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Small-pox Statistics.

In a lengthy paper on small-pox, in the recent number of the *Canadian Journal of Medical Science*, Dr. A. A. Riddel gives the following statistics of cases during the past year:

	Cases.	Deaths
Ottawa	293	81
Toronto	61	18
Moravian Indians	42	15
Marmora and Rawdon	42	6
Embro and vicinity	25	14
Brantford	25	7
London	17	5
Cooksville	17	3
Mill Point	17	5
Sandwich	13	5
St Mary's	13	2
Weston	4	2
Monck Road	4	2
Oshawa	4	0
Don Mount	3	0
Yorkville	3	0
Usborne	3	2
Whitby, Flesherton and Brampton, one each	3	0
Total	870	161

Thus the death rate was nearly 18½ per cent.

He gives the following treatment as the most successful: Pure air; cleanliness; such nourishing food as the patients can take, an abundance of good milk; warm baths; watching the more dangerous symptoms, and combatting them with suitable medicines; warm, well-ventilated rooms in winter, and cool ones in summer, with bed clothes adapted to the season; plenty of fresh, cold water for drinking; enemas in constipation, where purgatives are not likely to be well borne; the eyes protected from glaring light; and whatever drugs are given rendered even to the poorest as palatable as possible, is the best that can be done. Any practitioner pursuing the course here indicated, addressing kind and encouraging words to the patients, and letting them see that he "has a heart that can feel for another," will not have fallen far short of performing his duty.

Things to Remember.

That fish may be scaled much easier by dipping into boiling water about a minute.

That fish may as well be scaled if desired before packing down in salt, though in that case do not scald them.

That salt fish are quic[illegible] best freshened by soaking in sour[illegible]

That milk which is t[illegible] or changed may be sweetened and rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

That salt will curdle new milk; he[illegible] preparing milk porridge, gravies [illegible] the salt should not be added [illegible] is prepared.

That fresh m[illegible] beginning to sour, will sweeten if pl[illegible] doors in the cool over night.

That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.

That ripe tomatoes remove ink and other stains from white cloth, also from the hands.

That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm, or a little salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved.

That a teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid the whitening process.

That beeswax and salt will make your rusty flat irons as clean and as smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, and then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

That blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportions, and applied to bedsteads, is an unfailing remedy for bedbugs, and that a coat of whitewash is ditto for the walls of a log house.

That kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water and render them as pliable as new.

That kerosene will make tin tea kettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from the clean varnished furniture.

That cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

Cut out this slip and place it in a book for reference.

Correct Speech.

Lord George Hamilton, addressing the boys of the Church School, at Bolton, one day last week, gave them the sensible advice to try and speak English correctly. The advice to Lancashire lads is doubtless more needful than it is easy to follow; but Lord George was careful to say that he did not think it was wanted exclusively in remote provincial districts. He was bound to say that the House of Commons was no exception to the general rule of careless speaking. The utterances which were dignified by the name of speeches were very slovenly and very slatternly performances. It seems from the report that the boys cheered at this piece of information. He then proceeded to say that there was a very remarkable contrast between the speaking of the young men and that of the old men in the House, and the advantage was entirely in favor of the older generation. Lord George appears to mean by the old men the seniors at present in the House of Commons; but if he has formed his opinion on the speaking of the past in any degree from printed reports of speeches it is well he should bear in mind that if speaking has deteriorated, reporting has deteriorated in at least an equal degree. Fifty years ago or less the gallery held itself responsible for the grammar at least of its members; to-day no such responsibility appears to be acknowledged, and the result is what we see every morning during the session.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Espiritu Santo.—Sometime since my attention was called to a rare and beautiful flower in the possession of a popular florist of this city. The flower is known as the Espiritu Santo, or flower of the Holy Spirit. It is indigenous to the Isthmus of Panama, whence this specimen was brought. The flower is rare even in its native land. The stalk, which grows to a length of three and sometimes four feet, is surmounted by the buds and blossoms. The flower, which is not large, is of a delicate creamy white, and exhales a faint sweet perfume. One half of the flower is upright, the other, folded back, exposes a most dainty floral grotto, in which rests, as in a little cup-shaped nest, a tiny dove with outstretched neck and extended wings as if about to fly. The dove is of the same creamy white as the rest of the flower, with the exception of the upper extremities of the wings, which are beautifully speckled. The perfection and life like appearance of the dove are incredible to persons who have not seen the flower. In its native land the Espiritu Santo is held in religious veneration, and is supposed by the devout though ignorant natives to be a special emanation of the person in the Trinity whose emblem it bears. It is believed that if the flower be rudely plucked from the parent stem, or trampled underfoot, the hand or foot which is the guilty agent of the deed will shortly wither and loose all life and power. If, on the contrary, it be plucked with a prayer, and for a good purpose, the hand that pulls it will be shortly filled with treasure that must bring joy to the heart of owner, being God-given. No wild beast has power to harm the fortunate possessor of a fresh and living blossom of this wonder-working plant, and of course it is equally efficacious in sickness.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Curiosity.—Mr. J. G. Robinson, of Albert University, exhibited in our office today a curiosity in the shape of an Indian war club, which has evidently seen service. It was presented to Rev. Mr. Stone, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, Hamilton, by Mr. N. G. German, merchant, Winnipeg, during Mr. Stone's visit to that city this fall. The war club, which is a formidable-looking weapon, has been in the possession of the great Sioux chief, Sitting Bull, and was used in the Custer massacre in 1876. It has a large feather attached to the stone, which represents the slaying of an American officer, and at the other end there are five small feathers, which represent many private American soldiers as having fallen victims to the dangerous weapon. There is a braided hair strap, which is generally bound around the hand, and the club then becomes a terrible death instrument in the warrior's hands. —*Belleville Intelligencer.*

Mr. Geo. S. Wait, of South Dumfries, sold to Mr. Geo. C. Clemens his farm, it being part of lots 3 and 4, 4th Concession, South Dumfries, 85 acres, for the snug little sum of $8,000, or over $94 per acre. The farm is well under-drained and in the best of condition with good house and barns.

In some respects a man is similar to a silver dollar. He can do more good by being good than by appearing good when he is not good. This thought was engendered by receiving a lead half dollar in change.

The self satisfaction that settles on a young man's face as he picks his teeth on the verandah of a prominent hotel, after having dined at some ten-cents-a-meal restaurant, surpasses the best efforts of our lead pencil.

Treatment of Colic.—Phares' method consists in inversion—simply in turning the patient upside down. Colic of several days' duration has been relieved by this means in a few minutes.—*Jour. des Sci. Med.*

We welcome cold weather with warmth.

The Baby I Love.

