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THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

London, England.—At a Lord Mayor's banquet at the Guildhall last night ninety-six toasts were proposed, among them Her Majesty's Ministers, the German Ambassador, the United States chargé d'affaires, Lord Chelmsford and the Lord Justices. The Ministers and Lord Chelmsford were greeted with cheers.

The German Ambassador, in replying to a toast, declared that none were more desirous than Germany and the German Emperor to see the peace of the world maintained.

Lord Beaconsfield on rising to reply to the toast of the evening, the health of Her Majesty's Ministers, was greeted with three times three cheers. He said the aspect of affairs was much more satisfactory than when he last spoke on a similar occasion. Business was now being done which three months ago would have been deemed impossible. The only question now was whether the revival was temporary or permanent. The opinion of Her Majesty's Government was that the revival was of a permanent and lasting character. He thought that the official returns demonstrated that fact, because they showed the revival was not local, but universal. For instance, the great iron industry had doubtless in a great measure revived owing to the demands from the United States, but the returns proved that purchases of iron were not limited to the United States or various European countries, but were constituted by miscellaneous demands of our native industries. Every article of tropical produce had risen in value. The great chemical trade, which was a great index of prosperity, has been unable to execute its orders. The rise in value of silver would, in all probability, relieve Indian statesmen of one of their greatest perplexities. During a period of unprecedented depression there had not been a single meeting to express dissatisfaction with the national institutions. He wished our brilliant brethren in Ireland would be a little more cautious of this example. He was at a loss to comprehend how the Irish people had brought themselves to believe that the best remedy for economical distress was political agitation and social confusion. (Loud laughter and cheers.) He wished our brilliant brethren in Ireland would be a little more cautious of this example. He was at a loss to comprehend how the Irish people had brought themselves to believe that the best remedy for economical distress was political agitation and social confusion. (Loud laughter and cheers.) He wished that there were portions of Ireland where there would be considerable suffering if a remedy was not offered. The Irish people should remember that they never appealed to English sympathy in vain. It would be the duty of Her Majesty's Ministers to watch the condition of Ireland with the anxiety required by the situation. The Irish people would condescend to remember that their harvest, though bad, and though they were much more dependent upon it than are the English people on theirs, still it was much better that the harvest of England. Addressing the Lord Mayor, Lord Beaconsfield said: When I addressed your predecessor I informed him the Government was contemplating large military operations in Central Asia, the object being to strengthen and render secure the northwestern boundary of the Indian Empire. These operations have been signally successful, and British influence is fully established in Central Asia. (Loud cheers.) Here Lord Beaconsfield warmly eulogized Lord Lytton and the avenging army in Afghanistan. Referring to South Africa, he said the recent war there taught the colonists something of the art of self-defence, on which they must in future chiefly rely. We are about to effect some changes which will contribute to the increased happiness of the population amongst which the colonists dwell. If I view the external relations generally, I would say that notwithstanding Europe may be covered with millions of armed men, we have not merely hope but belief that peace will be maintained. In answering that peace will be maintained, I assume that no great Power would shrink from its responsibilities. If the most extensive and wealthiest empire in the world, with a perverse interpretation of its insular character, turns an indifferent ear to the feeling and fortunes of continental Europe, I believe that peace is endangered. It is to such indifference I attribute many fatal wars, but if the power and advice of England are felt and heard in the councils of Europe, I have a conviction that peace will be maintained for a long period. (Loud cheers.) If England deserts her natural post in the councils of Europe war is too probable. A celebrated Roman, being asked what was his policy, replied *imperium et libertas*. That is a short programme, but it would not disgrace a British Minister. It is one on which the existing Ministry will always act. In proposing Your Lordship's health, I shall this time next year in all probability have pleasure in congratulating you on your skillful administration. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

Sir Stafford Northcote also addressed the company and in the course of his speech declared that the financial position of the country need create no alarm.

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

East Saginaw, Michigan.—A terrible tragedy was enacted in the Township of Mount Haley on Sunday morning. Louis Meisa, a farmer, has been considered a little off for sometime, and on Sunday morning he became violently insane. His wife called Moses B. Marsh, a neighbor, to her assistance, when a desperate encounter ensued. Meisa stabbed the woman eight times with a knife, inflicting what may prove fatal wounds. Marsh defended himself with a hoe for sometime, but finding that nothing but his life would appease the madman, he seized an axe and crushed Meisa's skull, killing him instantly. An inquest was held yesterday afternoon and resulted in a verdict of justifiable homicide.

HORRIBLE DEED.

