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SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 4, 1890.

About Mild Winters.

The New York Herald, which is our best weather authority among those that are accessible to people generally, has been putting forth some of its weather wisdom with regard to unusually mild winters and what causes them. Here let us quote straight from our contemporary:

Taking the whole year now expiring, it appears there has been on the American continent a marked deficiency in the force and volume of the "perpetual" westerly winds known as the "anti-trades"—those broad currents of the temperate zone in which cyclones are rapidly translated from west to east, and which bring both winter's glacial blast and summer's grateful Favonian breeze. It is these winds that supply air to build up the big frost breeding anti-cyclones. They are simply the overflow or return currents of the great belt of the easterly trade winds girdling the globe between the tropics. The two systems move in opposite directions like opposite sides of a wheel revolving.

But their movements are interdependent, so that when the trades are intensified over a wide area of intertropical ocean the anti-trades will soon begin to freshen, and *vice versa*. As, however, the sun is always most vertical, and hence its radiant heat plays most effectually on the trade wind zone, it is obvious that whenever the solar fires increase in vehemence the trade will be strengthened and will alternately increase the force and volume of the anti-trades. If the sun's energy "runs down," as Lockyer and many astronomers think it does in years, like 1889, of minimum spottedness, the trades will slacken and the anti-trades eventually become sluggish, causing a lapse or partial breakdown of the winter season on the northern continents. This is just what we saw in America at the opening of 1889 and now see it at its close.

In other words, cool summers and remarkably mild winters in our temperate zone both come from the same cause. In years when the sun's energy is at its best, the great trade winds of the tropics, which move from east, to west, put in motion after them the general atmospheric returns movement from west to east, which bring *to us* very warm summers and very cold winters. But in years when the sun's energy has run down, then the weakness of the tropical trades is accompanied by a corresponding weakness of the anti-trades or the great translation of the atmosphere *from west to east* in our latitudes. Here the experience of summer as well as of winter may be cited to bear out The Herald's explanation. For here, as well as in the Northern States, at all events, there was a cool summer in 1887, also in 1888, with lighter crops in consequence. But the States, with their larger and more diversified agricultural area, had not the same experience as Canada, where something like a failure of growing power over a considerable section of Ontario frightened some people into the belief that we would have to annex ourselves to the States in order to get feed for our horses and other four-footed beasts.

During the months next to come there must be an increase of heat within the tropics, and consequently an increase of the trade winds moving from east to west. This, again, means an increase of the anti-trades, the great atmospheric movement from *west to east*, which in our latitudes brings the anti-cyclones upon us, with cold. Taking this into consideration, The Herald thinks it likely that the latter part of this winter will be the coldest, say from midwinter forward. Our contemporary, however, does not venture to say as much as to say that a period of greater sun-spots, with increased heat of the sun, is near, which would give us an extra warm summer in 1890. But other good authorities have within recent time declared that a new period of maximum sun spots is at hand which, of course, remains to be seen.

There may, who knows, be a connection between sunspot cycles and changes, or apparent changes, of political opinion in Canada. For instance, towards the end of a minimum sunspot cycle, it might appear as if the dependence of Canada upon the United States were something desired by the gods. Should a turn take place, and the maximum sunspot cycle come round, it might appear as if Canada had a chance yet for herself.

The Swiss Nationalrath have granted the sum of 3,000,000 francs toward fortifying the St. Gothard passes, and 6,000,000 will be spent in all on the project. This is calculated to arouse the national wrath.

A bill has been introduced in the French Assembly to stop duelling. It is nonsense. Why interfere with a harmless amusement? French duelling is just about as dangerous as a game of croquet or a gladitorial contest at marbles.

A New York paper offers a prize of five guineas to whoever will write the best poem of welcome to Stanley. No wonder Stanley delays his return.

The World to Mr. Meredith: Keep it up on that line, William, and you are a winner.

In Provincial politics it may be said that the political atmosphere is Clearying.

To discharge a man now, as the United States Government has done, for having aided in the escape of John Wilkes Booth, seems a little tardy. It is a little bit mean, and none too honest.