This is the baby I love!
The baby that cannot talk;
The baby that cannot walk;
That baby that just begins to creep;
The baby that's cuddled and rocked to sleep;
O, this is the baby I love!

This is the baby I love!
The baby that's never cross;
The baby that papa can toss;
The baby that crows when held aloft;
The baby that's rosy and round and soft!
O, this is the baby I love!

This is the baby I love!
The baby that laughs when I peep
To see is it still asleep;
The baby that coos and frowns and blinks
When left alone—as it sometimes *thinks!*
O, this is the baby I love!

This is the baby I love!
The baby that lies on my knee
And dimples and smiles on me
While I strip it, and bathe it, and kiss it—O!
Till with bathing and kissing 'tis all aglow
Yes, this is the baby I love!

This is the baby I love!
The baby all freshly dressed;
That waking is never at rest!
That pinches at my collar and pulls my hair
Till I look like a witch, but I do not care;
O, this is the baby I love!

This is the baby I love!
The baby that understands.
And dances with feet and hands,
And a sweet little whimpering eager cry
For the nice warm breakfast that waits it close by;
O, this is the baby I love!

This is the baby I love!
The baby that tries to talk;
The baby that longs to walk;
And O, its mamma will wake some day
To find that her baby has run *away!*
My baby!—the baby I love!

A PICTURE DEALER'S ROMANCE.

I.

I, John Gildern, was confidential clerk to Messrs. Copal & Sons, picture dealers, near Oxford street, London, long ago, when these events happened; and the firm of Gildern & Co., that now passes pictures worth thousands through its hands, was not then even a dream of mine.

I thread my way back through the maze and confusion of a busy life to those unforgotten days, and one picture rises before me, real, living—all but substantial in my memory—the one picture that has haunted me through all these years, and that all the gold that ever was coined could not purchase, nor all the power of man give back again to my bodily sight. A young English girl, not tall or queenly; not lofty in looks, but straight and graceful and very fair; a face with clear-cut features, wearing yet the looks of a child; blue eyes, looking upward, with their dark fringes raised; eyes of the softest grayish blue, not bright, unskilled in any artfulness of glance, not fine with any artistic correctness of form, but eyes that were supremely beautiful in that rapt, upward look, because they told of a child's unconscious simplicity, of a true heart's open candor, of a pure soul that in every-day life, and among every-day things, was bright enough to make its presence known. This is the picture in my mind. Marion standing on the doorstep of a manor house watching the floating clouds in the autumn sky. It was a picture of ordinary things with an inner depth of beauty. The accessories were commonplace enough. There was a white pavement before this side door, some ivy on the wall, and all within was dark. The fair figure thus framed was dressed in some poor cotton stuff of pale blue and white lines that ran into one soft color. The dusky brown hair, with only a few golden threads where it sprang straight upward from the forehead, was plaited and hung in braids, as was the custom once before in those old days; and the hat with ivy leaves thrust under its band of pale blue, was pushed back, and cast no shadow on the never-to-be-forgotten face.

I, plain John Gildern, was in the most unromantic of moods, when, turning out of the path from the side gate by which I had entered, I came upon this sight. I presented the appearance of the most ordinary man of thirty, such as may be seen any day in London banks or offices in scores. I had come to the house merely on business, with no introduction to the family; but I carried a carpet-bag—a necessary appurtenance of the traveller in those days—and I was invited to stay in the house until my business was done, for it was expected to be troublesome and lengthy work—the drawing up of an accurate catalogue of the names of a gallery of pictures, which the master of this place desired to sell to our firm. At my approach the girl stepped out of the doorway into the garden, and I saw no more of her that day.

An old gentleman, careworn and, as it seemed to me, not too amiable in appearance or manner, received me in a room full of books and papers. When the servant, a shabby-looking individual with threadbare livery, ushered me into his presence, he was bending over the table looking at some stones and colored earth through a glass that he held in a thin, palsied hand. He drew a newspaper hurriedly over his treasures, and without asking me to be seated, made his enquiries in a proud, slow voice. Was I from Messrs. Copal & Sons? I was. Had I come to examine the pictures as their agent? Yes, I had come to do that service. Then he said, holding himself straight all the time, and with a pitiable artifice of display, smoothing back his thin gray hair with the shaking hand, whereon glittered a great diamond—then I would find my room made ready; and I was free to stay at Elmsmere as long as my work lasted, for Messrs. Copal had given him to understand that it was sometimes a tedious operation to catalogue and do justice to so many pictures of all degrees and merit. He explained that he was a lover not of art but of study—waving his hand toward the book shelves. He never went near the picture gallery, and, desiring retirement, he chose to ask but few to his house; so he was anxious to clear off the whole art collection—"all," he said, "every one of them," and with a sudden betrayal of anxiety despite his proud demeanor. "I am sure, sir, Messrs. Copal have sent a competent agent who will do my property justice. You can have them all, every one, mind; and I know such a house as yours gives a good price. Now, sir, the servants will attend to your wants."

With that he bowed me out, and the shabby serving man went before me along the passage, with slippers down at heel and stooping gait, a living satire upon the last order of the poor broken-down gentleman. Such indeed, was his master! I knew it as well as if he had shown me his mortgage papers and the blank credit side of the accounts of Elmsmere. His diamond ring, his cold ceremony and his erect port, braving fortune, did not deceive me; but I must say for the credit of me, John Gildern, the clerk, that I quited his presence as I would have quitted that of a millionaire; for respect was commanded by this remnant of a grand family struggling against ill-fortune, and being, as the phrase goes, "out of luck."

My work began, and was not easily ended. There were but few paintings of value, though there were many having traditions of great names attached to them, which a close examination proved to be groundless, for these were generally but copies, or works "in the manner of" Van Eyck or De Wint, as the case might be. There were, however, some really good Dutch pictures, a beautiful but ill-preserved Madonna of the Tuscan school and a Rubens that sorely puzzled me, but which, as the event proved, turned out to be genuine. The main bulk of the collection was family portraits, worth little more than their frames. It was clear from the names of these that the family was related to a knightly one; but this branch bore no title. There was a veritable Stuart court lady by Lely among the rubbish; and there were two pretty children with unkempt hair, great brown eyes and pointed chins, purporting to be from the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. There is no need to describe, nor can I at this day remember, all the pictures of that miscellaneous collection. But among these hundreds of bright or old and discolored canvasses there was one that attracted my attention, and it was only a little thing, no more than eighteen or twenty inches in size. This was the portrait of a fair young woman among vine leaves at a window. She was dressed in white silk, adorned with jewels, and with strings of large pearls around her neck. Her hands were raised and clasped as if in some enraptured gesture, her blue eyes cast upward. And though the dress was so different and the attitude of the hands was tragic and what we commonly call "stagey," I had no difficulty in detecting a striking likeness between those fair, refined, spiritual features and the girl I had seen standing at the door. In the corner of the picture there was an awkward smear of paint. "That conceals the artist's name," I thought, and I soon carefully removed it. But beneath there was only scratched in small white letters, "My Juliet"—two words which cast no light upon my business, but awakened my curiosity to a painful degree. On the back was a date twenty years before.