Charleston, S. Carolina.—Particulars of a murder of five children in Lancaster Co., N. C., show that Mrs. James Adams deliberately planned her own death and the murder of her children while insane, from what is said to have been the well founded jealousy of her husband. After cutting the throats of her five children and firing her own clothing, she appeared at a neighbor's house and begged to be killed with an axe. The children all lay dead upon the bed in perfectly natural positions.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the celebrated playwright, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan, the well known musical composer, and who together composed the "H. M. S. Pinafore," arrived in New York on the steamship Bothnia. A gentleman, clad in a long, heavy travelling coat, with broad fur trimming and travelling cap, tripped lightly down the gang plank—this was Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who is of medium height and thick set, dark complexion, with black moustache and hair, closely cropped whiskers and large brown eyes. In one thing, at least, he is characteristically Euclish—he wears the single eyeglass. Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who followed in his immediate wake, is an unmistakable Englishman, tall and of commanding presence, possessed of an easy, affable and unaffected manner.

Important Engineering Triumph.—The Liverpool *Post* says intelligence has been received privately by Mr. Kinipple, civil engineer, at Greenock, to the effect that, after four years' anxious labor, the great coffer dam, 500 feet in length, at the Government dock works, British Columbia, has been completed and found perfect. The sea is now completely excluded from Thetis Cove, within which a graving dock sufficient to hold the largest vessel of the Pacific squadron is to be constructed. The dock is a joint scheme of the British Columbian, Dominion and the Home Governments, and the engineers are Messrs. Kinipple and Morris, Westminster and Greenock.

Pertinent Queries.—What does the *billet doux*? What cheek did counter sign? Who ever saw a hood wink? Who ever saw a big toe? What does egg plant? Why did the thunder bolt? Who ever heard a foot ball? Why did the dew drop? Where does clock work? What did plough share? Who ever saw a wheel wright? For whom did penny weight? Who did tin foil? What did brandy smash? What did grass plot? What was it grape shot? What did the pick pocket? Who did the goose berry? Is it a joke that Jim cracks?

London *Life* says: "The Princess Louise will remain in England until March, when she will return to Canada, and in the summer will proceed, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, on a tour through Manitoba. Though the Marquis hopes to be able to join the Princess in England at Christmas, it is not certain that he will be able to do so, and, even should he succeed in getting away from Canada, he would not, it is thought, be in a position to remain for any length of time at home."

Rev. H. J. Munson of Worcester, Mass., the Advent preacher who, not long ago married himself to a young girl during one of his church services, has been informed by the supreme court of that State that he will have to be married over or go to the penitentiary.

His Lordship the Bishop of Niagara held Confirmation services in St. Paul's Church, Norval, last Thursday afternoon.

Mr. E. Cowdry, late of Cayuga, has been appointed Manager of the Bank of Commerce at Simcoe.

Cannibalism prevails in Boston, whose inhabitants eat baked bean's.

FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE!

St. Louis, Missouri.—A first despatch has the following from Kansas City: "A frightful catastrophe has just occurred here. At 1.30 this afternoon fire was discovered in J. F. Coates' cracker factory, corner of Second and Main streets, and before the fire department arrived the whole building was in flames. A few moments subsequently a boiler blew up and the roof fell in. There were from thirty to fifty girls employed in the upper stories. Many escaped, but a number are buried in the ruins. Three of the unfortunates appeared at one of the windows just before the roof fell, with their clothing in flames and hair scorched, shrieking piteously for help. They suddenly disappeared as the roof fell. Intense excitement prevailed. The flames are still raging fiercely, and it now looks as if the whole block would go. The buildings in the locality are used as boot factories and are mostly wooden structures. The corner building, formerly occupied by the banking house of Watkins & Co., has already succumbed to the fire.

LATER PARTICULARS.

Kansas City, Missouri, Nov.—A terrible disaster occurred at the corner of Second and Main streets yesterday. The extensive cracker and candy manufactory of Carl & Sons, occupying four brick three storey buildings, tumbled down and was completely burned. 207 persons, mostly boys and girls from twelve to twenty years of age, were at work in the factory. All escaped except seven. The extent of the accident is not determined, but is supposed to be a repetition of the mysterious Barclay street explosion in New York last year, namely, a stench explosion. As soon as the walls fell, the buildings took fire. The firemen were on hand in five minutes, and by their efficient service the flames were kept from extending to the buildings adjoining. As soon as the news spread, the parents and friends of those employed flocked to the scene with anguish on their countenances. As soon as the firemen subdued the flames they commenced digging for the dead, and at midnight had got out three—Emma Kemper, Anna Becker and Charles Schultz. These still missing and supposed to be in the ruins are Louis Hummel, Andy McConnell, George Kemper and John Kemper. The buildings and contents, valued at $70,000, are a total loss. Another account says that in the second storey about thirty girls were cut off from the stairs by timbers blocking the doorway. They ran to the windows, and before any one could stop them several had jumped, receiving terrible wounds. At last the door to the stairway was battered down and the girls released. In less than five minutes the whole was a mass of blazing flames. Within could be heard the wails and prayers of the imprisoned girls and boys. The flames were so fierce that nothing could be done for nearly half an hour. Only one person, a girl, was released alive. It is supposed the great amount of stock caused the walls to crumble. The building was considered perfectly safe.

