THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

ISSUE NO 2 1893.

Bloomingdale!

The Childhood of the Heart.

Oh, the rosy days of childhood,
How blissfully they sped,
When not a charm had vanished,
And not a wonder fled!
The year was full of promise then,
The tongue was full of praise—
But I think the cup is sweeter now
Than in the childish days.

Oh, the laughing world of childhood,
Of ignorance and ease!
The lightest touch could quicken,
And the least pleasure please;
Yet the upward paths are dearer,
With all the thorns they bear,
Than a garden of a hundred flowers
When ignorance is there!

Oh, the beating heart of childhood—
That little heart of snow,
That doubt has never entered,
Nor sorrow has brought low!
Trust me, not all the rapture
Its eager life can span
Can shadow forth the perfect love
That warms the breast of man.
—*Dora Read Goodale in Harper's Weekly*

Strikes.

Strikes are quite proper, only strike right;
Strike to some purpose, but not for a fight;
Strike for your manhood, for honor and fame;
Strike right and left till you win a good name;
Strike for your freedom from all that is vile;
Strike off companions who often beguile;
Strike with the hammer, the sledge and the axe;
Strike off bad habits with troublesome tax;
Strike out unaided, depend on no other;
Strike without gloves, and your foolishness smother;
Strike off the fetters of fashion and pride;
Strike where 'tis best, but let wisdom decide;
Strike a good blow while the iron is hot;
Strike and keep striking, till you hit the right spot.

Wasn't Too Sudden.

One winter day, at eventide,
Tom sat, with Julia at his side,
And begged her, o'er and o'er, to say
How soon should be the wedding day.

The maiden coyly hung her head
And so her suitor softly said,
As to his own she raised her eyes,
"Why, Tom! you take me by surprise!"

"'Tis February now, my dear,
The stormy March is very near;
Don't keep a fellow waiting, pray!
Say, Julia, shan't it be in—May?"

Miss Julia deeply blushed, of course,
And down the lovely eyelids fell,
"Why, Tom!" she said, "that's nine weeks off!
And—wouldn't April do as well?"

The St. Nicholas (Revised).

Dear old St. Nicholas,
Lean your ear this way,
Please do tell to every soul
What I'm going to say.

Christmas eve is coming soon,
Now, you dear old man,
I'll tell you what to bring to me,
Tell you if I can.

In the times of yesterday,
So many years ago,
You must well remember it,
All had more friend than foe.

Each one owned his cozy nest
And tilled the soil around,
Nor wasted time; the precious gem,
Which lost can no'er be found.

Saints lived and flourished in the land
And many a wonder wrought.
There was less sorrow on the earth,
The air with joy was fraught.

Choose for me, dear Santa Claus,
Which ones you think are right,
Hoping you a joyous time
I'll wish you a glad good night.

At a Rink.

Round and round, and to and fro
At a rink,
Pretty girls, with cheeks that glow
Rosy pink,
Graceful, graceful, gliding, go,
While they link
Arms together, like the flow
Of a river's eddy—so
Skaters think
They can glide. See one start slow,
Shyly shrink,
Fearful lest his end be woe.
Sheepish sink.
Skates on unaccustomed toe
Strangely clink.
Hot and thirsty he will grow,
Long for drink;
All around amusement show
Laugh and wink,
But they look as black as crow,
Or as ink,
If he falls against them. Oh,
In a twink,
On the floor, not soft but low,
See him sink!
While he murmurs gently, "Blow
This old rink!" —*Punch.*

Half to the Sun.

Shoe man, coal man, clothing man together,
What are your remarks on the state of the weather?
Why should not the spirit of mortal be proud,
When to keep from your clutches we're sometimes allowed?

The weather is pleasant, the hole in our shoe
Don't need to be patched by one that is new.
The afternoon sun saves a bucket of coal,
And ear muffs and ulsters are still in their hole

Robert of Lincoln.

Robert of Lincoln is going away;
He's packing his trunk this very day.

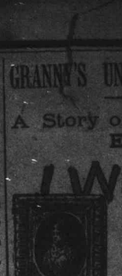
He says he knows of a sunny land,
Where skies are finer, the airs more bland,

He has heard that here north winds blow,
Bringing cold weather, with blinding snow.

[illegible] and going to leave,
[illegible] however we grieve.

GRANNY'S UNBOLTED DOOR.

A Story of Christmas Eve.



WHEN Little Ethel Ranson was invited to spend Christmas with her grand-parents and her two maiden aunts at the old homestead in the Canadian city where Grandpapa Field had spent most of his life, her mother hesitated before she accepted the invitation lest little "Golden Locks" as Ethel was nicknamed. The homestead was a large, lonely house. Grandpa and Grandma Field were "up in years," while Aunt Kate and Aunt Esther were quite unused to children. After due consideration, however, Ethel was sent, as requested, to spend the holidays, and after a long, tiresome journey arrived safely, to be welcomed warmly by the dearest old grandpapa and granny in the world, as Ethel wrote and told her mother, after much labor with pen and ink, and many blots and scratches.

