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The Management of the Washing.

I have come back to first principles: *pure* soap and good management in the use of it. I am satisfied that when chemical preparations are used, in soaps or otherwise, the clothing will not last nearly so long, and will not retain a good colour or smell without special care. I have, until lately, allowed my wash-women to take their accustomed course not, however, forgetting my own early lessons, which often led me to put my nose into the middle of a basket of clothes just from the clothes line, to as certain whether they smelled as they used to "at my mother's." The verdict was invariably against them, however nicely they looked. A new wash-woman, and one not past the teachable age, led me to try whether my mother's practice would work as well in these days, and the result is so satisfactory I am tempted to give it for the benefit of your lady readers.

The clothing for the week's washing being duly assorted, it is well to place coarse and badly soiled articles by themselves in warm suds, to soak until you are ready for them. Then take the coloured clothes, wash, rinse, and starch, and hang them out to dry; flannels, also, should be disposed of in the early part of the day. These done, proceed to white clothes. A little soaking in as warm suds as can be conveniently managed, is undoubtedly a help, and with that and the washing through two good suds, kept as clean by removing as your supply of water will admit of, brings them ready for scalding (not boiling.) One should never have less than three tuds to use in a family washing, and four are better. Into the deepest tub you have, throw the garments as they are washed from the second suds, shaking them loosely, and rubbing a little soap when there is any indication of its being needed. When the tub is nearly full, or you have all the clothing of that class in, pour over it *boiling* water in which a little soap has been dissolved, until they are well covered with the water; then cover the tub with a blanket, or whatever will hold the steam, until you can bear the hand in to wash the clothes out of this water. And this is the last of the washing, every part should be carefully examined and have whatever rubbing that is necessary; wring lightly, as the suds helps the bleaching, and spread on the grass, where the sun will fall on them the rest of the day, and keep them wet by an occasional sprinkling from a garden watering pot. This scalding has to be repeated if you have more than one tubful of clothes. With the coarsest and most soiled articles, there is no objection to boiling a few moments, but I would advise taking from the boiling water into fresh, clean, suds, before putting out on the grass. This part of the washing can be accomplished, and everything clear'd up, by one or two o'clock, where there is a good, large wash. As the clothes should be left out to bleach all the afternoon, this part of the day can utilized, if you are hiring by the day, in having the calico's ironed. As late as you can conveniently do so, have the clothes taken from the grass, still keeping the coarse and fine ones separated, and put to soak in a liberal supply of clear water. The next morning, have them rinsed from this water, or one *slightly* blued after it. If dried under favourable circumstances, they will look so white and smell so delightfully pure and fresh, it will be a pleasure to wear them, and you will have the comfort of knowing your clothes wear out, instead of washing out—a much slower but more satisfactory process.

Two Tramps Dining Elaborately.

Flood and Bruce are peripatetic printers, widely known. They have a habit of turning up here and elsewhere when least expected, coming without warning and departing even as the wind. By a rare chance they have just been heard from at Danville, Ill., tramping from St. Louis, and headed in this direction. They came within view of the city on Sunday, weary with travel and sorely hungered. The road they came has been overworked. The erstwhile hospitable farmer now sets his dog on the wayfaring man instead of welcoming him to his family. Through this departure from the customs of the fathers, they walked and ate not.

Thoroughly discouraged at their repeated failures to procure food, they yet concluded to make one more trial on this beautiful Sunday morning, and cautiously entered the yard of a decent farm house, peering about them to see that Towser did not come suddenly around a corner. They knocked on the front door; no response. At the side door; no answer. They went in. There was not a soul at home. A table spread and a most substantial meal was before them. It was like a dream from the "Arabian Nights." The dinner was doubtless awaiting the return of the family from church. The pedestrians fell to, and their knives and forks soon smoked with the friction of execution.