My work soon put the discovery out of my head. I saw no one all day except the slip-shod serving man; and, after a lonely evening, he came with a guttering candle to light me upstairs to a large bare room, filled with the smoke of an unwonted fire. It was a room with faded hangings, seedy pictures, a tiled hearth-place and shadowy half lit walls. Any one nervously inclined would have imagined not one but half a dozen ghosts there. I was haunted by nothing but the memory of the girl at the door, and the mystery of the portrait with its obliterated name, "My Juliet."

II.

All next day I worked alone, the rain pattering against the high narrow windows of the gallery. Many of the family portraits I omitted from my last list as not saleable, and various other pictures I set down as "doubtful," not being able, without consultation, to settle the question of their authenticity; but the little painting of the girl in white silk at the window was so exquisite in feeling, in color, and in minute finish, that I had no hesitation about placing it in my list. It was about sunset when the light in the gallery was strong and clear in a dry hour after the rain, that as I knelt deciphering some artist's marks on a little Dutch sea piece hung badly near the floor, I heard a light footfall, and looking up I beheld a slight girlish figure treading with little slippered feet on the bark oak floor. I rose and bowed. It was the girl of whom I had wished vainly all day and all last evening to catch another glimpse. I rightly guessed that she was my host's granddaughter, and I was not free from an embarrassing flutter of heart when she came to speak to me; but I supposed it would be some message from the old man, nothing more.

The girl drew near and began to speak, with eyes not downcast, but like a child's eyes, raised steadily to mine, with a look that was at once the soul of innocence and maidenly gentleness. "I want to ask you," she said, "is that picture to be sold among the rest?" The picture she pointed to was that which had roused my curiosity the evening before.

"Yes," I said; "it was on my list. The instructions I received were to the effect that all were to be sold; and though there were some of the larger portraits that I could not take, this picture was of value."

Never shall I forget the effect of these words—the nervous trembling of the girl's lid and liquid look in the blue eyes. "Sir," she said, addressing me in that way because she knew nothing of latter day customs, and was making an earnest appeal, "Sir, it is my mother's portrait. Grandfather does not care for it; but oh! I do. It is no use for me to ask it of him, he thought so little of her. But will you ask him and have it kept for me?"

"Most assuredly I will," said I, looking down at the earnest face, which it would have taken a harder and more unchivalrous heart than John Gildern's to refuse. "I am certain there will be no difficulty having it left out of the list."

"I am not so sure of that," she said, smiling and shaking her head. "Grandfather has such strange ideas sometimes, and he keeps so to whatever he once says."

"Other people do that, too," I replied, assuringly. "I shall keep to what I have said, and see that the picture remains here."

With her sweet voice she thanked me and went away, leaving poor John Gildern standing still, note-book in hand, calling to mind every word that had passed, like any romantic swain of twenty, wondering if he would see her again, and, through sheer anxiety, fancying every word of his own had been awkwardly and stupidly uttered.

When the servant summoned me to my solitary dinner, and took his place behind my chair in the deserted dining room, full of faded grandeur, I could no longer resist the temptation to find out something about the family, or rather—need I conceal it!—about my charming little maid.

"It is rather tedious work for me here," I said, as a beginning, my preoccupation causing me to make such sputtering failures in dismembering a duck that I know the shabby-coated old man was grinning behind my shoulder. "Family portraits are such useless things unless they are by a man of note, and there are some of the pictures that I know nothing about. For instance, there is a little thing of a lady in white silk at a window, and there is something interesting about it, but it has not even an artist's name." I knew I was not wasting my words. This servant had evidently grown gray in the service of the family; most likely there was not an inch of the house unknown to him.

"Ah! yes—ah, yes, yes!" he said, speaking in low, husky, tones, and clearly making a bad copy of his master's air of importance, "There's a secret about that pictur'; 'taint no common affair, not it."

"Well," I said, "if you can assist me in any way that is valuable in my business, I shall, of course, consider your services." All is fair in love and war, they say, and I could not resist the desire to satisfy my curiosity.

"Much obleeged to you, sir," said the husky old man, with a bow of great dignity, as he forthwith proceeded to relate the history of the mysterious picture.

The facts I afterward put together were these: There had long ago been a coldness, almost a feud, between the owner of Elmsmere and his only son. The cause of this was the attachment existing between the son and a beautiful and virtuous girl who was then on the boards of a provincial theatre. The delay to this marriage was caused by the father's threats of disinheriting the offender. But at last that difficulty was surmounted; a consent was wrested from the old man; the marriage took place and the bride, bidding farewell to the stage, was brought home to Elmsmere. Her husband, the heir of the mansion, had dabbled in art. He painted his wife as *Juliet*, the part in which he had first seen her; and he insisted on hanging the portrait with the rest in the gallery. He met with a fearful accident not long after the marriage; and the father, for love of his wilful son, let the small portrait hang where he had placed it, but with his own hand blotted out the words in the corner—"My Juliet." The young wife did not long outlive her sudden loss; and the old man was never reconciled to her, although as the servant said, "she was the gentlest, most heavenliest bein', sir, that ever drew breath." But when, in dying, she left an infant daughter, the father's heart warmed to the child, and for his son's sake she became to him the one dear thing on earth. This was the whole story—a sad one enough. My interest in it only made the servant more communicative.

"Master will want to see you to-night, sir, as the business is done," he said; "and don't you mind, sir, if you find him nervous a bit—or hot as I may say. It's his way, sir. The world's gone askew with him this long time back; and there's always a mine or some such nonsense just agoin' for to be found on the estate, and not bein' found after all, and edging his temper, poor gentleman."