* * * *

"Mother, I think we had better bolt the hall door to-night. There are so many burglars about. It is not safe to leave it merely latched," said Aunt Kate. They were all sitting around a bright fire in the library, Granny, Aunt Kate, Aunt Esther and 'Golden Locks.' It was Christmas Eve. Little Ethel looked up quickly from the hassock where she was sitting at Granny's feet.

"Burglars, Auntie Kate—what are burglars?"

"Why bad men, dearies, who wear black masks, and have revolvers in their pockets, and steal everybody's money and silver."

"Oh! Kate!" exclaimed Aunt Esther; "You will frighten the child. Why you make her nervous, even."

"No hard matter to alarm you, Esther, but really it is not safe to leave the door unbolted."

Granny arose slowly from the great arm chair by the fireside. Granny was thin and spare; her face—such a dear patient face—wore a look of sadness that Ethel had not seen in it before; so she laid a trembling hand on Aunt Kate's shoulder, and said, in her soft, gentle voice:

"Kate, do not ask me to bol the door to-night. What if my boy should come home? What if he should find the door closed to him? We might not hear him knock, Kate."

"But it is ten years to-night, mother, since Arthur was away."

"Aye; and can I forget it? I have counted the days, the months, the years. Do not ask me to bolt the door, dear; he might—yes, might—come back to-night."

So granny went to rest and left the great hall door unbolted—only the latch, to which her long-absent boy had the key, protecting the inmates from a raid by the burglars who were said to be busy in the neighborhood.

"Aunt Esther," said Ethel, as she slowly undressed for bed, taking a long time in the process; "why does granny always leave the door unbolted?"

"Little girls should not ask too many questions, 'Golden Locks.'"

"Please Aunt Esther" tell me. Did granny have a little boy who went away?"

"Well yes; long ago. He went away to be a sailor in a great ship, and we think—all but your granny—that he was drowned at sea; but granny thinks he will come back some day."

"Do you think he will come back auntie?"

"No dear; but do not talk about your Uncle Arthur—that was his name—talk of something cheerful—that makes me feel sad."

"Well let's see—do you think if the burglar comes he will steal the things that Santa Claus puts in my stocking? You know I hung it up in liberry—the liberry is very near the hall door, auntie—had I better go and get the stocking and hang it in a safe place?"

"Dear me child! What ideas come into your silly little head," replied Aunt Esther kissing Ethel good-night, as she tucked her into bed.

"Please auntie, tell me what you would do if the burglar got into the house—if you saw him?"

"Well," said Aunt Esther, who was very timid and easily alarmed, "I think I would rush down stairs, open the hall window wide, and sound the great gong—that would bring the neighbors."

"Would you really do that?"

"Most certainly," replied Esther, with a brave voice. "It would be the very best thing to do."

"It would be a very brave thing to do, auntie, but somehows I think it would be a very 'frightening' thing to do, especially if it was very dark."

"Golden Locks" fell fast asleep to dream of Santa Claus and his gifts—dreamed as we old folks used to dream long ago when our stocking hung awaiting the generosity of some dear Santa Claus, who has long ago gone to the land where kind deeds to the little ones are not forgotten, where love and kindness shown on earth add jewels to the brightest crown. Then "Golden Locks" awoke. Bright moonlight illuminated the room. At first the child thought it was morning. She sprang hastily out of bed. Morning indeed! Why the moon laughed at her with his great round face. Then a sudden thought siezed "Golden Locks," she would take a peep—just one peep, at her stocking. But what if a burglar came! Ethel hesitated; then she crept back into bed again. She lay there and thought very hard. She wondered if Aunt Esther would go down stairs if she heard a burglar? Aunt Esther who seemed afraid if a tramp came begging at the door. But really she, Ethel, must have a peep at the stockings. "Who's afraid?" she said aloud as she slipped out of bed again, and stole out of the door, into the hall. When half-way down the stairs she paused. How very strange! There was a light in the library! "What a joke!" whispered the child to herself. "I guess it's Santa Claus. I'll peep in, and run away again before he sees me."

There he sat—a man who was not Santa Claus! Ethel's heart sank; he must be this burglar! It was strange that he had no mask on. He was very nicely dressed, quite as well as grandpa. Could he possibly be a burglar? Ethel stood spell-bound at the door, gazing at the intruder, her mind filled with wild conjectures. Then, horror of horrors, he turned and looked at her! Now for the revolver! But he only said:

"Well, little Miss 'Golden Locks,' who are you?"

What a very impertinent burglar. Only Mr. Smith, who came twice a week to see Aunt Esther, ever called her Miss "Golden Locks."

"My name is Ethel. Ethel Esther Ranson—that's my real name."

