THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

Be Patient With the Living.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor,
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing—
What tender truth shall we have gained,
Alas! by simple dying?

Their lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defects discover;
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living!
To-day a repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience, e'en when keenest edge
May whet a homeless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamor,
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

—*Good Cheer.*

Extraordinary Adventure in a Train.

The wife of a forgeman named Wilkinson, who resides in Warrington, England, has just been the victim of an outrage which she alleges was perpetrated by a fashionably-dressed "lady" while travelling between Warrington and Norwich, on the London & Northwestern Railway. Mrs. Wilkinson tells a most extraordinary story, from which it appears that on Tuesday evening week she left Norwich, having been on a visit to some relations, and took train home to Warrington. She occupied a seat in an ordinary third-class compartment, in which sat another woman with two children. They were at that time the only occupants of the compartment, but immediately before the departure of the train a young "lady," fashionably attired, jumped into the carriage and took a seat opposite them. A few moments after the train had been in motion the stranger passed a few general observations and at the same time rose and changed her seat for one between the two women. There was nothing in her manner to excite the suspicions of the occupants of the compartment, but the "lady" had not long been reseated before the women and children became unconscious. On returning to consciousness some little time afterwards the women missed their stylish traveller, who seems to have quitted the carriage at Greenbank station, taking with her the contents of the purses of both women, amounting to nearly £2. Singular to state, the four unconscious occupants of the compartment came to their senses simultaneously. The women on looking round found that their purses had been abstracted from their pockets, and were lying empty on the seat. Mrs. Wilkinson states that her purse contained £1 1s 6½d, while the other woman, who comes from Runcorn, had in her possession about 17s, part of which had been given to her to make some purchases for a relation at Northwich. The matter has not been reported to the police as the parties appear to think that the probable arrest and prosecution of the "fashionable lady" would involve them in considerable expense.

Give It to the Preacher.

The exodus of young men from New Brunswick is so great that Rev. Mr. Mowatt, a Presbyterian minister in Fredericton, felt called on to refer to it in a sermon one Sabbath recently. It was the exodus from his own congregation that impressed him with its serious aspect. He said he was appalled at the number of the young members of his congregation who had called upon him during the year for church certificates and to say good-bye. The great majority of the exodians went to the United States. Referring to Mr. Mowatt's remarks, the Fredericton *Gleaner* says: "It is too true that too many are leaving us. And is it not time that our people should take some serious thought of the exodus? It is no empty wish to leave their cheering firesides and friends that impels the young men and young women of our city to go elsewhere. It is not that they have taken a dislike to our city and its people. It is simply force of financial circumstances which impels them thither. * * * Is not the fault with our own people? We admit that the restriction trade policy of the Dominion Government is sapping the very life from our industries and general business; but when we have the opportunity to make our voice heard and its power felt we somehow or other forget our duty and vote for the continuance of the very evil we at other times so loudly complain of." It will now be in order for the Tory organs to charge Rev. Mr. Mowatt with "disloyalty," "running down the country," etc." He has stated what he knows to be a fact, and that is sufficient reason in the eyes of the average Tory newspaper why he should be denounced.—*Montreal Herald.*

Our Sanity Never Secure.

Each mind feels a certain wave of unhappiness when it looks in upon itself and marks how many wheels must be in perfect order to secure what is called sanity. In such moments of introspection the thought comes that not only is the thinker crazy, but all men and women are not a little crazy; that perfect sense is impossible. A professor in a Chicago college walked into a canal in broad day-light. He was thinking of something else than the canal and of his good black suit of clothes. He enjoyed his scientific reverie, but he got wet. He had to retire to his home and change the external wrappings of his wise, pompous soul. The man who was telling this story of the unfortunate professor walked out of a railway car at the next station and left his valise in the rack to go on and on and and never to be found. Thus, while the canal wet the clothes of one rational being, the railway carried away all the clean shirts of another. A third man got off at the first station to wait for the next train to bring him his railway ticket and his bunch of keys. In an hour the ticket and keys came, but his big valise had been left behind and the trunk was not locked.

The persons designated as insane are a little less rational than the average, but in each person in the circle of nations there is going on a perpetual struggle between what is called the vital principle and the millions of atoms—the atoms being liable to stampede like a herd of wild cattle.—*Professor David Swing in Chicago Journal.*

A Novelist's Arithmetic.

