

Bank Notes.

In the good old days Mahomet visited the mountain. Now the mountain journeys to Mahomet, or gets decidedly left. But when two or three mountains go out with their guns after one poor snipe, something is going to drop, and heavily, too. The other day I walked out to Parkdale and ran into the arms of a number of these sturdy hunters. There was Reid, the standard bearer, Darling, the man of many words and soft sentences, Kemp, the swift-limbed, and a number of boys carrying the game-bags. Reid was the only one who had bagged anything, and it was but a miserable snowbird. They were busily engaged matching coppers to see who would pay for the street car tickets, but Darling said he was hardly accustomed to such luxuries, and made the party walk to town.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

REPORTED BY COX & CO.

The wheat market has been very quiet all week. On Thursday a decided break occurred, which was not unlooked for. Wheat is high, and in the face of receipts from Australia and South America shortly, a quiet sinking in values is the only outlook.

Provisions continue very firm and with slight reactions will climb high on the golden ladder.

NEW YORK.

A quiet, dull market early in the week, with a tendency to firm up, and may now take another advance. St. Paul, R. & T. have many friends, and it is thought they will be requested to go up higher. Norfolk, N.-W. and N. E. come in for their share of ardent admirers.

Music and the Drama.

HE WAS SUSCEPTIBLE TO MUSIC.

"If there is anything I like better than classical music," said Maj. Brannigan, in a high voice, as he moved with the throng out of the concert-room, "it's lemons. They both set my teeth on edge."—*San Francisco Post*.

On Wednesday evening, 26th Jan., a grand organ recital and sacred concert took place, at St. Basil's Church, St. Joseph street. Mr. Torrington presided at the organ, and favored the large audience with many fine selections, in his masterly style. Among the soloists, were, Miss Bolster, Mrs. Petley, Miss Braniff and Mr. Kirk. Miss Bolster was the star of the evening, and her sweet, clear, well-cultivated voice, was heard to great advantage, in a beautiful "Ave Maria," by Millard, with violin obligate, by Mrs. Adamson. Mrs. Petley gave a fine rendering of "Not Ashamed of Christ." Her duet with Miss Bolster, was exceptionally grand. The recital was a success, and lovers of good music wish, we were more often favored with them.

WITH WYATT AND A TOBOGGAN.

For weeks Harry Wyatt had been pouring into my ear the wild delights of tobogganning, and knowing him to be a man who sees all there is to see and knows more about sports in general than Fred Gooch, I was fired with enthusiasm and a heroic desire to take in Canada's chief winter amusement. My only experience previously in this line was sliding down the banisters at home long ago, and in those days we didn't need any canton flannel bath-

ing suit or worsted cap, but Harry said it did not make any difference, as persons not in costume were allowed on the floor. That evening after I had bid my anxious wife and little ones good-by with tearful eyes, I hurried to the park. The excitement was intense; the atmosphere quivered like heated air, and although Harry said there were only four ambulances, there seemed to be a million, and I began to think it was in an evil moment I had been persuaded to tempt Providence on a slide. When they let go of the toboggan, at the top of the descent, there were six good-sized men on it, and I was pulling the stroke oar.

Someone gave Gallagher the necessary directions, and he let her go. If I could only identify that man, Gallagher, I would kill him on sight. Well, the toboggan began its downward career. I tried to catch breath enough to ask the man behind me what time we would reach Montreal, but I couldn't. Then my foot slipped off the perch, and one pant-leg began to act as a snow-plow. I wouldn't have minded this so much, but the man behind was a stranger to me, and the snow annoyed him by blowing in his face as it came out the back of my neck. When the machine came to a standstill, I told Harry if he didn't mind, I would walk over to the Yonge street cars and ride down town, which I did. But I now fully believe that the sun never rises and sets on tobogganers the same as on other men.

ALAN DALE.

The Library.

The volume of poems just issued by John Imrie is alike creditable to the author and printer. The preface of the author, who is already well known as a poetical contributor to our press (most of the pieces in this volume having already appeared in various publications), at once disarms criticism, even if we felt inclined to find fault with a work so modestly put forward; but we feel sure that all readers will heartily endorse the very kindly introduction of Mr. G. Mercer Adams.

Sidewalk Whispers.

So the three Toronto's are going Conservate this year. This has the smell of a Friday's kitchen about it that is refreshing, and reminds us of the balmy days of Harry Piper's big fish.

Our friend G. R. R. Cockburn says anything he told us about the election was private. The voters of Centre Toronto will soon place him in a position to say privately, and not officially, whatever he desires to say.

A man named Blizzard was found dead in Ohio the other day. Inasmuch as all men have to die, and as in the great ocean of eternity one life is but as a drop, perhaps it is just as well, at this time of the year, Blizzard went up higher.

It is rather a remarkable coincidence that two such great financiers as George Durstan and Harry Simons should hail from one city, and that, too, the city where it is popularly supposed people do not hustle for their living, but just sit around in the sunshine and whittle sticks and love each other as brothers.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, but send two crisp Williams and have your name on our list.

The attention of our readers is directed to the report and balance-sheet of the North American Life Assurance Co., which appears in advertisement form on another page. It will be a matter for congratulation to others besides the share-holders and policy-holders in the company, to watch the enormous strides made by it under the able management of Mr. McCabe, and to see that it has taken its place in the front ranks of insuran companies.