is putting her palace in telephonic communication with the opera-houses and theatres; other wealthy persons also intend having music and declamation laid on. The bill will be far higher than for gas and water.

A DUEL has taken place in consequence of a paragraph in *Le Figaro*. It was acknowledged by Baron de Vaux to be from his pen, and as a consequence the offended Prince L. Murat bade the Baron draw his sword, which he did in the Bois du Vésuve, and ran the Prince through the side. Honour and the Prince are satisfied.

IN an album of autographs Alphonse Karr has written: "The first half of our lives we pass in desiring the second, and the second in regretting the first." In the same album Alexander Dumas has written: "What is duty? It is that what we exact from others." Dumas has clearly not crossed the frontier lately and been interviewed by the Custom House officer.

THE daintiest little pocket muffs are made of "bleached beaver," in the most exquisite shades of old gold and cream; they are lined with amber or cardinal satin, and are ornamented with a heavy silken cord arranged in double loops across the front. Similar muffs are also made from black velvet, and from ostrich feathers woven into a back of heavy linen.

BARON DE VAUX has written a very interesting book, called *The Men of the Sword*, which deals entirely with drilling and fencing, and is full of anecdotes on these matters. The Baron is said to have won a wager that he would blindfold tell the names of twenty fencers only by the way in which the sword work sounded. Some sportsmen can tell the name of a gunmaker blindfolded by feeling the gun.

THE seminarists are not alone in their repugnance for military service. The list of conscripts for the present year numbered 156,000. When the muster-rolls were called over 20,000 did not answer to their names. This large number had shirked their duties to their country. They preferred to live like men forbid; to forfeit all civil rights, including that of being married, in their eagerness to escape from the hateful blood-tax. This decline of martial ardour explains the recent reverses of the French armies.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A REVOLUTION has broken out in Santiago.

AN extensive system of postal robbery has been unearthed in Spain.

THE latest list of victims by the Vienna Theatre holocaust places the number at 449.

A LARGE number of the crew of the Arctic exploring steamer *Jeanette* have been discovered.

THE Italian murderer Exposito has been found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

AN international convention is to be held at Washington, in May, to adopt a universal time standard.

THE Land Leaguer McLoughlin, arrested on Wednesday, escaped from Knox Barracks during the night.

THE British Government will send an expedition next spring to search for Leigh Smith the Arctic explorer.

TWO hundred persons implicated in anti-Jewish riots which occurred in Russia last August, are being tried by court-martial.

A DUBLIN firm has received orders to prepare prison accommodation for a lady Leaguer who may be arrested.

THE Town Clerk of Dublin has refused his consent to a proposed meeting for conferring the freedom of that city on Parnell and Dillon.

IT is said that tenants in the North of Ireland are regarding the Land Court decisions with dissatisfaction.

O'DONOVAN, a correspondent of the London *Daily News*, is on trial in Constantinople for publicly insulting the Sultan, the defence, however, alleging him to have been under the influence of fever at the time.

THOUSANDS OF THE BEAUTIFUL and talented succumb to the dread scourge, consumption, whom a course of the saving pulmonic Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda might have rescued from the grave. Coughs unwisely treated or neglected shape a sure, undeviating course towards fatal lung disease. How many persons of vigorous physique and plenty of nervous stamina have succumbed to the consequence of a single cold! The only safe course is a sure remedy, and assuredly none has met with higher commendations in professional quarters, or is better known for the thoroughness of its action than the above. Asthmas, coughs, colds, spitting of blood, soreness and weakness of the chest, are remedied by it. Sold in 50 cent and \$1.00 bottles. See you get the genuine.

LONGINGS.

If I were a railroad brakeman, I'd holler the stations so plain That the man who was going to Texas, Would go clear through to Maine. I'd open the door of the smoking car, And I'd give such a mighty roar That the passengers back in the sleeper Would all fall out on the floor; For I couldn't afford a tenor voice, And I couldn't afford to speak In the sweet, sweet tones of Aeolian harp For eleven dollars a week.