In Dickens' Christmas number, "Dr Marigold's Prescriptions," one of the tales, "To Be Taken in Water," describes the adventure of a clerk who was travelling through France in charge of "a quarter of a million" in specie. He had it "in two iron boxes, inclosed in leather to look like samples." The French porters seemed to have noticed that the boxes were heavy, but managed them well enough, two porters to each box. My copy of "Dr. Marigold" has a marginal annotation by an impatient reader. "Bosh! A quarter of a million in gold would weigh upward of two tons." The calculation does not seem to be quite accurate, but it would weigh about one ton seventeen hundred weight, avoirdupois. A thief who got at the boxes is described in the story as stopped in making his way out of a window with a carpet-bag half full of sovereigns. The annotator reckons again, from the description of the bag, that it must have weighed 500 pounds. One wonders that errors so easily noticeable escaped the sharp editorial eye of Charles Dickens.—*Notes and Queries.*

Don't!

A health crank out West is preparing a manual of "Hygienic Donts." Here are a few specimens: Don't drink alcholic or malt liquors. Don't drink coffee, tea or cocoa. Don't drink hot water, for it parboils and destroys the stomach. Don't drink cold water, for it paralyzes the digestive organs. Don't drink milk, for it causes consumption. Don't eat bread, either leavened or unleavened; they are both deadly. Don't eat pork. Don't eat raw vegetables or fruit, for they both contain living organisms. Don't eat them cooked, for cooking induces deleterious chemical changes. Don't walk fast, as it uses up youthes. Don't walk slow, as it makes the muscles flabby."

A Sequence in Courtship.

A surburban Boston poet has discovered that the order of sequence in courtship is first to get on good terms with the girl; second, with the dog; and third, with the parents.

Clinton Kline, a conductor on a Phillipsburg (Pa.) street car, died a few days ago of typhoid fever, caused by worry. His car ran over and injured a child several weeks ago and Kline brooded over the accident until forced to take to his bed.

Two courses open—"Young man, strike out," says Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage. Young man, don't you do it; knock a three bagger.

CURRENT TOPICS.

INSPECTRESS ANNA M. PARES noticed the fulness of the skirts of Mrs. Matilda Bender, a passenger of the steamer Rhaetia, just arrived at new York. She was requested to step into a private room, and was there searched. Five pairs of satin slippers, three yards of crape, three yards of dress goods, four yards of alpaca and a pair of trousers, which she wore, were found.

AMONGST the Cree Indians of Canada the husband lives in the wife's house, but never speaks to his parents-in-law till his first child is born, and, though the father is not a member of the family, his child is, and so confers on him the *status* of "father of so-and-so," which becomes his name, the whole being then brought to a logical conclusion by the family ceasing to cut him.

THE kicker is a developer; the croaker is an incubus. The kicker incites to improvement; the croaker to indignation and resentment. The kicker only is heard when he is given one dollar accommodation at three-dollar rates; the croaker would be just as noisy if he was getting three-dollar accommodation and paying nothing. The kicker is a lively, jovial, progressive fellow; the croaker is a dismal nuisance who lags superfluous on the stage.

REFORM in the matter of shirt-collars is demanded. John Crentz was found dead in Druid Hill Park, Baltimore, on Thursday night. A thin blue mark over the windpipe led the coroner to declare that the direct cause of the man's death had been a collar two inches high that he was wearing at the time of his demise. The popularity of high collars gives an unpleasant significance to this disaster.

MR. JACKSON, the husband of the late lamented authoress Helen Hunt Jackson, was married recently, and is now residing at Colorado Springs, Col. He married a niece of his first wife, an! there is still, therefore, a Helen Hunt Jackson. The grave of the first Mrs. Jackson, known to fame as "H. H.," is literally covered with visiting cards left by tourists, who climb the mountain near Colorado Springs to visit the last resting place of this remarkable woman.

The eighth annual report of the English Inspector of Retreats under the Habitual Drunkards Act, 1879, for the year 1887 has just been issued. Sixty-six patients in the aggregate were admitted to the seven retreats during the year as against seventy-three in the previous year. Several patients received their discharge for various reasons at the request of the licensees from the local justices before the effluxion of time. Very satisfactory work was reported from all retreats.

THE Forth bridge, which has been styled the "Last wonder of the world," has been under construction six years, and will require another year for completion. The proportion of this vast and costly structure can hardly be realized from the figures There are eleven spans, two of which measure no less than 1,710 feet each, making the most majestic arches the world has ever seen. The extreme height of the bridge is 361 feet; the foundations are some 91 feet below the surface of the water, and there is a clear headway of 150 feet for ships of all sizes to pass under.

THE United States War Department has recently been collecting statistics of the number of horses in several countries of the globe. Russia has 21,570,000 horses; America, 9,500,000; the Argentine Republic, 4,000,000; Austria, 3,500,000; Germany, 3,350,000; France, 2,800,000 and 300,000 mules; England, 2,790,000 horses; Canada, 2,624,000; Spain, 680,000 horses and 2,300,000 mules; Italy, 2,000,000 horses; Belgium, 383,000; Denmark, 316,000; Australia, 301,000; Holland, 125,000, and Portugal, 88,000 horses and 50,000 mules.