"What you? You little——"

The burglar advanced towards her with outstretched arms. Wild with fright, Ethel flew towards the staircase. Then she remembered what Aunt Esther said she would do if the burglar came. Poor "Golden Locks" wrung her hands in despair as she looked at the great high windows. She could never reach up to open them. At least she could sound the gong. She beat frantically on it with all her strength.

"Stop! Could this be granny coming down the staircase? Granny, with her gray hair flying in disorder—her whole face lighted up with joy? "Golden Locks" ceased the wild alarm. Was granny mad with fright. She had rushed right into the burglar's arms.

"Silly little 'Golden Locks,' stop [illegible] It is not a burglar at all. It is [illegible] dear Uncle Arthur come home safe and [illegible] from over the sea." So spoke Aunt [illegible], who found poor Ethel crouched under [illegible] hall table sobbing as if her heart would [illegible]

"[illegible] Granny isn't killed, and he really [illegible] burglar, and do you think the things [illegible] Santa brought are all safe?"

"[illegible] with a trembling voice that [illegible] field proposed a new toast at din[illegible] Christmas day; "To Granny's Un[illegible] door." Ethel did not understand [illegible] but she tried hard to look [illegible] pered to Aunt Esther [illegible] queer, smiling with [illegible] and the burglar—[illegible] has tears in his eyes [illegible] Christmas day, [illegible] ks," some day [illegible] are such things [illegible]

QUEEN, COURT AND COMMONERS.

Chit Chat of Royalties and Other British Bipeds.

Illness of Lord Aberdeen—Wales Says He's Sick of Society—Edinburgh Composes a Ballet—Cambridge Shoots 2,000 Tame Birds—Privileges of the Captain of the Royal Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms—A Duchess Cries, "Who's Who"—Carrington and His K's.

LONDON, January.

HER Majesty visited ex-Empress Eugenie at Farnborough a few days ago. The Queen always enjoys her visits to Eugenie. Two two royal widows "assimilate" to an excessive degree, and when Queen Victoria's memoirs have to be written, it will be found that there was no personage for whom she had a more profound respect than the erstwhile female ruler of the French people.

In connection with the recent visit of Mr. Gladstone to Windsor, there have been retold all those old stories about the difference between the reception accorded the Liberal leader and that given to his two Conservative rivals, Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury. Her Majesty, it is true, has never regarded Mr. Gladstone with the marked confidence of a favorite, but on the other hand the tales told of Mr. Gladstone's incivility to the Queen are grossly exaggerated. Mr. Gladstone is extremely fond of laying down the law, and literally, when his mouth is open, he lets no other dog bark, and in his dealings with the Queen Mr. Gladstone has a very uncourtier-like fashion of pursuing this course, and above all, of reminding Her Majesty of the practically subordinate position in which she stands as the rule of a constitutionally governed State. Lord Beaconsfield was clever to avoid this difficulty, and hence was always a persona grata with Royalty. Ingenious as may be the Premier in explaining away any inconsistencies in his own utterances, he employs none of this faculty in his expositions of the state of affairs to Queen Victoria, who, however, by this time has come to understand the veteran statesman's dictatorial fashion of settling matters.

HER MAJESTY TAKES TO LITERATURE AGAIN

Queen Victoria has developed a greater interest in literature and literary people during her declining years than at any previous period of her reign; and her hours of leisure, few as they are, have been studious hours of late. It has been the Queen's custom—or, at all events, she has consented in several cases—to peruse the proof-sheets of important works relating to Court and official life before the volumes were finally "passed" for the press. Quite recently she has done this in the case of Sir Arthur Gordon's life of his father, the Earl of Aberdeen, which will shortly be published in "The Queen's Prime Minister" series. Lord Aberdeen was no doubt thrown into the shade by greater political figures in his day; but there was much in his career worthy recording, and Sir Arthur Gordon has bestowed much labor upon the biography.

The Queen of course, knows more about Lord Aberdeen's political life than anybody, except Mr. Gladstone and Sir Arthur himself, who acted as private secretary to his father—when Prime Minister—through the whole of the Crimean campaign. It is not therefore to be wondered at that Her Majesty has evinced much interest in the work, and it is said to have gone through it from cover to cover in thorough but complete form in which it has been submitted to her. It is also probable that the Queen will permit the publication in its pages of an important letter from herself to the Earl of Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone also contributes a sketch of His Lordship to the work; so that it will possess especial political and public interest.

WALES TIRING OF SOCIETY.

A considerable time will elapse ere the Princess and Prince of Wales will be occupying the prominent position in society they held up to the date of the Duke of Clarence's death last January. The fact is that not only is the Prince to live a very much quieter life than he has been accustomed to in past years, but he finds it necessary to abstain from the old round of festivities and public entertainments. The Duke of York will gradually fill the position in public and social affairs which his illustrious father so long occupied, and with so much success; but it is notorious that Prince George fights rather shy of business. He is a very domesticated young man, and so dislikes the fussy manner in which society treats all the members of the Royal family that he goes out as little as possible.