More Advice to a Young Man.

(Burlington Hawkeye.)

No, my son, the world does not owe you a living. The world does not need you yet—you need the world. If you can contribute to world that you are necessary to its well-being, its happiness, its pleasure, its moral existence, then the world will begin to claim you, and make room for you in the body pews with the softest cushions and the easiest footsteps. But don't fall into the common error of supposing that the world owes you a living. It doesn't owe you anything of the kind. The world isn't responsible for your being. It didn't send for you, it never asked you to come here and in no sense is it obliged to support you now that you are here. Your living is here—a good, comfortable living. Plenty to eat, plenty to wear, an abundance of good, healthful, hard work, ripples of laughter and sprinkles of tears, hours of happiness and moments of heartache, days of labor and nights of rest, duties to be performed and rewards to be won; it is all here, son—disappointments, struggles, success and honors, but the world doesn't owe you one of them; not one. You can't collect your living as you would a debt, by simply presenting your bill, or giving your lawyer the account to sue. You have to work for it, son, and work like a Trojan, too. When you hear a man say the world owes him a living, and he is going to have it, make up your mind that he is just making himself a good excuse for stealing a living. The world doesn't owe any man anything, son. It will give you anything you earn, and you just look out over the world and know that all the plunder you can gather in by honest work is yours, and no more. If you can't get any, take none of it in yours, and if you can reach out and carry away ten times as much as your neighbor, why that is all yours, and he has no right to wait and whine over his bad luck and want you to divide. And, my son, in all human probability, you will not want to divide. I hope you may, but it is very likely that you won't.

DREADFUL DAYS DAWNING.

In the course of a recent sermon in St. James' Street Methodist Church, Montreal, Rev. H. Johnston, formerly of Wesley Church, in Hamilton, remarked—"Some wise students of the signs of the heavens are forecasting terrible calamities next year and the years following. It is a time of planetary perihelions and conjuctions. The conjunctive planets will be Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, Jupiter being in perihelion in autumn of 1880. They tell me that the only times when our planetary system approximated to this singular condition were periods of terrible visitations. In the year A. D. 542 we had the perihelions of three of the planets, and, according to Gibbon, over 100,000,000 of the human race died of special visitations at that era. In 1666 there was another such conjunction, marked by the great plague in London, and which also harvested millions in Europe, Asia and Africa, and the fearful enquiry is, 'If three planets in perihelion proved so destructive to mankind, what will five do?'"

AN EXTRAORDINARY DISEASE.

Miss M. Davis, a resident of Toronto, was recently received into the General Hospital, her affliction being *scleroderma*, or skin hardening. The skin of the upper half of her body is drawn tightly, shrinks in immovable and as hard as ordinary sole leather. Her disease, which is supposed to be the first ever recorded in Canada, somewhat puzzles the medical men who have examined the unfortunate young woman. It has gradually worked its way from the neck downwards, and at present it is doubtful if the spread to the lower half of her body can be prevented. The general health of the patient is very fair, and at times she is cheerful and confident of a permanent cure. One medical work, in speaking of the disease, says that it was first described by Curzio in 1755; that there were 46 cases of this affection on record, 33 being in women, and 13 in men, and that 7 of the cases had a fatal termination. Hebra, the authority read, divided the disease into two varieties:—*Skelerema atrophicum* and *skelerema elevatum*, of which the former was always incurable.

MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.

London, Ontario.—Last evening an elderly man named Angus Carr, who is well known in the city, was found insensible under very suspicious circumstances. He was carried to the jail. Dr. Hobbs was sent for and quickly arrived. By making an examination of the man he gave it as his opinion that morphia had been taken by or administered to the unfortunate man. When searched, a bank book for $100 was found upon him, but the money is placed in the bank beyond his control, he receiving only the interest on it, and the money is payable on his death.

The Ojibway Nation, which numbers about 17,000 people, has forty schools and two academies. It also pays for the college education of twenty-two students in the States. The office of Superintendent of Education is elective, and has been held by a Chostaw for four years.

Speaking at Plymouth, England, lately, the Earl of Morley, a very able young Liberal peer, said he did not look upon the enormous importations from the United States with regret, for prior to the abolition of the Corn laws the agricultural condition of the country was worse even than at the present time.

To My Mother.

The Buffalo *Christian Advocate* says of Miss Mary J. McColl's writings, quoted her forthcoming volume of poems: "We have never seen an indifferent production from her pen, nor a poem that was not studded with gems of thought."

Dear, sacred mother, who in childhood's years
Did fill my soul with the glow of poesy;
Which needed not earth can fully appreciate—
Your love, your tender guidance, I feel that
Your spirit is around my spirit, nor could I choose
A life, sister, mother, An honest man,
Gentle, pure, true, Man art. For Truth and Right
A champion undaunted, who sees at a glance
Or sought out the hidden, in plains high,
The weak, the helpless, to stand to any man
Who would destroy his right, who bring gain
And woe, poverty, sorrow, and all the good
That human minds would raise as far above
A contempt, alone and void of all offence.

