the content of the whole of the

property, on which stands a handsome and roomy house, fitted up with
all modern conveniences. Quite a
piece of land belongs to this property,
and besides the residence there are a
roomy cottage and a good stable and
carriage house, with living rooms over
it. This property Is owned by D. A.
Boyle, and was the home of the whole
family, until they removed to Woodstock, Ont., a year ago.

At the cross roads and opposite the
Eatontown Hotel is the Littlefield property, where C. Littlefield, sr., resides.

The house, which is of the low, roomy.

The house, which is of the low, roomy.

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petition of one consumed by corresponding ambition, and lead the helping hand to lift, pulley hauley, hauley.

E. CORKSCREW.

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E. CORKSCREW.

A French governor of the South Palagraph petital graph graph

Bessle, the Mysterious.

Detective Harrisons who has been searching for the missing Bessle Laird, has reported to the department that he has reached the end of his investigation, but still has no trace of her. His report scouts the idea of suicide, but gives no reason for the girl's disappearance.

In the history of Punch, by Mr, M, H

Spielmann, a very good "mot" by Albert Smith, at Mark Lemon's expense,
is recorded: "One day at the club
Mark Lemon had been remarking that
he had no peculiarities; at least, not
more than other men, and certainly
none that he knew of, 'For example,
said he, 'many men have some peculiarity in shaving—some shave with
the right hand, others with the left,
or some with either indifferently,'

What do you shave with?" asked Albert Smith. "With my right hand, 'replied the editor. Then that's your pesculiarity, Uncle Mark,' said Smith;
"most people shave with a razor."

C. A. L.

An Englishman went to consult a
specialist and told his story. He was
not very ill, but still not quite well.
"I work like an ox," he exclaimed; "I
work like an ox," he exclaimed; "I
eat like a woif, I'm as tired as a dog,
and I sleep like a bear." "If I were
you," politely rejoined the bland physician, "I should go and consult a
"yet!""

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Chicago, Bur. & Q. C. & L.

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M RS. MASON, PINE VILLA, 16 SPAdina-road has one large, beautiful front room vacant; also one smaller room; superior table and appointments.

IN SEASON AND OUT. Chronic Comments on Things Person and General.

The sending up of the Hare theat cal staff from Montreal to Toronto seven hours has led many people believe that the new G.T.R. gene manager will expedite the running the ordinary trains between these les. But he will remember, it is to hoped, that 11 o'clock at night is la hoped, that 11 o'clock at night is leenough to get into a Pullman sleep here and that nobody desires to dumped at Montreal at 6 a. m. Tinstitution, however, of a fast dirain, on the principle of the Emp State Express, would be a real body at rain leaving Hamilton at 8 a. Toronto at 9, and reaching Montre at 4 p. m. would be a very acceptal addition to the time bill and from postal point of view would be of greservice to the public, It might go to Quebec and reach that city by 8 to Quebec and reach that city by 8 m. Hamilton to Quebec in twelve hou is no great stretch of fancy. The ditance is 540 miles, and we are comit

Messrs. Dickey, McMullen and othe scout the idea of Members of Parliment being influenced by railway passes. When the railway manage the same or in the same passes. When the railway manage are of the same opinion, as they a not at the head of mere philanthrop institutions, the passes will be "con". You don't ask a man to dinn with the expectation that he will black ball you next day at the club. Men bers who talk in favor of passes do not really mean what they say. Railway managers who say, "If they don't men to earn them they should return them have logic and human nature on the side.

In another column will be four some interesting parodies on "Jami son's ride," the now notorious effusic of the new Laureate. This poem he been well described as "Kipling ar water" or "Sims and soap." It stated that Mr. Austin doesn't this very much of his pre decessor's poetr and that posterity will eventually shall his opinion. Mr. Austin will new know posterity's opinion and fortunatly for himself he will never hear poterity's opinion of Alfred Austin work. It is just possible posterity won't have one.

work. It is just possible posterit won't have one.

