

suppose I'drowned your doll; how would it be then? Mine is a much larger doll than yours...

"I know what you could do," says Miss Elsie; "in her quaint little voice; you could go straight to the toyshop and buy another lovely doll, and bring it here, and then Blanche would forgive you."

"Here both Blunden and Mrs. Charteris laugh, and the children laugh too without knowing why, for mere fun's sake."

"Are you going to be our new uncle?" demanded Elsie, presently, after a pause spent in a minute examination of his watch-chain and seal.

"What?" says Mr. Blunden, because he has nothing else to say.

"Nurse says you are, and she never tells fibs," says Elsie, beating time on her words with many solemn nods.

"Do you think they ought to go to bed at seven o'clock?"

"No, indeed,"—somewhat puzzled.

"Or that our ears are long?"—pulling out her dear little shells of ears as far as they will go.

"I begin to detest Uncle George," says Blunden, in so hearty a tone that both the children adopt him as their own on the spot, and fall in love with him then and there.

"You are a pet," says Blanche, tenderly, and, standing on tiptoe, treats him to a wee bird-like kiss.

"I am not sure of that," returns he gayly; "but I am sure of this, that I am your friend, and that I know we shall love each other by and by."

"Are you?" says Elsie, examining him curiously from her position on his knee; "then why didn't you bring us some lollipops?"

"I feel heartily ashamed of myself," says Blunden; "it never occurred to me; but it shan't happen again. To-morrow I shall retrieve my fault."

"I should like a new ball," says Blanche dreamily.

"You shall have it. And you, Elsie?"

"I should like one, too, and a whole lot of soldiers, and a big drum," says that modest infant.

"Send them the entire shop; it will save trouble," says Mrs. Charteris, with a faint smile.

"They are into chiming," replies he, hating himself as he remembers how he had allowed the silly gossip of a few women to disturb his mind.

"How I wish every one thought like you!" says he, with a faint sigh, yet not daring to glance at Doxy.

"I do," says Blanche, sweetly marking with all a child's quickness of perception the regretful note in his voice.

"With two such sweethearts I should indeed be ungrateful not to be content," responds he, and happy too; yet I am not. I have harbored in my mind, almost unconsciously the shadow of an unkind thought towards an angel, and I cannot be happy until she pardons me."

"Angels are always forgiving," says Mrs. Charteris, in so sweet a tone that Blunden takes courage, and looks at her imploringly. Her aspect is sunny, and presently the imploring glance becomes sentimental, and might have blossomed into one altogether adoring, but for Elsie, who, breaking in abruptly on his meditations, puts all sentiment to flight by giving him a sound pinch.

"Don't look like that," she says—"such a silly smile. You're just like Joey in the pantomime, or the circus. Did you ever see Joey? Speak to us, and tell us something."

"Whom do you love best in the world?" asks Arthur, at his wife's end for conversation.

"Crinkie," returns Blanche, promptly. This is the much bruised and abused cat.

"And after?"

"My black doll, Miss Dido."

"And then?"

"You see how alienated is their affection, says Elsie maliciously. "I must be content to take rank after Crinkie and a black doll, children, come here."

"They run to her, and fling themselves all over her, to the extreme detriment of her dainty Parisian costume."

ST. GABRIEL.

Thursday being the anniversary of the Rev. Father Salmon's ordination to the priesthood, the pupils of St. Gabriel's Academy honored the day in a particular manner.

At the Rev. Father's celebration of mass at eight o'clock, at which a large number of friends, the teachers and pupils assisted. Several beautiful hymns were rendered with fine effect by the children's choir.

At ten o'clock the Rev. gentlemen, accompanied by the Rev. Fathers Ducharme and Joli, O.S.C., visited the school, and was received in an enthusiastic "Song of Welcome."

Addresses were then read in English and French by Masters James McMillin and Joseph Gherin. The following is a copy of the English:

Rev. and Dear Father.—Another happy occasion presents itself on this day—the anniversary of your ordination to the priesthood—for testifying towards our love and esteem.

Each hour that we pass in our school we learn to appreciate more and more the facilities afforded us for improvement, and while we endeavor by our application to swell ourselves of them, and prove ourselves worthy of the efforts you are making in our behalf, one of our most agreeable duties, and one which we would perform daily, did your humility allow us, is to tender you our heart-felt gratitude.

