THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Edison's Extraordinary Inventions.

Platinum Burners Resolved On —Search for the Valuable Mineral in Canada.

Edison is again to the front with explanations of the electric light contrivances which he has been perfecting in his studio, near New York. He says :—"I have perfected a standard meter for measuring the electricity fed to the burners, the same as a gas meter. It is all right. Second, I have perfected a method of insulating and conveying the wires from the generating stations to the houses of the consumers. Third, I have perfected an electric generator. I am satisfied that it cannot be improved. Ninety-four per cent. of the horse-power used to run this generator is set free in the form of an electric current. The best machine thus far constructed only frees ninety per cent. To be sure this shows a difference of four per cent. in our favor ; but our machine, unlike all other machines, delivers eighty-two per cent. of the total power in the wire outside of the machine. It has what is called twice the electro-motor force, or gas pressure, of any machine yet made, with the same resistance of wire and speed. That is why we get nearly double the power out of this generator over any known. I will illustrate more clearly what I mean. We will say there is a hundred feet of wire wound onmy machine and eight hundred feet outside of it. We distribute eight horse-power in an electric current. Eight-ninths of this current reaches the wire outside of the generator and is used for light, and one-ninth is lost in the machine. The other machines may turn the same horse-power, within four or five per cent., into an electric current, but three of the eight horse-power is lost in the generator, and not more than five horse-power reaches the light in the form of electricity. I am supposing that both machines carry a hundred feet of wire inside and eight hundred feet outside. To obtain the result shown by my generator their machine could carry no more than two hundred feet outside. If there was a greater length of wire they could not transfer the horse-power. The consequence is that one-third of the horse-power is lost in the machine, and only two-thirds is used. The successful generator is the one that delivers the most current outside of the machine, and not the one that transforms the most horse-power into current.

Mr. Edison says it has cost him about $13,000 to perfect his generator. He has spent about $8,000 in experiments on his lamp. It cost about $3,000 to discover a new method of insulating his wires. The meter experiments ate up fully $2,000, and the dynamometer $3,000 more. He estimates the total cost of his experiments thus far at $45,000. He says that his patents in foreign countries are all right, and there are big inquiries from Australia.

Platinum burners for the lights have now been definitely settled on, and Mr. Edison is looking for an unlimited supply of the ore. He says he is satisfied that there is any quantity of the metal in the United States, and he can afford to spend $20,000 in finding it. The metal was first discovered in 1741 by Wood, an assayer of the Isle of Jamaica. The ore carries palladium, rhodium, iridium, osmium, ruthenium and iron. It is found in scales or flattened grains. Sometimes it appears in lumps alloyed with gold, silver, copper, iron and lead. It appears in alluvial districts in the debris of the earliest volcanic rocks, and permeates the black sand found in auriferous countries. The Chevalier says he has discovered a sure way of extracting the metal from this black sand. He declares that the ore will yet be found cropping to the surface in a ledge the same as other metals, and believes that it will soon be as cheap as silver.

Russia to-day produces over ten times as much platinum as the rest of the world. The principal mines are near Ekaterinburg, on the Asiatic slope of the Ural Mountains, 180 miles southeast of the city of Perm, on the river Isset. There are mines of copper and iron near by. The plaintum is usually found in small scales in veins that run through the mountains. The Demidoff cabinet, however, contains a nugget weighing twenty-one pounds. Russia produces about 3,500 cwt. of platinum annually. The metal is more valuable than gold. For years the supply exceeded the demand. Between 1826 and 1864 Russia used the metal in coinage to the extent of $2,500,000. The value of the coins was eleven and twenty-two roubles.

Borneo produces 500 pounds of the metal yearly, and Ceylon and Brazil are good for similar amounts. The ore is said to be plentiful in the Choco Valley, New Grenada, but the country is so unhealthy that neither whites nor negroes can live within 300 miles of the valley. Choco Valley is near the Atrato River. It was once visited by Humboldt, who brought back a nugget weighing nineteen pounds. This specimen is now in the Royal Cabinet in Berlin. The ore has also been discovered in Santo Domingo, California, British Columbia and Australia. It has been seen in the sands of the Rhine, in the French Alps, in the county Wicklow, Ireland ; in Honduras, in Rutherford County, N. C., and at St. Francis Beauca, Canada.

In addition to the searches which have been made in the States, the Chevalier sent Frank McLaughlin to the gold region of Canada, where he had heard that platinum had been found in black sand. Mr. McLaughlin left New York on May 26th, and returned a fortnight ago. He gives an interesting account of his search. Although the Chaudiere Valley is about 60 miles from Quebec, the country is little known. It was with difficulty that he could learn the nearest route to the valley. British capitalists made a determined effort to control the gold mines, and had kept the world in ignorance of their richness. The native miners made a fight for their rights, and they were finally secured under the leadership of Col. Wm. Smart and Louis and John St. Onge. Mr. McLaughlin speaks in glowing terms of the richness of the gold fields. One of the St. Onge claims yields $4,000 a week. Two brothers Poulin, who went into the country not long ago as poor as church mice, are reported to be worth $100,000 a piece. A poor Catholic clergyman was in want of a little gold for his altar, and one of the brothers offered to give him enough to cover his church. Old prospectors claim to have discovered true fissure veins, and there is a universal cry for capital to develop the mines.

Mr. McLaughlin secured letters from Jules Fancher de St. Maurice of Quebec, and was recieved by the St. Onges and other French Canadian miners with open arms. He found many sluice boxes containing black sand, almost a sure indication of platinum. He visited mines on the Gildert River, a branch of the Chaudiere, and found black sand on the St. Onge claim. A shaft had been sunk seventy feet, and a rich bed of pay gravel was struck. A barrel of gravel carried a pail of black sand. This sand was loaded with gold. There were traces of platinum, but not enough to work up. Traces were also found on the upper River du Loup. On the lower River du Loup McLaughlin saw a ledge that cropped to the surface with a fair sprinkling of the ore. Col. Smart is to prospect for the metal in the branches of the Chaudiere, and Mr. Edison shares the expense.

On his return to Montreal, Dr. Harrington, of the Geological Museum, showed Mr. McLaughlin a saucer filled with scales of platinum. They came from the Similkameen River, in British Columbia. A gentleman attached to the geological survey saw the Chinese miners throwing it away with their tailings by the bushel. They were so convinced that it was worthless that he had to pay them to save him a saucer full. As fast as Mr. Edison receives samples of the ore from his prospectors, Mr. McLaughlin will visit the claims and report upon their value.

BURNING OF THE SCOTIA.

A Big Blaze at Chicago—$5,000 Damages.

Our St. Catharines correspondent has already acquainted us of the fact that the propeller Scotia has been damaged by fire at Chicago on Sunday. The following additional particulars are from the Chicago papers of Monday :—Quite a disastrous fire occurred yesterday on board of the Canadian propeller Scotia, of the Merchants' Line, plying between Chicago and Montreal, and but for the fact that the fire engine responded in a very few moments after the alarm was given, the vessel would have been entirely destroyed. As it was, damage amounting to $4,000 or $5,000 resulted. The Scotia arrived in at six o'clock yesterday morning, with about 100 tons of soda-ash and block-tin, consigned to order by Jacques & Co., of Montreal, and proceeded up to the Empire bonded warehouse, at the foot of Jackson Street, to lie there until her freight was discharged. About 1.45 p.m. the second engineer saw smoke issuing from the skylight over the engine enclosure, and gave the alarm. The floor of the engine-room being saturated with oil, as is necessarily the case, and the wood-work being very dry, the flames, fanned by a good breeze, spread very rapidly, so that when the engine reached the scene the whole afterpart of the propeller was enveloped in a dense mass of smoke and flame. Other engines arrived on the ground, and in about fifteen minutes afterward the fire was practically extinguished.