Some recent reviews of younger poet work, among them one of Bliss Caiman's "Behind the Arres," recall M Andrew Lang's excellent skit in which he says a modern critic would review Shelley's inimitable poem "The Sixy lark," somewhat in this fashion (Sheley were young and unknown):

"Mr. Shelley, for a young poat, is singularly careless both in his rhymand his reason, if one may call the reason which is a mere tissue of in congruous metaphors. He make 'spirit' rhyme to 'near it,' and accent the penultimate in 'profuse' in his verifirst stanza. Next, his lark is 'like' cloud of fire,' a protechnic simile which is justified neither by observation no by common sense. A lark is no mortlike a 'cloud of fire' than like a turnip This extraordinary fowl is next said ti 'float and run,' 'in the golden light ning of the setting sun,' whatever tha may mean. The lark is an early bir—he does not haunt supset hours; and he does not support the lark, which has been a cloud of fire, is next 'like a star of heaven in the broad daylight. And why? Because, as Mr. Shelley informs us, 'Thou art unseen, but yell hear thy loud delight.' He cannot we presume, hear a star's delight; st the simile is nonsense. He might as well say that a brass band around the corner is like a star of heaven because the heaven is overflowed' when 'night is bare.' 'What thou are we know not,' he observes, and by this time it is no wonder that he has forgotten what a lark is like, even in a lark pudding. Then comes a string of things nearly as like a lark as a whale, 'a poet hidden in the light of things nearly as like a lark as a whale, 'a poet hidden in the light of the string of things nearly as like a lark as a whale, 'a poet hidden in the light of the stri lark pudding. Then comes a string of things nearly as like a lark as a whale, 'a poet hidden in the light of thought'—or in the ink of this most random effusion,—'a high-born maiden,' a 'glow-worm,' a 'rose,' and so forth. Mr. Shelley ends by saying that if he knew what a lark knows, 'harmonious madness from his lips would flow.' He can produce the madness already; it is only the harmony that Mr. Shelley needs to burrow from the bird. The world should listen then, he adds. Perhaps it would listen then. We warn Mr. Shelley that it will not listen at present to this imitation of poetry. at present to this imitation of poetry, this sound without sense, in which 'gives' rhymes to 'leaves,' and 'known' to 'none.'"

That would be the humor of it. If there is any truth in the publish-

If there is any truth in the published statement that Mr. Hannaford, Chief Engineer of the G.T.R. for thirty years past, was in effect reprimanded by the new American General Manager at Montreal for not being in his office at 4 p. m., it would point to some considerable misunderstanding of the prescribed methods of general management obtaining in civilized countries, or in countries more civilized than the Western States of the American Union. The reprimand led to a resignation, and to the separation of an old official from the road he has long worked for and been faithful to. Altogether a very disagreeable incident and one calculated to raise the question whether all Canadian railway corporations are really obliged to go to the Western States when seeking a man capable of fulfilling the duties of a manager. We are an old-fashioned people, to whom such a story comes as a sort of shock. Mr. Hobson is to be congratulated upon his promotion, but it would have been a lesson to the new manager if that eminent gentleman had, under the circumstances, declined the proffered honor. Heads of departments who are told at what hour they may or may not leave their offices are apt to forfeit that respect at the hand or their own subordinates which is essential to the control and discipline of any considerable staff of officials and workmen.

There has been a pleasant little incident in New York over the French charity concert at which Yvette Guilbert was asked to sing. Then Mmes. Nordica, Melba and Pol Plancon refused to take part because the French divette's name was on the programme along with theirs. Of course it was salad for the newspapers, and the reporters interviewed all the ladies. The prima donnas preserved a dignified silence. Not so Yvette Guilbert, and among the things she said was:

"There is only one of them who has a real excuse for not singing with me, and I respect her for it deeply. I mean Mme. Melba. Although I have risen from the people myself, I am a strong believer in caste. It would not be proper for a woman who belonged to the House of Orleans to sing with me."

The sarcasm and point in this remark is the fact that Melba's husband, in reply to her divorce proceedings, claimed that she was under the protection of the young Duc d'Orleans, who, it is said, has recently stated that he is tired of acting as co-respondent in the English divorce courts.

"Pudd'nhead Wilson" in its dramatic "Pudd'nhead Wilson" in its dramatic form is sai dto be more taking even than Mark Twain's book. There is much humor, natural and sympathetic in the piece and the sayings have a habit of clinging to your memory. Some are old in new form, others are fresh and original. For example, "if you coax a poor starving dog in the streets to go home with you and you give him something to eat and treat him well the dog will not bite you. This is the principal difference between a dog and a man." Or, "It were best in this world that all men should not think alike. It's difference of opinion which makes horse races." Then truly