Man in the vilest thy broad charity
Could clear discern the good—the spark divine
Through the rubbish, warmed and fed by kindness
Of man in his infancy, stamped, pure,
Was intended to be a brother man;
Not heedless then, to take the other side,
Or, if he fell, and from the hand was stove
Then cast out in misery. Some unheeared,
No test of worth, no, not even of the hundred—
That miserable excuse for heartlessness;
Man, man, who knew that he himself had
His own and worse, it might be, other lives;
And bowed beneath the burden of Too Late.

A man thou art of simple, childlike faith,
Based on the Rock of Ages, and in
One grand word, thou art a Christ-like man.
I think with and regret of all the years
Passed by, that I did not, for your devotion deemed
That my life path, other than protecting love
I needed most, should far diverge from thine;
Yet, I have memories of delicious hours
But over by my side thy spirit strolled
To stand and counsel me to choose the good;
And sometimes I have felt thy presence near
Than this, "Thou art very like thy father, child."

Had I not lacked so oft thy sympathy,
Thy tender guidance, spirit-like, proof,
My game had taken better flight and then
Thy spirit would again renewed to me;
But having to wrestle with my strains
Even when I sing of thy beautiful deed;
And yet I believe, I know, I feel
Of fond affection urged in my heart
In vain I strive to give it overflow
In voiceless minds, and within my heart
It must remain a sweet, imprisoned song.

Mary J. McColl.

Put the Door After You.

Laura sat by the window of her room, reading a note, nothing but perplexity and disturbance in her fair face. She was a noble, intelligent, well-educated girl, but utterly unsophisticated, or, as her school-mates called her with girlish slang, "green."

There was no reason for this in her social surroundings. She had been born and brought up in a city, been sent to more than one boarding-school, and seen much good society in her father's house; but her nature was radically unworldly, and could receive nothing of a counterfeit kind from things about her. She was romantic, sentimental, as ideal, enthusiastic, innocent and gushing at twenty as a girl of ten; believed what people said to her, had implicit faith in the newspapers, despised money—it is to be acknowledged she never knew the great utility and had entire trust in honor, honesty and the kindliness of all about her. Within a year of the time we are introduced to her she had formed an acquaintance and what she called a friendship with a young man in Dennis, who was a law student and rather an unusual specimen of the class. Mr. McCraw—for he was of Scotch descent—was poor, honest and prim to a degree. Laura thought him as near a saint as could be, and considered their intimacy a privilege to her. He was one of those people who talk a sort of refined and poetic cant that sounds well, but, like the fruitless fig-tree, feeds no living soul. His modest reception after hard study admitted him to home circles, and he delighted in getting up parties of his own age to divert the way. Miles and miles had Laura Stockton followed his strides over hill and dale, distancing her less enthusiastic comrades, she panting with fatigue, he cool and genial, the sandy hair that thatched his angular head flying in the breeze, his high cheek bones and prominent nose turned of a gentle pink in the keen air of the Dennis hills, and his great red hands swinging beside him like a pair of raw pendulums.

Sally Stockton, Laura's little sister, cruelly given to parodies, travestied the "Battle of Ivry" for Laura's benefit, and made the refrain:

From where ye see my Hight locks wave, and
hear my kind guffaw,
And be your criticisms to-day the red hands of
McCraw.

Laura was very angry, but everybody else laughed. She alone, she thought, understood the lofty spirit, and enjoyed being a disciple of his fine theories. It was a pleasure to her to pound along after him by the dusty roadsides, and come up in time to hear him say, with a gesture of command and *digito monstratum*, "That cloud!" or, perhaps, "That star!" whereupon Laura fell to and admired at it, as old writers say, in the Scottish innocence of her heart thinking the thing was to be admired because Mr. McCraw said so.

Then they would pause under some great tree, and when their companions had gathered about them, this youth would draw from his capacious pocket a small volume of poetry and torture "Tennyson" or declaim Browning with such tricks of elocution as college hay taught him, and such lack of perception as was inborn with him.

But in all these walks and talks and readings, though he singled out Laura as his companion and turned to her for the appreciation he failed always to obtain from other, she never resented any peculiar and personal interest on his part more than that community of spiritual interests which was once the fair Platonic dreamy dream of many a girlish soul. Girls in these days know better, or know more. She had never had her pulse quickened or her visions perturbed by this man. Theoretically she admired him; his mind seemed to her very deep. His selfish reticence and moody temper were a great deal deeper than any mind he had, and his pompous self-conceit was but a cover for the most crass and dogmatic ignorance of anything more profound than his law books. Even his professed religion was a form that did not modify, much less sweeten his daily life; he kept the commandments because it was respectable and proper to do so, not because he loved to obey his Father and Lord. Honesty, cleanliness, economy, a certain hard and useful intellect and tolerable self control were his virtues; but to a person with any sense of humor he was absurd too often, and his rampant conceit made him obnoxious to every one with the least perception of character. Luckily for Laura, neither humor nor perception was in her make-up. But Mr. McCraw was a judicious person, and he by no means intended to offer Platonics to take possession of her soul, and blind him to his best interests. He fully understood that marriage with Laura Stockton would insure him a high position in society and eventual wealth, and his friendship of a year culminated in a formal and distinct offer of marriage in the note which we found Laura reading and meditating over.