The engine-room was pretty thoroughly burned out, part of the promenade-deck raft was destroyed, and the life-boats were considerably damaged. The fire did not get into the hold, but the water from the fire-engines did, and caused slight damage to the block-tin, but to what amount was not known yesterday, and will not be until a survey is made. The engine and boiler were not injured. Capt. J. H. Scott, who commands the vessel, was unable to give the real origin of the fire. It is supposed that the combustion of some waste which was in the engine-room was the cause of the fire, but that is not certainly known to be a fact. As there was no person connected with the boat in the engine-room at the time the fire broke out, the origin of it can only be conjectured. Capt. Scott thinks that it was marvelous that the vessel was saved at all, and compliments the firemen for their promptness. The Scotia is owned by James Norris, of St. Catharines, Ont., and was built by L. Shickluna, at that place, eight years ago, her valuation then being placed at $33,000. She will require a new deck aft, new stanchions and bulwarks. The repairs will probably be made here. The Scotia has been well kept up, and is the best vessel in the Merchants' Line. She tons 500, and is exclusively for freight.

A SPIRITUAL MARRIAGE.

The Latest Indecency in Spiritual Imposture.

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, June 28.—Society and those who have a faith in spiritual manifestations are all agog over a seance that was held in this city last Friday evening that puts everything else in its line completely in the shade. To be particular and give a full account of these wonderful proceedings, it must first be stated who the parties are :

It is a well-known fact that Col. Isaac Eaton, member of the Democratic National Committee, and formerly Land Commissioner of the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad, is a Spiritualist ; in fact it has now become a mania to him, and all his luck, good or bad, comes from the departed dead. Mrs. Eaton, his estimable wife, is also a strong believer, and they have made frequent visits to Memphis, Mo., to interview the famous Prof. Mott to try and further their researches. Col. Eaton is as firm in his belief of having received messages from the departed, and having seen and conversed with them, as he is sure that the sun rises and sets. In several of his numerous visits to Mott he has seen and conversed with his daughter Kate who died at the age of three weeks, and who has been a member "of the angel band" for thirty years. During his last visit she told him she was soon to be married, and that Benjamin Pierce, a son of ex-President Pierce, was to be her husband. She stated that the wedding would take place on the 20th of June in the spirit-land, and asked that he make the necessary arrangements for a wedding supper and she and her husband would visit them during the evening. The Colonel was only too glad to spare neither pains nor expense to further the wedding arrangements, and so a closet in the house was transformed into a cabinet for the accommodation of the medium. Professor Mott and wife of Memphis, Dr. Dooley of Kansas City, Col. H. D. McKay, late President of the Alliance Life Insurance Company, and Mrs. McKay, of this city, and the immediate members of Mr. Eaton's family were the guests at the wedding-supper. Professor Mott took his place in the cabinet ; the table was spread, two covers being laid for the bride and groom, an elegant bouquet being placed beside their plates. After the guests were seated the medium announced that the bridal party had arrived. The guests one after another arose from the table and went to the cabinet, the lady and her husband there being presented to them. They both appeared very distinct and life-like, and both entered heartily in the general conversation. After this ceremony was over the bride and groom walked out of the cabinet. The bride wore a heavy white satin dress, with flowing veil and orange blossoms. The groom was attired in customary black, with a button-hole bouquet.

After receiving numerous congratulations the bridal party bade their friends good-by and departed, so to speak, for their celestial home, saying that they would call often.

This matter has been obtained from parties present, and is a verbatim account of the proceedings. All parties concerned move in the highest society circles, and hence the furore this wedding has caused.

OLD MAIDS AND OLD BACHELORS.

(From the Rural New Yorker.)

Old maids are useful. They can cook, sew and take care of children, nurse sick people and generally play the piano. Old bachelors are useless. They do not even know how to drive nails or split wood.

Old maids are amiable. If one wants anything done that requires patience and kindness of heart, a single lady is sure to be the one to do it.

Old bachelors are ill-natured. They snub children, despise babies, and hate young mothers, and are always so busily employed in seeing that other people take good care of them that they have not a moment to give to anyone else.

Old maids are nice looking, and "young for their years." Old bachelors generally have red noses, rheumatism in their knees, bald heads, and mouths that turn down at the corners.

Old maids can make a home of one little room, and cook delicious meals for one over the gas-jet in cunning little tin kettles, besides making all their own wardrobes. Old bachelors need an army of tailors, waiters, distant relatives and hotel landlords to keep them comfortable. When old maids are ill they tie up their heads in pocket handkerchiefs, take homœpathic pellets out of two bottles, alternately, and get well again. When old bachelors are ill they go to bed and send for doctors ; have a consultation ; a mantle-piece full of black bottles ; all the amiable married men who belong to the club to sit with them at night, besides a hired nurse ; they telegraph to their relations, and do their best to impress the world with the idea that they are dying.

When an old maid travels she takes a sandwich, a piece of pound-cake, a bottle of lemonade in a hand-basket, and lunches comfortable in the carriage. When an old bachelor travels he orders a dinner in courses at the station, and raves because he has not time to eat it before the "fifteen minutes for refreshments" are over.

Old maids drink weak tea and it cures their headaches.

Old bachelors drink strong liquor which gives them headaches.

Old maids are modest ; they think their youth is over and their beauty gone. If, after a while, some autumnal love is given them, they take it as a sort of miracle, and hope people will not laugh at them for "marrying so late in life."

Old bachelors believe that all women are in love with them, and that they must carefully guard themselves from traps laid to inveigle them into matrimony. They also fondly cherish the belief that should they eventually become married men, the world expects them to exhibit great taste in women by their choice, and that the other fellows will laugh if their portion be not tender youth and beauty ; also that when they marry, many women will expire of jealousy.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

A dreadful murder has been committed at Evington, a small village about four miles from Leicester. A man walking along an unfrequented lane found what he thought was a drunken woman lying in the ditch and passed on, but meeting another man they turned back to the spot. On raising the woman from the ditch, they found the head was nearly severed from the body. The police were speedily communicated with, and a minute investigation of the surroundings made. Blood and traces of a desperate struggle, commencing in the centre of the road and terminating in the ditch, were noticeable. There were indications that after the deed the body was pitched into the ditch. It was ascertained that the woman's name was Mary Ann Bromarch. An inquest was opened on her body, and a man named Briggs was apprehended at six o'clock in the evening by two railway porters at Great Wagston, who, seeing him loitering about, recognized him from a description which had been sent over of the man last seen with the woman. When they had told him what he was wanted for, Briggs replied, "You have got the right man."

A STRANGE DREAM.

(From the Hartford Times.)

The tragic death of Mrs. Rolland, at Niagara Falls, a few days ago—an occurrence which happened when that lady reached down, at the edge of one of the islands called the Three Sisters, to dip up a cup of water from the rapids and fell in and was carried over the cataract—was all seen in a dream, even to minute particulars, two nights before the accident happened, by a person in this city, a stranger to the unfortunate lady.

OUR SPECIAL COLUMN.