THE Queen has granted permission to Mr. Fred. Kitton to engrave, for his forthcoming collection of Dickens' portraits, the pencil sketch of the novelist now in her possession. This drawing, which was made from life by R. J. Lane, the Associate Engraver of the Royal Academy, represents Charles Dickens as he was in the Pickwickian days. It was bought by the Queen from Mrs. George Cattermole, widow of the artist, who so ably assisted in illustrating "Master Humphrey's Clock." This interesting portrait is now being engraved for the first time, and will doubtless add considerable value to Mr. Kitton's book.

THE Pittsburg *Dispatch* recently said; "The faith-cure people seem to avoid Jacksonville, yet they have a chance there to make the best possible test of their theories." This challenge to the faith-healers did not long remain unaccepted. Rev. John L. Willetts, of Salem, O., writes to the *Dispatch* that a woman in his congregation is ready to go to Florida, provided the doctors will promise not to meddle with the patients intrusted to her, but leave them entirely in her hands. She thinks that not a single one will die under her treatment. Mr. Willetts believes that three-fourths of his congregation would follow him to Florida on the same terms, but it is said that in the present critical condition of affairs the authorities are not willing to countenance any experiments.

THE two hundredth anniversary of the death of John Bunyan, "The Glorious Dreamer," as he has been called, was recently celebrated. Large numbers of people, among them many Americans, visited the grave in Bunhill Fields, now tastefully enclosed and planted with trees and flowers, a graveyard where lie the remains of Thomas Bradbury, Cromwell's sons—Richard and Henry—Daniel Defoe, Dr. Isaac Watts, Dr. Waugh, one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, and many others of earlier and later renown. At the Bunyan Meeting House, Bedford, Dr. Brown, the pastor, and the biographer of Bunyan, improved the occasion by preaching from the words, "He was a burning and a shining light" (John v. 35), to a crowded house.

DR. PENING, a German Government official, professes to have discovered a new derivation for the name England, or the English. The word, he contends, does not originate, as has for a thousand years been supposed, from the Angles, or from the district of Angelu, in Schleswig, but from the Engern, a numerous and very powerful Saxon race, formerly living near the banks of the Weser. He bases his theory partly on the statements of the old British monk, Gildas. He lived considerably earlier than Bede, and speaks only of the Saxons who colonized Britain. Dr. Bening points out that, in Schleswig, Engelland is very small, and now has barely eight thousand inhabitants; moreover, it lies on the Baltic, not on the North Sea, like the country of the Engern.

THERE is a humorous as well as a serious side to the law. The old-fashioned way of leaving a shilling to the legatee with which to buy a rope to hang himself has been improved upon. Probate was granted last week of the will, dated 18th June, 1887, of a testator who died recently in London and left all his residuary estate to two granddaughters, having appointed as sole executrix a daughter to whom he bequeathed £25, and to his wife one farthing, which he directed the executrix to forward to her by post, unpaid, as an indication of his disgust at the treatment which he had received at her hands, and especially in respect of the abusive epithets, such as "old pig!" and others, which she used in circumstances which he explained, but did not think justified such opprobrious language. The will has evidently been carefully drawn, although not apparently by a solicitor, and is engrossed in a clerk-like manner, and duly executed by the testator.

An Overpowering Temptation.

"Miss Maud," he said, "I have come in this evening to ask you a question, and I have brought a ring with me. Now, before you try it on I want to tell you that if you feel inclined to be a sister to me I will have to take it back, as my father objects to my sisters wearing such large diamonds." And Maud said she would keep the ring.—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

Rural Crops.

There is an apple tree near Kentville, N. S., which last year produced 25 barrels of luscious gravensteins.

St. Helena (Cal.) public schools were closed some days ago for three weeks, to allow the pupils to pick the grape crop.

The London barber who shaved sixty men in sixty minutes is again discounted, this time by a Philadelphia artist, who performed the operation upon twenty men in eighteen minutes. This, of course, is away ahead of all records, but it is questionable whether the shaving was as well done as the average customer would like. Most men would rather spend a minute or so overtime in the barber's chair and come out with clean, smooth faces.

And now Amelia Rives-Chanler is troubled with insomnia.

"Be Quick or You're Dead" is the title of a story about a Western road agent.

ESPECIALLY FOR THE LADIES,

But the Sterner Sex May Find Pleasure in Reading.

Eccentricity of the Phonograph.

A curious fact revealed by the phonograph is that people generally do not know their own voices. The husband will recognize the wife's voice in a phonograph, and the wife will recognize the husband's, but neither will recognize their own speech. This must be mighty disappointing to the man who thinks himself a silvery-tongued orator.

Scene in a Shoe Shop.