PRINCESS CRIES DITTO.

The Princess of Wales tired of the whirl of London life many years ago, and now she is more averse than ever to "going about" in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase. Her appearances in society next season will be "few and far between," so that those who have been looking forward to a more than usually gay time to atone for the lugubrious character of the past season will be sadly disappointed. The Princes will in future spend more time out of England than she has ever done before. She will, in all probability, pay long visits to Denmark, to Russia and to Austria, and in intervals remain at Sandringham as much as possible

CAMBRIDGE SLAUGHTERS THE BIRDS.

The hard-swearing, pompous old Commander-in-Chief, George, Duke of Cambridge, has been having a few days' shooting with Lord Rosslyn at Dysart Park, and such blood-curdling accounts circulate of His Royal Highness' prowess and the huge bags of game brought down that "all the world wondered." About 2,000 heads in three days, and then 1,200 birds in two days more, it sounded prodigious. Unluckily, the canny Scotsmen of the neighborhood began to ask questions, and the poachers of Dysart and Gallatown were particularly inquisitive, until it transpired that most of the slaughtered game were rabbits. This took off the glory, but increased the mystery, for the "knowing ones" of the gun were well aware that bunnies were scarce in that vicinity; where, then, did such multifold rodents come from for the Duke to shoot?

At last the secret came out. Huge hampers marked "Live stock with care" had been arriving from the South by the night trains, and Lord Rosslyn had thus imported and turned out for slaughter a *posse* of bunnies, tame as any lady's pets, to provide sport for his Royal guest! Nor were the pheasants much wilder; in fact brought up like barndoor fowls, and fed by hand the Dysart birds were more apt to to run up to a man than fly from him, and on the first day that the commander-in-chief devoted his attention to this winged game the infatuated creatures persisted in running round him like tame robins, hopping over his feet, etc., until the Prince could only take aim at them to the great risk of his own Royal toes. So some school children were procured to "beat up the game" and to go at them with sticks until the bewildered bipeds were obliged to take wing.

EDINBURGH COMPOSES A BALLET.

The Duke of Edinburgh has been utilizing his spare time by composing a ballet, of which the favored few who have been admitted to an acquaintance with the work speak in the highest possible praise, both of the music and "the book." The next thing, of course, is to produce this masterpiece, or, rather, get it produced, and that His Royal Highness will have done in Vienna, and not in London—not, of course, because Royal Alfred is ashamed of his mother's chief town, but because they produce ballets much better on the banks of the Danube than they do on the banks of the Thames. In London opera houses the ballet, formerly the main stay of managerial treasuries, has of late years gone out of date, and its manifold attractions have been transferred to fanes dedicated to the lightsome and popular "variety entertainment," at which establishments Royal Alfred could hardly be expected to allow his *chef-d'œuvre* to be produced. Full four decades have elapsed since the palmy days of the ballet in London, when Taglioni took the town with her enchanting impersonation of "La Sylphide," immortalized by Thackeray in "The Newcomes," and reigned supreme in public favor year after year, despite such potent rivalry as that of Fanny Elsler, Carlotta Grisi and the fairy-like Cerito, who "created" the part of Alima in the famous ballet of that name.

HE PLAYS AT A CONCERT UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

[illegible] Duke [illegible] violin the [illegible] but

[illegible] Prince [illegible] Princess [illegible] Princes [illegible] Duke, who [illegible] missed the train. A special fast train had been timed to follow the station shortly afterwards, and by arrangement he was enabled to travel to Plymouth in the guard's van of this, in company with the guard.

QUEEN'S MARRIAGE PAVILION.

Lord Vernon, who has entered upon his new appointment as Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, has the privilege—such as it is—of shooting each year one royal deer with a bow and arrow in Windsor Park. This is an hereditary privilege, which has been attached to this office for several centuries. It is doubtful, however, that he will avail himself of it, for Lord Vernon has but slight love for rural life or sport—and then again he probably could not hit the front of Buckingham Palace with the forester's bow and arrow. He has a natural taste for facts and figures, which has rather spoiled him the admiration of Mr. Gladstone, who has been his guest on several occasions at Sedbury Hall, a picturesque Elizabethan mansion, with a marvellous oak staircase by Grinling Gibbons, and a gallery of rare paintings.

HARD PRIZE AT QUEEN VICTORIA'S EXPENSE.

The Royal corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms had, on the Princess of Wales' birthday, had its mess dinner at St. James' Palace, under the presidency of the captain, with previous captains and officers, and the lieutenants, the standard-bearer, the clerk of the cheque, the adjutant and the sub-officers helped to devour turtle soup, stewed eels, fried whitebait, chicken, snipe, boiled capons and York ham, Christmas puddings, mince pies, cheese and celery, old port and champagne.