She was pained, grieved and disappointed; she liked Mr. McCraw much, so long as he was only a friend, but not one tender sentiment pleaded for him as a lover. The truth was, though she could not formulate it, that this man was not a gentleman in any sense of the word. Good breeding is a safe shield against an unfit marriage, for a well-bred woman is repelled by her instincts from a low and vulgar man. And at heart this precise Mr. McCraw was both vulgar and low. Laura was perplexed, and tried to recall to herself any undue encouragement she might have given him; but her conscience acquitted her, and she excused him as being beset by some passing fancy, and answered his note in the kindest and most delicate manner, expressing regret that she must seem to hurt his feelings, and hoping they would still continue to be friends.

Partly because she was shy, partly because she was an American girl, she did not go to her mother with this note, or, indeed, confide it to anybody; yet Miss Sally's sharp eyes read the secret with the acuteness of fifteen—when fifteen is acute; Laura at twenty was no match for her. Mr. McCraw smiled a grimly pleasant smile when he received Laura's answer. Worldly wisdom was not wanting in him; he regarded her regret and hope as tantamount to an acceptance, and in a week or two happened at Mr. Stockton's house to plead, argue and pain at ease, and was assisted by Laura exactly on the old footing. She was pleased to think he cherished no ill feeling at her rejection; he was so much pleased to be virtually accepted by her waiting relative; and Sally, who hated him, was furious to see that he had returned to his former footing without even a dint or stain on his mail of conceit.

She turned upon Laura as soon as he left the door that morning. "Laura Stockton! can you *feel*?"

"Why, Sally, what is the matter? what have I done now?"

"Done! When you refuse a man, why don't you refuse him, and not have him dangle after you like this?"

"Who told you I so much as asked him?" said Laura, blushing red as a fire-lily.

"Your face told me, and various other indications. I can see with my eyes, if you can't."

"But, Sally, what have I done? I don't see any reason why one cannot dislike to marry a man, and yet like to be friends with him."

"Perhaps you don't, but he does. In six months more if he don't offer again. I'll give you my gold bracelet if he doesn't. He don't feel rejected; not at all. I assure you. Laura, if you had been a little yellow coaling on the edge of Cross Pond, you wouldn't be more silly than you are."

Laura opened her large eyes. "Sally, I don't think you ought to talk that way about us; you are but a little girl."

"A little girl! Then you're only a baby, Miss Laura; and I believe in my heart you are—a great, big, dear, impracticable baby. Just wait till he offers again, and we'll see who is right then."

"Sally!" But the lecturer had vanished in wrath.

However, as the summer went on, matters resumed the former footing entirely. Geology now occupied the McCraw mind, and with bags and hammers he led his neophytes up and down, and filled the echoes with sounds of gneiss, syenite, volcanic formation, dip of strata and the like uticensing and gave occasion for the enemy to mock him in the person of Sally, who, being asked if she knew what was in search of information, what certain blue mountain in the distance was, he curtly answered "Trap!" the astonished girl having meant to ask its proper name.

But when winter covered all geological formations, and walks were brought to a sudden end, this strenuous youth devised a pedestrian tour. Having a respectable school in the lower part of Dennis, he beat up recruits among his own sect to become teachers, and Laura took up the project with earnest enthusiasm. So docile was she in adopting all his suggestions, so devoted to the work he had inaugurated, that he considered himself entitled to have formed her mind and moulded her character, and looked upon his creation, in a certain proper way, much as Pygmalion looked at his pearl-less statute, yet, no doubt, with a profounder sense of his own power and glory in the fashioning of such an image. Seeing in Laura a reflection of his own goodness and generosity, a deeper emotion stirred within him than she had ever before awakened. Self love was his strongest trait and he learned to love her from this motive. His eyes whose white lashes had with her as pleasantly as green eyes can shine, and a milder pink than the spring brought bestowed—though still visibly vivid—softened his countenance with an arid glow whenever she came into the school room. He was so certain that he was in love with her that he resolved not to wait till the year expired which he had set for the limit of his delay, and before spring had fairly begun he again, though in a rather less formal and a shade warmer manner, requested Miss Laura to accept his heart and hand, adding "I think this offer in the confidence that such a union will conduce to our mutual spiritual good and render more useful to both of us the discipline of this life and the means of preparation for the life to come."

Unlucky the girl who received this curiously methodic and stilted note at the door carried it to Sally, who recognized the tall and angular script she had so often said was a perfect photograph of the man.