She walked into a shoe store and said to the polite clerk: "You may show me a pair of walking-boots, No. 4. I used to wear 3s, but I go in for solid comfort now," says an exchange. The clerk tried the boots, but they would not go on. "Strange," she murmured; "it must be rheumatism. Try 4s, B width. I know I can swim in them, but my feet are so tender." While the clerk was getting them on she said: "I used to have a beautiful foot; not small, but such a good shape. I never had a small foot, but I wore 2½ sizes for years, until I walked so much and grew heavier." "Your foot is a peculiar shape; the instep is so high—that is why you require a large size," said the clerk, who had no fear of Ananias before his eyes. "I've heard," she said, "that the Venus de Medeechy wears No. 5, and she is a model of true proportion." "Exactly," said the clerk, growing red in the face as he pulled and tugged to get them on. He had never heard of "dee Medeechy," but he was up to a trick or two himself. "After all," he said, "these are too large. You'll find the 4s just right." He was only gone a moment, but in that time he had erased a 5 E from the inside of a pair of shoes and substituted 4 B. "There, I thought it was strange," she said, when they were on and paid for; "why, those are just as easy as my old ones. I believe I could just as well have had 3s after all." And the young-man without a conscience went back to his duties with the air of one well satisfied with himself.—*New York Sun.*

Jottings.

The autumn fashion will show among really well-dressed people a modification of the much-discussed "bustle," not the abandonment of it. If women would learn that being "well dressed" does not mean a fortune upon the back at one time, what a stride art and elegance would make! Diamond earrings with a tailor-made gown is a first-rate example of being badly dressed.

Sashes will be worn with almost all costumes and in every way—back, front, or at either side, to the taste of the wearer.

Miss Elizabeth Farsan was recently elected Principal of the largest public school in Chicago over a number of male competitors. She is a very popular lady, and the people living in the ward in which the school stands—the richest and most populous in the city—are delighted by the appointment.

Tartans in Style.

A New York correspondent writes: Sons of Scotia and daughters, too, will learn with pleasure that the coming winter brings with it a "rage" for the clan tartans. They are shown everywhere. The Royal Stuart, the Gordon, with their bright colors, are thrown off against the sober but rich and handsome black and white of the MacPherson (Cluny), while the Mackenzie, the "Seventy-first," and the Campbell are all in demand. Little tots of children are clad in kilted skirts, and very bright and attractive the costumes are. Rough materials, too, are popular, and a bright cardinal red in bonnets and ribbons is seen. Red cloaks are to be worn largely as wraps, the old "Connemara" shape coming up again.

Gossip Around the Work Basket.

Rich Mrs. Crocker has given $19,000 to the Young Women's Christian Association of San Francisco. This, presumably, is a fair specimen of a bonanza widow's mite—a mite which many a widow would think a mountain.

A new dinner-table wrinkle, according to the foreign gleaner in the New York *Sun*, is a dish of dark-colored jelly, in the centre of which is an electric light. The effect of its sudden illumination is said to be magnificent.

"The college hat, or mortar board," says the New York *Sun*, "is becoming fashionable for street wear by London women. Leather belts of great size and coarseness, with steel buckles, are also showing up."

Denial is made of the much-talked-of engagement of Joseph Chamberlain to Miss Endicott, who is said to be the betrothed of "a young lawyer of Massachusetts."

The Comtesse de Paris has ordered 1,500 small gold roses to present to some of the most faithful adherents of her husband's family.

Pampas plumes sell at 5 cents each, and the farmers of Santa Barbara county clear more than $1,800 an acre raising them.

Of the fifteen students sent by the Government of Siam to receive professional training in England, four are young women.

A lady in Jersey City wears the bloomer costume in the street for the comfort of it.

Mrs. Lyman Beecher has given $80,000 to Baldwin (O.) University, which in turn pays her an annuity.

Is Marriage a Failure?

A correspondent says no, and asks: "What do your readers think of these rules to make marriage a success?"

Rule 1—Never under any circumstances let the wife introduce her husband to her mother.

Rule 2—Never let the wife ask her husband for money, but always pay her bills out of her own private income.

Rule 3—Never let the wife ask her husband where he is going or where he has been; and, at whatever hour of the night he returns, let him always find his wife waiting up with his slippers ready, and the spirit stand on the table.

Rule 4—Never let the wife ask the husband to come home to dinner at any fixed hour; and if he doesn't come at all take no notice.

Rule 5—Always have one or two pretty young lady friends staying in the house in order that your husband may have some one to talk to.

Rule 6—When the babies begin to come, put them out to nurse until they are of an interesting age, and have left off crying. Then buy all their clothes yourself, and when they go to school get your papa to pay for their education.

Rule 7—Never ask your husband to take you anywhere unless he offers to. Then be careful not to have a headache or to trouble him to get you anything. If after the play or the opera is over he wants to go to his club, say: "Don't bother to see me to the carriage, dear." Kiss him and let him go. If he objects to the kissing omit it.