The old man was evidently glad of some one to talk to, but when he verged on his master's present affairs I stopped him, and, dinner being finished, sent him with a message to my host to ask if he was at leisure to see me. He sent back word that he was engaged on most important business, but would see me in half an hour. When the summons to the library came at last it was easy enough to see that the "most important business" had something to do with plans on the table, which were stained by late contact with clay or dusty stones. This much I could not help observing, as the plans lay on the table, and the old man held something in his hand, which dropped reddish earth on the floor when he stretched it toward me with an impatient gesture. I gave him a rough estimate of the value of his pictures, subject to changes, for better or worse, which might be made in it by my employers. I offered him his option of doing business in this way or of having the whole collection disposed of on his own account for what it would bring at our sale rooms. He said he preferred ready money transactions, with the firm for the purchaser, but the figure I named was much too low. He went over the list with me, and waxed, as the servant had predicted, rather hot on seeing some of the prices, and hotter still at my inability even to take into consideration the purchase of the portraits. He was only pacified, when he was absolutely losing his self command, by my assurance that this catalogue was only a first estimate; that in order to avoid disappointment I had set down what I myself thought the lowest figure, and that I had to leave out some works which examination might prove to be of great value, in which case our house would deal with him liberally. He had risen to his feet; but he sank again into his arm chair on hearing this explanation, saying: "Certainly, certainly; we cannot yet decide on the exact figure; and after all"—with a trembling voice and his loftiest air—"a few pounds one way or the other matter but little to me; but a man does not like to part with any of his property below what he himself believes to be its actual worth."

This I judged a favorable moment for the commission I had received from my fair suppliant in the morning. I hastened to explain that a young lady, whom I judged to be his daughter—miserable me, driven to use such flattery!—"No," he said; "his granddaughter." I bowed, and went on. The young lady had requested me not to include in my list a small family portrait of some value.

"I know the thing," he said impatiently, "She has been talking to me about it. Let it go. It is only a fancy, sir, which does not concern your business here. I want the gallery cleared, and I am only sorry so many of those vapid daubs of our ancestors have to remain there."

His severe tone and cold looks were almost too much for me; but I was not outmastered yet. I replied in a firm but respectful manner, sorry for the artifice I was resorting to against his gray-haired ruined pride: "You say, sir, it does not matter to you whether the pictures bring a few pounds more or less. The price of the one is no value to you, and the portrait itself is of value to the young lady so much for whom I speak that she herself made it be my business and my concern to mention it." This was the home-thrust.

"Of course I don't care about the paltry price," he said. "If she really wants the thing so much strike it out of your list." After that hurried speech he bowed my dismissal as he had done at the last interview, only remarking that he supposed I would carry the result of my work to London in the morning and there would be no further delay. When I had gone to the foot of the staircase, in the dusk of the spacious flagged hall, I saw his granddaughter coming hastily from a doorway, where no doubt she had waited anxiously for my step on the stairs.

"Have you asked grandfather?" she whispered.

"I have. He will do as you wish about the portrait. I have struck it off my list."

"I am so glad!" she said, still in a low voice. "I would not part with it for the world!" And she seemed surprised at her good fortune, while I knew but too well that the secret of it lay in my allusion to money affairs, a subject on which the poor man would not have a stranger's suspicion aroused.

"You have been very kind," she said—"very good to me." And with some sudden impulse of gratitude she stretched out her hand, which I was but too proud to press for a moment in token of friendship.

"It was but a slight service," I said, scarcely knowing what words I stammered out; "I have to thank you for the pleasure of allowing me to do it for you."

In another moment she was gone, with a kindly "good-night," and I tried in vain to persuade myself that it was possible for her to take my answer as anything but a piece of ordinary politeness. Yet I had meant it with all my heart. What else could I have said? I thought. What else could I have done? Of course, my words had only the sound of a courteous answer, and as such she took them, thinking not of poor John Gildern, but of her rescued treasure.

In the morning I wished in vain for one sight of that fair, simple-hearted girl, that had so unconsciously robbed me of my own heart's peace, and of my ordinary unromantic, business-like frame of mind. More—I confess I loitered unnecessarily long over breakfast and departure; and I took many a side glance as the shabby servant led me to the door, and then it was not by the shortest route that I made my way to the high road. But there was no help for it; I left Elmsmere without seeing my little enchantress again.

III.

Four years passed to be added to John Gildern's thirty. I was fortunate enough to have a rich relative, and I gave up the service of Messrs. Copal and spent the best part of those four years travelling with him in Italy; and it must be admitted that I thought but seldom of Elmsmere after the first few months, though there were certain memories connected with the place which might any day or hour have filled my time-tried heart as full of romance as was ever a boy of half my years. These memories I put out of my mind permanently as useless and disturbing, but I had no other romance, though there were ample opportunities for such indulgence both at home and when we were on our travels. At the end of those four years we returned to London, and I took up my former employment, but at a different house, which I may call here the house of Messrs. Easelby & Sons. One morning I was laughing over the pages of *Punch* in an idle hour—there were many idle hours at Messrs. Easelby's—when a fellow-clerk said in his usual off-hand way of throwing work on me: "You might open that parcel and attend to those letters which the late post has just brought in, Gildern."

I made some remarks more forcible than courteous about the parcel and letters, adding: "I shall attend to them this time, but it is none of my business." It was in this mood that I opened the first letter. Had my fellow-clerk been a student of physiognomy he would have seen my annoyance suddenly change to a feeling very different. But my comrade had no such gift of insight; and, even if he had, there were deeper feelings awakened by that letter which my face did not betray. It was addressed to Messrs. Easelby, and the writing was light and unfinished in character, much like a school girl's, with u and n alike. It was in after readings—days and months after that—I noted all this, and then it was in no spirit of criticism. At the time I only saw that it was from a young lady, asking if water color drawings of hers, done at her former country home, would be acceptable for sale, adding that any price would be taken, as she was anxious to part with them, and the name signed was Marian ——. Even here I cannot break the sacred secrecy of that second name, but it was the same as that of the owner of Elmsmere, and I no longer doubted who the writer was, even before I opened the thin, flat parcel and took out sketches of parts of the well-remembered garden, the avenue of elms and the shallow, reedy widening of the little river that bounded one part of the grounds and gave the name to the house. The letter was dated from a shop that I happened to know, a stationer's in City road. I knew also that this was merely an address for correspondence, and not the residence of the writer. Unfortunately, there would not be the smallest hope in offering the drawings to my employers. But it was impossible for one who knew the would-be artist, and guessed the history of their coming, to return them to her as a failure. At least it was impossible for me, with pictures of the past rising in my mind and sympathy roused until it was pain. I enclosed a trifling sum, letting it appear to come from Messrs. Easelby, and signing my name in my accustomed illegible manner; and that night I took the parcel of drawings to my own home.