The body guard of the Queen is the oldest but one in the British service, and besides the commander and the adjutant it consists of forty gentlemen-at-arms and the harbinger. The corps was first instituted by the much-married King Henry VIII., and was composed only of gentlemen of noble blood. Besides the captain's salary, which foots up to $6,000, the lieutenant gets $2,500 a year, the standard-bearer $550 and the gentlemen pensioners $350 a year each, with scarlet and golden uniform free.

CURIOUS RELATIONSHIP OF A DUCHESS.

The Duchess of Westminster, who gave birth to child a few weeks back, has been having, as the nurses and doctors say, a bad time of it. All is right now and the Duke can proclaim for the fifth time the father of fifteen children. He is almost as devout a follower of the commandment, "be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth," as was the father of Baron Pollock, the late Lord Chief Baron, who had, like the Duke of Westminster, two wives, and by a totality unknown since the days of "Augustus the Physically Strong" had twenty-one children. The Duchess is in the most comical relation; she is sister-in-law to her own daughter-in-law, for her brother married the daughter of the Duke of Westminster, of whom the now happily recovered mother is the wife. She is, at the same time, mother and sister, and, to make confusion worse confounded, she is sister-in-law and mother-in-law. She is a most charming lady, and the handsomest of the three daughters of that Mr. Cavendish of whom a gipsy prophesied that the three would marry and each marry a different title. The prophecy is true: the eldest is the Countess of Leicester; the second, Viscountess Cobham; the third, the Duchess of Westminster.

YOUNGER SONS WITH ONE R.

Col. Carington, who has now assumed with Col. Byng, the post of Equerry-in-waiting on Queen Victoria, is a brother of Lord Carrington (pronounced "Kar" let it be noted) the popular ex-Governor of New Wales. There seems much touchiness in the family as to the question of the name it bears, for, after discarding the plebian patronymic of the founder of the house, plain Mr. Smith, and assuming the far fetched one of Carrington for the head of the family, they make it a *sine qua non* that all the younger sons shall spell their names with one "r."

A DOG TRAINED TO ENGINEERING.

Hove, a suburb of the fashionable watering place Brighton, has been laying on the electric light. A continuous tunnel was run under the footways, with culverts at convenient distance, so that there was no more trouble about the matter than when a man winds up his watch. A four-footed electrician was extremely useful in passing the wires along the tunnel, for a smart little fox terrier acted as a sort of animated bodkin. With a cord fastened to his collar, and his nose turned in the right direction, away he went with as much gusto as if he were pursuing a rat throught a wheat barn, and hours of work were thus saved to the artificers.

HIS APPREHENSION.

He Wilfully Permitted the Prized Servant Girl to Elope.

He was carefully shaving around the wart on his neck as the warm sunlight of the autumn morn streamed through the window, when his wife rushed excitedly into the apartment. She was striking rather than handsome, arrayed in a flowing morning gown with a rent in the back. Her eyes were staring wildly and her face was pale.

"John—"

A responsive thrill passed through his frame.

"—she's gone."

He turned quickly. Forebodings filled his breast and his lips turned ghastly white.

"The hired girl, John, that ungrateful—"

Her voice was getting beyond her control.

"wretch that we paid a month in advance."

Struggling for breath he sank upon the trunk and groaned.

"Mary," he gasped, clutching convulsively at his throat, as if to assist his labored respiration, "the girl's eloped."

She glared at him ferociously.

"How do you know?" she demanded.

"Heard her leave the house by a rope ladder and fall into a man's arms outside."

"And why—"

She was almost shrieking.

"—didn't you stop her?"

"Mary—"

The solemn sadness of his look was touching.

"—I never dreamed it was the hired girl. I thought it was daughter Julia and I held my breath for fear of spoiling it all."

Sitting together in the warm sunlight of the autumn morn, they wept.—*Detroit Free Press.*

By-laws Voted On.

Voting on the local option by-law yesterday in Brock township resulted in the defeat of the Act by over 200 majority.

In Peterboro' yesterday the voting on the by-law for the taking over of the waterworks by the town of Peterboro' was against the town.

The by-law for the reduction of the number of hotel licences in Barrie from 12 to 9, voted on yesterday, was defeated by 48.

The $15,000 by-law for waterworks improvement was defeated at Sarnia yesterday. The horse fire service by-law was carried a small majority.

An open vote on the sewerage question was submitted to the property holders of Belleville yesterday, and was defeated by a large majority.

Three Strikes and Out.

"I was struck by the handsome shop lady and went in. Although I had no money I thought I could make some satisfactory arrangement as to payment. I selected some nice things, when, looking up, the sign 'No trust' struck me."

"And then?"

"And then the salesman struck me for the cash."

"And then?"

"And then I went out."

The Wrong Sound.

"Do you think young Richleigh will call here again?"