There are nearly 700 miles of electrical street railways in the United States. Electricity as a street railway motor was tried in Canada, at Windsor, but it was given up and horses substituted. Notwithstanding, electricity is the motor of the future.

Six steamships, designed to cross the Atlantic in five days, are now being constructed in England. Keep this thing up and we shall soon regard crossing the ocean as merely taking a ferry trip.

A contemporary says that Mark Twain is growing indolent as he grows older. He has been known for years as the laziest man on the American continent. If he gets to be any worse he will have to hire an artist to draw his breath for him.

Is it excessive "loyalty" that prompts British capitalists to invest their money in the United States rather than in Canada?—Ottawa Free Press.

No. It is because they see a chance to make money where the protective principle is upheld.

Russia spends nearly $100,000 yearly to improve the breed of horses. This is a mild imitation of Canadian methods.

Maybe The Toronto Globe is not so far wrong after all in speaking of Mr. Meredith's as "Billy Bothsides." He has been on the outside a long while and will soon be on the inside.

The present open winter is unexampled. It is now Jan. 3 and there has not been a cold dip yet. Old residents remember many unseasonable Christmases, but the man who can recall a warm and rainy New Year's day is to be heard from.—Toronto Mail.

Is that so? Well, they know that there was a year within the recollection of every man of forty years of age a New Year's Day when baseball was played on the 1st of January, and the spectators sat in the stand without overcoats. But wasn't it cold afterwards!

Of course the Grand Trunk will run nothing but knight trains now.

Can the winds of Winter bring
From the frowning northern skies
The sweet love-song of the Spring?

Asks a poet in Chamber's Journal. Well, yes, we rather think they can. These tales seem to fit into almost any season.

Buffalo has become well acquainted with smuggling. The high tariff laws are a constant inducement to commit the crime, which is no crime in the minds of the poor people who engage in it. Knock down those unnatural barriers to prosperity!—Buffalo Times.

The existence of money is a constant temptation to some people to steal. Shall we abolish money?

The Montreal Star advocates the location of the penitentiary on Anticosti Island. There might be a great many more foolish things done.

St. Paul will be much more beneficially advertised by the fact that it cannot get ice enough to build a palace than it would be by the building thereof.

Whooping cough, croup, sore throat, sudden colds, and the lung troubles peculiar to children, are easily controlled by promptly administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This remedy is safe to take, certain in its action, and adapted to all constitutions.

Candidate With a Platform.

The following address on a dodger is being distributed throughout St. James' Ward. It is the most specific declaration of any candidate for the council yet issued:

To the Electors of St. James' Ward:

No further increase in the assessment—No further extension of the city limits—Reduction of taxes to 10 mills.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—In coming before you as a candidate for alderman, it is only proper that I should briefly state my views and qalifications.

So many questions of importance will come before the council of 1890, that it is of vital necessity to return men having a permanent stake in the city.

I pay taxes on an assessment of over $340,000, mostly in this ward, and therefore claim to have a substantial interest in the city.

The Board of Works is in much need of reorganization.

The viaduct scheme is to be considered; but not a dollar should be spent on it until the total cost of construction, right of way, damages and expropriations, and what the railways will pay have been ascertained. We don't want another Don improvement muddle,—estimate $250,000,—cost over a million.

Annual assessments I consider unnecessary. We have reached a point at which it would be well to pause; Cleveland, Cincinnati, New York, etc., only change their assessment once in ten years, except for new buildings, and once in three or four years might be adopted here.

Extension of the city limits. The council will probably be asked to take in Chester and Little York. This may suit speculators, but it will add very much to the taxes on central wards. While new territory pays local improvents; the gas, electric lights, police, fire protection, schools, branch libraries, etc., come out of the general rates. When Brockton was annexed it received $7,000 more than it contributed in taxes. It is about time we stopped laying out streets over half the county of York. Our Board of Works finds it impossible to look after the 200 miles of streets within the limits.

Taxes. The large increase of the assessment should make a corresponding reduction in the rate. I would insist upon the ratepayers receiving the full benefit of this.