Rule 8—When your husband sees you, always wear a smile. Never be ill or out of sorts, and never fail to let your husband know that you consider it a very great honor to have married him, and that you are filled with a sense of your own unworthiness for such an exalted position.

The strict observance of these rules will enable many a wife who is asked "Is marriage a failure?" to reply with a large and triumphant "No."

A Good Kind of Face to Have.

Memory of events.—This is shown by a wide, full forehead in the centre.

Reasoning power.—A high, long and well defined nose and a broad face exhibits this great faculty.

Moral courage.—This faculty manifests itself by wide nostrils, short neck and eyes set directly in front.

Language.—This faculty is exhibited in many parts of the face, particularly by a large mouth and large, full eyes, opened wide.

Self-Esteem.—This faculty shows itself in a long and deep upper lip. Large self esteem gives one dignity, self-control and perfect independence.

Firmness.—The presence of this faculty when very large, is indicated by a long, broad chin. Firmness is synonymous with willfulness, perseverance and stability.

Perception of character.—This is indicated by a long, high nose at the lower end or tip. This faculty is very useful, if not indispensible, to a Judge in the exercise of the functions of his office.

Powers of observation.—The situation of this faculty is in the face just above the nose, filling out the forehead to a level with the parts on each side of the nose. It is a faculty which enables one to concentrate the mind upon the subject being discussed.

Conscientiousness.—This is shown in the face by a square jaw, a bony chin, prominent cheek bones and a general squareness of the features of the entire face. To be conscientious means that one has a sense of justice, honesty of purpose, rectitude of character and moral courage.

WEAR HATS ALL THE TIME.

A Curious Custom of Some Persians Not Attended with Baldness.

From time to time I have noticed theories setting forth the chief causes of baldness, such as abnormal heat from the head cover, and "constriction of the blood vessels of the head by tight hats." Prof. T. Wesley Mills holds that "the principal root of this trouble is in nervous strain." All these theories may have something to do with the loss of hair. During several years' residence in Hong Kong, in my professional duties, I had to do with a goodly number of persons, representing a large variety of nationalities, and in my study of these people I found that many theories deduced from local experiences at home were, in some cases at least, hardly broad enough to cover all facts found at large in nature and bearing upon the specific points of investigation. Familiar with some of the popular theories as to the cause of baldness, I was surprised to find men who always wore a covering to their heads, and during business hours and who always when out of doors wore a very tight hat, were never bald and possessed a wonderfully strong, thick head of hair. I refer to the Parsees (Persians). There is a sacred, religious law among them that no man shall go with his head uncovered. When the Mohammedans invaded Persia, the major part of the native Persians who were not exterminated fled farther east into India, found protection and a welcome home among the Hindoos, a people of castes, and in order that these strangers should always be identified, also knowing that their religion obliged them to wear a head covering, a law was passed to compel all Parsees to wear a certain style of hat whenever exposed outside of their own private home. The hat prescribed is as tall as an American silk hat with no brim; it truly might be called a "stove-pipe." This hat is worn inclining backward on the head from 35 to 40 degrees, and, in order to keep it on its place, the brim is made to cling very close to the head; being so tight and so constantly worn that quite a deep depression is caused substantially around the head; it seemed as if the skull might be involved, but, not having the opportunity of examining one, I was not able to fully determine. Whenever this hat is removed, a skull cap immediately takes its place. In my professional duties these hats often had to be removed, and it appeared to me as a curious fact—if some of the popular theories were altogether true—that these people should never be bald. Therefore, I instituted a series of strict inquiries. Many of these gentlemen spoke English intelligently, also French, German, Persian and their local Hindoo dialect. Some of them kindly allowed an examination of their heads, and also assured me that they never knew one of their race that was bald.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Rough on the Dudes.

The other night, says the New York *Star*, three dudes, dressed in the height of fashion, who were returning to their homes in Brooklyn, amused themselves by overturning ash barrels. Their actions were watched by an officer standing in the shade of a near by tree. As they passed under the spreading branches of the tree the policeman came from his ambush, and, stopping the trio, said: "This is nice, gentlemanly conduct. No doubt to you it's rare fun. Now, if you want to avoid disgrace and the loss of $10 each you must come back with me and I'll show you what to do."

"Oh, only a little joke, old man," explained one of the dudes.

But the officer was obdurate and made the fellows march back to overturned barrel No. 1.

"Now," said the policeman, "place the barrel in its proper position, gather the ashes and rubbish and place them in the barrel."

"But surely you don't mean that," exclaimed one of the missing links in horror.

"Do what I say, or I'll arrest you," replied the officer.

With great reluctance the three took their first lessod in garbge gathering, and the same operation had to be performed until the four barrels which they had upset had been refilled. When this had been finished the officer allowed them to go home.