"I think he will, papa. I did everything I could to entertain him, and when he went away I gave him a cigar out of your desk."

"Out of my desk! Clara, unless that young man is desperately in love with you you'll never see him again."

Her Loneliness.

Every man should always write as plainly as he can. Once upon a time a young man wrote to a girl: "Your loveliness has inspired me to ask you to become my wife." She read it "loneliness," and got so everlastingly mad that she refused him by return of mail.—*Somerville Journal.*

A Reasonable Question.

"You might give a little tip this after[illegible] to a review of the good [illegible] you formed when last [illegible] many of them have y[illegible]

Cleveland is to h[illegible]

BURNED BY A BOMB.

Milwaukee Trolley Car Depot Wrecked by Fire.

OVER $300,000 DESTROYED.

There was a tremendous explosion, and in a moment the interior of the building was in a blaze. In a few minutes the fire was beyond control, and in less than an hour the entire plant was consumed, entailing a loss of $310,000. The Street Railway Company's south side plant is located on Kittsbury avenue. It includes the immense storage stables for electric motors, the machine shops and the stables. In the barn were fifty new electric motors and nearly all the summer cars owned by the company. The machine shops were built the past season, and were fitted with very fine machinery for the rebuilding and repairing of cars. In the stables were 60 horses, but these were gotten out alive. The cars stored in the building were valued at $350,000, while the structure itself was worth at least $60,000. The machinery was valued at fully $75,000, while the stores of the company were kept in the building and were worth $25,000. The insurance carried was on the building, and amounts to $40,000. The barns which were destroyed were the principal depot of the Milwaukee Street Railway Company, and the fire greatly crippled the company. Who the man is who threw the bomb is not known. He is supposed to be the fire-bug who has started fully a dozen other disastrous fires within a month. A grand jury will be summoned to investigate the case.

The only person who saw the alleged bomb thrown was Nightwatchman Worden. He says he was standing near the main doorway of the barn in which the motors and cars were stored. There was a whizz of something through the air, a flash and a tremendous explosion. If there was a bomb thrown, which many doubt, it came through the main doorway and struck the nearest car at that entrance. The projectile must have been filled with some highly inflammable substance, as hardly ten seconds elapsed, according to the nightwatchman's story, before nearly all the cars in the building were in flames. Manager Lynn, of the company, is convinced of the truthfulness of the watchman's story. That there was an explosion everyone in the neighborhood will testify. There was nothing of an explosive nature about the plant.

A small cottage next to the plant of the Street Railway Company was also destroyed.

The Ring.

McAuliffe declares he has lost $1,000 by not appearing with his theatrical company, and would fight Burge for anything.

Peter Jackson has given up all intention of going back to Australia for at least a couple of years. His World's Fair engagement and possibly a match will occupy all his time for a while.

THE BURGE M'AULIFFE FIGHT OFF.

The fight between Jack McAuliffe and Dick Burge, which was to have been completed Tuesday, has fallen through and the Coney Island Athletic Club has withdrawn the $45,000 purse. The inability of the men to come to an agreement has placed the match on the market again.

IS SULLIVAN GOING CRAZY?

Jimmy Wakely, one of Sullivan's backers in his fight with Corbett, said in reference to John L's renewed claim that he had been drugged before the fight: "Sullivan is going crazy, for I am sure that if his mind is not weak he would never make such awful remarks. I have been told that, although he mentions no names, I am the person accused. Heaven is my judge, I never injured that man in my life. I instead I treated him like a brother. Drink has been the cause of his ruin and nothing else. Charley Johnston and I, during the days of his training on Long Island, watched him like a mother would a child to keep him away from drinking, but despite our watchfulness, he stole beer and sneaked it to his room. Yes, that is the cause of his defeat and not morphine, which he says was put in his food. His defeat is killing him gradually and his brain is beyond a doubt getting weak. I had a fortune on Sullivan to win Corbett, and I can tell you that it came within an ace of ruining me."

Charley Johnston, his other backer, was in an angry mood over what Sullivan had said and refused to talk at length on the subject. He believe, too, that Sullivan is losing his mind and fears the future. Regarding the statements that Sullivan was drugged, he says they were made by a man whose mind had been wrecked by reverses and "old John Barleycorn." The opinion prevails here that Sullivan's queer actions foretell an early breakdown.

Warning to Patent Medicine Advertisers.

Patent medicine companies which advertise to cure the ordinary ailments of mankind, or forfeit a certain sum which they never expect to pay, should take warning from a recent decision of the English Court of Appeal confirming a judgment of Mr. Justice Lindley against the Carbolic Smoke Ball Company. The defendants inserted an advertisement in the newspapers offering £100 to any person "who contracts the increasing epidemic influenza, cold, or any disease caused by taking cold, after having used the ball three times daily for two weeks according to the printed directions supplied with each ball." The plaintiff bought a ball, and carried out the instructions. Three times a day for two weeks did she use it, but she caught the influenza, nevertheless, and thereupon sued the company for $500. The company fought the case on various pleas, such as the absence of a regular contract, and so forth, but the judges held that a published promise of the kind in the advertisement was a pledge, and decided that it must pay. An appeal was taken, but the higher court has now come to the same conclusion as the lower one, and the Carbolic Smoke Company will have to surrender the money. As this decision would undoubtedly be followed by the Canadian courts patent medicine advertisers in this country should take warning. —*Halifax Herald.*

It Wears a Cod Fish.