We have endeavored to do so before, and on this day, which is for you particularly happy, in union with our teachers, we ask you to receive kindly our affection.

In honoring the occasion, we endeavor to form an idea of the sublimity of the event which it commemorates. As children of the Catholic Church, and educated under the auspices of religion, we have been taught to revere its holy teachings.

There has been instilled into us from our earliest years a love and veneration for God's ministers, and our young minds have been taught to realize, as far as possible, the dignity of their sacred calling as mediators between God and man.

Kings celebrate their accession to power and dazzle their subjects with the pageantry of their glory; nations recall with pride the deeds of their heroes, and rejoice at the defeat of foes. These are, however, temporal triumphs—triumphs of man over his fellow-man, which are frequently looked upon by the magistrates of this world as avenues to a shadowy greatness which

And, like an unsubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind."

But, Rev. Father, the victory which you celebrate to-day has a grandeur far surpassing that of earthly greatness. It is a victory which the greatest warriors of ancient or modern times failed to accomplish—a victory which he who regretted that there were not other worlds to conquer was unable to achieve—a victory over self.

We rejoice, therefore, with you on this day, suggestive of so many sacred memories. We look back to that happy morning when as a young Levite, sacrificing all worldly pleasures and content of that victory which overcometh the world—our faith—you were endowed with the sublime dignity of the priesthood, and went forth commissioned by Our Divine Lord to preach His Gospel of love and mercy.

We view with feelings of pride and awe the success which has attended your ministry. We can imagine the great consolation you must feel at this moment when you cast a retrospective glance over the past years of your life, so fruitful in grand results; and whilst to all the members of your flock you have been the kind father and genial friend, guarding faithfully their spiritual and temporal interests, we, the youth of your pastoral charge, feel particularly indebted to you for the great interest you have always taken in our education.

In conclusion, Rev. Father, we ask your acceptance of the accompanying gift as a memorial of our kind wishes. We earnestly beseech our Heavenly Father to spare you for many years to labor in His vineyard, and to direct this institution, which has attained such a high standard of efficiency under your fostering care. Deign to continue your encouragement to us in our efforts to follow your wise counsels and

"Scatter blessings in our pathway! Gentle words and cheering smiles Better are than gold and silver, With their grief-dispelling smiles."

The Rev. Father replied in a very happy manner, stating that he was altogether unprepared for such an ovation as that with which the pupils had surprised him. He referred in very complimentary terms to the teachers, and was proud of the success which was crowning their efforts in the great work of education. The Rev. Father concluded a lengthy and eloquent reply by granting the pupils the remaining part of the day as a *conge*, which intelligence was received with acclamations of delight.

Miss Mary O'Byrne presided at the organ, and the singing was under the direction of Mrs. M. A. Mooney, who, although only a very short time in connection with the institution, has given ample proof of high musical and literary culture.

By the use of Fello's Syrup of Hypophosrites the nerves become reinforced in strength, the stomach is made capable of digesting the food, the food changes to blood, the heart becomes strengthened to pump the blood, the lungs distribute and oxidize the blood, healthy blood displaces unhealthy muscle and tuberculous matter, the patient becomes vigorous, and then by using his constitution as intended, by a beneficent Creator, he may live up to the ripe old age, when, like the cork berry for the harvest, he drops from the bush.

CATCHING COLD—REMEDIES.

While it is easy to take cold in midsummer, colds are usually more prevalent when low temperature prevails, though less in clear, steady winter than during the variable spring and autumn.

"Catching cold" is usually the result of inequality of temperature in two parts of the body, especially adjacent parts, which disturbs the uniform circulation of the blood. At the place where this disturbance occurs, "congestion" arises, that is, a rush of blood to a part from one direction faster than it is carried off by the chilled blood vessels in the other direction, and this produces serious results if not speedily remedied.

This diseased condition may extend over the whole body, affecting most severely any organ already weak.