As they were finishing the feast a knock was heard. Bruce went to the door. There stood two tramps, who asked for something to eat. Bruce, in a rare spirit of mischief, questioned them closely in regard to their travels, and finally asked them if they would chop wood for their dinner. They answered yes. He then took them to a wood pile in the rear of the house, and they went to work. Bruce and Flood, filling their pockets with victuals, stole out the side way from the house and went to a neighbouring hill, where they had a full view of the wood pile and the toiling tramps. There they gloated over the picture. The owner of the farmhouse, with several daughters and two stalwart sons, arrived on the scene, the devastation of the dinner was discovered, and the two sweating tramps at the wood pile were seized as the depredators. All was seen by the two on the hill, from the arrival of the family to the ignominious expulsion of the wood cutters.

Language of the Hair.

All of our features have their language—eyes, nose and mouth. And now some one discovers that even the hair has its own indications.

Straight, lank, stringy-looking hair indicates weakness and cowardice.

Curly hair denotes a quick temper.

Frizzy hair, set on one's head as if each individual hair was ready to fight its neighbour, denotes coarseness.

Black hair indicates persistent resolution in accomplishing an object; also a strong predisposition to revenge wrong and insults, real or fancied.

Brown hair denotes fondness of life, a friendly disposition, ambition, earnestness of purpose, sagacity for business, reliability in friendship, in proportion as the hair is fine.

Very fine hair indicates an even disposition, readiness to forgive, with a desire to add to the happiness of others.

Persons with a fine light brown or auburn hair, inclined to curl or frizz, are quick-tempered, and are given to resentment and revenge.

Light brown hair, inclined to redness, with a freckled skin, is said to be a certain indication of deceit, treachery, and a disposition to do something mean by a friend who can no longer be used to advantage.

All of which may be news to fortune-tellers.

Temperance in Eating.

Is there any need to advise the overwhelming majority of people on the subject of eating? Yes, much every way. The great mistake, we might almost say the great sin of almost all of us, is that we eat most unreasonably. The greater part of those not actually poor or even pinched, eat a great deal more than is good either for body or soul. Gluttony is an ugly word, and some might be angry if it were to be associated with their names or conduct. It is at the same time quite true that if justice is to be done, such an association must be spoken of. People naturally look down upon a drunkard or a sot, but does not a glutton deserve even greater contempt if he may not come in for stronger condemnaton? Many could not suspect it, but the best medica authorities tell us that gluttoning or inordinate eating carries off its tens of thousands of victims every year. Combined with intemperance in drinking, bad air, impure water, it is causing physical degeneracy to a very large extent among the men and women of the present age. It is not only shortening life by ultimately producing dyspepsia—nature's cry of distress and signal of something being wrong—but it has an injurious influence upon the children, for the offspring of the glutton cannot help being puny, feeble things, both in body and brains, sluggish in all their movements, and not likely to do much for themselves or for anybody else. Comparatively few have ever to regret that they eat too little, but a great many that theytook too much.

SCIENCE says that it took millions of years to evolve man from the oyster; observation shows that it takes less than a minute to transfer the oyster to the man.

A BALLAD OF HEROES.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

"Now all your victories are in vain."

Because you passed, and now are not,—
Because in some remoter day
Your sacred dust in doubtful spot
Was blown of ancient airs away,—
Because you perished,—men must say
Your deeds were naught, and so profane
Your lives with that cold burden? Nay,
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

Though it may be, above the plot
That hid your once imperial clay,
No greener than o'er men forgot
The unregarding grasses sway;—
Though there no sweeter is the lay
Of careless bird,—though you remain
Without distinction of decay,—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

No, For while yet in tower or cot
Your story stirs the pulses' play;
And men forget the sordid lot—
The sordid cares—of cities grey;
While yet they grow, for homelier fray,
More strong from you, as reading plain
That Life may go, if Honour stay,—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

ENVOY.

Heroes of old! I humbly lay
The laurel on your graves again;
Whatever men have done, men may,—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

One of the jolliest fellows on the tolerably list of long my acquaintance is Charles Filby; and though the wrong side of sixty as to age, he yet is as genial and as lively as many young men I wot of—livelier, in point of fact. I was seated with him after dinner, a few evenings since, enjoying the fragrant weed in perhaps as lovely a little retreat as the eye could possibly wish to behold—namely a Devonshire garden; and noting my friend's brow, during a lull in our pleasant chat, become suddenly clouded, I offered him the meagre sum of a penny for his thoughts.