She ran up stairs with it to Laura, and maliciously stood up while she read it; for Laura was too simple to understand expedients, and dared not quite ask Sally to leave her. Poor girl! she could be silent, but her face spoke for her. Even in her unsuspecting soul this letter was ingenious as well as unpraceful; between the written lines ran that annotation that letters so often betray; the self love, the innate tyranny, the obtuseness, the stiffness of the man's nature underlined his words. Sally unfeelingly watched her face as she read.

"Will you have my gold bracelet?" she asked, mockingly, when her sister laid the note down. "Oh, Laura, you'll believe me next time, won't you? The wretch! the miserable pink prig! does he think he's fit to touch my dear, good, sweet, silly, lovely Laura's shoes? I'd like to express my mind to him!"

"Oh, Sally, don't think of that!" said innocent Laura.

"My dear, it would do no good if I did. But, Laura, do, do reject him once for all this time. Shut the door on him, or, as mamma used to say—and you know you always did leave the doors ajar—'you'll have to do it over again, Laura.'"

"I don't want to hurt his feelings, though, Sally. I think that would be unkind. It is a great compliment to pay me, of course."

"Laura! Laura! you make me think of what that horrid man we met last year at Newport said about Niagara Falls—you're 'such a sweet green.' Will you let me write the note?"

"No, indeed!" was the indignant answer.

And Sally could only hope that her interference had been of use; but she doubted it when in May she saw Mr. McCraw, after a brief season of entire absence, yield to Laura's gentle civility and evident remorse at having offended him. He was not gentleman enough to perceive that, being a lady, she was pained to have wounded his feelings, and was too simple, besides, to know that any attempt at reparation would be treated as repentance. He took the role of an injured person, and Laura, too to endeavors at appeasing and conciliating him, and, when friendly relations were at last re-established, persisted in airs of *de haut en bas* toward that enraged Sally.

"Well, dear Laure, so you mean to marry Andrew McCraw after all?" she said, with great sweetness, one day, when Laura came back from a botanical excursion under his direction.

"How dare you say that?" retorted the angry Laura, roused for once.

"How dare you encourage him?" replied Sally, coolly.

"I don't. A man don't want to be refused more than twice."

"You don't think he has been refused, do you, my dear? He thinks even now that you are trying to draw him on again."

"Sally, you are too bad."

"Laura, you are too hopelessly absurd."

But Sally's case was proved, as she had triumphant evidence within the third month when Laura was married, finding Laura one day in tears over a note renewing Mr. McCraw's offer in set terms, but adding that he should not, after previous experience, have tried his fate again, but the unmistakable encouragement, even invitation, she had given him of late really obliged him to do so.

Sally raved and Laura cried, but counsels of sense prevailed at last. No notice whatever was taken of this impertinence, and the answer sent was the simplest and severest negative.

"I think you will shut the door after you this time," said Sally; "but you'd better lock it too, my dear."

Yet she might have spared Laura, for she had learned this lesson by heart.

An old commodore was spinning a yarn for the benefit of an old lady with serious views, and arousing her sympathies by telling how the seas ran mountains high and taxed the utmost endeavors of the crew to manage the ship. "Ah, but you see, sir," said the old dame, laying her hand softly on his, "there was one at the helm,"——"Lor' bless you, ma'am!" he exclaimed, energetically slapping his knee, "sometimes there were five or six."

Some people save their sympathy as they save all their sweetmeats and fruit cake—for company.

Jealous Wives.

Given a good reason, who can blame a loving woman for being jealous? But assuredly that woman is her own worst enemy who indulges in groundless jealousy of her husband. It does not so much matter about a lover, because there is nothing so easy in these days of lightly-made "engagements" as to break them; but for the jealous wife, when has no just reason for her jealousy, and for her husband, there is nothing but long continued misery.

Watch the woman who has no confidence in her husband when he is in society of others. She is only happy when he has followed the abominable custom of talking into a corner with other married men. Let him address a few words on any subject to either a clever or a pretty woman, and her mouth sets, her face flushes with anger, and her misery glances soon and the conversation in which her spouse is taking part, if his *vis-a-vis* is a woman of tact and not unwomanly enough to desire to see another woman suffer.

The genuine coquette is, of course, delighted to be the cause of jealousy, and the wife who exhibits it renders herself liable to cruest wounding.

Men are bad enough, I have no doubt, but as a general thing any gentleman can safely be permitted to make himself agreeable in society to which his wife has the *entree*. Yet we all know men who dare not do this because of the scene at home which would be sure to follow.

A woman brought up in society seldom displays her jealousy frankly, neither feels it without cause. She knows her husband as well as wife must play a part in the often empty spectacle, that to smile and chat becomes a social duty under such circumstances; that the man who really admires her will not admire her less because he takes a pretty woman down to dinner, and she would be ashamed of him were he to forget the courtesies expected by those about him. But the woman whose early life has been very retired and domestic, and who has a naturally jealous spirit, is alarmed by a demeanor which is only the natural result of being in society at all, and often wrecks her happiness by indulging in emotions which she should strive to repress, and recriminations which are felt more bitterly that they are totally undeserved.