Thus a cold may come from damp or chilled feet; from even a slight draft of air blowing through a crack upon one side or portion of the body; and "going in" from standing near a fire or stove, and heating one side while the other remains comparatively cold; from warmer clothing on one part of the body than on another; from lightly dressing the arms and lower limbs, or leaving them naked; from standing over a hot register; from the chilling evaporation of water or moisture, from a portion only of one's clothing; in general, from any cause producing inequality of temperature.

The causes of a cold, named, indicate how to avoid one. Maintaining general vigor by nourishing, well-digested food, gives one power to resist an attack. When to be especially exposed, a little tonic, as a grain or two of quinine taken in advance, may be useful. Stimulants, like alcoholic liquors, are but a temporary aid; the reaction after the first stimulating effects, leaves one more subject to take cold than if the stimulant had been omitted.

Simple remedies will usually remove a cold, if taken promptly, before the congestion has produced serious disorganization. When struck with a sense of chilliness, 15 to 30 drops of Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia, in half a tumbler of water, will often start a uniform circulation all through the body, as this quickly enters the whole blood and is stimulating.

Soaking the feet in warm water, gradually adding warmer water as long as it can be borne, draws off the blood from all the rest of the body, and often relieves congestion in any local part. Smart friction upon any part of the whole of the skin surface, or a uniform surface course, produces like results. But in these cases, special care must be taken to prevent a chill of the feet, or any other part. After the feet heat, wipe dry quickly and cover them warmly.

The best remedy we have found for a recent cold is a moderate movement of the bowels with castor oil, or calomel magnesia, or other mild cathartic. This produces a flow of fluid, drawn from the blood to the alimentary canal, and thus reduces the pressure upon any one congested part, just as drawing off part of the water from a flooded pond relieves pressure upon a weakened dam or embankment. This is to be followed by keeping the body warm and toning it up with good food, or a simple tonic like quinine. "Feeling a cold," prior to taking a cathartic, is the worst possible treatment. It is only adding material to increase the congestion.

Congestion is an effort of Nature to eject noxious matter from congestion of the lungs or bronchial tubes, to be best relieved by general remedies which act on the blood. Sore throat and pains in the limbs or joints are usually relieved by the external use of hot or irritating appliances. One of the best is a mixture of one part of aqua ammonia (liquid hartshorn), and three parts of sweet oil, well shaken. This is called "Volatile Liniment." Gum Arabic dissolved, gum gaudy, simple syrups, etc., upon an irritated throat surface, exclude the air, and mitigate the irritation.

Acute (simple) rheumatism more frequently results from an acid in the pericardium, or white fibrous covering surrounding the bones, than from a cold, as is usually supposed, and it is relieved by taking small doses now and then of alkali, as common cooking soda, until the acid is neutralized.—*Agriculturist*.

MAGIC'S WONDERS.

