

bestowed upon the lucky winner.

For the third correct answer, will be actually given away, a Street Railway Franchise, Sudbury to Yokohama—with the right to use the trolley and storage systems combined—i. e. so desired.

To the fourth—A valuable offering in the shape of a position of Admiral of a Fleet of Iron Clads, patrolling Ashbridge's Bay, and a connection pipe with the distillery.

To the fifth—That fine piece of property called "Burlington Mountain," including the little hamlet of Hamilton, situate at its base. Any lawyer would draw out deed for a trifle of twenty-five dollars and disbursements—Torren's Title. This, of course, includes Burlington Bay.

To the sixth—We offer a consolation prize—Three vacancies in the United States Congress and an Army Pension. Also a ticket to Washington at lowest cut rates.

Seventh—The privilege to pay any legal and justifiable indebtedness assessed against you, before competing for these prizes.

Eight—This will be an exceptionally good drawing—A permit will be granted to the winner to refrain from elbowing his way through a crowd of sight-seers, regardless of sex or condition—but will not exempt such person from getting a surreptitious punch on the ear.

Ninth—This prize is calculated to inspire awe and general satisfaction—A diamond (eighteen horse carrot), projected on a solid band of gold—that had never been put up more than three times. Also an iceberg of pure Arctic ice, anchored off the coast of Newfoundland, and a pass for a trip around the world, which will be accepted on any of the Island Ferry Boats, during the coming summer.

The Next Twenty Thousand Competitors will get the "Sun Beam" for a whole year for one dollar in advance—They will also get our sympathy.

The very last one who sends us a correct answer and the thirty-five three cent stamps, and the second to the last and so on; will be the worst sold.

We were about to offer the whole City of Toronto as one of the least of the drawings; but, other rival institutions have offered it a number of times—so to even up we offer a "Grand Michael Angelo Piano," with Italian and monkey thrown in.

Prize winners will kindly send in their answers as rapidly as possible, so that

prizes may be awarded not later than the first of June—and, that the proprietor may be able to buy a small lake in Muskoka, with a log chateau thereon, which he has in view.

Very Gawey.



It is the pretty waiter-girl—
She's one among a score;
And 'tis not that I love them less
But oh, I love her more!
Down to the festive board I sit;
She stands behind my chair;
I catch the slight suggestive cough
That tells me she is there.

My pretty, pretty waiter-girl!
She hath a pleasant voice;
Of claps and steaks, of fish and fowl,
She biddeth me make choice.
I ponder on my little joke
While fingering the menu;
Then: "If I were to order duck,
I might, perhaps, get you."

Her eyes are on the table-cloth;
Their glance, it is severe—
"Dr., could I call for venison,
'Twere you again, my dear."
She wears the lefty lock of one
Who searcheth the top shelf;
"Pray, do not ask for 'osee," she said,
"For you might get—yourself."
—Boston Courier.

ELECTRICAL PROGRESS.

Quebec is to have 1000 electric lights.
Chattanooga has 572 telephones in use.
Lenox is to try the electric light next season.

Vienna has put electric lights into its palaces.
Memphis has kicked out the street car mule for electricity.

An electrical gyroscope has been devised in Paris and applied to show the rotation of the earth and to correct ships' compasses.

Electrical mining apparatus and the magnetic treatment of iron ores are exciting no small degree of interest among mining engineers.

An iron elevated railroad, much like the New York pattern, six miles long, is now in process of construction in Liverpool. The cars are to be operated by electricity.

An electric welding machine for making chain cables is among the latest applications of electric welding. It has been found possible to weld two links at the same time.

The Electrical Review is led to exclaim: "Seven hundred million dollars added to the wealth of the country by means of electricity, and nineteen-twentieths of this in the last ten years! Just think of it!"

Miss Percy Goodyear, daughter of the late M. W. Goodyear, was struck by lightning recently. In relating her sensations Miss Goodyear said that without any preliminary warning she felt suddenly as if submerged in roaring waters and with the sound of a cat-tact in her ears. Her next memory was when consciousness returned.

THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE.

A Kansas Girl Who Believes Herself to be Another Person.

Dr. Richard Hodgson is preparing for the next issue of the London Journal of Psychical Research an exhaustive paper on the case of Mary Vennum, and it is a strange story. Mary Vennum, is a young girl, a real flesh-and-blood heroine, living to-day with her parents in Rollins County, Kas., and for the present clothed in her right mind. But in her 14 years she has lived two lives, two separate, individual existences.