The Mystery of the Comb.

It would be curious to know what mystic meaning our forefathers attached to so simple an act as that of combing the hair. Yet we learn from old church history that the hair of the priest or Bishop was thus combed several times during divine service by one of the inferior clergy. The comb is mentioned as one of the essentials for use during a high mass when sung by a bishop, and both in English and foreign cathedrals they were reckoned among the costly possessions of the church. Some were made of ivory, some were carved, others gemmed with precious stones. Among the combs specially known to history are those of St. Noet, St. Dunstan, and Malchias. Prior of St. Thomas the Martyr of Canterbury is still to be seen in the Church of St. Sepulchre, at Thetford, and that of St. Cuthbert at Durham Cathedral. From sundry references in old legends to the use of the comb in divination, and from its appearance in combination with pagan emblems on rudely sculptured stones in various parts of Scotland, it seems probable that this was one of the objects of pagan veneration which early Christian teachers deem it prudent to adopt, investing it with some new significance.—*The Century.*

A Very Obliging Editor.

The Port Hope *Times* man desires to be on perfectly familiar terms with his readers, as the annexed general invitation which appears in his paper will testify: Don't forget the editor when you have a news item. If your wife licks you, let us know of it, and we will set it right before the public. If you have company, tell us, if you are not ashamed of visitors. If a youngster arrives at your home, begging for raiment, buy a quarter's worth of cigars and come around, and if you are a cash subscriber we will furnish you a suitable name for him or her, as the circumstances will permit; and if you have a social gathering of a few of your friends, bring around a big cake, seven or eight pies and a ham.

Scene in Church.

An extraordinary scene occurred in St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Bradford, England, the other Sunday morning before Mass, a sergeant of the Essex Regiment having been attacked and badly cut about the ear by a woman sitting in a pew behind him who had previously armed herself with a pair of scissors. The woman was at once secured and given into custody, and afterwards admitted to the police that she had attacked the wrong man, having mistaken the sergeant for a man who had for years persisted in annoying her. It was subsequently ascertained that the woman, who is an American on a visit to friends in Bradford, had at one time been an inmate of an asylum in New York.

Diabolical Crimes in Hungary.

Two fearful crimes are reported from Pesth. In one case a tailor, named Gnadig, poured through a funnel melted lead into the right ear of his sleeping wife. Finding she was not dead the wretch then proceeded to strangle her, but was interrupted by the arrival of the neighbors, who found the unfortunate woman still alive, but in a desperate condition. The murderer is still at large. The other case is that of a butcher, who fired a revolver at his brother-in-law, and, believing he was dead, went home and killed his victim's child, a baby 10 months old. He then attempted to commit suicide.

A Sad Case.

Artist (to pupil)—"That study is all out of drawing. It defies every law of composition, and has not a color ever seen in nature. Can't you see that for yourself?"

Pupil—"It looks all right to me."

"Well, I'll have to give you up. You will never be fit for anything but a member of a hanging committee."

The Last Man Who Ought to Complain.

Bald-headed Man.—Here, waiter, this is an infernal outrage. Here is a hair swimming around in the soup.

Waiter.—Wall, don't make such a fuss about a trifle. Hair is what you need most, ain't it?

M. PAUL FOUCHER, a nephew of Victor Hugo, and a leading French journalist, has offered himself to M. Pasteur as a subject for a decisive experiment on vaccination against Asiatic cholera, about which a paper was read in the Academy of Sciences the other day. M. Pasteur thanks M. Foucher, and promises to refer the matter to the writer of the paper, a young Odessa doctor, Dr. Gamaleia, but does not say whether he will accept the offer.

"SPACE COSTS MONEY."

Some Plain Words to Those Who Can Fit on the Cap.

The Galt *Reformer* publishes the appended remarks to its patrons, and as they apply—happily only to a few in this city—they are reproduced for their special benefit:

"We again call the attention of the public to the fact that our space costs us money, the same as a merchant's stock costs him, and they have no more right to expect us to give it to them free than they would have to expect a dry goods man to give them so many yards of cloth or a grocer to give them so many pounds of sugar. We have given dead-head notices of sports and entertainments in consequence of which they were very successful. We have given dead-head notices of church services, in consequence of which there was a good attendance and large collections. We have given columns of reports, and the promoters of these events have thought we were well paid and under a compliment to them if they sent us a few tickets gratis. One gentleman even told us that he thought there would be no necessity of getting any bills for an entertainment if we wrote it up well. Yet had we suggested that there was no necessity of paying him a salary if he would just do the work required of him gratis, this same gentleman would not have thought it was the correct thing. Fortunately for the printer these are only the exceptions, most people recognizing the fact that any printing they got was done at a reasonable rate, and was full value in itself, and that the advertising should be paid for; that the complimentary tickets were an invitation for a reporter to be present and take cognizance of what was going on; that this in the majority of cases was an inconvenience to the reporter himself who would naturally rather be attending to his own private affairs. Newspapers are now generally giving up the dead head advertisement principle; they find, like the railroads, that it does not pay, that in fact they cannot afford it. Labor and paper cost money. News is one thing, an advertisement is another, though there is more or less news in all advertisements. Many readers consider the advertisements the most important part of the paper, because from them they get the information desired, but if all the advertisements were put in free there would soon be no paper, or else subscribers would have to pay a great deal more for their papers than they do now."