"While in London, England, a short time ago," said the professor, "our Oxford street waiter was made the victim of a practical joke. One morning, as this tonsorial artist sat reading his newspaper, he was startled by seeing a young man enter in a very excited manner, who throwing, rather than seating himself in the chair, demanded a shave instantly. The barber, who was a ready fellow, as once set about obeying the commands of this excited and hurried guest. With a rapidity that surprised himself, he shaved the right side of his customer's face, and then immediately turned to the left. That side he also shaved with cleanliness and dispatch. But, judge of his surprise, when his customer demanded to know in tones anything but pleased why he did not shave the other side. The poor bewildered barber was almost certain that he had done so, but perceived to his surprise that the side in question was covered with jet-black hair. Again he shaved it, but while he did so, to his surprise and horror, the hair was growing on the other side. Thus it continued for an hour. While he shaved one side, he could actually see the hair growing on the other side. Terrified beyond expression, he stood motionless; hereupon the young man leaped from the chair, and snatching the razor, drew it across his throat, and fell to the floor covered with blood. The barber flew into the street hallooing "Murder!" at the top of his voice. A crowd soon gathered, and, with the frightened barber, beheld the supposed corpse quietly arranging his tie before the mirror—turning very pleasantly, he paid the barber and departed. A theatrical gentleman among the lookers on soon gave it out that it was Professor Hermann the Great American Magician. I went to my hotel and awoke next day to find myself the talk of London," concluded the Professor, for it was I who did it. I gave the poor barber five shillings, and he never has given a friend of mine the snakes?" asked the Professor. On receiving an answer in the negative, he said: "A friend of mine, who was a great drunkard and an actor, and that is saying a great deal, was one morning seen by me to enter a drinking saloon when he was almost on the verge of delirium-tremens, and knowing his horror of 'snakes,' as *mania-a-poti* is vulgarly called, I resolved to save him. I entered just as he raised a glass of whiskey to his lips, and rushing forward I snatched the glass from his hand, crying at the same time: 'Hold, S, until I take this fly out.' Pretending to take the fly out, I held up a serpent. C. cried out: 'My God! that is a snake!' 'Not at all, said I, 'it is a simple house fly. See, you are covered with them,' saying which I approached, and from his sleeves and hair, etc., I proceeded to pull snakes, protesting all the time that they were flies. 'They are snakes!' cried C. again. 'My God! that is a snake; I tell you, Hermann, they are snakes!' 'No snakes,' said I, 'they are but flies.' 'Then,' said he, 'I have the snakes myself!' and he rushed from the saloon. He was not seen for more than a week after; but when next seen he was sober, and had been so since." "Professor," asked the interviewer, "were you, who are so fond of surprising others, ever surprised yourself?" "Once," was the reply, "then the surprise, was a very great and agreeable one, I assure you. It came about in this way: I was for a number of years a sufferer from cramps in my left side, immediately after the heart. I suffered regularly at the close of each performance, and very often was compelled to cancel engagements which I had made, owing to my inability to fill them, being prostrated by cramps, and being in a very weak condition. I entertained very serious thoughts of giving up my profession and spending some years in travel, and would have done so but for an attendant of mine, whose head I had cut off occasionally while performing my wonderful deploration act. The individual to whom I complained of the pains and the cramps in my side on one occasion said it was curious—that I, who could decapitate another and replace the head at will, could not certainly be able to cure myself. I told him how some of the best doctors in Europe and America had failed. He laughed at me, and said he could cure me in a week. That night he presented me with a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, saying that it would produce an effect more magical than I could readily believe. I laughed at the idea of St. Jacobs Oil doing what had baffled the greatest doctors, but said that I

would try it, simply to convince him that trying it would do no good. That night, on retiring, I rubbed my side with the Oil, and sure enough, its good effect was instantaneous—magical, in fact; I felt relief at once. I slept better that night than I had done for a long time before. Again in the morning I rubbed with the Oil, and at the close of the afternoon performance I noticed a great diminution of the painful cramps. Was I surprised? Well, I was very much surprised, and I told my attendant so. In less than a week, and before I had finished using my third bottle, I was entirely and permanently cured. The effect of St. Jacobs Oil was indeed magical, so much so that I could scarcely believe my senses. I have never felt a cramp since—nor is there prophet, seer, soothsayer or magician who can perform such wonders as St. Jacobs Oil."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

WIRE, SCISSORS AND PEN.

About 80 ship labourers left Quebec for the southern shipping ports last week.

Large quantities of pressed hay are coming to the Quebec market over the North Shore Railway.

The trial of Tertius Theal, of St. John, N. B., for the murder of his wife, has been fixed for December.

Several women from the United States, wives of Mexican capitalists and politicians, are leaders of city of Mexico society.

A London firm has just manufactured a sporting knife for Ceterwayo, the Zulu monarch, containing twenty-six instruments.

In last month's storm nearly 200 of the Berwick and North of Forth fishermen were lost. Eyemouth lost 129 of its hardiest men. Kingsley's "Three Fishers" is a Scotch tale of the "Bride of Lammermoor," an ocean true tale.

Bradstreet says there has been a slight shrinkage in the volume of wholesale business throughout the country during the past week. The number of failures was 123, an increase of 2. Canada had 8 failures, an increase of 3.

The reason why English pickpockets are so fond of operating in Paris is that Frenchmen comparatively seldom have bank accounts, but are accustomed to carry large sums in their pockets, and rarely take the numbers of notes.

The Rev. A. W. Wild, of Leacham, Vt., replying to a charge of plagiarism, said it had long been his habit, as of other pastors, to have clippings from newspapers constantly on hand for free use, and he didn't propose to abandon it.

Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, who still lingers in England, has taken up his residence for the winter at a fashionable hotel in the west end of London, and grumbles loudly at the gloomy climate and dull existence of London. His wife will not join him just yet.

Whittier and Wendell Phillips have shaken hands. This news may not interest those who do not know that Whittier once described Phillips as "Ichabod, so fallen, so lost," while Phillips retorted that Whittier was "an arch fiend, plunging down to the lowest circle of hell."

While the recent French Congress on the ravages of phylloxera has been recommending the introduction of foreign vines, the French Ministry of Agriculture has issued a decree in which it is specially stated that vine plants and slips are not permitted to be imported into Europe.

The Empress of Austria, scared by the Land League from hunting with the Meath hounds, is to take up her quarters at Bury-on-the-Hill, a beautiful old seat in Rutlandshire which belonged to a former Earl of Winchester, who bequeathed it to his natural son, father of the present owner.

James Carver cut off Patrick Barry's nose at Preston, Conn., a year and a half ago. The piece was put back where it belonged, is quite presentable. It is now Carver's turn to wear a nose stuck on, for Barry has got revenge by inflicting a precisely similar injury.

All the prisoners collected in Paris by the thrice a day rounds of the Black Marias are taken to a central office so as to be well scanned by detectives there. Spies, unknown even to the wardens, are herded with the prisoners at night to get the "blabbing." These secret agents are paid according to the worth of their services.

A consignment of pedigree cattle, valued at \$150,000, left Liverpool a few days ago for Canada. The stock includes Hereford bulls, Aberdeenshire polled cattle, picked Jersey cows, and shorthorns from the herds of Lords Lathom and Polworth. The same vessel conveys a cargo of Shropshire and Oxford down sheep, and a number of prize poultry. The whole has been selected for various well-known farmers in the Dominion.

Letters received in Hartford from the Chinese students recently ordered home say that on arriving in Shanghai they were sent to confinement in a remote part of the town, the Government's intention apparently being to examine them as to their belief or disbelief of Christianity before they had a chance to scatter through the country. It is said, however, that none of them had been much inclined toward the Christian religion while in Hartford.

Among the first to formally approve and use the revised version of the New Testament was the Protestant clergymen of New Haven. A few days ago, in a meeting for discussing the subject, a majority announced a change of opinion by voting that it was too faulty to be acceptable. The chief condemnation was of bad English, the Rev. Dr. John E. Todd declaring that he had counted 150 errors of grammar uncorrected in one of the epistles to the Corinthians alone.

It was to be expected that the revision of the English Authorized Version of the Bible would stimulate movement in the same direction in the Protestant churches generally, and it is announced that the Reformed Church of France has this week appointed a committee to consider the subject. Evidently it is a much easier work, however, in France than in England or Germany, for there is no French Bible that holds the position of King James' in the one country or Martin Luther's in the other.

An English paper says that the late Mr. Macdonald, M.P., by the time he reached the age of 21 had saved up £250 in order to carry him to the University. Considering how small were the wages of Scotch miners this seems an almost incredible amount, unless his parents, who encouraged his taste for knowledge, enabled him to put by nearly all he earned; but, even if the sum be overstated, Mr. Macdonald's example affords an admirable lesson to lads who are engaged in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

FOR WHITLOWS, FELONS AND BOLES.

—Keep the parts affected covered with a cloth kept moist with Perry Davis' Pain-Killer till the pain is relieved. Take the medicine internally at the same time.

Books, Magazines, &c.

VANNOR'S ALMANAC.—This long-expected and welcome guest for 1882 has been issued. It is a most useful work, even if its only purpose were to afford cause for sweating to the reader when he finds the "probabilities" highly improbable. But in reality it is worth the money demanded for it—twenty-five cents. It is compiled especially for Canada and the United States. The tables of probabilities—and Mr. Vannor pretends to nothing more—are printed in French and English. This almanac bears altogether upon the weather, and how a shrewd, practical man, by analysis, comparison and observation, may predict, in a rough way, what days will be fine and what days shall be rainy, &c. Vannor's Almanac can be had at all the book stores. It is published by the Montreal and Toronto News Companies.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PRACTICAL QUOTATIONS is the title of a work by K. K. Funk & Co., of New York, have now in the press. It is of numerous value to the reading public in general and literary men in particular. It is, as its title page claims, "the most extensive and the most conveniently arranged book of quotations ever published." It is arranged by J. K. Hoyt and Anna L. Ward. There is no subject so obscure that some man of genius has not touched it and consequently no subject that the compilers have not a quotation on. Let us for instance turn to the letter O and look for the word Complaint. There are two quotations for this simple word. Apud novorum quereis. Complain to your stepmother.