LITERARY.

George Eliot's last work has anything but a taking title, yet the book finds so much favor that two editions of the American reprint were soon exhausted. The title is, "The Impressions of Theophrastus Such." It is not considered by any means equal to "Adam Bede" or "Daniel Deronda." Family bereavement may in some measure have prevented Mrs. Lewis accomplishing all she desired in her latest novel. She recently lost her husband.

One of the best stories that have appeared of late is "Flitters, Fatters and the Counsellor," written anonymously by a lady. It is the story of three Irish waifs, the scene being laid in Dublin. The story is admirably told.

The famous Dr. Dollinger has an article on "The British Empire in India" in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*. But the most remarkable paper of the issue is from Karl Blind on "Conspiracies in Russia." Karl enters largely into the subject of past conspiracies in Russia, and quotes these lines, said to have been written by Lord Beaconsfield when he was plain Benjamin Disraeli :

"Blessed be the hand that dares to wield
The regicidal steel that shall redeem
A nation's suffering with a tyrant's blood."

Karl forgets to say whether the language was Mr. Disraeli's own, or that he put it into the mouth of some one else. There seems to be a determination to place Lord Beaconsfield in anything but a favorable light before the British public.

The great Northwest, which for so long a time was held beneath the thraldom of a baneful influence, but now happily is free from the monopolist's sway, has of late years found many writers to describe its natural features and capabilities of production ; but another has come forth, and with the title of "The Great Fur Land," Mr. H. M. Robinson enters upon the task of saying whatever is to be said of what he erroneously terms "The Hudson's Bay Territory." The Company in parting with the territory reserved certain tracts of country, but not enough to give scope to such a title to a work as "The Great Fur Land of the Hudson's Bay Country." The book is said to be carefully written, and is profusely illustrated. With a correct title we have no doubt the work would take well, as there is still a craving desire to hear everything about the Northwest.

"Markof," a Russian story, is the latest addition to the productions of Madame Greville, whose works have created such an interest. The style of "Henry Greville's" writing is taking, and it will continue to have large numbers of readers.

Dr. Arnold, headmaster of Rugby School, was a strict disciplinarian. He was always a favorite in spite of his harshness. Though of a forgiving nature a lie was invariably punished by immediate expulsion from the school.

It may not be generally known that "The Octoroon," a well known play by Dion Boucicault, was a failure at first. He rendered it acceptable by altering it so as to exclude the scene of a girl taking poison from her lover.

A discussion has arisen between M. Renan and M. Mezieres concerning the personal appearance of St. Paul. Renan describes him as a bald man of short statute, aquiline nose, meeting eyebrows, pale face, small head, piercing eyes, thick beard, prominent shoulders and bow-legs. He says he finds authority for this description in the "Acts of Thekla" and the ecclesiastical history of Nicephorus.

Robert Buchanan, himself no indifferent versifier, seems to hold but a poor opinion of Sydney Dobell, the latest of our English poets. Like Alexander Smith, Sydney Dobell's style has been dubbed spasmodic, but we fail to see that it should be considered such. Dobell has written some of the best poetry of the present day, and he may be justly regarded as the leading poet, not even excepting Tennyson, who has seen his best days.

It is not a little singular that the glorification of the American character should have been the task of an Englishman. Mr. Henry James, jr., who became disgusted with his native country and sought refuge in the United States, took to writing and has certainly proved himself an able fictionist in fact Mr. James stands at the head of American novelists, and confines himself strictly to American subjects. The best of his books is "The American," in which he contrasts the American with the European character, greatly to the advance of the former. Mr. James holds to the opinion that the American is decidedly in advance of the European in all respects, and he has deemed it his mission to show this by his published works, such as the one mentioned, "The Europeans," the "International Episode," and "Daisy Miller."

A poetic tale, written by Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, when he was scarcely out of his teens, and bearing the title of "The Lover's Tale," has just been published. When we say it was written in his early years, we mean three parts of it were, the fourth having followed long after, and which is given in his published works under the title of "The Golden Supper." The three preceding parts were printed for private circulation, and now the tale appears complete. To show how Tennyson wrote before he was twenty, take this charming extract :

Hither we came,
And sitting down upon the golden moss,
Held converse sweet and low—low converse sweet,
In which our voices bore least part. The wind
Told a love-tale beside us, how he woo'd
The waters, and the waters answering lisp'd
To kisses of the wind, that, sick with love,
Fainted at intervals, and grew again
To utterance of passion. Ye cannot shape
Fancy so fair as is this memory.
Methought all excellence that ever was
Had drawn herself from many thousand years,
And all the separate Edens of this earth,
To centre in this place and time. I listen'd,
And her words stole with most prevailing sweetness
Into my heart, as thronging fancies come
To boys and girls when summer days are new,
And soul and heart and body are all at ease ;
What marvel my Camilla told me all ?
It was so happy an hour, so sweet a place,
And I was as the brother of her blood,
And by that name I moved upon her breath,
Dear name, which had too much of nearness in it
And heralded the distance of this time !
At first her voice was very sweet and low,
As if she were afraid of utterance ;
But in the onward current of her speech
(As echoes of the hollow-banked brooks
Are fashioned by the channel which they keep)
Her words did to their meaning borrow sound,
Her cheek did catch the color of her words.

A "History of the English People," by John Richard Green, M. A., is exciting attention. The work has reached the third volume, which is by far the most interesting, as it deals with the most important events in the natural life of the old land. It brings down the history from the death of Queen Elizabeth to the reign of Charles II., a period of eighty years. In that time Puritanism flourished and Cromwell was in his hey-day. It was then that England struggled under the baneful influence of despotic rule and subsided into a Commonwealth, which, too, had its fall, and with that consummation came the restoration, ending happily in the dawn of that era which made England what she is. Mr. Green's work is comprehensive and able ; moreover it is honest in its expressions and leaves no doubt as to the true character of the work he has in hand. The volume closes with the dark period which witnessed the worst corruption that ever prevailed in England, when Essex killed himself in the Tower, and Russell and Sydney were led to the scaffold because of the opinions they held in behalf of liberty.

MARRIED BY TELEGRAPH.

(From the New York Sun.)

The Rev. C. S. Coit, pastor of the Centenary Methodist Episcopal church, on Belleville avenue, Newark, recently performed a very novel marriage ceremony in the main Newark office of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Miss Margaret Wright of Albany, N. Y., who was on a visit to friends in Newark, requested him to marry her by telegraph to a gentleman in San Francisco. He told Miss Wright that such a marriage would not be legal. She then said that she was engaged to Dr. F. M. Shaw of Los Angeles, who had promised to come East for her. He had written, however, that owing to a rush of business he could not journey East at the time agreed upon. He urged her to join him in San Francisco, where they would be married. She replied that she wanted more than a mere promise to marry before she would take such a long journey. Dr. Shaw then proposed that they should be married by telegraph, with witnesses at the San Francisco and Newark offices, and she accepted the proposal.

The Rev. Mr. Coit, after much urging, consented to perform an informal marriage ceremony with the understanding that Miss Wright and Dr. Shaw should be married afterward by a clergyman in California.