Day after day I spent in plans for coming into actual communication with her. I built castles in the air then, indeed, imagining how I would come to know her again; how her grandfather, who doubtless had by this time fallen lower in the world, would accept me as her suitor; and how life would run for the rest of our days like a fairy tale. At the same time, every week that went by in hesitation added to my anxieties, and at last I was positively suffering from suspense, all my old ardor roused and my sympathies quickened by the thought of this young girl, so unfit for the world's trials, obliged to do stern battle with them, and perhaps alone. My surmises were true. When about a month had passed, the clerk who had attended to the correspondence came to me one day laughing at a poor attempt at water-color drawing. I took the cardboard out of his hand, touched to the quick, and gave some awkward explanation, ending with—"I shall attend to it." So I did attend to it by sending to the girl's address a poor price, but the best I could afford and taking home with me the worthless drawing. This happened twice again; and being now on the watch, I myself managed to receive the parcels and letters, and each time I did what any man on earth would have done—had he been placed as John Gildern was—sent my own money with my useful illegible signature and appropriated the poor child's work. Then, fearing the repetition of my pardonable ruse might lead to some awkward discovery, I desired the sender of the water-color drawing to leave them in future at an address which I gave in the city, and merely to mark them, "Messrs. Easelby & Co.—to be called for."

The result of this step proved that I was right in relying on her small knowledge of the business world. But what was my dismay to find, when I first called at this city address, a package, which, when opening it at my rooms, I found to contain—ah, now well remembered!—the picture of Marian's mother. A voice came to me out of the past; "I am so glad; I wou'd not part with it for the world." But some overruling power had doubtless compelled it otherwise. And what a tale the parting told. I glanced at the accompanying letter. It stated with the most unbusiness-like simplicity, that the writer greatly valued the picture, but she needed money at the moment. If Messrs. Easelby would send part of its price and leave her the chance of buying it back again at some future time, she would be most grateful. But if they never did business on those terms, she would sell the picture for whatever they thought it worth."

"Poor child! Poor Marian!" I exclaimed with heaven knows how sad and burning a heart, "she is sorely tried somewhere in this great, hard world of London—sorely tried, and perhaps without a friend." I paced up and down for a few moments with the open letter in my hand, thinking what could be done, and haunted by every soul-stirring memory that the sweet young face and trustful blue eyes had left me. I wrote a hurried note and sent it on its way, delaying only to inclose a cheque for the picture, and to explain that it would be safely kept, and might at any time be repurchased by the sender. Then I wrote another letter, taking care that it would arrive a post later than the business communication, purporting to be from Messrs. Easelby's clerk of the unknown signature. The second letter ran:

Dear Miss N——,—I have hitherto corresponded with you only in your business affairs in relation to Messrs. Easelby; but strangely enough I once had the honor—far from forgotten—of meeting you at Elmsmere, when I was acting agent for Messrs. Copal & Co. I have not forgotten your kindness and confidence in allowing me then to do you a slight service in connection with a picture which has to-day passed through my hands. If you send a word in answer to this note to John Gildern at the above address, I shall take it as a sign that you will do me the great favor of permitting me to renew that chance acquaintance. If I receive no answer, I shall do my best to be resigned to the greatest disappointment of my life; and in either case your business relations with Messrs. Easelby will continue exactly as if I had never ventured to send you this letter.

I took care to write my name with clearness in the body of the letter, but to sign it as usual at the close. After a day or two of the utmost anxiety, a few words came in answer. Poor Marian explained that her grandfather was ill, but that he would be glad to receive me, and that she hoped I would not be surprised at finding that they had suffered great losses and misfortunes, for I would visit a very different home from Elmsmere. At the head of this letter was an address in a street in Finsbury, a quiet, dull corner, not far from the city road. Thither I made my way the very first evening after receiving the letter, and I still recollect how dull the street looked in the twilight, all the houses alike as if each row had been cast in a mold. As I looked up and down for the house, I wondered if the people who lived there had to make sure of the number every time they went home. The number I sought led me to a house where in the lower room there was but dim firelight, and bright light only in the top window. After a long delay I was admitted to the room distinguished in those houses as the "front parlor." The stout landlady, who seemed particularly untidy and in a hurry, poked up the fire before she left me, and I could see distinctly the worn furniture, the glass shades of wax fruit and the old lace curtains that I still recollect in one vague dream when I think of that room. The fire was bright, flashing white on the wall, when there came in a fair girl, pale and altered, but blue eyed Marian still. But how strange she looked—tearful and without a smile. She stretched out her hand with the sorrowful words on her lips, "Poor grandpapa!" She could utter no more; but I understood the rest. The poor, broken-down man was dead in that bright room upstairs.

I would have gone away at once, feeling my presence an intrusion just then; but she asked me to stay, adding most simply, with her face hidden in her thin, white hands: "You won't mind my crying a little. But don't go just awhile. It is kind of you to come, and I shall be able to talk to you soon. But I'm so—so nervous and shaken."

We did not meet as strangers. Sorrow and sympathy became friends at once, and there is no barrier of ceremony between them. Somehow she trusted me; why I cannot tell, except perhaps, because she knew nothing of the world, and I had once shown some little kindness to her about that picture at Elmsmere.

There is but little more to tell. I accompanied her a few days after to the old man's grave. It was a sad, lonely funeral; we were the only mourners.

I let but little time pass until I won Marian and made her my own; for loneliness and grief were telling upon her, and I could afford to despise the tattlers who talked of my unbefiting haste. Ah! it was well to make haste, for little did I suspect then that my new-found treasure was already hastening away from me. She busied herself gaily in our new home; she laid plans of all she would do to make it "a little paradise, John," when she would be well and strong; but there was a dark look under my little wife's blue eyes, a hollowness of the cheek once so fair and smooth, a husky cough that drove me wild with increasing fears. There was for me a deepening beauty in her looks; but more and more I felt the hand of fate upon us as I watched her face and delicate form from day to day, seeing but too plainly

Something faint and fragile in the whole,
As though 'twere but a lamp that held a soul.

At last the day came—dreaded, oh! how long!—when, raising her fair head from her pillow, my poor Marian whispered to the watcher in his constant place beside it, "Dear heart, tell me, am I dying?"

Oh! how the words cut into my very soul—"Am I dying?" from the sweet flower of Elmsmere, and the same question from troubled blue eyes that had so charmed me long ago. "Not dying, darling," I could only say, "don't call it dying, it is only going home."

Then she laid her head upon my arm, looking up at me with those pure, child-like eyes. "Don't grieve and fret, dear heart. Ah! I'm afraid you will. He will bring you home, too, you know, into His bosom."

When I sat beside my lonely hearth I took courage from those words to bide my time and work out my life bravely. My grief has not driven me into selfish seclusion, and I have found interest in covering the walls of my home with art treasures of my choice. Among these is the picture of Juliet, which, with a pardonable artifice of love, I pretended to buy back for my poor girl before her marriage. As to her own drawings, I kept them hidden, and she never knew my secret. The revelation would only have taken from her the pleasure of thinking that her work had supported her ruined grandfather. But when she was with me no more I filled my own room with those worthless sketches—priceless to me—and it is among them now that I have gone back through those old years, and raised again the memories of Elmsmere and of Marian as I saw her first, before her frail life was broken on the hard world's wheel.

