

MOCKSLEY HALL.

OR NO HEREAFTER.

A part of Baron Tennyson's new poem has been cabled to the press on this side of the Atlantic...

Hold the Fort, you have the ballot, disenfranchised of the past! Cast your votes to suit the hour, but dream not that the hour will last...

KORN KOBB, JUNR.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

A PHILOSOPHICAL PLEA FOR SOCIAL REFORM.

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM A LADY CONTRIBUTOR.

It is remarkable how little we know or can know of the things of the world in which we live. We call a certain substance iron, another quartz, another gold, another tin...

It is so of the immaterial. We know there is a something we call soul, mind, intellect, but beyond certain mental characteristics we know nothing of them.

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But while we have so little knowledge of these things, physical and spiritual, there are certain properties they possess which we can utilize and improve for our convenience and happiness, present and future.

The mental faculties also have their uses. They may be trained to make life bright and happy not only for ourselves but for others, or to make ourselves and others treacherous, unreliable and miserable.

As good food improves the quality of fowls and other animals destined for the table, so pure subjects of thought elevate, enlarge and beautify our moral and spiritual being.

for the future happiness and morality of their children will, if wise, adopt every means to keep them in the most intelligent and incorruptible atmosphere...

Base literature is like the base companion, only infinitely worse, because it is more widely distributed and enters homes where the destroyer has not his habitation.

A few days ago the Toronto Globe announced that it would cease publishing these reports, but was obliged to retreat from the noble stand it had taken to avoid loss in its list of subscribers.

The press is forced to pander to this morbid appetite.

Let the majority, which the respectable form in one country, insist upon enacting a law that these local scandals shall be heard in private and that the courts shall be responsible and finable for making such proceedings public.

PARTHENIA.

THE OTTAWA BANK.

Another Prosperous Year.

At the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Ottawa Bank the president, Mr. James McLaren, occupied the chair, and among those

The usual inspection of the various offices have been carefully made during the year.

The members of the official staff of the Bank continue to perform their respective duties satisfactorily.

All of which is respectively submitted.

JAMES McLAREN, President.

A GOOD SHOWING.

The following is a general statement of liabilities and assets, as on the 30th November last:

Table with columns for LIABILITIES and ASSETS, listing various financial items and their corresponding values.

The president in moving the adoption of the report, commented on the satisfactory exhibit which it made, and referred to the various features of evidences of prosperity which it presented.

The outlook for the future he regarded as highly

On motion of Mr John Mather, seconded by Mr George Hay, balloting for the Board of Directors was then proceeded with, and resulted in the election of the following gentlemen: Messrs. James McLaren, Charles Magee, C T Bate, B Blackburn, Hon. George Bryson, Hon. L R Church, Alexander Fraser, George Hay and John Mather.

At a meeting of the newly-elected Board of Directors, held subsequently, Mr James McLaren was re-elected President, and Mr Charles Magee Vice-President. The meeting then adjourned.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

LORD TENNYSON'S NEW VOLUME OF POEMS.

LONDON, Dec. 13.—Lord Tennyson's new book of poems, "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," will appear to-morrow. It contains the three act play, "The Primrose of May," produced in London some years ago.

The greatest interest in the volume centers in "Locksley Hall," in which the poet reviews the life of mankind during the past sixty years, and comes to the conclusion that its boasted progress is of doubtful credit to the world in general and to England in particular.

Finally the poet asks:— Shall we find a changeless May after madness, Jacobinism and Jaquerie? Some diviner force to guide us, through the days I shall not see?

DREAMS.

Most striking lines are the following:—

Hope the best, but hold the present, fatal daughter of the past. Shape your heart to front the hour, but dream not that the hour will last.

Finally the poet asks:— Shall we find a changeless May after madness, Jacobinism and Jaquerie? Some diviner force to guide us, through the days I shall not see?

DREAMS.

WRITTEN FOR EVERY SATURDAY.

All life is a series of dreaming. Of reaching out for the "to be," Of hoping, or striving or scheming For something we never may see.

The youth launches forth his fair galley, And dreams of achieving great fame; But dies in an unknown back alley, And no one remembers his name.

The maid wastes her virginal sweetness In dreams of an ideal love; But time speeds with terrible fleetness, And her dreams but poor weak shadows prove.

The man to high enterprise rushes, But fails to gain wealth with a rush; And the pokerist dreams of straight-flushes, But gets left with a bob-tail straight flush.

Hon. G. W. Ross says that the English readers are used in the French schools in Ontario. We will give Mr. Ross five (5) dollars apiece for every English reader he can find in the hands of the children of 3e French schools which we will name in the counties of Russell and Prescott.

Take Laurier's gun out and bury it along with Blake's Aurora speech, Cartwright's deficits and the Globe's long lost political influence, in the graveyard of forgetfulness and cover the whole with the sod of silent pity.

UNREPORTED EPISODES.

TRIFLES MISSED BY THE DAILY PRESS.

The eccentricities of accentuation when an Englishman with a "loyal British" tongue tries to pronounce French proper names are sometimes astonishing, and not a little amusing. A case occurred in an Ottawa court recently which exemplifies this.

If anyone has a solid stone house situated about the centre of a ten or twenty acre lot and wishes to sell it, on reasonable terms, I think I can find him a purchaser. Joe and George are chums, great chums. They live next to each other in a row of buildings in lower town, the dividing partitions of which are of the finest, so that sounds from one tenement are easily heard in the other.

Baptiste Au-ja, yelled the clerk, getting desperate, "Baptiste—" "That is me," said the witness, rising from a seat about a yard from the clerk and stepping into the witness box.

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George took off his boots and hung them on the hat-rack, carried his hat up stairs and carefully deposited it outside his bedroom door so that it would be handy for the girl to black in the morning, and entered the room as softly as possible.

Where on earth have you been to until this hour? George was taken a little off his guard, but proved equal to the occasion. "Beento-swake," he murmured. "What?" exclaimed Mrs. George. "The wake," he managed to get out. "Poor Tim's wife." "Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. George. "I am so glad you thought of it. I really ought to have remembered it myself. Were there many there?" Before George could answer, a heavy step sounded in the adjoining house and Joe was heard trying to sing "The Cruiskeen Lawn."