"You shall have them free, gratis, for nothing, my boy," was the rejoiner. "Well, then, I was thinking of my lost diamonds, and moreover what a capital present the like would make for your 'Darling Floss' on her wedding morn. Wouldn't her bright eyes sparkle, eh? . . . Between you and me, Percy (and this is in strict confidence), she may—I say she *may* have such a present, in spite of my long-ago misfortune. I think the thing by no means impossible. But I won't say who the donor will be. O dear, no! Not by any means!"

"You're a good fellow, Filby. Age hasn't robbed you of warmth of heart and generous feelings. But what about these lost diamonds you were thinking of? I'm all impatience to learn the details, especially as seeing our acquaintance has been of long standing, and this is the first time I've heard you even mention the matter."

"For the best of all reasons, Percy—a man doesn't care to be laughed at for a greenhorn. Tho fact is no Englishman likes to be done; and when he *is*, prefers keeping his grievance to himself, rather than be laughed at for a "flat," or get that kind of milk-and-water sympathy which is as disgusting as it is insincere. However, I'll unbosom myself for once; and if you *do* elect to call me blockhead, I can't help it.

"You remember the time of the Crimean war? Of course you do though. Well, at that time I held a tolerably long lease of my old shop in Barbican. And Barbican, as you know, used to be, whatever it is now, not the least important street in London town. Ah, the gold and silver refining trade *then* was in the zenith of its prosperity; at that time you could buy cheap and sell dear; besides, the profit accruing from ready-made jewellery and precious stones was not by any means meagre. I did not, it is true, keep much of a show in the window; but my customers knew that I had a rare and valuable stock in drawers inside, and that was enough alike for them and me.

"Well, my lad, as I have before said, it was the time of the Crimean war. It was about as near as I can remember eleven o'clock in the mornieg of a bitterly cold day in December—a Tuesday—when either the slush or the piercing biting cold, or the leaden ominous sky that loomed overhead and threatened a snowstorm, kept people who had money, by their fireside or in bed: indeed few people of any kind were abroad, and all things outside were as gruesome and dispiriting as they well could be. I had drawn near my counting-house fire, and was looking into the glowing coals, my thoughts very far away from Barbican, E. C. My imagination wandered to the seat of war, where such terrible privation and blood-freezing cold and acute suffering—rendered all the more so by shocking mismanagement—encompassed our poor brave fellows round about; and just as a deep sigh came from my lips, my shop-door opened and there entered a fine, tall, handsome-looking gentleman, who, by his dress and bearing, was evidently a clergyman. At least I thought so at the time, as would anybody else, for that matter. His attire was of the best material and make, and scrupulously neat; and his neck-band was as white as driven snow. Moreover, gold-rimmed spectacles and heavy seals depending from his watch-fob, gave him not only a highly respectable appearance, but stamped him as wealthy withal. That is to say, I thought so. Well, up he marched to my counter with tolerably long strides, removed his hat (of the first quality), and placed it upon my counter (his well arranged silver hair became him immensely), and gave me a 'good-morning' and a smile which was incalculably pleasing and good to see. This man is a Christian: goodness and gentleness beam on every feature, I mentally told myself. I put on my very best manner and politely asked him his pleasure.

"I have been recommended to you, sir," (he mentioned a firm with which I dealt largely in the way of silver-bar). "I am given to understand," he continued, "that you have a varied and very valuable selection of ladies' diamond ornaments."

'I signified that such was the case.

"Well," he proceeded, "I am somewhat anxious, sir, to see and examine some of your possessions. The fact is, my daughter—my only daughter, sir, a pure, sweet-tempered child—is on the eve of marriage, and I (naturally, you will say) am desirous of giving her a substantial wedding-present. Very good. Mind! I want nothing gaudy; nor—pardon me, Mr. Filby—nor do I desire any artfully contrived speimen of the jeweller's art of deception. I want something solid and substantial—articles that *look* what they literally are—and I do not mind how high I go as to price."