LAKE ONTARIO FISHERIES.

Alarming Decrease in the Population of the Lake.

If something is not done soon in the matter of fish in Lake Ontario, lovers of ciscoes and keepers of Lent will have to fall back upon Hibernian turkey, better known as codfish. We are led to these observations after reading the experience of practical fishermen on the St. Lawrence, who obtain their supplies from the river and Lake Ontario. Recently Seth Green, the father of State fisheries, in a letter, stated that he had been informed that over 500 shad, weighing from 2½ to 4 pounds each, had been taken in whitefish nets in deep water off Sackett's Harbor, in Lake Ontario, during the past summer. Their stomachs were full of the common food of the lake, showing that they feed in the lake, and the chances are that they never have been to salt water, and that we have added a new fish to the waters of the lake. Seth says: "I have opened thousands of shad taken in the Hudson, Connecticut and Potomac Rivers, and hardly ever find anything in their stomachs. I think they have become land-locked and will make Lake Ontario their home."

Clark & Robbins, experienced fishermen of Sackett's Harbor, refer to this letter as follows: "Seth Green's shad letter is being copied widely by the press of the country, and as there is evidently some misunderstanding in the matter, we endeavor to open a discussion with a view of getting at the facts. Mr. McPherson, referred to by Mr. Green, is a dealer at Cape Vincent, not Sackett's Harbor. Monroe Green called at our office while *en route* from Pigeon Island to Caledonia with trout spawn, about three weeks since, and made some enquiries concerning the shad in Lake Ontario, and we gave him such facts and views as we possessed. The total number of shad caught by our fishermen during the season of 1879 does not exceed twelve in number, and we reach over the greater portion of the eastern end of the lake for our supply, and get the fish from a great many miles of net.

"The total number of shad received at our packing house for the past six years does not exceed fifty. We have opened most of those received, and found almost no food at all in the stomach, and the fish do not possess that bright, glossy, or oily appearance so attractive in the shad taken in the Connecticut and north rivers, but rather a dull, leaden color, suggestive of weakness and decline, as if they had lived for sometime in an element not suited to their wants.

"Since the attempt to propagate shad in this lake was made, there has annually appeared myriads of small fish in the waters of the lake that are scientifically termed the 'midwife,' and are said to follow the shad from the ocean to their spawning grounds in fresh water. This may or may not be the correct theory, but of one thing there is a certainty, and that is, we have untold millions of these little fish, which make their appearance in early spring and remain until well into the autumn, and we believe they are destined to revolutionize the business of catching fish in this lake.

"Since their appearance the catch of ciscoes has steadily diminished from $25,000 worth a few years ago to almost nothing now (the catch this fall is not over $200 in amount), and we predict less for next season. From a series of observations extending through a period of four years, we have arrived at the following conclusion: The attempt to add the shad to the food fish of Lake Ontario has proven a very doubtful experiment, and instead of that we are seeing the gradual and, to us, almost certain depletion from these waters of two of the most famous food fish that nature has given us. We also think the quantity of whitefish taken in this lake is sensibly diminishing. Our theory is, that the food required for the sustenance of the cisco and whitefish is absorbed by the myriads of these little intruders and the ultimate result will be the extermination of the two former varieties. We shall be glad to hear the opinions of other parties on this question, and we think the question one of no small pecuniary importance to Jefferson county."

LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

What the Premier of Queensland Says.

Hon. Thomas McIlwraith, the Premier of Queensland, Australia, who recently visited his relations in Hamilton, has been interviewed by a New York reporter. He says that there is no poverty in Queensland, and the only trouble with the country is that it is not sufficiently populated. It has a population of 230,000, and the Government is paying the passage of emigrants from Europe and using every exertion to bring in population. Chinese emigrants, however, are kept out by a tax of £10 per head. Manhood suffrage prevails; members of the Lower House are elected every five years, and the Upper House is filled by life appointments. The land laws are at present the principal political issue, the farmers being opposed to the taking up of large tracts for grazing purposes. The inevitable protection question, however, is looming. The interior of the colony is settling up rapidly, land formerly considered worthless being found well adapted for grazing purposes. Meat is very cheap, three cents per pound being considered a good price, while not unfrequently cattle are slaughtered for their hides and horns alone. Wool growing and gold mining are the chief industries, the principal drawback to farming being the high wages of labor and the lack of a market for agricultural products.

Educational Gossip.

The County of Carleton has no Teachers Association.

The Ottawa High School has organized its drill company.

Nearly $5,000,000 is spent every year by American students in Europe for educational purposes.

Mr. F. L. Mitchell has been appointed the Principal of the Perth Collegiate Institute, at a salary of $1,000 per annum.

Harvard and Princeton Colleges will only grant the degree of M.A. to those who take a special post graduate course.

Mr. Matthew McKay, B.A., (Queen's) has been appointed Principal of the Norwood High School. There were two hundred applicants.

Dr. W. T. Aikins, in an address a few weeks ago, stated that fully 500 people die annually in Ontario simply through a lack of sanitary education.

The wearing of the full academic costumes is being advocated among the students of Queen's College, Kingston, and is advocated by the professors.

The Ingersoll Board of Education have decided not to employ teachers holding a first-class county board certificate, or a third under the existing regulations, at a salary of over $300.

A Collingwood contemporary charges some of the teachers in the public schools of that town with exhibiting brutal conduct towards some of the pupils. The matter should be investigated.

The Mayor of Birmingham has, in order that the artizan electors may have an opportunity of recording their votes without loss of time, decided that the polling at ensuing School Board elections shall take place between the hours of one and eight o'clock p.m.

The School Committee of Boston, Mass., have voted, 11 to 9, to appropriate $15,000 to be spent in fitting up and maintaining an Industrial Institute, suitable to the education of young mechanics. The order awaits the approval of the City Council.

A conference of vestry representatives held Nov. 3rd, 1879, in London, Eng., resulted in a resolution pledging support to candidates for the London School Board who would insist on "economy with efficiency"—this efficiency to be limited to the three R's.

Vanderbilt University has just received $100,000 from Wm. H. Vanderbilt for a scientific hall and gymnasium. Harvard has been presented with $500,000 by Walter Hastings, Esq. The University of Colorado is rejoicing as the recipient of the large and valuable mineralogical museum of Mr. J. Alden Smith.

A correspondent at Vienna states that the Russian fortresses in Poland have been greatly strengthened.

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

Narrow Escape of a British-India Steamship.