Baron Rothschild's Alphabet of Success.

The following "alphabet" is printed on a neat card and hung up in coffee taverns and places of resort and business in Great Britain—an example which might well be followed in Canada:

Attend carefully to the details of your business.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation nor business.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
Live for any consideration but wrong.
Make few especial acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Xtend to every one a kindly salutation.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labor for the right,
And success is certain.

Five Decorative "Nevers."

Never permit a white marble mantel to disfigure an otherwise tasteful room. Cover it with a draped mantel board.

Never have a dark carpet and walls in a room that is deficient in light. Only apartments open to the outer light will stand gloomy tones in decoration.

Never have a carpet patterned with gigantic roses or other actual flowers that harmonize with nothing. The colors in a carpet should, in a great measure, complete the color and scheme adopted for the room.

Never put a piece of furniture into a room merely because it is pretty and will fill up. Every article should have its real or apparent use. As a general thing the necessary pieces will occupy all the space that should be allotted to furniture.

Never hang a picture from one nail. Aside from the mere question of safety, the use of two nails, the cord stretched across them so as to come down squarely to the corners of the frame, has a symmetrical effect, and makes the walls look very much more finished.—*Home.*

Do Figures Lie?

Do figures lie? Let us see.

Two women had 30 chickens each, which they took to market. They agreed to divide equally the proceeds of their sale.

One sold her chickens two for $1, getting for 30 chickens $15.

The others sold hers three for $1, getting for her chickens $10.

This made $25 realized on the 60 chickens.

The merchant called to divide the money said:—

"You sold your 30 chickens two for $1, and you sold your 30 chickens three for $1. That makes 60 chickens at the rate of five for $2. Well, 5 into 60 goes 12 times—twice 12 is 24. That makes $24 your chickens brought."

But as shown above the women actually had $25 in their pockets. And yet the merchant's figures were right.

Do figures lie?—*Spence's Paper.*

New Hints for Home.

Do not amuse the children by letting them cut the pictures out of your Dore bible.

Indiscriminate giving is a bad thing. It is better to help pay the running expenses of a charitable organization than to give a piece of pie to an unworthy tramp who has a ruined digestion.

Never black your boots with stove polish and deal gently with your wife if she cleans her jewels with your tooth brush. This is an exper ence that is bound to come to man some time in life.

Be sure to have an elabcrate method of opening your doors from the inside. This will keep burglars in the house until the police come, unless you argue too long with your wife as to whether it is the cat or a June-bug that you hear counting the silver in the dining-room.

The Champion Dove Story.

Ever since Noah's messenger hastened back to the friends who had shared with her the long seclusion caused by the worst storm on record, to show them the first signs she found of better weather coming, the dove has been considered a bird of good omen. The people of a church in Belfast report a singular coincidence last Sunday. Just as the pastor was reading the words "I beheld the spirit descending as a dove out of heaven, and it abode upon Him," a beautiful dove fluttered in at the open door and alighted upon the railing of the back gallery. It next flew to the pulpit, and after resting a minute perched upon the speaker's head. Being brushed away the dove flew down beside the Bible, and finally, near the close of the sermon, flew out through the open door at which it had entered.—*Lewiston Journal.*

A Hariatocrat.

Mr. Parvenue—That's all settled about them carriages, then; but look 'ere, the missis said I was to be sure and have a crest painted on 'em.

Coachbuilder—Oh, certainly, sir. What is your crest?

Mr. P.—Well, I—er—that is, I—er—I s'pose I've forgotten it; but that don't matter, do it? You can find me a crest, can't yer, if I pay for it?

Coachbuilder—Oh, yes, sir, by hall means. I've got a few 'ere as you could choose from, sir. 'Ere you are, sir; lions is popular, but helephants is wery peculiar.—*Fun.*

Did Not Effect Him.

"This thing makes me tired!" exclaimed the farmer, when he caught his hired man sitting on the shady side of the haystack. "Mebbe it does," was the reply, "but it don't make me tired. It's the all-fired work that uses me up."

The Smart Small Boy Again.

Tom, 3 years old, who has a brother of 3 months, gave as a reason for the latter's good conduct: "Baby doesn't cry tears because he doesn't drink any water; he can't cry milk."