'All this was fair and square and above-board. Undoubtedly my prospective customer, though a clergyman, was morover an excellent man of business, and one who wouldn't brook trifling. I made up my mind to acquiese to his every wish—and charge him as long a price as I reasonably could.

'I placed before him several trays of gems of exquisite workmanship, upon which I looked with pride. I expected, I must own, that my customer would appear surprised, to say the least, at the dazzling array. Not so, however. And that's to put it mildly; for when I uncovered my goods and looked up at him with a self-satisfied look on *my* face, there was a look on *his* which bore a semblance of indifference, not to say disdain. This nettled me somewhat; but on second thoughts told myself that it was possible he, personally, did not care for the pomps and vanities of this world, though anxious to procure such commodities for his daughter.

"After careful examination he selected a pair of diamond earrings (eighty pounds); a butterfly brooch—one mass of glitter and dazzle—and a half-hooped diamond ring (the two, one hundred and fifty-two pounds ten shillings). A tolerably good-morning's work, you will say. We shall see.

"Well, I after I had fitted the trinkets to superior cases, and when I had packed them in as small a compass as I well could, the reverend gentleman felt in his pockets for the money wherewith to pay me. He drew from his breast-pocket a goodly-sized Russian leather case, and tenderly singling out some bank-notes and a cheque, proceeded to settle for his purchase.

"The cheque is good - you will perceive" —he began.

"My *dear* sir," I interrupted (the cheque was perfectly genuine, I was convinced, seeing that it bore the signature of the firm that had mentioned my name).

"I know what you would say, sir," he said, holding up his hand, while a look of extreme shrewdness covered his face; "you would say that you have implicit faith in me. That is wrong—utterly wrong! As a business man you should be very careful. It behoves us all to be so at times. Clearly, you know me not; and deception abounds. For instance, I may not be a clergyman at all. I may, in fine, be none other than a knave—a wolf in sheep's clothing." Saying which, he laughed a laugh, which somehow or other seemed to grate upon my ear.

"However, he proceeded to pay the amount due, as I have said.

'Let me see,' he continued musing'y; 'it will be in all, four—three—two—ten. Good! If you will kindly look over these, Mr. Filby, you will find threepence short of the required sum, which I will pay you in copper coin immediately.' He removed his spectacles, and pushed over to me three one hundred pound Bank of England notes, ten five-pound notes, and the cheque spoken of, which was for eighty-three pounds nine and ninepence. Satisfied that the notes were genuine, I looked up at my wealthy customer and found him fumbling in pocket after pocket for the copper money.

"My dear sir!" I exclaimed, "pray don't bother about the trifling pence. If you are satisfied, I am thoroughly so."

"Nay," he rejoined; "that will not do. Business is business. You are entitled to your demand—ay, and to the uttermost farthing. I buy goods of you for a certain amount: I therefore must pay you every iota of that amount, or I should not be easy in my mind."

"A really upright man this: lucky the congregation that had so just and evenly balanced a man for their pastor. So ran my thoughts as he counted out the remaining threepence and placed them in my hand with a kind of dig, as though he were glad to get rid of them, and set his mind at ease.

"Then there ensued an awkward pause, awkward because, for the life of me, I could not think of anything to say; and as for my reverend customer, he seemed in all but brown-study. At any rate he seemed by no means in a hurry to take his purchase and be gone—appeared indeed to wish to linger awhile, seemingly for no earthly purpose, seeing that our transaction was at an end, and that he seemed not to care to talk. Presently he again took out his pocket-book counted over six or seven pound notes, and became absorbed in casting up some figures: that done, he began fiddling with some leaves, turning them over, and then back again.