If these views meet with your approval I shall be glad to receive your support next Monday. Yours faithfully,

J. ENOCH THOMPSON.

TORONTO, 31st Dec., 1889.

Caution.—Certain parties are stating that I am disqualified by being an arbitrator for the city. This is not true. All transactions of this kind were disposed of before nomination day. J. E. T.

When the blood is impure, thick, and sluggish, or thin and impoverished, there can be no health. With these conditions, all the functions of the body are impaired, and the result is a variety of dangerous complications. The best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

A Good Word for a Good Man.

Among the candidates, that is the new men who are presenting themselves for election to the City Council, no one should stand better than William Burns who is in the field in St. Andrew's Ward of the four strong men running. If new blood is wanted, and it looks as if it was, Mr. Burns should get a place. He is a strong speaker, forcible and always to the point, and will take no inconsiderable share in next year's discussions in council should the people of St. Andrew's show their good sense by returning him. He has been a resident of the ward for the past 20 years and all his interests are bound up in that section of the city.

Annie Heath of Portland states that her face was disfigured by eruptions, but she regained her former pure complexion by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

One great advantage of Burdock Blood Bitters over other medicines, is that it acts at the same time on the Liver, the Bowels, the Secretions and the Kidneys while it imparts strength.

Homœopathic Hospital.

Three years ago the Homœopathic Dispensary was established at 9 Richmond-street east, and placed under the charge of the chief physician of the school in the city. The building has been crowded every day during the hours of attendance, 12 to 2, by the poor of the city. The increasing number of applicants for treatment, beyond the capacity of the building, has compelled a change of quarters. A much larger house, No. 248 Richmond-street west, corner of Duncan-street, has been leased, which will afford accommodation for a large number of patients. In addition, space has been found in the new building for a number of beds for patients requiring hospital treatment.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

The Winter of 1886 Was Similar to the Present One.

It is a great mistake to imagine that the present mild weather is specially exceptional. The World was talking yesterday with Island Constable Gray, and he thinks there is nothing strange about it. "Do you know," he said, "on the 5th of January, 1886, I rowed across the Bay to the city. That night it started to freeze, and the next morning the ice stretched half-across the bay. On the afternoon of the 7th of January, the same year I walked across on a foot odd of ice. On January 1, 1887, I came across on a foot-and-a-half of ice. Oh, no, there is nothing strange about the weather."

Burdock Blood Bitters cure Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Constipation, Headache, Loss of Appetite and Debility by the unequalled purifying regulating tonic effect of the medicine.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

WHAT THE WIND DID.

The City a Sufferer by at Least $400.

The big wind of last Sunday did considerable damage in Island Park. The big double derrick standing fifty yards south of Mead's was thrown down and its timbers crushed and broken. In addition to this the water tanks were canted over and rendered useless. It is probable the whole damage will not be much under $400.

—Caswell, Massey & Co.'s Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Pepsin and Quinine, is recognized as the best preparation known. Prescribed by the leading physicians. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

The Toronto Vocal Society's Concert.

This popular society give their first concert on Thursday, Jan. 16. Miss Nora Clench, Miss Hortense Pierse (soprano) and Miss Etelka Utassi have been engaged. See adv't. in another column.

CLIFTON'S WINTER RACING.

Marsh Redon, Samaria, Lafitte, Firefly, Eleve and Fordham Win.

CLIFTON, Jan. 3.—To-day's races resulted as follows:

First, 6¼ furlongs—Marsh Redon, Gounod, Gallus Dan. Time 1.24.

Second, ¾ mile—Samaria, Remembrance, Fall Mall. Time 1.18¼.

Third, mile and half furlong—Lafitte, Redlight, Specialty. Time 1.49.

Fourth, one mile—Firefly, Fannie H, Miss Cody. Time 1.43¾.

Fifth, one-and-a-half miles—Eleve, Linguist, Charlie Russell. Time 2.44.

Sixth, 7¼ furlongs—Fordham, St. John, Freedom. Time 1.36¼.

Sparring at Fopp's To-night.