For almost a year this girl lived a dual life and ate as an entirely distinct personality. It cannot be said that she thought she was this other girl into whose individuality her own had been transferred, for she was that other girl. The Mary Koff whom she became and remained for nearly twelve months had died several years before. Yet where her life had been broken by death Mary Vennum took it up, continued its interrupted duties, went to live in her old home and could not be dragged away.

She strongly resembled the dead girl, and in pity they let her live in the Koff household, hoping, too, that she would be cured in time, for they thought that she was suffering from a disease.

Her story finally got abroad, and it has puzzled no end of students of such phenomena. Finally Dr. Hodgson, who is Secretary of the English Psychical Society, had his attention called to the girl. He had gone carefully step by step over Mary Vennum's whole life and not only authenticates all the strange details of this tale of transformation, but has gathered much additional material, which he will weave into his treatise.

Mary was subject to cataleptic fits; after one of these she didn't know her parents and began to talk of things about the Koff house and articles in it that her parents knew nothing about. The Vennum family took the girl to the Koffs, as she was always pleading to be taken home.

There she stayed perfectly content. From the moment she stepped inside the door she treated all the members of the household as old acquaintances. She understood all their peculiarities as if she had been reared among them. She was perfectly familiar with every piece of furniture and every chair and picture, and seemed in every way happy and contented.

Though she had never even visited the house before, she immediately recognized every object that had belonged to the dead girl, and called it her own. One day she ran through the house several times as though looking for something, and she afterward said to M. S. Koff: "Mother, where is Gyp? I want to see him. I am afraid he has not been properly cared for."

Gyp had been the favorite pet of Mary Koff, and had been buried eleven years. His name had never been mentioned before Mary, and the Koffs never remembered to have spoken of him since their acquaintance with the Vennums.

Dr. Hodgson claims that he can verify the story with the best of testimony. He regards the affair as a remarkable case of thought transference, and explains it thus: "The girl was suffering from frequent and acute attacks of catalepsy. While in this condition she was visited by Mr. and Mrs. Koff. She reminded them forcibly of their departed daughter, whom she resembled very much.

"Their daughter had died of the same disorder, and had displayed the same symptoms. What could be more natural, then, if thought transference is ever

possible without the aid of the senses, than that the intense feelings toward their absent daughter, just aroused, should impress her personality upon the cataleptic child? And when the communion between the different minds has been once established independent of the senses, what should hinder its continuance for an indefinite period?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Age of Maturity.

The statistics gathered by the United States Sanitary Commission concerning the height another proportions of nearly a quarter of a million of soldiers appear to indicate that young men are not, on the average, physically adult until they attain about the age of twenty-eight years. In this connection Professor Shaler says: "It seems to me clear, from my observations on young men in Harvard College, that they do not, on the average, attain the full measure of their mental powers until they are at least twenty-five years old. My observations have inclined me to believe that the reasoning capacities, or at least those involved in carrying on difficult trains of thought are not at their strength until this age.

THE AFFABLE WOMAN.

If She Were More Numerous the World Would be Brighter.

If woman could ever learn that it is quite possible to combine affability with dignity in commonplace daily intercourse with their fellow-creatures, this would be a far brighter and more agreeable world. Nine-tenths of the gentlewomen one knows would no more address an uninitiated female than bite off a bit of their own tongues. Not once in a blue moon do they dare converse with their servants, the clerk behind the counter, the chance companion of a railway journey, or even the lady who has dropped in to call on a mutual friend. Awkwardness and timidity, with a sense of alleged well-bred reserve, seal their lips to every form of communication. In their shyness and stupid fear of furnishing an opportunity for undue familiarity, they go through life like oysters, as far as those outside their narrow circle are concerned. But thank Heaven! there is a woman, and her tribe is increasing, who realizes all of the beautiful opportunities and rights the gift of speech gives her. She can afford to talk to her domestics about any and everything, and cement their affectionate respect with every word uttered. Her kindly recognition of the shop girl and fragrant pleasant gossip across the yard stick is a wholesome break in the clerk's dull day. To sit beside a respectable female for an hour's train travel, and not exchange greeting as two human beings touching in their journey of life, would confound her kindly nature. She is sure of her dignity and, strong in its integrity, affords to do what possibly a less finely-grained nature shrinks to essay. Her friendly, well chosen words are as far removed from volubility as her cordial manners are from gush. Recognizing the power of speech as the most potent of spells for removing dull, unlovely discontent, embarrassment, and loneliness, she is free with worthy thoughts graciously expressed. It is noticeable that such women never leave drawing-room, kitchen, shop or coach that every other creature of her kind present does not acknowledge to herself the supreme excellence of courtesy above all other feminine charms.