I once knew a woman—it is an actual fact—who quarrelled with her husband because he helped a lady guest, at their own table, to some dish before he asked his wife if she would also have some of it.

Few wives go as far as this, but many go far enough to make their home places of torture for all who dwell there. And when this is the case it does not betoken great love on the part of the wife, for one who loves is also brutiful.—Mary Lyle Dallas.

The Sphygmophone.

At the first meeting last night of the one hundred and seventh year of work of the Medical Society of London, the oldest of the learned societies of medicine in England, after a short introductory address by Dr. Cockle, M. A., F. R. C. P., Dr. Richardson brought before the meeting a new instrument he has designed, which bids fair to find a large field of use in diagnosing diseases of the tendatory system. It consists of an ingenious combination of the sigmograph, by which the beating of the pulse is graphically recorded on paper, the microphone, which magnifies sound, and the telephone, which so marvellously enhances the power of hearing; and its effect is to render the beating of the pulse distinctly audible. The clock part of the sigmograph is replaced by a microphonic alfin, the working power is a small bichromate battery, a sigmophone is fixed on the wrist, and finally a Bell telephone. The principle is that when the pulse is working the needle a series of motions are made along the microphonic slide instead of along paper, and the sounds thus produced are communicated from the microphone to the telephone. By modifying the battery power, the intensity of the sounds can be increased so as to be heard thirty yards from the instrument, or so diminished as to be quite audible to a patient, and to require that the physician shall apply the telephone to his ear to be able to distinguish them. In its present stage of development, Dr. Richardson said the sphygmophone was not so applicable to the cardiac as to the wrist pulse, but he had almost arrived at an instrument which he anticipated would indicate failure of chest movement in particular parts of the chest. An experiment with the instrument then followed, the gentlemen present made audible with different degrees of intensity. Dr. Richardson then gave an account of his own experience with the instrument in specially indicating palpitation, aortic deficiency, increased and deficient arterial relaxation, partial intermittence, and anæmia, and his reason for believing that its use would throw increased light on these derangements of the circulation.—*London Standard.*

"How Long Have I to Live?"

It is not every one who asks himself this question, because, strangely enough, it is the belief of most persons that their lives will be exceptionally lengthy. However, life assurance companies are aware of the credulous weaknesses of those who believe they assure, and have therefore compiled numerous tables of expectancy of life at various ages, and which are carefully referred to before a policy is granted. The following is one of these well authenticated tables in use among London assurance companies, showing the average length of life at various ages. In the fire column we have the present ages of persons of average health, and in the second column we have enabled to peep, as it were, behind the scenes of an assurance office, and gather from their table the number of years they will give us to live. This table has been the result of careful calculation and seldom proves misleading. Of course sudden and premature deaths, as well as accidents cannot be taken into account, but this is a table of the average expectancy of life of an ordinary man or woman:

Age.	More Years to Live
10	59
20	54
30	41
40	31
50	28
60	21
70	14
80	9
90	4

Our readers will gather from the above tabulated statement the number of years to which their lives, according to the law of averages, may reasonably be expected to extend.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Discarding Their Silk Gowns.

The decision of the three judges of the Supreme Court of the five giving decision on the right of Provincial Governments to appoint Queen's Counsel being in favour of the view that such exercise of power was unconstitutional, Mr. Bethune, of Toronto, and Mr. Haliburton, of Nova Scotia, both of whom have been created Queen's Counsel by Provincial Governments, discarded the flowing silk gown and appeared in barrister's robes in the Supreme Court. Their conduct is highly commended by the Bar. In connection attention is drawn to the fact that since 1863 not a single Quebec Liberal has been appointed by the Dominion Government as Queen's Counsel, and the only Quebec Liberals receiving the honor were those invested with it at the hands of the Joly Government a short time since. Many members of the Bar do not view with satisfaction the placing of so much patronage in the hands of the Premier of Canada; but they anticipate, or at least hope, that he will play the magnanim ous *role*, and confirm the Provincial appointments. Mr. Meredith, the present leader of the Ontario Opposition, and Mr. Bethune, among a number of other Conservatives and Reformers, received the title at the hands of the Mowat Administration, who in this matter recognized merit alone, and they certainly in point of intellectual power and legal acumen tower above many of those who have received the title at the hands of the Dominion Government. The majority decision by the Court has created no little stir in legal circles.—*Ottawa despatch.*

There be men who would willingly search the Scriptures if they thought they could find anything to steal in them.

The only successful recipe for preserving ash-barrels. Burn them yourself.

ONTARIO TRADE WITH AUSTRALIA.

How it Can Be Secured—Demand for our Manufactures—What the Western Cargo Consisted of.