At 9 o'clock one evening the operator in the Western Office at Market and Broad streets, Newark, was surprised by the appearance of the Rev. Mr. Coit and a fashionable party of ladies and gentlemen in the office. Miss Wright, who has dark chestnut hair, brown eyes, and an olive complexion, wore a dark silk dress, with white bonnet and lilies of the valley. She carried in her right hand a small bouquet of white flowers. She blushed a deep crimson and laughed nervously when the Rev. Mr. Coit said to the operator that she wished to be married by telegraph. By request of the Rev. Mr. Coit, the operator telegraphed to Dr. Shaw, who was waiting with his friends in the San Francisco office, the question :

"Are you ready ?"

In a few minutes the answer was flashed back : "Yes, and have been for an hour."

The Rev. Mr. Coit then read the question, which the operator sent to Dr. Shaw : "Do you take Margaret Wright for your lawful wife, and promise to be faithful to her until separated by death ?"

There was considerable delay at the San Francisco office, and while waiting for an answer the bride chatted pleasantly with her friends, one of whom said : "Wouldnt it be a joke, Maggie, if the Doctor said no ?" The bride joined in the laughter that followed. Meantime Dr. Shaw telegraphed, "I do, and pledge her my love and protection." He also sent on the name of a friend, a Mr. Shere as his witness in San Francisco. Mr. Gibson of Newark was the witness for Miss Wright. A few days after the ceremony was performed the bride started for California to join her husband. She is 27 years old, intelligent and accomplished.

CANADIAN NEWS.

Rev. Mr. Grant has resigned his posicion as pastor of the Baptist church at Durham.

A large area of land in Manitoba is to be surveyed and made ready for settlement next season.

The *Gazette* estimates by the vote at the late election that there are 36,000 residents in Muskoka and Parry Sound.

Mr. J. B. Osborne, Beamsville, writes :—"An open question among fruit growers is, 'What sort of an apple keeps longest ?' The accompanying samples of Winter Pippin and Northern Spy furnish proof positive that these sorts can be kept in good condition till Dominion Day.'" The samples sent were in excellent condition, especially the Winter Pippin. This variety deserves to be better known than it is. One of the best authorities on apple nomenclature we have in the Province could not name it.

At a meeting of delegates from all the temperance organizations in Waterloo county, held in Galt last week, it was finally decided to submit the Scott Act to the electors.

Ballot box stuffing appears to have been a prominent feature of the Manitoulin election. At McDonald's Mills there are not over thirty-five legal votes, according to the Collingwood *Enterprise*, and yet there was rolled up a majority for Lyon of seventy-nine, or forty-two bad votes polled in order to elect the Grit candidate.

Mr. George Landreth, after a two years' residence in Australia, has returned to Galt.

A Winnipeg correspondent states that several Ontario farmers have recently been swindled by Manitoba land sharks, who pretended to hold lands on which they had no claim. All settlers in the Northwest should be careful only to deal with the proper officers in purchasing new lands.

Mrs. Duke, matron of the Orillia Idiot Asylum since its opening in 1876, has resigned the position and gone to reside in Windsor.

Mr. Molcolm Thompson has sold his farm of one hundred acres, good orchard and out buildings, for $4,390, being lot 20, 11th con., Bosanquet.

Guelph policemen have determined to arrest all tramps on sight.

Large piles of button wood have been sawed this spring at Cottam, Essex county, for shipment to Virginia, there to be made into tobacco cases. The cheese factory at the same village began making cheese last week.

From Welland we learn that there have been no attachments issued for assignments made in the county since April.

Rev. Wm. McDonagh of Paris, left on Saturday for Kincardine, where he will be stationed for the next three years. Previous to leaving Paris, the ladies of the church entertained him at a farewell social, at which he was highly complimented. He was also made the recipient of a purse of money from a number of friends.

On Tuesday last as Mr. John Barry, a young man about 25 years of age, living on the 12th con. of Stephen, was drawing gravel to Hall's Corners, he was affected with sunstroke, and before assistance arrived he died from the effects.

THE ROYAL MURDERER.

King Thee Bau's Little Joke—The fun of the Burmese Water Festival—Sousing the Imprisoned Princess—a Monster.

[Mandalay correspondence of the Daily News.]

Instead of getting crowded in the beginning of the Burmese year, as had been expected, Thee Bau, being primed for something, resolved to have some fun out of the Burmese Water Festival. It is customary at this feast for young men and maidens to douse one another with water, a performance accomplished with much good humor and laughter and not a little immorality. Thee Bau dressed up his Let thou-dau, his pages of honor in fancy costumes as lions and tigers and *bellows*, or monsters of all sorts, and, having furnished them with plentiful chatties of water, sent them off to souse the princesses in the palace prison. What might have been a joke, had the ladies been free, proved a most dismal business. At first they thought the end had come, but when it was discovered to be only a piece of coarse pleasantry there was a scene. Half of the younger women fainted away, and cowered shrieking in the corner, while the elder ones stormed and scolded as only Burmese women can scold. The King's little pastime, therefore, proved a failure, and he was thrown in a corresponding bad temper. The murder of a few children since then is said to be the result. Certain it is that two innocents not more than ten years old have been done to death, and possibly more may have shared their fate. Thee Bau has obliterated the one sign of human feeling he displayed in the February butchery. A little fellow, the son of the Tsabin Prince—the mad prince, as he was called—was brought before the King to shakho to him before being handed over to the executioners. The poor boy was half dead with fear, but when he raised his eyes to the throne and saw who was there, he clapped his hands with delight and cried, "Oh, that's Thee Bau ; Thee Bau won't let them do me any harm." A murmur of pity went round the ring of courtiers, and Thee Bau said, after a little pause, "What has become of the pony I gave you once ?" "Oh!" said the child sadly enough, "we are very poor now—we had to sell that." So the King motioned with his hand, and the boy was taked back to jail. Ten days ago, by order of Thee Bau, a blow from a club on the throat ended the poor thing's misery.

"EX-MONK" WIDDOWS.

A New Phase in the Agitator's Life.

Francis George Widdows, whose movements in Dundee, Scotland, have been noticed in these columns from time to time of late, has, strange to say, become very popular with certain of the citizens of that town. The latest thing his admirers did for him was to present him with an address and two purses of sovereigns. The presentation took place in Kinnaird Hall, in presence of, it is said, about 1,600 persons. The following extract, taken from the address, shows the object of the presentation :—"It would be out of the scope of this address to enlarge on the circumstances which have led to this presentation, as I believe it would be displeasing to you to refer in particular terms to yourself. Suffice it to say that when the rights of public meeting and freedom of speech were imperilled in this town you readily placed yourself at the disposal of the community to preserve and maintain for us these invaluable privileges." The address was signed on behalf of the citizens' meeting by William McLeod Thorburn. The Chairman of the evening was Councillor Cowan, and among those on the platform were Rev. Messrs. Neil Taylor and Thomas Hill. In the report of the proceedings it was stated that the money presented to Widdows was collected "by the ladies."

HOW THE LADIES DRESSED AT ASCOT.

(From the London Truth.)

On Tuesday the Princess of Wales wore a black and white striped dress, the Duchess of Connaught was in pearl gray, the beautiful Countess Yarolyi wore a charming dress of delicate mauve color, and the youthful Lady Carringion introduced us to a simple but pretty half-mourning custome, with a hat of novel but picturesque shape. So much for the gods, or rather goddesses.

In the enclosure below the crowd was so great that it was difficult to move about, and impossible to see the racing. Mrs. Wheeler and Mrs. Langtry were there, both looking charming. Mrs. Langtry's costume was in Oriental style—white and black, with gold embroidery. Both dresses were quiet in tone and harmony of color. I wish I could say the same of another lady, who was very conspicuous by the brilliant coloring of her dress. Spinach and eggs are of a quiet color in comparison.