At Fopp's academy, Yonge-street, to-night a rattling set-to between young Stemmyer, the West-End champion, and Joe Martin, in a six-round go. Martin has been training the last fortnight and both are in good condition. A good go is expected. The best talent in the city will spar. Joe Maroney will don the mittens with old Joe Popp. Don't miss it.

The R.C.Y.C. Will Again Smoke.

The concert committee of the Royal Canadaion Yacht Club announces their third smoking concert of the season for next Monday night in their club house in the Esplanade. The previous smokers furnished fun and jollity for every one present and the program for Monday warrants another pleasant evening.

The Four Bros. May Not Escort.

Mr. R. Malcolm, secretary of the Canadian Four Brothers' Club, states that his proposed excursion to the New York bonspiel on Jan. 13 must be postponed on account of the universal lack of frost. This will be a great disappointment, as a large number of curling enthusiasts had resolved on going with the Brothers to Gotham.

The Dutchman Did Not Quicksilver any Yanks

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 3.—Herr Pander, a Dutchman, won the international skating match to-day. He covered the distance, ½ mile, in a minute twenty-four and two-fifth seconds. No Americans took part in the contest.

Syracuse May Desert.

SYRACUSE, Jan. 3.—The Star Baseball Association has given George K. Fraser a ten days' option on all its property for $1500. If he can get others interested Fraser will take the club into the American Association.

The International Association is gone up. It is understood that Syracuse can get an American franchise easily. The chief obstacle to the success of Frazer's scheme is the objection of Syracuse to Sunday games.

The International League has not gone up. It is an organization a reality, notwithstanding the desertion of Toledo and Rochester and The Star threat. Nothing definite will be known until the special meeting is called, as intimated by Secretary White's despatch to The World last Monday.]

Toronto Draught Club Scores.

The members of the Toronto Draught Club continued their games on Thursday evening with the following results:

	Won		Won	Drawn
J Galbraith	3	Kirkpatrick	0	0
R A Maser	1	Craig	4	1
J S Lesler	5	Asher	1	1
J W Walker	2	Hood	2	1
J Sinclair	2	Sheriff	3	1
McArthur	5	Baldwin	1	0
D McArthur	4	Johnston	0	2

The election of officers will be held on Thursday next in Temperance Hall.

The Crack Trap Shooters.

The Owl Gun Club men aver that they have one or more shooters whom they are not afraid to match with Mr. C. Charles, the crack shot of the Toronto Gun Club, but the conditions must be under the Owls' rules, which only allow the use of one barrel, and not according to Toronto Gun Club rules, which permit the use of a second barrel.

Spots of Sport.

The Buffalo Brotherhood club has signed Halligan, who caught for Buffalo last season.

The Scots' monthly meeting has been postponed from next Monday until the evening of Jan. 13.

Charlie Baird has his city Association football team ready any of these fine days to play the proposed match with the Waterloo eleven. Harry Thibodo has now only to toe the mark.

The New England League has been completed with Springfield, Worcester, Hartford, Lowell, Holyoke, Manchester, Providence and Waterbury in the circuit. The salaries of players must not exceed $1500 per club per month.

Select for your gentlemen friends from our stock of dressing gowns, smoking jackets, umbrellas, scarfs, silk mufflers, etc. Finest and newest designs in the trade. Winston & Co., 17 King-street west, corner Jordan. 246

Distress after eating, dyspepsia, etc., relieved by Carter's Little Liver Pills. 25c. 246

Decided at Last.

Judge McDougall gave decision in the Kew Beach case yesterday, holding that the petition for the opening of the street was insufficiently signed. This settles a dispute which has lasted for several months. Ex-Ald. Pells desired to open up a street across Mr. R. S. Williams' beach property in order to get a beach entrance to his cottage. It was a matter of increasing the value of the property of three or four persons at a considerable public expense, at the same time damaging the property of Mr. Williams. A good deal of wire-pulling was done to get the scheme worked through on the quiet, but each attempt failed and the case was finally decided yesterday. Judge McDougall held that any one of the objections raised against the expropriation was sufficient to defeat it. By this judgment the beach will be kept, as it should be, a quiet resort, which would be impossible if a thoroughfare were opened up in front of the cottages.