Mr. Stimson, proprietor of the barque Clifton, the pioneer vessel in the Ontario and Australia trade, has been interviewed by a Toronto reporter, and has made the following important statements, of especial interest to Ontario manufacturers:

"What," asked the reporter, "was your reason for selecting Adelaide as your objective point, instead of Sydney or Melbourne?"

"Because South Australia is essentially an agricultural colony. But I shall have more to say on that point later on. On starting on her outward trip the Clifton took on board at New York twenty-two car-loads of a general cargo, consisting, as far as I can remember, of ironwork, ornamental vases and fountains, stoves, carriages, bamboo, organs, furniture, implements generally and meat meats; the goods coming from Toronto, Hamilton, London, Guelph, St. Thomas, Waterloo, New Hamburg, Finegal and other places west of this. Prices out there are generally the same as here. Hams, bacon and pork, however, if properly packed for the voyage, which our people are not in the habit of taking sufficient trouble about—would realize a handsome profit. Butter and cheese, too, if packed as they should be for such a long voyage, would also be sold at a profit. I had on board the Clifton on its outward trip, as ship's stores, a lot of hams and a number of 10-lb. tubs of butter from Waterloo, which, when we arrived at Adelaide, after a voyage of 101 days, was as fresh and as sweet as on the day it was put up. The trouble is, our packers will not take enough trouble about putting up provisions. Hams for the South Australian market should be put up in boxes and sprinkled with salt. While I was in the country I found they had any amount of Cincinnati cured hams which were labelled 'Yorkshire.' They had been sent to England, re-labelled and then exported to Australia as English cured. When I told the people how they had been taken in they were slow to believe it, so strongly was their faith in their 'Yorkshire' hams. Provisions of this description for exportation from Canada should be of medium size, and perhaps a little under, as there is no market whatever for the large and coarser grades."

"And how," enquired the reporter, "did the people receive you and your cargo?"

"The people generally were very glad to welcome a visit made to them from Canada in this way, and it all the goods sent out there were adapted for the market a ready sale could be made in every instance. I found many of the principal people animated by a large hearted spirit of enterprise, while there were others on the other hand engaged in trade whose object it was to form rings and to exclude goods from any quarter unless they passed through their hands, leaving a large commission behind."

"What return cargo does the Clifton bring?"

"She will arrive early in December with a full cargo of wool and wines. The latter are from the vineyards of the most prominent people in the colony, and like all the wines of the colony—are very fine, full-bodied and mellow, both red and white, and ranging from eight to eleven years old, as none is consumed before it has arrived at thorough maturity. On the arrival of the cargo our connoisseurs will have an opportunity of pronouncing upon their merits. A great and profitable traffic can also be done in the hides of the native wild animals, of which I have some live specimens on board the Clifton, including some kangaroos, some large wild geese, cockatoos, parrots and a wild dog called a dingo. They will all be brought to Toronto, but I fear the climate will prove too severe for them. As soon as the Clifton can load up again she will return to Adelaide with a cargo of wooden houses—made in Toronto, and for which I am just giving the contract—lumber, carriages, slate from Melbourne, and a general cargo of goods, all of which are already placed."

Are the Americans doing much trade with Australia? queried the reporter.

The people fight rather shy of what they call Yankee notions. When the Clifton arrived in Adelaide a paragraph appeared in the papers, couched in rather depreciatory terms, announcing the arrival of a vessel with a small cargo of Yankee notions, but I went up to the newspaper offices and explained matters, and after that the press made us very welcome and gave us several eulogistic notices. The fact is the people are so attached to England and everything English that American—that is United States—goods have no chance.

GOLD MINING IN QUEBEC.

Mr. Cahill, of St. George, has written a letter concerning the Beaver gold mines, containing valuable information. Amongst other matters it is claimed that the black sand alone, which has heretofore been thrown away as valueless, is now found to yield sufficient quantities of the precious metal to cover all the expenditure attached to the mines, leaving the nuggets for profit. The dams which are being erected in Beauce to divert the streams from their courses, are works employing large numbers of men and almost certain to increase effectually the success of those who have engaged themselves in this undertaking. There is no doubt that all the companies which have operated during the past summer have secured gratifying returns from their labors, and with the new energy that is to be diffused into the undertaking next summer, we may expect to hear of an immense increase in the prosperity and population of one of the finest regions of Lower Canada. As already stated one company alone expects next year to employ in its mine some 3,000 men. The Grand Falls of the Chaudiere are to be dammed at a cost of some $25,000, and it is said that the contract for this work has been already given out. The bed of the stream is very rich, and there is also a tradition that at the Falls, during the American invasion of Canada, a commissariat chest was lost, containing half a million dollars in gold. That the country will be very materially enriched by the employment of so large a number of miners and by the home market which will thus be provided for a large amount of agricultural and other produce, there can be no question of doubt.

Circulation of the Blood Made Visible

Dr. C. Huter, a German savant, of Greifswald, has devised a simple arrangement which