—A Chicago man sends out circulars offering to sell fine white shirts for thirty cents each. We have always had faith that the day would come when even a poor man could afford to wear four shirts at once.

WORLD WIDE NEWS.

—In 1749 Virginia preachers drew their salaries in tobacco.

—Sailors are never averse to getting married. It is always the maritime with them.

—Some philosopher says that nothing is impossible. This is untrue. It is impossible to sell a night editor a ticket for a moonlight excursion.

—An exchange says that allanthus blossoms cause catarrh and asthma, so persons who value their lives should diet on something else.

—Lord Beaconsfied is said to have taken a house at Clapham, a London suburb hitherto guileless of cornets and given up to evangelicalism and banking.

—Scientists say that the house-fly has 4,000 eyes. With so much eyesight to take care of, and some of it poor, it is no wonder the he occasionally leaves his specs round.

—Dr. Spencer, a dentist at Platte City, Mo., was shot and killed by a man whose wife he had kissed while she was in his operating chair, partly under the influence of chloroform.

—Mount Hood, Oregon, has lately been giving out volumes of smoke from a long extinct crater, where ordinarily a smell of sulphur and a slight warmth only indicate inward fire.

—"If you want tew get at the circumference of a man," says Josh Billings, "examine him amoung men ; but if you want tew get at hiz aktual diameter, meazure him at his fireside."

—Mrs. Partington has been reading the health office's weekly report, and thinks "total" must be an awful malignant disease, since as many die of it as of all the rest put together.

—Benevolent old gentleman :—For my part I am not against the use of stimulants in moderation, but why get drunk ? Sad Case : Why ge' drunk ? Whasher good drinkin', not ge' drunk ?—*Judy*.

—A curious order has recently been issued by the Governor-General of St. Petersburg. It requires every man, before entering the army, to procure a police certificate of good conduct.

—Norristown *Herald* :—"Dutch girls make the best wives. King William has been married fifty years and he is not as bald-headed as some Americans who have been wedded only that many months."

—English, French and Dutch Guiana unitedly opened a Universal Exposition on May 14, at Georgetown, English Guiana. The opening speeches were all in English excepting that of the French Consul. English Guiana has a population of 245,000, Dutch Guiana 70,000, and French Guiana 30,000.

—Act one, he meets her at the croquet ground ;
Act two, to see her at the house he calls ;
Act three, most regularly he comes around ;
Act four, head over ears in love he falls ;
Act five, his manly passion he declares,
And for an after piece, pa kicks him down the stairs.

—Worthy Magistrate : "What ! a man can be cruel enough to maltreat his lawful wedded wife, and even hurl a plate at her head ?" Prisoner : "But, your honor, do you know my wife ?" Worthy Magistrate : "I have not that honor." Prisoner : "Then, just go slow."

—He looked into her beaming eyes as she stood in the pale moonlight, and as he gently squeezed her jeweled fingers he murmured from the secret chamber of his soul : "Ah ! that fate. ducky dear, might make me your father's coachman."

—The vacation season for church fairs has begun. The rubicund strawberry has begua to belong to the pallid past, and the deacons at the seaside are looking down into the blue depths to catch an inquisitive sight of the little lone oyster who is to make a sensation in next winter's stew.

—Sashes are again coming into favor. They are worn in a variety of ways—draped loosely about the hips or tied closely about he waist, and are of all widths and lengths, the preference being for very wide ribbons, the present desire being to shorten the waist as much as possible.

—As July warmly cometh
The temperance men debate,
Doth the cooling, sparkling lager
Ever intoxicate ?
Then as the sun grows hotter,
They do not stop to think
But slip behind the green baize door—
And slyly take a drink—
Provided somebody asks them !

—Dr. George M. Beard says some very plain words about "The Delusions of Clairvoyance." No member of the human race, man or woman, child or adult, in trance or out of trance, or in any phase of health or disease, ever possessed, even for one moment, the feeblest degree of clairvoyance or second-sight power.

—Victor Hugo asserts that the destiny of man is in the south, and that, therefore, France in company with Greece, Spain, Italy and England should go to Africa. "Take Africa ?" he exclaims ; "take it ! From whom ? From nobody ! Take that land from God. God made earth for man. God offers Africa to Europe. Take it !"

—The French navy has adopted an apparatus for distilling salt water at sea. The steam passes two cones, where it is aerated by being condensed in an air current. It is then purified by circulation through animal charcoal, and pure water is the result. The French Academy of science awarded a prize of $6,000 to the inventor.

—Wholesale matrimony. — A Kentucky gentleman and his two sons married a widow and her two daughters. After a while the old man ran away with a daughter-in-law and one of the sons ran away with his mother-in-law. The remaining son then packed up and ran away with the remaining sister-in-law. They all ran away to avoid being in law.

—Marvin Banning, before dying at Hadlyme, Conn., told where $3,000 could be found hidden in a bag of butternuts, and that bonds to an equal amount were buried in a cellar. He was 74, and for many years had deprived himself of sufficient food and fire. His sole diet was raw salt pork and coarse bread, and he lived by himself. His property goes to a needy sister.

—Thos. Vaughn, of Middleborough, England, ran through $2,500,000 in eight years, and all his effects were recently sold. The furnishing of the billiard room alone cost between $150,000 and $200,000 ; in the smoking room the spittoons cost $100 each ; in some of the rooms the leather covers of the seats cost $90 a yard ; a fireplace cost $10,000, and the owner's bedstead $7,500.

—The Dunkard Church forbids a man to marry a divorced woman. George Hoover, of Hagerstown, Ind., was a Dunkard, yet he married a woman who had been divorced. The church warned him beforehand, and expelled him afterward. The expulsion grieved him so much that he refused to eat, and starved himself to death, in spite of his wife's entreaties.

—A deputation of Common Councillors lately waited on the father of penny postage, Sir Rowland Hill, at Hampstead, four miles from London, to present him with the freedom of the city of London, Sir Rowland said that a letter was now carried at a lower rate fram Egypt to San Francisco than in 1830 was charged for carrying it from London to Hampstead.

—A strange occurrence is reported from Wetzikon, Canton Zurich, in Switzerland. On June 7th, the Commune was invaded by an immense swarm of butterflies, two thirds of a mile wide, and so long that the procession took two hours to pass. They were principally of the kind known in Switzerland as *Distelfalter*, which feed on nettles and thistles. They flew from ten to thirty feet above the ground, and went off in a north-westerly direction.

—A clergyman, talking to some youngsters on the coming vacation and diverging into the necessity of kindness to animals, incidentally remarked : "Boys are often cruel to frogs and toads. I remember when a boy of wickedly filling up a toad with fire-crackers and then lighting the slow-match." He was horrified to see his remark received with the liveliest emotions of interest and delight, and utterly prostrated as he heard one urchin say to another : "By jingo, that's a new note. Won't we have fun blowing up the bull paddies down in the medder !"

—Last years conscripts of the German army, taken from all ranks and classes of the community, furnish interesting evidence of the spread of education in the German empire. The conscripts numbered 140,197, and it was found that of this whole body 130,930 had received elementary education, and that 6,283 had gone beyond the elementary stage into the higher branches. No country in the world but Germany, and no state of the American Union could made such a showing in the educational line.