A gentleman who was given up to die with consumption happened to receive a visit from a friend who recommended "Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil." Although having little faith he bought a bottle, and before he was through taking it, found that he was gaining flesh. He continued taking the Emulsion until he regained nearly fifty pounds. He is the heartiest man in town to-day. To commemorate his restoration to health he has had a beautiful golden cod fish manufactured, which he wears as a charm upon his watch chain. That is pretty good testimony for "Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil." Everybody is sounding its praises. In big bottles, 50c. and $1, at all drug stores.

He Lost His Dollar.

There is a very mean girl at Owensboro', Ky. She bet a kiss against a dollar with a young man that Harrison would be elected. The young man put his dollar into the hands of a homely old maid to hold until after the election, and when he went around to collect, the mean girl told him she had delivered the kiss to the stakeholder, who would cheerfully pay it on demand.—*Memphis Commercial.*

Quite Suitable.

Trustee—Can you assure me that your plan does violence to all traditions respecting church architecture?

Builder—Most certainly.

Trustee—Then I haven't a doubt it will be accepted.

The Hour of Need

Is at hand, for with aching corns a prompt, safe and painless remedy is required. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor exactly fills the bill. Sure, safe and painless.

Could Have Beaten Him All Hollow.

Every man has an idea that if he had been in Adam's place the earth would still be a Garden of Eden.—*London Tit-Bits.*

Wife—How do you know that large hats were popular as long ago as the year 1752.

Husband—Because that was the year that the first theatre was opened in America.

Sunday School teachers and ministers wanted as agents for Palestine models. Invaluable to Bible students. Agents making money. Send to Palestine Model Co., St. Thomas, for circulars and terms.

New York Manager—Well, I've got to go to London again. Agent—What for? [illegible] Get to hunt up some American [illegible] new play.

"[illegible] to be rich," said Tommy. "[illegible] asked his sister. "Oh," [illegible] young man, after some thought, [illegible] to wear my Sunday clothes [illegible]

ON TRIAL.

That's a good way to try a remedy. But it's a pretty hard condition under which to test a medicine. It has been noticed that the ordinary, hit or miss medicine doesn't stand trial.

The only remedy of its kind so remarkable in its effects that it can be sold on this plan is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As a blood-cleanser, strength-restorer, and flesh-builder, there's nothing like it known to medical science. In scrofulous affections, where the taint is in the blood, as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, and the most stubborn Skin, Scalp, and Scrofulous affections, it is *guaranteed* in every case to benefit or cure, or you have your money back.

To every sufferer from Catarrh, no matter how bad the case or of how long standing, the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy say this: "If we can't cure the worst case of Catarrh you will pay five $500 in cash." Sold by all druggists.

A NONAGENARIAN PREACHER.

Interesting References to an Eminent Minister in Scotland.

The Rev. Dr. Nixon, senior pastor of Free St. John's (Presbyterian), Montrose, Scotland, who for a number of years past has been resident in Edinburgh, preached on Sunday forenoon recently in his old pulpit to a large congregation. Dr. Nixon chose for his text the first words of the 42nd verse of the 10th chapter of Luke—"One thing is needful." That one thing, Dr. Nixon pointed out, was personal salvation. It was the only thing needful for present and eternal happiness, for all other things—health, wealth, prosperity, pleasure, worldly honor, etc.—were subordinate to it, and were not necessary to life here or hereafter. Dr. Nixon concluded with an eloquent appeal to his hearers to accept and further the Gospel. He was listened to throughout with close attention, and many of the older members, together with a large number of persons from other congregations who had known him while in Montrose, were delighted to find that the old power and eloquence of the preacher had not gone, although necessarily they were somewhat shated. The Rev. J. A. George, junior, pastor, conducted the preliminary parts of the service. Dr. Nixon is in the 90th year of his age.