"By way of turning my attention to other matters, I took up the *Times*; but before scanning its pages, I chanced to look toward my shop door, and saw a tall heavily built man peering through the glass. He was somewhat curious to look upon, I must confess; for the snow that had been threatening, was fiercely and rapidly descending outside, and this man was covered with the white feathery flakes from head to foot. On seeing my gaze steadily fixed at him he pushed open the door and entered with a firm tread. He had a kind of eagle eye, this man—eager, sidelong, piercing; thoughtful brows too; and there was a huge determination about the lower part of his face. Shaking the snow from off his coat, stamping his feet upon my shop carpet (which I thought was rather a cool proceeding), and unfastening the lappets of his sealskin travelling-cap, he gave a deep-drawn grunt of relief, and exclaimed in a bluff boisterous manner: "In time after all! My bird's not flown, by all that's palpable!—Congratulate thyself, thou man of gold and silver and precious stones; and furthermore, congratulate me on my aptitude for scenting 'Slippery Dick!'" Then letting fall his voice, he added more seriously: 'You've had a narrow escape, sir, I've no doubt now that our *reverend* friend here has contrived to lessen your stock of goods pretty considerably—has been a *pretended* purchaser (mark that! to a very tidy tune!'

'If you mean, sir, whoever you may be, that this gentleman has paid a good deal of money to me,' I returned, somewhat indignantly, 'you are right in your conjecture. But may I ask, pray, who are you, that you enter my shop in this manner, and insult myself and customer by asking such—well, such impertinent questions? . . . Who are you?' I again asked, feeling that I should be compelled to call my shopman to turn him neck and crop into the street.

'You'll very soon know who I am,' he returned coolly. 'Suffice it at present that I am fully justified in what I ask and do. . . Bear—kindly bear with me a little. I have a stern duty to perform. This man is not what he pretends to be. He is a blackleg—a canting humbug—a swindler: in a word, as dangerous and troublesome a customer as we have to deal with!'

"I looked at my customer. His face was terrible to look upon; I could scarcely believe my eyes—the passion concentrated in his features was absolutely demoniac in its intensity; the ebullition of rage which held possession of him shook him from head to foot.

"The boisterous stranger laid his hand heavily on the clergyman's shoulder, grasped it roughly, and whispered something in his ear, at which his passion left him as quickly and suddenly as a flash of lightning. He became, in fact, as pale as death, and finally culminated in trembling violently, whiie his face assumed a kind of brick-dust hue.

"I did not put this down to guilt: no, I laid it rather to the just indignation that would be naturally felt by a high-souled minister of the Gospel accused of such enormities.

"The rough-and-ready intruder regarded the reverend gentleman with unfeigned admiration, at least so it appeared to me. He folded his arms across his broad chest and stood regarding him for a few moments. Then he looked at me, and winked knowingly.

'Our Christian friend is clever, oho! He is doing the work of a certain Evil personage who shall be nameless, very admirably, aha!' he ejaculated, reverting again to his boisterous manner. 'But we old birds are not to be caught; we are accustomed to this kind of thing. O dear, yes, I—your very obedient servant, Mr. Filby—belong to the fancy iron trade, and I do my utmost to get as much of my stock on other people's hands as I possibly can." Saying which, he unbuttoned and threw open his shaggy overcoat, and laid bare to my gaze the uniform of an inspector of police. Then, as quick as thought, he drew forth and fastened on the clergyman's wrists a pair of handcuffs!

'This is shocking—really horrible,' I couldn't help saying.

'No seniiment, please,' returned the inspector angrily. 'Leave me to do *my* work, and take care you do *yours*.'

'But my good friend," the man of the white neckcloth exclaimed in whining tones, 'you are utterly mistaken. I like—I in fine have nought but admiration for your zeal; but I am not the man you suppose me to be. . . . If you will remove these things—they hurt my wrists—I will go'——

'No; you won't.'

'I mean I will go into the details of our transaction. . . . The notes are good, genuine, sir?'

'Perfectly so,' I responded; 'I would stake my life on their soundness.'

"Then, sir, permit a public servant to tell you that you will lose your life. Kindly let me look at these sound Bank of England notes."

"What could I do but hand them to him?