London, Eng.—The British-India Steam Navigation Company's ship Eldorado, 95 passengers and a lascar crew of about 60, put into Plymouth on Saturday after a hair-breadth escape from total loss in the Bay of Biscay, where she lay for 30 hours during the storm of Wednesday and Thursday, totally disabled. Nearly all the crew were incapacitated by fear, and but for the exertions of the passengers there is little question she would have gone down. The waves broke one of the shafts, and flooded the engine rooms, all the fires being extinguished. The crew abandoned their posts, and the male passengers, at the captain's call, bailed and pumped water from Wednesday night to Thursday night, when the storm abated and the fires were relit.

ALMOST A MURDER.

A Young Girl Dangerously Wounded by a Lunatic.

Port Rowan, Ont.—F. C. White, a young Englishman aged 18, working for a Miss Hutchinson on a farm a few miles from this place, when laboring under a fit of temporary insanity, it is supposed, attempted on Friday afternoon about four o'clock to take the life of a young girl aged fourteen. She was residing at the same place, and had, it seems, gone into her bed-room to dress herself when the atrocious act was committed. He was splitting wood, and started for the house, entered her bed-room, her back being towards him, and struck her twice before she fell, and once when down, inflicting serious wounds, from which it is doubtful if she can recover. After doing this he went and hid himself. The neighbors finding him to-day, brought him here and placed him under arrest. Mr. Cartwright, constable, has taken charge of him, and he will be brought up before a justice of the peace on Monday.

The Oldest Printer in New York.

Mr. Lewis H. Redfield, the oldest printer in the State of New York, gave a dinner to the Syracuse journalists the other evening, in celebration of his eighty-seventh birthday. Mr. Redfield's newspaper experience began in 1814 and Thurlow Weed's two years later. While Mr. Redfield was conducting a paper in Onondaga Valley, Horace Greeley, then just of age, came along and wanted a job. Redfield looked at him in disgust at his green appearance and refused his services. Letters of regret were received from several eminent journalists who had been invited to be present, among them one from Thurlow Weed, a lifelong friend of Mr. Redfield. Mr. Weed's letter is as follows.

"New York, Nov. 24, 1879.

"Dear Mr. Redfield,—Accept my sincere congratulations upon the return of an anniversary so interesting to yourself and your friends. It is permitted to but few men to reach fourscore years and six, while the number so spared seldom enjoy, as you have, almost uninterrupted good health and retain all their faculties. It is your privilege, also, to have lived a useful life, and to enjoy the friendship of a large circle, with whom you stood in the relation of teacher, for editors are so in fact and are so regarded. We have both been greatly favored in all the circumstances, conditions, associations and relations of our protracted lives. I cherish, as I am quite sure you do, a deep and abiding sense of the goodness and mercy of our Heavenly Father.—Truly yours,

"Thurlow Weed."

Mr. Redfield, who is yet hale and hearty, spends several weeks each summer in the North Woods and at Nantucket. He is a brother of the late Heman J. Redfield, former Collector of the Port of New York.

Provincial Appointments.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to make the following appointments:—James Fleming, of Brampton, barrister-at-law, to be County Crown Attorney for the County of Peel, in the room of George Green, deceased. Robert Laird, of Prince Arthur's Landing, Stipendiary Magistrate, to be a Commissioner, *per dedimus potestatum*, in and for the Provisional Judicial District of Algoma, including the Territorial District of Thunder Bay. Thomas Stuart Traill Smellie, of Prince Arthur's Landing, M.D., to be a coroner for the District of Thunder Bay. C. H. Ross, of Barrie, to be one of the License Commissioners for the License District of West Simcoe, in the room of James Edwards, resigned.

Nitrate of Silver Stains on Clothing.

To the Editor of the *Scientific American*: In your issue of October 11 is a paper on the removal of silver stains from clothing. The salt recommended to be used is stated as bichromate of mercury. This is an error; it should be *bichloride* of mercury, known commonly by the name of corrosive sublimate. Its solubility is greatly increased by first dissolving a little chloride of ammonium in water.—George Wilson, New Haven, Conn.

Prince Leopold was present, lately, at the opening of the Firth College, at Sheffield. The *Independent*, of that city says—"On Monday afternoon, when the streets were lined with dense crowds of people waiting to see Prince Leopold as he drove from the Cutler's Hall to the Firth Park, the unobtrusive figure of Mr. Ruskin might have been observed quietly threading his way among the people, and apparently taking stock of the folk in whose welfare he has shown so much practical interest. Mr. Ruskin had an interview with His Royal Highness Prince Leopold on Sunday, but we believe he declined an invitation to be present at the ceremonies of the day."

At the reception given to Mr. John B. Gough a few evenings since in the parlors of the Broadway Tabernacle, Mr. Gough made special allusion to the Church of England Temperance Society, with its 14,000 total abstinence clergymen. Among the active men in the movement were Bishop Lightfoot, the Bishop of Bedford, the Bishop of Exeter, and several others, making six in all. Of canons a score or more were prominent temperance advocates, among them Canon Farrar, Canon Duckworth, and Canon Fleming. Mr. Gough also said he must remember the fact that Dean Stanley and the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon had recently declared for total abstinence.

The Fruit Business.—The Toronto harbor master reports the following quantities of fruit and vegetables arrived by vessel during the season just closed: 6,330 barrels, 9,931 boxes and 74,447 baskets. These were shipped either from Oakville, Port Dalhousie, Niagara, Youngstown, Lewiston and Olcott, chiefly, and comprised apples, pears, melons, berries, potatoes, tomatoes, peaches, plums and pineapples. The total packages this season was 90,708, against 48,224 packages last year. The number of barrels of apples arrived this year was less than that of 1878, while the packages of peaches alone this year was about 50,000.

Queen Victoria's appreciation of faithful service has always done her honor. For twenty five years John Grant has been head keeper at Balmoral, and a great favorite of the Prince Consort. When, in 1863, his failing health obliged this old servant to give up his work, the Queen gave him a cottage near the castle, and often visited him during his last illness. He died lately, just as the Court was about to return to England, and in order "to pay the last mark of respect" to his memory the Queen delayed her journey several days.

News from the Northwest.—Captain Patrick, P.L.S., writes from Cypress Hills, Northwest Territory, on November 16, to Ottawa, thus: "The Indians are now all quiet and there are lots of buffalo. The country north is all burnt for a hundred miles." The Department of the Interior denies the truth of the rumors in the press that Indian troubles have recently occurred in the Northwest Territories.

The *Journal of Commerce* expresses satisfaction that the state of Mr. Blake's health has permitted him to re-enter public life, and says—"We feel assured, judging from his remarks on the subject of party, that his course in Parliament will be that which he believes to be for the interest of our common country."

The great difficulty of arguing some people out of a thing is that they have never been reasoned into it.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

In his poetical reply to an address presented to him on his 70th birthday, the veteran poet said:

But nature lends her mirror of illusion
To win from saddening scenes our age-dimmed eyes,
And misty day dreams blend in sweet confusion
The wintry landscape and the summer skies.