If I were a baggage master, I'd rattle the trunks about; I'd stand them up in the corner, And I'd tear their insides out; I would pull the handles out by the roots I would kick their corners in, And strew their stuffing all round the car And make them lank and thin. For I couldn't afford to wear kid gloves, Nor put on soft pads on my feet, Nor handle things gently, when all my pay Just kept me in bread and meat.

BOGUS "WEBER" PIANOS IN MANITOBA (From the Montreal Herald.)

"Competition" is said to be the life of trade. This adage is undoubtedly true in the main, but to be permanently successful competition should be fair and conducted on honourable principles. That such conditions are not observed, however, is well-known; and there is a strong case in point in regard to the manufacture of the Canadian and New York Weber pianos. The former, made at Kingston, Ont., unfairly adopts the New York piano trade mark of "Weber," and thus attempts to raise its standard, musically, upon the reputation of its States-made namesake. There was nothing fair in a business point of view, in dropping the names of Rappe or Fox from the piano, manufactured by these men in Kingston and placing upon the name-board that of the greatest pianomaker of the present day. Apart from the great injustice done to Mr. Weber by the unwarrantable use of his name, there is no doubt that had the Kingston manufactory kept to their own name, as the Toronto manufactories have done, their pianos would stand higher in the public estimation than they do to-day. In many instances unscrupulous agents have passed these pianos off on ignorant and unsuspecting purchasers as the genuine New York piano. And though this may often have been done without the concurrence of the manufacturers, yet the disappointment arising from a discovery of the cheat has in many cases been a sort of loss and vexation to themselves. It is no small compliment to the instruments of Weber that his pianos should be more copied and imitated than those of any other maker of the present day, but when pianos notoriously poor, and made of the cheapest material, stained to imitate rosewood, are dubbed with his name, it becomes an outrage, and the sooner the practice is frowned down the better for our own good name. It appears that a short time ago some new blood was infused into the Kingston manufactory, and, at the urgent request of numerous piano dealers, it was decided by the firm in future to drop the use of Weber's name altogether, and adopt their own. This course met with the general approval of the trade. This fall the house of Weber, of New York, represented here by the New York Piano Company, opened a branch in Winnipeg, and sent out there some of their finest instruments which were becoming special favourites with the wealthy residents of that thriving Province. The New York Weber is justly termed the Prince of Pianos, and, like many other reigning monarchs, he sometimes feels the truth of the adage, "Uneasy is the head that wears the crown." Soon after the new Weber house was opened, an unscrupulous trader, instigated, it is said, by a rival in trade, proceeded to Kingston and there purchased a large number of pianos on which were placed the word "Weber." The letters forming this name being in exact imitation of those on the New York instrument. Neither the trader, however, nor his backer had the necessary cash or credit to procure the delivery of the instruments, and in this dilemma, a Montreal Commission house was applied to, who for a valuable consideration, became responsible for the shipment, and the (bogus) Weber's were soon on their way to Winnipeg, where in due time they were offered for sale, the advertisement in the Winnipeg papers stating that "The pianos are manufactured by Weber and are guaranteed by the maker." "Equal to any in use," etc., etc.

The pianos in this case were not marked with the words Kingston, thereby showing the fraudulent intent. Now we are not lawyers nor judges of law, but we have a decided opinion that not a single purchaser of these pianos can be compelled to pay for them. The whole thing is a deliberate fraud, and though we may not care a straw for Mr. Weber, we are concerned for the commercial honour of our business men and the good name of our manufacturers and merchants, who are disgraced by such transactions as these.

THERE is a sound reason why there are bones in our meat and stones in our land. A world where everything was easy would be a nursery for babies, but not at all a fit place for men. Celery is not sweet until it has felt the frost, and men didn't come to their perfection till disappointment has dropped a half hundred weight or two on their toes. Who could know good horses if there were no heavy loads?