PLACETS.

There are copious quotations and selections from all the authors of the world in the new work. I. K. Funk & Co., Publishers, 10 & 12 Dryden Street, New York.

REPORT ON THE WAY THE \$100,000 GRANTED BY CANADA TO IRELAND WAS EXPENDED.—The Dublin City Printing Company, Publishers.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.—This standard Catholic magazine for December contains: "The German Problem"; "How Cornwall consolidated the British empire"; "Monastic Dublin"; "Cardinal Wolsey and his times"; by Canon Burke; "Impressions of Quebec," by Anna T. Sadler, and other well written articles. For sale by D. & J. Sadler, 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal; \$1 per annum, 35 cents per copy.

THE MYSTERIES OF MONTREAL.—This is a handsome quarto volume, bound in cloth, printed by Lovell & Sons, and written by Ch. Fabrer. It purports to be the memoirs of a female physician (the well known Madame Fuhrer) and is certainly of very great interest. It is well, indeed elegantly, written, and although there are a few passages which might be left out to advantage, the same may be said of most books. The interest attaching to it, outside of its real literary merits, is on account of the mystery which pervades it, and such curiosity excited by Madame Fuhrer, now driving her two dapple greys on St. James Street. Not that there is anything scandalous, or reflecting on character or morality in this work for, we presume, even the initials are assumed to cover the traces of those characters treated of. The authoress says in her preface: During a long period of thirty years I have seen many things enacted in this city of Montreal, which might, if told with the skill of a Dumas or a Collins, not only astonish, but stultify the sedate residents of this Church-going community.

RECEIL DE MUSIQUE ET DE LITTÉRATURE MONTREAL.—This is a new monthly musical journal published by A. F. L'Introuit & Co., No. 8 St. Theres Street. Among the pieces in the present number are: "L'Absence," "Elevation," "Chants des Zouaves Canadien," &c.

THE DUELLO AT ROME.

Paris, Nov. 24.—A correspondent of the *Globe* sends the following from Rome: Capt. George Butler is a fine specimen of American manhood. He fought very bravely in the war between the North and South and was severely wounded at Gettysburg, losing his right arm. This casualty compelled him to leave the service and devote himself to other pursuits. He now resides in Rome and is a painter by profession. He is as cheerful and as good as the brush, notwithstanding that he has only his left hand available. Capt. Butler the other day was walking out with a brother artist, also an American, when Signor Mosso, an Italian, accompanied Capt. Butler's friend. Capt. Butler said, "Do not answer him for he is tipsy," and immediately received a slap in the face. A challenge followed, and the antagonists met at a quarter past five on the afternoon of the 17th, at a spot outside the Porta Cavalleggeri. They were attended by their respective seconds and Burgesses, and fought with long Italian rapiers, terrible weapons in the hands of strong and skillful men. Being very thin, and as sharp at the point as a razor, they penetrate with wonderful facility, and are rarely used in duels unless mischief is meant. Although Capt. Butler had no previous grudge against Signor Mosso, he seems to have espoused his friend's quarrel and to have been determined to wipe out the blow received. Signor Mosso is the son of an Italian officer and is employed in the Government Tobacco Department. He wears eyeglasses. Although an excellent fencer and possessing the advantage of a right arm, it soon became evident that he was no match for his antagonist. After a few passes Capt. Butler aimed a thrust at Signor Mosso, striking and smashing his eyeglasses and breaking the steel rim. The rapier glanced a little aside and entered the flesh between the eye and nose. The wound was not dangerous, but it gave an excuse to the seconds and Burgesses to terminate the conflict, an arrangement which gave little satisfaction to Capt. Butler, who had intended to punish his adversary much more severely. The real motive of the quarrel lay between Signor Mosso and Capt. Butler's artist friend. Of course a lady was the *tertium quid*. This affair has created great excitement in American society at Rome, and especially among American artists.