So when the iron portal shuts behind us,
And life forgets us in its noise and whirl,
Visions that shunned the glaring noonday find us,
And glimmering starlight shows the gates of pearl.

I come not here your morning hour to sadden,
A limping pilgrim leaning on his staff;
I who have never deemed it sin to gladden
This vale of sorrow with a wholesome laugh.

If word of mine another's gloom has brightened
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message came;
If hand of mine another's task has lightened,
It felt the guidance that it dares not claim.

HOMICIDE.

The Trial of Drought for Killing Gundlack—A Verdict of Acquittal.

London, Ontario.—The trial of W. Drought for killing Frank L. Gundlack at the Grigg House on the 23rd of October last, took place to-day before Judge Elliott at the General Sessions. The prisoner was defended by Messrs. W. R. Meredith, Q. C., and R. Meredith. The story of the homicide, as narrated by the several witnesses, was in brief as follows:

On the night in question, at about 11.30, Mr. Gundlack returned to the Grigg Hotel, and, after conversing at the counter for a few minutes, asked for a room. While the clerk, Mr. Rice, was examining the list of vacant rooms two young men came into the bar, one of whom was the prisoner Drought. A row ensued between him and Gundlack. Mr. Rice then showed Gundlack the door, and Drought remarked that he had asked Gundlack a civil question. Gundlack said he had answered him a hundred times, and further said he was not acquainted with Drought, and did not want to be. Nothing more passed until Drought stepped back to his friend and applied to Gundlack a very opprobrious epithet. He then stepped forward again and said to Gundlack: "I thought you were a gentleman, but find that you are nothing but an actor." Gundlack struck Drought with his left hand and Drought then struck Gundlack with his walking-stick on the left side of the head above the ear. They were then separated and nothing more was thought of the matter at the time. On the way upstairs Gundlack met Mr. Grigg and said he had been insulted and struck in his house, and apologized for the disturbance, but said it was not his fault. The next heard of Gundlack was next morning, when Mr. Thos. H. Gilmour, of Port Hope, who occupied the same room with Gundlack, rose up in bed to see who his room-mate was. He saw the young man lying with his head on the floor and his feet entangled in a coverlet resting on the side of the bed. The man was breathing heavily, with an occasional deep sigh. He at once called up the inmates of the house. Gundlack was put back to bed and medical aid called, but he died at six o'clock the same evening. The doctors found that the skull had been fractured by a blow from Drought's cane, which was of ebony, and was broken into three pieces by the force of the stroke. A second wound was also found on the head, but the jury at the coroner's inquest found that death was caused by this blow.

The question was raised at the trial to-day as to whether the second wound would not have been sufficient to cause death, and evidence was called to show how this other wound was inflicted. It seems that a small key was found under the carpet at or near the spot where Gundlack's head had struck when he fell out of bed. It was shown that his skull was extremely thin, being less than a wafer in thickness, and that it might be easily fractured by a concussion such as would be produced by a fall. Against this theory stood the fact that a large clot of blood had gathered on the brain under the wound produced by Drought's blow, and it was contended that the pressure from this caused coma, and ultimately death. It was proven that Drought at the time of the altercation was intoxicated, but that Gundlack, though he had been drinking, was not noticeably under the influence of liquor.

It was shown that Drought had been terribly stricken at the position in which he found himself, and had not intended to commit any serious harm, and it was argued that he had been punished enough for the act by remorse and imprisonment awaiting trial until bail was granted. The jury evidently took this view of the case and returned a verdict of acquittal. Drought was accordingly discharged.

Funnigrams.

Skates "go-as-they-please" with a green hand.

New York policemen always dine with their clubs.

The wind always finds something to blow about.

Song of the ice men—"Shall we gather from the river?"

Book-keeping may be taught in a lesson of three words—never lend one.

Even those who enjoy cold meats will not acknowledge a liking for the cold shoulder.

Sign for a bath-house—You can't make a silk purse out of a souse here.

Outside speculators are called "lambs" in Wall street, because they gambled so, probably.

No woman should ever give a plump "no" to an offer of marriage. Hold on to even a poor one and use it for bait.

The habits of fruit are peculiar; we have seen a raisin box, fig drum and an apple stand all day on the street.

Everything is made to contribute to the sustenance of the Canadian people. Even an oyster has to shell out.

In the remarks of a country minister we learn that the devil is the father of tobacco. He must be Old Nickotine.

Even if a boy is always whistling "I want to be an Angel," it is just as well to keep the preserved pears on the top shelf.

In this province etiquette permits a bride to be married without gloves, because that's the way she handles the groom after marriage.

There's a love of beasts and a love of birds,
And a love of the love-god's wiles;
But a love that knocks a pocket book thin
Is the love of the latest styles.

One good turn deserves another, but it does not seem possible that there can be more than two good turns in an old silk dress.

A camel can make 100 miles per day if he has fire-crackers tied to his tail, but he'd rather go about ten and then loaf around the rest of the day.

It is predicted that white will be the favorite color for evening costumes this winter. It was much worn last summer, and is always pretty and becoming.

Western romance writers excel in the use of adjectives. "A pair of old lovers walked out into the beautifully polished peace of night," says one of them.

He looked as wise as an owl, did he,
His tricks were well adjusted,
He declined to advertise, you see,
And in a year he busted.

Country editors, join in the chorus.

Just suppose those abandoned sinners had sawed Noah's Ark in two.—*Albany Journal.* The result would have been the same in all human probability—there would have been no race.

The Whitehall *Times* discovers that the tramp is so good that he not only obeys the commandment not to work on the Sabbath day, but doesn't work on the other six, either.

At the close of the sermon the minister became impressive. Raising his voice he said: "Judgment! judgment!" and a small boy near the vestibule door shouted, "Out on the first!"

Mother—"His name is George Smith." Father—"You mistake; it is Jacob." Son and Heir—"M! 'taint either; it's John." Mother—"So it is! I knew it was something that began with G."

You can almost tell that a young man has been ground through a school of elocution when you hear him get up and recite, "Rock tin theke radle of thede eap." We don't know what it means, but that is what he says.

A medical exchange says—"Phares' method of treating colic consists in inversion—simply turning the patient upside down and slapping him. Colic of several days' duration has been relieved by this means in a few minutes." This is what the people have been looking for, and hereafter the family slipper will supersede the drug store when the small boy has a pain in his stomach.

The Prince of Wales has just erected in Sandringham Church a tablet to the memory of the Princess Alice. Above and below the tablet are carved these texts—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord;" "Thy will be done." The tablet gives a medallion portrait of the Princess in marble.