Any ache or pain relieved by Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. 246

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs, $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets. 462

What the Teetotal League is Doing.

The Canadian Temperance League held their first regular monthly meeting last night, when reports were received from the Gospel Temperance and Coffee House Committees. The Gospel Temperance Committee have appointed a sub-committee to take special charge of weekly meetings in the poorer sections of the city on week nights. The Coffee House Committee reported progress. The patronage has run from 60 to 100 customers a day. The weekly meetings in the month will be divided as follows: On the first Friday business will be transacted; on the second Friday debates will be held, the subject for next Friday's being "Resolved that Canada is not yet ripe for Prohibition"; the third Friday will be essay night, Mr. James Murray having been elected editor of the Society's Manuscript Paper; on the fourth Friday mock parliament will be held. Mrs. M. E. DeGeer, the popular lady orator, has been engaged to speak at the Pavilion on Sunday afternoon for the league, when H. L. Clark, cornet soloist, will favor the audience with a number of selections.

The elegant east wing of our new Toronto Hotel, The Arlington, is now open. The fine rooms furnished with exquisite taste, will well repay a visit. 246

A Dyer necessity.—A tube of Jelly of Cucumber and Roses for chapped hands; cannot do without it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

Another Globe Change.

Rev. Wm. Inglis, who has been for nearly 25 years an editorial writer on The Globe, vacated his position with the new year. In the popular mind Mr. Inglis has always been identified with the stern and uncompromising puritanism that once was the now decaying organ's chief editorial characteristic. The conclusion of The Globe directors to dispense with Mr. Inglis' services is very complimentary to the reverend gentleman and at the same time is very wise, it being evident that The Globe has no further use for one who, as all Canadian journalists know, has a mind as well as a style that is peculiarly his own. Mr. Inglis will doubtless soon find a job more congenial than his work has been for the last few years.

Mrs. Henry Sheldon of Farmersville, was cured of Canker of the Stomach by Burdock Blood Bitters when her friends had nearly abandoned all hope.

THE FORGOTTEN LICENSE

From The Canadian Sportsman.

It was in 1848—Surplice's Derby and Leger year—and I was 12 years of age, the son of a Hampshire parson, living in view of the Isle of Wight, and in a parish devoted to all the sports—racing, shooting, cricket and hunting of all sorts. What didn't they hunt there! We hunted foxes from the gorse with our own pack, hares from their fallow forms with a scratch pack, rabbits from the hedge rows with the most musical of beagles, and truffles in the beech hangers with a sort of French poodle dog—the "liver and white" pack this was called. There were not many boys in the parish, and having been blooded early I had pretty well the run of things—knew all the winners at Goodwood for the last five years, and had driven myself to the ducal course on Cup day a year before the date standing at the head of this article in my father's shandredan, surreptitiously abstracted from the old thatched coachhouse before anybody was up, and had myself put the vicar's bay mare into the shafts, slinging a bag of oats in under the back seat before starting. How well I remember that 25 mile drive, and how the Hero, gallant son of Chesterfield, ridden by John Day, won the race, and was indeed the hero of the hour! It is 42 years ago, and time is flying faster than the Hero. But that day made me a convert for life to the attractions of the turf.

Well, it was in '48 that what I am going to tell you of occurred, and in the merry month of May. The Squire's young daughter —his only child—was going to be married this morning to a major in the army, who had previously travelled upon the road of double blessedness. A bonny lass was she, and we young folk thought this grizzled major a mighty deal too old for her; but then we were promised such a day's jollification, that if the bridegroom had been Blue Beard himself, we should have raised no objection. The eventful day had dawned, and at 8.30 a. m. my father was devoutly reading morning prayers to the family crouched at one end of the room, and a lot of capped and aproned maids kneeling in lilac prints at the other end, when a tremendous ring at the front door startled everybody from their wandering thoughts or devotional exercises. My own thoughts were upon a rat hunt the gardener had promised for that morning. "Let her ring" thought I, "this ceremony has to come to an end before that door bell will be answered." But again came a peal that threatened to wake all the dead donkeys in the parish. And now my father addressing the old servant-man, who knelt with his chin on the handle of the dining-room door, interpolated "George, leave the room, show whoever it is into the library, and wait there till prayers are over." This was done, praying was resumed, and as soon as the last amen had gone the rounds of the room, out stalked my father to the library, leaving an anxious and excited group behind him. On his return to the breakfast room, he told us that the arrival was no less a personage than the intended bridegroom, and that though married before, he had forgotten the license!