—The official report on the sanitary condition of the Russian army of the Caucasus for 1878 shows that there were about 200,000 men in that army, and that there were altogether 560,000 cases of illness reported in military and private hospitals. This shows that each soldier of the army of the Caucasus was on the sick list rbout three times during the year. There were about 20,000 deaths, or 100 deaths to each 1,000 men. The principal disease was typhoid fever, which caused over 50,000 cases of prostration, and nearly 12,000 deaths.

—Mr. Gladstone still pursues theology. At the present moment he is writing an article for the Dissenters' organ, the *British Quarterly*, on the "Decay of Evangelicalism in the Church of England." It is said that it will be a kind of continuation of some articles he wrote about two years ago on the current of religious thought. It will be curious to see what relation Mr. Gladstone—ecclesiastically and theologically a son of the Oxford movement—will adopt toward the Low Churchism with which, during a great part of his life, he was out out sympathy.

—Mr. Tom. Taylor, editor of the London *Punch* and dramatist, has a house which is simply stuffed with pictures. There is hardly a square inch of wall uncovered. In one apartment, used as a summer-room for reading, working or painting, the walls are covered entirely with prints of Sir Joshua Reynolds' paintings ; and opening from this is a chamber dedicated to sculpture, where an owl perches familiarly on a bust of Minerva. Chivy, as this bird is called, is a great favorite in the family, and very friendly with his master, though shy with strangers.

—An English physician relates that on the 11th of February his wife, after mixing some corn meal for feeding the fowls, missed her wedding ring from her finger, and after a fruitless search gave it up for lost. On the 8th of April, while engaged eating an egg at breakfast she felt the eggspoon grate against something hard at the bottom of the egg below the yolk, and further investigation found the lost ring firmly fixed by membraneous adhesions to the bottom of the egg. The egg was of extra large size, and was laid the day before.

—A gentleman, wishing to obtain board for his wife and family in the country was directed to a neat looking farm house kept by an old farmer and his wife. A brief inspection satisfied him that the place would suit him. "But now as to the terms," he said. "Waal," drawled the farmer, "you have six children, you say ?" "Yes, sir." The old man reflected for a few minutes, and then resumed : "Last year I took children at half price. Do you see them p'ar trees and berry bushes ? Waal, this year I will charge full price for the young 'uns, and throw in yourself and your wife for nothin'."

—A correspondent, an analytical chemist, draws attention to an exceedingly dangerous use of arsenic. In a box of Kindergarten toys were some cardboard slips for making letters. One side of these slips was covered with bright green paper, which he analysed, and found that the green pigment consists of emerald or Scheele's green, which is well known to be a compound of arsenic and copper. The color is, moreover, readily removed by moistening with saliva, which is of the more importance as young children are in the habit of putting such things in their mouths.

—The first kindergarten in St. Louis was established in 1873. Now there are in the city over fifty public kindergartens, in which between four and five thousand children are to be found. The kindergarten is compulsory (and no charge for school material enforced) in so far that children under seven and a-half, if sent to a primary school, must spend half the school day in a kindergarten, unless they have previously been in one for two years. Already the kindergarten songs have, to a large extent, replaced the silly rigmaroles that the children used to sing when together. There are men who claim that the kindergarten will make a model city of St. Louis in the next generation.

—A Sunday-school teacher in this city has a boy in her class who has not failed in his penny contributions for more than a year, and when he was found empty-handed last Sabbath the teacher observed : "Why, Johnny, did you forget your penny to-day ?" "No, ma'am," he humbly replied, "but father says the Wabash road will do this town more good than any fourteen Sunday-schools, and I'm going to chuck my coppers into that enterprise for the next few weeks." "Won't the heathen miss your pennies ?" she queried. "I 'spose they will, but we're all got to come right down or this town is busted."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—One of the reducing expenses.—"I say, George ; what makes you look so cheerful ?" said one friend to another recently. "Why, didn't you hear, Bob, I'm going to be married next Wednesday ?" "Well, I must confess, I see nothing in that to make you cheerful ; I should think it would make you feel sad." Why, no, my dear fellow, it will be the happiest day of my life. You see, Matilda is a very expensive luxury. She wants to go to the opera every night, it's cream on the way, a pound of candy while there, and soda water on the way home—and I tell you it's a terrible drain on a fellow's pocket, so I'm going to put a stop to it. Come in and have a cigar."

—The queer and sensational preachers are not all on this side of the Atlantic, but even staid old Scotland has her share. Dr. Macrae, recently under trial for heresy, has his little oddities in this respect. He preached to a society of young men in Glasgow, taking for his text the exhortation of the Apostle Paul, "Quit you like men." He thus alternately divided his subject :—1. Quit you like men, and not like monkeys. 2. Quit you like men, and not like maniacs. 3. Quit you like men, and not like monsters. 4. Quit you like men, and not like muffs. Notwithstanding this odd arrangement, the sermon, which was a spirited one, gave great satisfaction.

—"I am opposed to coffee parlors," says Mr. Gladstone, "as I believe they are more deteriorating than beer shops. The stimulating properties of tea and coffee are greater and more injurious than those of malt liquors." The Buffalo *Express* anticipates the great question of the debating societies and the courts, "Do coffee and tea intoxicate ?" They are certainly used to excess in a great many instances, as are the purely temperance drinks—if there are any. "I see 'em swelling wisibly afore my wery eyes," said Tony Weller of the tea-drinkers he looked upon one evening ; and the words might be applied to a great many reformers whose excesses are on what is called the temperance side.

In a London paper we read : "Was ever such a reason of impecuniosity known ; People of the highest rank are already flocking away from London to economize. Country house visiting is likely to be curtailed, while it is notorious that in more than one house remarkable for its hospitality, there has this year been none. Trade with the old-established firms is at a standstill. I went yesterday into a shop in the Strand paying $3,500 a year. The proprietor held out most dismal prospects, and said he had seen nothing like it for years. Moving on to Cornhill I entered another firm of forty years' standing. They told me a fact unparalleled in their experience. Not a single customer had entered their doors during the day, and these two houses were in the busiest thoroughfare in London."

—The death is announced of Major-Gen. the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Larcom, Bart., who formerly held the post of Under-Secretary for Ireland. So important is the post that Sir Robert Peel once declared in the House of Commons that Ireland was governed by "Larcom and the police." The Under-Secretary is a permanent officer, who always resides in the pleasant official residence in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, where also the Viceroy and the Chief Secretary have their abodes. He has a great voice in the Executive, being always on the spot and thoroughly posted. His emoluments are worth, altogether, some $15,000 a year, and he has a handsome pension, but the position is onerous and responsible.

—How shall society protect itself against the effusive woman with the pet reptile for a companion. The tame squirrel is harmless and perhaps picturesque, and the frizzled lap-dog is an innocent whim, but what shall be done with the San Francisco lady who carries a collection of spiders about with her and pretends that they know and love her ? With the Syracuse woman who is accompanied everywhere by a pet rat ? With the Chicago spinster of blighted affections who wears a live milk snake as a bracelet, and permits the sweet thing to writhe off her arm when she is making calls ? Or with the other lady, whom the papers mention, who "puts a gold harness on a Brazilian beetle and lets it crawl over her beautiful shoulders ?" It seems as as if a line ought to be drawn through the animal kingdom somewhere.