A local paper said: "Physically, intellectually and spiritually the sermon delivered by the nonagenarian preacher, Rev. Dr. Nixon, in Free St. John's, Montrose, on Sunday forenoon was remarkable. As with slow steps and drooping head the rev. doctor ascended the pulpit stairs, the friends who had last seen him there nearly fourteen years ago, could not fail to remark that the hand of time had fall surely though kindly on the hoary hand. Yet the voice was clear as ever, and, when raised in denunciation or warning, showed much of the fire of former days. When this eloquence was sustained for nearly an hour—sermons were never shorter when the rev. doctor was at the height of his power—without the aid of numerous cold water 'nips' the physical feat was certainly one which might well shame many of our modern twenty-minute sermonizers. Intellectually the sermon was a model of construction according to the old school, the triad of "heads" sub-heads, sentences and words following each other in almost geometrical progression. Spiritually or theologically the sermon was also of what the Disruption worthies might call the "guid auld Gospel kind." Every argument was "nail'd wi' Scrip'ur." A glance at the old Covenanting subscription would probably have revealed the fact that what many ministers, and as a rule all publications nowadays write and print as "th——l" and "d——l" were in his case written full out with capital letters. There was no guarded delicacy in speaking of them, and certainly no attempt to leave them out of account; no pandering to modern speculations, and no tickling of the ears of the "many-headed beast."

Sad Over-Production of Scholars in Germany.

Germany suffers from an intellectual over-production. All professions are overcrowded. It was fondly believed up to our days that the State had no more important task than to render the acquiring of knowledge as easy as possible, and for that purpose to establish many higher schools. But it was not asked whether there was room enough for employing men when their education was finished. Taking, for instance, the case of the 10th chapter of Luke—"One thing is needful." In Prussia, we find that there are 1,851 men who have not only passed through the gymnasium and the university, but have already served the State gratis for about five years, while the annual average demand is one hundred. There are more than 7,000 examined architects without a fixed employment; it is the same with engineers, teachers in classics, mathematics, etc. These unemployed forces are particularly attracted to the great capitals, because everyone hopes there with the many chances they offer he will find a gap into which he may jump. Men of university training are, almost without exception, capable only of intellectual work. If they do not succeed in their branch they cannot become tailors or carpenters; they must take to pettifogging, giving lessons, copying, writing for inferior papers, etc. There are lawyers, physicians, doctors of philosophy, among those who are regularly relieved by the Berlin Poor Board. All these men are, as a rule, discontented with the present state of things, and ready to join with those forces which hold out hope of overthrowing it. Nor are female candidates wanting in this proletariat; all those who give cheap lessons, write mediocre novels for low-class journals, or work for shops at starvation wages, are swelling the army of social revolution.—*Dr. Geffcken, in the January Forum.*

Didn't Mention Her Name.

That Oregon girl who the other night saved a whole train from destruction, and then went on her way home, not even telling her name, is a genuine heroine. The report says: "She was on her way home from a party when she discovered that a rail had been removed on a high trestle, and thereupon she procured a lantern and signalled the approaching train just in time. Having done a heroic deed and saved many travelers from a horrible death, she modestly went on her way without waiting for thanks or reward and without mentioning her name."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The Fools Not All Dead Yet.

Even a blind man can see that more clearly than daylight, or else why should so many continue to use ill-smelling, oily and often useless preparations for the relief of pain, when a preparation just as cheap, elegant, more powerful, and penetrating as Nerviline is can be purchased from any dealer in medicine? Nerviline cures instantly aches and pains. Nerviline is the most efficacious remedy for internal pains. Nerviline applied externally subdues the most intense pain almost at once.

Salem Days Come Again.

It is stated in a despatch from Delaware that several women have been arrested for witchcraft, the punishment for which in that State is fine, imprisonment and pillory.

McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant.

If you have suffered with rheumatic pains in body or limbs for years do not expect a cure by applying liniments or oils. These have been tried for centuries past and found useless. Rheumatic Repellant is the only remedy known that thoroughly removes the disease and benefits the system.

Getting Square.

Miss Bell (warningly)—Sally, they used to tell me, when I was a little girl, that if I did not leave coffee alone it would make me foolish.

Sally (who owes her one)—Well, why didn't you?

Sunday school teachers and ministers wanted as agents for Palestine models. Invaluable to Bible students. Agents making money. Send to Palestine Model Co., St. Thomas, Ont., for circulars and terms.

Mr. Henpeck—My life is miserable. Friend—What's the matter? Mr. Henpeck—Why she's jealous of my typewriter. Friend—Jealous of your typewriter? Good! This is the chance of your life. Mr. H.—How? F.—Discharge your typewriter and let your wife take her place and then you will be able to do something you've never done before in your life. Mr. H.—What is that? F.—Dictate to your wife.

Thomas Wilson, labor member of Parliament for Sunderland, was for years a cattle tender on vessels plying between Philadelphia and London. From watering cattle to making laws for an Empire is a step that few men take. It is another example of triumphant democracy.

THE DEATH OF GLACIERS.

They Come to an End by Melting Faster Than They Flow.

Glaciers plunge into the sea in many cold countries and perish by drowning, their dismembered remains floating away as bergs. But their end is by dissolution where the annual mean temperature rises considerably above the freezing point. At some certain level they melt faster than they can flow, and so terminate. The level, indeed, is a fluctuating one. Icelandic glaci