Here was a startler. Twelve o'clock, the latest hour then for a canonical wedding, and the timepiece in the hall indicated that it wanted but a few minutes to nine. Now though my father was a clergyman, he was an exceedingly practical judge of what was best to be done upon such an occasion, and knew the powers of every horse in the parish, and there was no lack of fast ones. Eighteen miles it was, as the crow flies, to the surrogate's house in Winchester, and this functionary had to be found at home and the necessary papers and declarations had to be issued. No telegraph wires in those days connected country villages. Never shall I forget the major's utter and helpless collapse. He could not be persuaded all might yet be well. My father was of a contrary opinion, and turning to me, his twelve-year-old hopeful, asked what was the fastest horse in the village. I told him of several crack hunters, adding I was sure they would not be allowed to go the 18 miles at a gallop by their owners, and what was the matter with writing to the surrogate while I ran down to the ancient postboy and told him to saddle the brown mare at the inn, one of the pair, that day in, and day out, drew a fly to the station ten miles off. I knew she had once won a scurry. My father instantly said she could do it, and to be off. Away I sped across the lawn, through the shrubbery and down the village road, arriving finally at a door headed "licensed to let posthorses," and lo! and behold there was Tom, the little old postboy, in the flint-pitched yard strapping the identical mare with a hiss like the safety-valve of a locomotive. Short of breath I screamed to him to throw on the saddle and come up to the vicarage, for that he had to ride to Winchester as fast as he could go; and be back by noon. Tom thought a minute and said he knew a horse at the George there, which he could ride back, and blessed if he wouldn't try. "Give me a moment," he said, "to put on my boots and breeches, and to get into my blue jacket, and I'll be up at the house." Away I ran back and found the necessary letter was written, and in a moment more I heard the brown mare's shoes clattering up the gravel sweep. Tom, who was judiciously primed from the cellaret, snatched the letter, was promised a ten-pound note if he was back in time, and at 9.25 turned the mare's head on to the Winchester road, having practically two and-a-half hours to do the business and the 36 miles. But here's where decided yesterday. Judge McDougall held my father's gumption came in. I was again despatched to raise a very hue and cry through the village, and this having been done with great satisfaction to my excited feelings, a plan of campaign was shortly settled. Half a dozen gentlemen of the hunt mounted their horses and trotted gently away after Tom; taking the footpaths and short cuts, and larking their horses over the stiles. On the pony that had been lately given me for getting upon the Eton indenture, I rode off to the top of the nearest down, where I could see the church-tower about a mile and a half off. Before long all the village was streaming towards the same coign of vantage, and all talking and gabbling at the same time; some few backing the license, but a vast majority satisfied that no wedding could take place that day, and many was the sigh heaved over all the wasted preparations. Everybody who could muster a horse, was out on the down, and a dozen or so pony chaises and spring carts were in the road waiting for the verdict. By 11:30 quite a hundred people had got together on the top of the down, looking north for the first sight of a galloping horseman. The bridegroom, telescope in hand, was on the top of the church tower with a select party of friends. The poor bride and her attendants were passing the anxious moments in the vestry. It had been arranged with the six gentlemen, all mounted on first-class hunters, that the last bearer of the license should have a white pocket handkerchief fastened to his crop, and he was to wave it as he came on. The last two miles had been allotted to one of the best cross country riders in the South of England, and he was superbly mounted. We all knew that his horse would make no mistake and that his owner's heart was always in the right place. He was sure to ride for the tower as straight as an arrow. The fences were fair and the going good. But the precious moments were passing, and the knight of the pocket handkerchief was not in sight. "11:45," said a gallant old admiral who had ridden his cob up to my point of observation.