Wm. Keeler, a member of the Belleville fire brigade, who has repeatedly ill-used his wife, gave her a severe castigation last week, which resulted in the members of the fire department ostracizing him and striking his name from the roll. Mrs. Keeler returned to her parents in Tyendinaga, and it is reported that Keeler is endeavoring to effect a reconciliation.

MATRIMONIAL.

A Brilliant Wedding in Scottish Upper Tendom.

The great event of the season in the southeast of Scotland has been the marriage of Miss Constance Nisbet Hamilton, the rich proprietress of Biel, Dirleton, Belhaven and Pencaitland, East Lothian, to Mr. Henry T. Ogilvy, son of Sir John Ogilvy Bart., of Inverquharity, Forfarshire. The ceremony took place in the private chapel at Biel House, without any bridesmaids, yet the whole *elite* of the district, as well as many from a distance, seemed to have turned out, though the hour fixed was an early one—8 a.30 m. Bishop Dowden officiated. Most of the guests left immediately afterwards, as the newly-married couple were not going on any extensive marriage tour, but intended passing the honeymoon at Biel. Though everything was thus gone about in the sensible manner which might have been expected of Miss Hamilton, her bridal dress might have excited the envy of ladies generally. She wore an extremely handsome dress of the richest ivory white velvet brocade, with long train. The petticoat was of ivory white satin, and was completely covered with valuable antique Brussels lace, which had been inherited from the late Lady Mary Nisbet Hamilton, the bride's mother. The bodice was fastened in front by five large diamond buttons or brooches, and had a high ruff and trimming of the same valuable lace. Her veil, which was of the same Brussels lace, was long, and was fastened back with large diamond stars; and in her hair she wore a spray of white hawthorn (the Ogilvy badge), myrtle and white heather. She also wore a ruby and diamond brooch, a triple horseshoe diamond brooch and two diamond rings, the gifts of the bridegroom; a hawthorn spray in diamonds, the gift of the brother and sisters of the bridegroom; and in her hair a diamond ornament, the gift of Sir John Ogilvy. In addition she wore a tiara of five diamond stars, and a diamond necklace, with cross and ear-rings; and wore rings and bracelets of the same valuable stones from her family jewels. She carried a beautiful bouquet, composed of white heather and myrtle. The marriage presents were very numerous and valuable.

Latest Scottish News.

The Helmsdale fishermen have met and passed this resolution: "That this meeting adopt the Plan of Campaign, and that the harbor dues collected be paid into the bank and kept there until satisfactory improvement be made in the Helmsdale harbor."

Ex-Provost A. Corner, Wick, died at his residence, Willowbank, the other day. He was one of the original members of the Wick Chamber of Commerce, founded in 1836, and held for over a quarter of a century a seat in the Town Council.

An event of uncommon occurrence happened at Stonehouse, Lanarkshire, recently. Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Hamilton, New street, celebrated their diamond wedding, having been married for the long period of 60 years. With the exception of eleven years spent in the neighboring parish of Lesmahagow, the old people have lived all their days at Stonehouse. Although both are in their 80th year, they are hale and hearty and pursue their daily avocations with as much spirit as if they had only seen half their years. They have brought up a family of twelve, eight of whom are living.

At a meeting of the Clyde Defence Committee on Sept. 13th, a report presented by the Joint-Convener, Mr. John Burns, and Sir Donald Matheson, was adopted. It expresses approval of the scheme of defence submitted by the Government, but proposes that in addition a first line of defence should be established by the erection of fortifications on Garroch Head and the Cumbraes.

Rev. Mr. Douglas, of the Abbey Parish, Arbroath, Forfarshire, at whom several shots were lately fired through his study window, has received a threatening letter, signed "Your Assassin," in which the writer intimates that "I yet will have your life before the year is gone."

The annual Argyllshire Gathering took place at Oban on Sept. 12th and was largely attended. Among the visitors were Prince Henry of Battenberg, Baron Von Pawel Rammingen and the Marquis of Lorne. A ball was held in the evening.

An archway erected at the foot of Blackford Hill, Edinburgh, in memory of the late Sir George Harrison, for some time Lord Provost of the city, was on Sept. 12th formally inaugurated by the Earl of Rosebery and handed over to the custody of the corporation.

Too Much Modesty.

"John," she said, as she toyed with one of his coat buttons, "this is leap year, isn't it?" "Yes, Mamie," he answered, as he looked fondly down on her golden head, that was pillowed on his manly bosom. "This is the year when the proposing is done by the young ladies?" "Yes." "I hope you don't expect me to propose to you?" "Why, Mamie, dear, I never gave a thought—I—er—to—tell the truth, I've only known you for—that is to say—" "I'm glad you don't expect me to propose. I'm not that kind, I hope. No, John, dearest, I cou