AN APPROACHING STORM PERIOD.

Mr. Vannor heralds the almost immediate approach of a severe storm period, which, he says, is almost certain to occur towards the end of this and through the greater part of next week. The details are as follows:—

Very intense cold in the northwest. Cold weather, with snow falls, generally over the Dominion.

Gales and very stormy weather in Gulf of St. Lawrence and Maritime Provinces, Newfoundland in particular.

Storms in the Atlantic and in Great Britain.

Cold weather, with snow, from Montreal to New York.

Mr. Vannor's recent prediction relative to "a cold and wintry wave" for the 20th, 21st and 22nd was borne out to the letter, and the public are commencing to place considerable faith in his occasional brief bulletins.

There are fresh rumors of trouble between Russia and China.

BED-TIME.

What do grown folks do, Mamma, After we children go to bed? Do they light up the candles, And set them a-burning in a row? An' dance, an' go on 'em, an' sing? Oh! I wish I could do so too.

Do they tell of lightful stories, Which we should like to hear, And bring out oranges and nuts, And ask us no more, for fear The children will be all waked, And come down when they hear?

It must be so very pleasant To stay down-stairs and be like the rest of us grown-up people, For always it seems to me That it is the very best time of all; But I never stayed to see.

Once, when I was very little, And Mamma had one of her seeps, I stole down stairs in my nightgown, As softly as I could creep, And put my eye to the key-hole, Just to get out a little peep.

But some one opened the door then, And saw me in the hall, And called me out, and sent me back to bed, And asked me why I had been there, And said she would scold me like fury, And I saw nothing after all.

When shall I be big enough, Mamma— Do tell me exactly when— To stay in as late as you do, Or as late as I like? For then I will sit up all night and never, Never to be bed again.

Newport, R. I. —Susan Coolidge.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Make yourself a good man, and then you may be sure that there is one less rascal in the world.

No lady with any refinement will use her husband's meerschaum pipe to drive nails in the wall.

Why is a person that never lays a wager as bad as a regular gambler? Because he is no better.

"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you're hard pushed," as the boy said to the needle.

A New Jersey farmer commends his estate to purchasers on account of the "excellent champagne made from its turnip crops."

The following sentence of only thirty-four letters contains all the letters in the alphabet: John quickly extemporized five tow-bags."

Fenderson says he wishes he was a rumot, for a rumot soon gains currency, and that he has never been able to do.

Said a youngster in high glee, displaying his purchase to a bosom friend on the sidewalk: "Two coconuts for five cents! that will make me sick to-morrow, and I won't have to go to school."

"Madam," said a medium, "your husband's spirit wishes to communicate with you." "No matter," said the widow; "if he's got no more spirit in the other world than he had in this it's not worth bothering about."

After the previous question had been called, and the eyes and nose ordered, in the Texas Legislature, a member rose and said: "My friends, I beg that for a moment you will lend me your ears, and—" "Order!" cried the Speaker; "No one can lend his ears here till the eyes and nose have been taken."

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL PENITENTIARY.

Mr. Bedson, the Warden of the Manitoba Penitentiary, who has, for the past few weeks, been employed in the work of re-organizing the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary and of introducing better regulations and stricter discipline, has been the recipient of a very flattering address from the officers of the institution.

Mr. Laviolette, the new Warden, was called to the chair and read the following address, to which Mr. Bedson afterwards replied in appropriate terms. A large and fine photograph of the officers of the Penitentiary also accompanied the address.

To S. L. BASSON, Esq., Acting Warden:— DEAR SIR,—We, the officers of the Penitentiary, feel that we cannot allow you to depart from us without offering an expression of the sentiments which we entertain towards you.

Having come among us as an entire stranger, we feel that you will not depart so, as you will leave as many friends here as there are officers in the institution.

We are aware, sir, that you have, at great sacrifice, come here for the purpose of giving us the benefit of your great experience in the good government of penal institutions.

There is not one among us but feels that you have succeeded in your mission, and our only regret is that you are leaving us so soon.