"There he is. There's Mr. H., Hurrah!" came from the crowd almost at the same moment, as a horseman could be seen just skirting a coppice that lay between the down we were on and the furze bushes of the next one. And to this day I remember seeing the raking chestnut, hard held, coming up the hill to us with measured stride, the rider leaning forward, still as a statue but for an occasional wave of his flag, and away back I sped on my pony, which I recklessly turned adrift at the churchyard wall, and ran in to witness the arrival. Over the stile into the lane and out of it over the low wall, across the green graves without a falter and round the chancel end, lowering his head as he passed under the branches of the gnarled yew tree and right up to the old church door galloped the bearer of the indispensable paper. The Vicar, who stood there waiting in his surplice, snatched it from his hand with a hasty "Well done, H——!" and strode up the aisle to the chancel where the wedding party was gathered. One minute more would have been fatal, one spur mark less on the sobbing flanks of those gallant six would have rendered postponement inevitable, for the church clock rang out noon before the service was ended, though after the happy couple had been pronounced man and wife.

Tom had well earned his tenner, as it turned out, and the brown mare had carried him like a bird. He had hit upon the surrogate's house by great good luck, and found him in his study. He had not ridden the Winchester horse more than five or six miles on the return journey, before he was met by the first of the mounted gentlemen, who relieved him of his letter, and galloped with it to where his next friend was posted. And so on to the church door, the last twelve miles having been done, it was said, in less than half an hour. Whether the sight of the pale and frightened bride, did induce my father or the church warden to put back the gigantic old clock, with the wooden works, I can't say, but in later life I have always thought that I should have had recourse to that stratagem if I had been a parson or a church warden in 1848.

It was many a day before the ride for the license ceased to be talked of by the village cronies, and never was the health of a bridegroom drunk with greater enthusiasm, than marked the advent of this fortunate pair into the great tent spread in the park for all comers, before they started on their wedding tour. And the high jinks of that afternoon! The climbing the greased pole for a leg of mutton, the wrestling, the country dances, the running and jumping, the fireworks at night, and the larks generally! "What an afternoon!" Canada is a great country, but nowhere else than in an old moss-grown, ivy-clad English village could the scenes of that day have been witnessed. And bless me, it was over 40 years ago!!

Derangement of the liver, with constipation, injures the complexion, induces pimples, sallow skin. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Try them. 246

Ministers, lawyers, teachers and others whose occupation gives, but little exercise should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness. One is a dose. Try them. 246

Jottings About Town.

Assistant City Clerk Littlejohn's condition is serious.

A new carpet adorns the office of City Clerk Blevins.

Ald. C. Small is just recovering from a severe attack of sickness.

All the waterworks officials except four are laid up with the grippe.

The body of a new-born child was yesterday found behind a fence in Adelaide-street west.

The will of Edmund Seager, farmer, Vaughan Township, was proved yesterday under $15,000.

John Robinson, 103 Augusta-avenue, was run in at the Union Station last night for being disorderly.

A. F. Proctor, on a charge of stealing mathematical instruments, was yesterday sent to jail for 30 days.

Judge Macdougall yesterday dismissed the action by an Italian named Emilio against P.C. Montroy for false arrest.

The City Hall swarmed with aldermanic candidates, yesterday, The World counted 30 in the course of half-an-hour.

The monthly meeting of the I.P.B.S. has been postponed until further notice, several of the members having the grip.

On a charge of stealing a pair of slippers, James Connors, 7 years old, is held at St. Andrew's Market Police Station.

Michael Gaffney, 239 King-street east, was arrested on Yonge-street last night for picking W. H. May's pockets of $16.

Mr. Henry Brock, barrister, has joined the firm of Cassels & Cassels. The new firm will be Cassels, Cassels & Brock.

Mr. George Monro expects all the voters in St. Lawrence Ward to remember that he is out for school trustee for that ward.