—London *Vanity Fair* is "quite tired of hearing that stale old French doctrine that all English women have large feet. It has been repeated until it has become so much an article of belief on the Continent as that all Englishmen are tall and thin and have red hair and teeth outside their mouths. But the truth is that it is not English women but Frenchwomen who have bad feet. They never walk, and they imprison themselves in the tighest and smallest chaussure human nature can bear. The Spaniards, who have the finest feet in Europe, laugh at and despise the French boot as a foolish barbarity, and point at their own type of chaussure, which is broad over the toes. And yet our elegantees sometimes make a point of getting their boots from Paris, when, if they knew, they would send for them to Madrid—or Montreal.

—*Pall Mall Gazette* :—"Russian mammas are on the lookout, and know how to discern a 'detrimental' from a Muscovite whose matrimonial intentions are sincere. A great many marriages seem to be made on the spur of the moment ; for a Russian who thinks that the time has come for him to take a wife will put a torquise ring into his pocket on Whitsun Day and go into the Summer Park determined to bestow this trinket upon somebody before the day is over, but having no idea when he sets out as to who the fortunate recipient shall be. In Russia Easter engagements are said to bring money ; those at Ascension health ; those at Trinity a numerous progeny, and those at Whitsuntide peace in the domestic circle ; wherefore cautious folks who hold by superstitions have an inclination for these last."

—Leprosy has made its appearance in several parts of the Spanish province of Alicante, and the authorities, alarmed by the number of cases and the mortality, have taken steps to establish a special hospital for lepers. In the province of Valencia 116 cases were reported last year, of which 71 proved fatal ; and in this province there has existed for a long time a leper's hospital. Leprosy is known there under two names, the malady of Maures and the malady of St. Lazarus ; and it manifests itself under two forms, the tubercular, or leprosy of the Greeks, and the vulgar, or the leprosy of the Jews. Cases of recovery are extremely rare. Full statistics respecting it are not to be procured, as its victims always resort to concealment. The notion that leprosy is to be found now only in Asia and Africa is erroneous ; it is met with in various countries of Continental Europe.

—The case of a girl lying in a trance at the London Hospital is exciting the greatest sensation among medical men. Every medical authority in England has been called in to decide upon the cause of the strange phenomenon. The patient lies still and motionless upon the bed. Her eyes are closed, but when the lids are raised beneath the doctor's fingers the gaze is bright and intelligent, as though the mind were perfectly conscious of all that is passing around her, while the pulse beats strong and regular as a person in full health. The girl has been lying in this state for more than three weeks without food. The account of her seizure is singular enough. She had already been a patient for a few days at the hospital when the nurse was called in the middle of the night to her bedside by the most terrible shrieks and moanings. The girl was found writhing in agony, exclaiming that death was coming on and that she had but a few moments to live. Before the nurse could summon the doctor the patient had stretched herself stiff and senseless and had never recovered motion or consciousness since that moment.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

—Mr. Moody does not accept urgent invitations to return to New York, but will begin work at Cleveland in October.

—Waite, the converted circus clown, has raised in Portsmouth, N. H., a gospel tent capable of seating 2,000 people.

—Irish Presbyterians in General Assembly, by vote of 313 to 278, have refused to sanction the use of instrumental music in their churches.

—A Baptist newspaper printed in the German language has been started in Hamburg, and in less than three months it secured 4,000 subscribers.

—Lutherans of Central Illinois, in Synod assembled, have just told their ministers not to baptize a candidate under any circumstances by immersion.

—The success of the assembly in the Yosemite Valley has exceeded expectations. Ten denominations were represented and over twenty States and Territories.

—Dr. Newman spoke, in a recent sermon, of "the sad funeral procession" which followed Abel to the grave. An irreverent woman in the audience nudged her companion and whispered : "Not such a large procession, but very select. None but the first families."

—Stephen Greenlief, of Norway, Me., since 1866 has read the Bible through thirty-nine times. He read it through in once in eighteen days, and says that each time it becomes more interesting to him. Mr. Greenlief used to be an infidel, but is now a Methodist.

—Wesleyan Methodists in England expect the coming annual returns will indicate a loss of 3,000 members. The Primitive Methodists also look for a loss, while that branch of the church known as the Methodist New Connectionists look for an excess over last year's strength.

—The Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland (Presbyterian) denies that the Church is getting Liberal. She has not changed or relaxed, he asserts, one iota of what her "Confession" says about the Scripture as the word of God. "Deuteronomy, so far as she is concerned, is safe."

—Pere Hyacinthe's church now has 600 subscribing adherents, which surpasses his early expectations, and among them is the Abbe Carrier, a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and formerly almoner at Aix, who renounced his appointment to join Pere Hyacinthe in his work.

—Mr. Spurgeon's voice is distinctly heard on the outer limits of a crowd of 10,000 persons in the open air, and it is said of him by *The Daily News* of London, that he has the "indefinable power of saying what he wishes to say so as to make it both immediately intelligible and permanently impressive to all who hear him."

—A French edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in which were notes denouncing Protestants and declaring that slavery is not contrary to natural order, and that some laborers would be happier were they slaves instead of freedmen, has been expunged by the Municipality of Paris from the prize catalogue of the schools.

—In five years the Established Church of Scotland has gained 56,000 communicants in a population of 3,360 000. This increase of communicants is 12 per cent. against an increase in population of only 4 per cent. It is further said that some of the Edinburgh churches have more communicants than they have seats to offer them.

—The Rev. Wm. Leeke, who was buried recently in Derbyshire, England, was a soldier at Waterloo and carried the colors of his regiment, the 52nd Light Infantry, which has a place in history as the regiment that led the gallant charge on the Imperial Guard of France, which finally decided the fortunes of the day. He remained with his regiment in the Army of Occupation in Paris, followed it into the north of France, and was with it in New Brunswick. When thirty-one years of age he left it and was graduated at Cambridge. He then took holy orders ; remained a curate about ten years and was appointed to a living, which he held until two years ago, when, owing to the infirmities of age, he resigned it. He was eighty-two years old when he died.

—The story is told of Leo III that one morning when Commander Sterbini was about to serve him with some salt, the cellar slipped from the tray and fell to the table. The Pope rose from his seat, looked at the ground to see if any salt had fallen there, and then said : "Only see, the salt is upset and had it fallen on the ground I believe I should not have gotten over to-day." Taking out a note-book he wrote in it a moment and then observed : "We shall see whether we do not have the loss of some beloved Cardinal to deplore before long." Nine days later Cardinal Asquini died, and the Pope called on Sterbini to read aloud the note he had made in the book, and then said to those around him : "Had the salt been scattered on the floor instead of upon the table, verily I believe I should be standing now before the judgment seat."

BEATING THE DEVIL ABOUT THE BUSH.

(St. Catharines Journal.)

The Hamilton *Times* in discussing the McMahon case attempts to beat the devil about the bush by claiming that McMahon, in 1877, when electioneering for Capt. Norris, was not in the employ of the Government, but was in the "office of Mr. Bodwell as a private clerk, and was paid by him for his services." This is about the most audacious statement yet made in McMahon's behalf. Mr. Bodwell did not pay McMahon's salary ; it was paid by the Government. In every sense of the word McMahon was a Government employee prior to May, 1878. To admit that a "temporary employee" may be guilty of acts not permissible in a regularly appointed civil servant is to open the door to a new kind of Government bulldozing. A horde of "temporary employees" could be put on the public works and elsewhere, to terrorize and influence the men prior to an election. The people of Canada are not prepared to swallow any such pernicious doctrine, subversive as it is of every principle of honesty. Just fancy, McMahon, as a temporary employee, coercing, bulldozing and cojoling men on the Welland canal, and Bodwell, as the nominal superintendent, standing aloof ! Yet that is the condition of things which would be perpetuated if the claims of our Hamilton confrere be admitted.