James Coyle, a farm laborer in the township of Vaughan, has been committed for trial for a criminal assault on his master's wife.

At the Y.W.C.G. social, 203 Yonge-street on Monday night, addresses will be given on China, whither several missionaries will shortly go.

Beatty, Chadwick & Galt, for their client, R. C. McKay, ask that the city pay a portion of the costs in the case of Watkins v City and McKay.

Roaf, Roaf & Armstrong for Mr. Horace Swatfield, 355 Lippincott-street, ask for $350 damage for injuries received by his falling on a defective sidewalk.

Ex-Mayor Boswell got the Board of Works yesterday to consent to the opening of Ratcliffe-avenue from Queen-street to Eastern-avenue.

John Widdifield, 37 Broadway-place, is in St. Andrew's Market Station, charged with breaking into the house of George Munn, 38 Broadway-place.

Ald. Boustead and ex-Ald. G. Evans exchanged compliments yesterday, in the City Hall over alleged utterances of the latter reflecting on the Waterworks Department.

The annual tea at the House of Industry was a bountiful one. Mrs. Cowan, Mrs. Dixon, Miss Dixon, Miss Clarke and other ladies assisted. Mr. H. C. Dixon gave an admirable address.

The managers of the Boys' Home acknowledge the receipt of a barrel of flour from the Toronto Gun Club, the proceeds of a match between members of the club living east and west of Yonge-street.

The reason why the Larratt Smith award was taken up on Saturday was because J. E. Thompson was an intended aldermanic candidate and did not want to be embarrassed in his canvass by any contracts with the city.

At 9.30 last night fire was discovered in the cellar of Nassmith's restaurant in King-street, and before it could be extinguished the premises were damaged to the extent of $150. A hot pipe in the furnace caused the blaze.

The son of Mr. H. A. Massey, who has been seriously ill for some time past in Lowell, Mass., arrived in the city last night, and taken to his father's residence in Sherbourne-street. His condition is so bad that but faint hopes are entertained of his recovery.

The Y.W.C. Guild will hold a social at the parlor, 203 Yonge-street (up-stairs), on Monday night next at 8 o'clock. All young women are welcome. Mr. Frost of the China Inland Mission will be present, together with a number of missionaries who are leaving for China in a few weeks, and will give short addresses.

There will be special services in the Y.M.C.A. to-night at 8 o'clock, when addresses appropriate to the commencement of the New Year will be given by Mr. Robert Kilgour, President and Elder Smith, Maryville, Miss. To-morrow night, at the gospel and song services at 8.30, Rev. Dr. Parsons will address young men, taking for his subject "New Year's Resolves."

The employes of Messrs. A. R. Williams & Co. Thursday evening made Mr. C. K. Blackwood, book-keeper for the firm, the recipient of a handsome silver mounted walking stick, suitably engraved. An address accompanied the present setting forth the respect cherished by his associates in business. Mr. B. leaves for Providence, R.I., to accept a more lucrative position.

A very pleasant social and reception was held last evening in St. Mark's Presbyterian Church, Rev. A. Gilroy presided, and on the platform were the following clergymen: Rev. A. Gaudier, Rev. R. Wallace, Rev. A. Wilson, Rev. Dr. McTavish and Rev. R. V. McKay. The choir rendered some very appropriate selections, and short addresses were delivered by the visiting clergymen.

The re-opening of the Toronto Conservatory of Music after the Xmas recess took place yesterday, when a very large number of students presented themselves. It is most gratifying to note the rapid and steady progress of this institution and the unmistakeable interest that is taken in its welfare by the musical world. A lecture on a musical subject will be delivered to the students by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison of the Conservatory staff on the 25th inst.

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Sunday, Jan. 5th. A good beginning for 1890. Elder Smith, evangelist, will preach at 11, 3.30 and 7. Afternoon subject: "How Satan Deceives Us." Evening subject (by request): "Haddock, His Work; His Death." Last Sunday evening's services surpassed Hugh Price Hughes' meeting in singing and spirituality, but to-morrow night better still. There will be a crowd. Come early and bring a good collection. J. M. WILKINSON.

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