—A word to the wise is sufficient. A minister made an interminable call upon a lady of his acquaintance. Her little daughter, who was present, grew weary of his conversation, and whispered in an audible tone, "Didn't he bring his amen with him, mamma ?"

A MODEST POET.

And the Young Editor Who Had His Little Joke.

Anybody could tell what he had. Every man in the sanctum knew in a minute. The timid knock at the door gave him clear away at the very start. No man or woman ever knocks at a sanctum door unless he comes on that fatal errand. Then he came inside and took off his hat and bowed all round the room, when every man on the staff roared out in a terrible chorus, "Come in !" Then he asked for the editor, and when the underlings, with a fine mingling of truth and grammar, pointed to the youngest and newest man in the office and yelled, "That's him !" he walked up to the young gentleman designated, and before he could unroll his manuscript he knew the subject of it, and a deep groan echoed round the room.

"Poetry, young man ?" asked the editor.

"Yes, sir," said the poet ; "a couple of triolets and a sonnet on the marriage of my sister with an old college friend."

"Old college friend male or female, young man ?" asked the editor, severely.

"Male, sir," said the young man.

He said "sir" every time, and every time he said it all the young gentlemen of the staff, save the young gentleman who personated the governor, snickered. He looked severe.

"Anything more, young man ?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the infant Tennyson ; "a kind of idyl and ode, inscribed 'To My Lost Love.' "

"Love been lost very long, young man ?" asked the journalist, very critically.

"Well, it's immaterial, that is," stammered the young man, "it's indefinite—it's ——"

"Ever advertised for it ?" asked the reporter, who was writing a puff for Slab's tombstones, but he was instantly frowned down.

"Anything more ?" asked the principal interlocutor ; "anything more, young man ?"

"Yes, sir," was the hopeful response, "a threnody in memory of my departed brother."

"Brother dead, young man, or only gone to Sagetown ?"

"Dead, sir."

"Your own brother ?"

"No, sir. I never had a real brother ; it's only imaginary."

"Can't take this, then, young man," was the chilling reply. "Poetry, to find acceptance with the *Hawkeye*, must be true. Have to reject this threnody, not because it is not very beautiful, but because it is not true. Now, how much do you want for these others ?" And he fingered them over like a man buying mink skins.

The poet really didn't know. He had never published before ; he had barely dared hope to have his verses published at all. A few copies of the paper containing them, he was sure—

"Oh, no," the editor broke in, "oh, no ; no, sir ; can't do that ; we don't do business that way ; if a poem or sketch is worth publishing, it is worth paying for. Would $15 pay you for these ?"

The poet blushed to the floor with gratitude, and the young journalist grandly wrote out an order and handed it to the poet.

"Take that to the Court House," he said, "and the Auditor's clerk will give you the money."

The poet bowed and withdrew, and with great merriment the journalists burned his poems and resumed their work.

That wasn't the funny part of it, however. The next day the simple-minded poet presented his order to the clerk designated. And it was so that the clerk owed the paper $18 for subscription and advertising, and he promptly cashed the order and turned it in when his bill was presented, and the manager just charged it to the salary account of the smart young journalist who signed the order, and the happiest man and the maddest man in America are living at Burlington. One of them is a happy, green, unsophisticated young machine poet, and the other is a wide-awake, up-to-snuff, know-the-world, get-up-and-dust young journalist, who is already a rival of Horace Greeley in some of the verbal departments of journalism.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

CANADIAN BUSINESS EMBARRASSMENTS.

A significant fact in connection with the recent failures throughout the Dominion is that they are due in a large part to old debts. "Few of those who have of late been compelled to acknowledge insolvency," says the Montreal *Journal of Commerce*, "assign new losses as the cause. Many, on the contrary, admit that, while business has been dull, it has not been so bad as at some periods in time past, and, without the burden of old debts, would have proved measurably satisfactory. When general business was at its worst, if that point be assumed to have been reached prior to the present season, many houses escaped open failure by securing extensions, and many that were compelled to suspend were able to effect time settlements and resume. The obligations then contracted and the paper given are now from time to time maturing. Of this character are the old debts to which we refer."

STRANGE FISH IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The Ogdensburg *Journal* says : The Cygnet reports Chippewa Bay, at the present time, filled with shoals of strange fish which made their first appearance last year, all along the St. Lawrence river, and which were supposed to be shad. They have increased in size and appear to be coming down from Lake Ontario. They have been noticed at many points since the first of June, extending from the stone dock above Clayton to Brockville. The small steamers passing up and down the river, between this city and the lake, report seeing them in myriads. Seth Green, the great fish culturist, whose attention was called to these fishes last year, thought they were not genuine shad. They are certainly new visitors to the waters of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, and are a splendid article of food. Mr. Green last year thought they accompanied the shad from the ocean. They are like the shad of the herring species, and their appearance in such large numbers is a matter of importance.

ENTERPRISE IN ZUZULAND.

(Whitehall Review, June 19.)

A story comes to me from the Cape which would be amusing were it not ghastly. An officer who was despatched into the country to buy horses was unhappily drowned on his return whilst attempting to cross a swollen river. The farmers at once tried to find his body, which they succeeded in doing five days afterward. There was no such delay about presenting their "little bill," which amounted to £100, and was made up of some such items as the following :

To looking for body for five days, at £5	£25
To finding the body	5
To carrying away the body	5
To watching the body	5
To drinks supplied to people looking for the body	5
To burying the body	5

As another instance of the base ingratitude of the Mother Country, I may add that the bill was not paid.

THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.

The strength of the brigade at present is as follows : 50 fire-engine stations, 109 fire-escape stations, four floating stations, 56 telegraph lines, 104 miles of telegraph lines, three floating steam fire-engines, one iron barge to carry a land steam fire-engine, three large land steam fire-engines, 26 small land steam fire-engines, 12 seven-inch manual fire engines, 60 six-inch manual fire-engines, 36 under six-inch manual fire-engines, 17 hose carts, 125 fire-escapes and long scaling ladders, 420 firemen, including the chief officer, the superintendents and all ranks. The number of firemen employed on the several watches kept up throughout the metropolis is at present 91 by day and 168 by night, making a total of 259 in every 24 hours. The remaining men are available for general work at fires.

SPURGEON ON TALMAGE.

(From the London Christian Globe Report.)

Mr. Talmage's discourses lay hold of my inmost soul. The Lord is with this mighty man of valor. So may he ever be till the campaign closes with victory. I am indeed glad of his voice. It cheers me intensely. He loves the Gospel and believes in something, which some preachers hardly do. There are those about who use the old labels, but the articles are not the same. May the Lord win armies of souls to Jesus by this man. I am astonished when God blesses me, but somehow I should not be much surprised if he blessed this man.

—The Earl of Beaconsfield recently said in the House of Lords :—"I am perfectly free to admit that there is a difference between the Christian Sunday and the Jewish Sabbath, and I cannot agree with those who would extend to the observances of the Christian Sunday the rules and regulations of the Jewish Sabbath. If there be any who desire to do it they will utterly fail to accomplish that purpose."