'Ah! as I thought!" he then exclaimed. 'Very skilful, very clever; decidedly so! Pity our pious friend here doesn't contrive to turn his thoughts in another direction; sad that he disdains to use his talents more honourably. Given such consummate cleverness, he might have surmounted almost anything by honest means. . . . These, sir, are, rascally forgeries; splendidly worked out I'll admit, but forgeries for all that!' he declared emphatically, laying the notes down on my counter and placing his elbow on them. 'No, I shouldn't wonder,' he resumed, 'if our reverend specimen of humanity here did not persuade you that he desired to make his daughter—*his* daughter—a wedding present?'

"I said that such was really the fact.

'Ah, just so! The old, old game; the old story. . . . I wonder, Dick ("Slippery Dick" is the name by which he is known among us and his companions)—I wonder, Dick, you don't alter your *modus operandi*—it's so stupidly stale, you know.'

'Dick' looked daggers, looked as though he would have very much liked to annihilate the inspector on the spot, and retorted in language not at all befitting a clergyman: 'You're very clever, ain't you now? Pah! I could "do" fifty like you. . . . It doesn't matter much though. You've got me. You've trapped me nicely. What more d'ye want? . . . Look sharp and let us go!'

"From this kind of talk, I began to think him none other than what the inspector affirmed him to be—especially so when the man in office whipped off the silvern locks from his prisoner's head and disclosed to my wondering gaze a closely-cropped iron-grey head of hair beneath.

'I should hope you don't want *furthe* proof?' the inspector interrogated triumphantly.

"I replied that I was satisfied. That I had been singled out for a victim, I now felt certain. In short, my dear boy, I was completely taken aback, and fell into the whole scheme."

"The whole scheme!" I exclaimed; "how? I scarcely understand."

"Don't interrupt. You shall hear directly: my melancholy story is fast drawing to a close. . .. Well, I looked from one to the other with perplexity on my face.

'What are you thinking of doing, Mr. Inspector?' I asked.

'Why, take this predatory individual—this pike among gudgeons—to the station (they'll have no mercy on him *this* time); and you must accompany us thither. . . . I'll take care of these bits of paper; as in like manner I'll be the safe custodian of the artfully-contrived wedding present.' Saying which, he deposited the notes, the cheque, and the diamonds, in the breast-pocket of his overcoat.

"There was no help for it; of course I must go to the station. So calling my assistant from the back-room, I instructed him to get a cab and look after business during my absence. Of course I did not tell him the errand I was bound on: and as luck would have it, he appeared not to notice that anything was wrong. It would, I must confess, have been difficult for Thomas, my then shopman, to have seen the handcuffed wrists of the pious-looking gentleman; for, to his credit be it said, the trapped fox had contrived to fasten the bottom buttons of his unusually long-tailed frock coat, and placing his hands beneath, had thus managed to keep the iron bracelets out of sight. Still, there was a decidedly awkward appearance about him, and the heavily-limbed inspector certainly did not by his attitude and manner at all resemble a man bent on buying my wares or selling me his; however, Thomas seemed oblivious to what was taking place under his very nose, and hied him for a cab.

"The cab brought, the two entered first, while I remained behind for a few moments to give instructions to my shopman. Then I got inside the cab, and we started for Moor Lane Police Station, Fore Street. I hadn't been seated long before I found that the prisoner's hands were free.

'That's all right,' the inspector said, noting my look of surprise. 'He's promised to behave himself; and between ourselves, I don't like to iron a man if I can get him to give in quietly. Besides, our designing friend, with all his cunning, knows who he's got to deal with—that I am more than a match for him. Don't you fear, sir; he won't easily slip through *my* fingers!'

"Well, we at length arrived at the station-house. I was the first to alight from the cab, and was about to enter the station. The inspector, still seated with his prisoner, called to me with evident annoyance: 'There's no light in the superintendent's room; we'll have to wait a little. However, there's no help for it. You go into the room there, the first door on the right; you'll find newspapers and records there. Amuse yourself. I'll cage my bird—put him under lock-and-key, (safe bind, safe find, you know) and then I'll come to you. I'll be here in a few minutes. If I remain away any length of time, ask for Inspector John Tricklet, . . . Pray do not mention our business to any living soul.'

"Like a fool and the unsuspecting jackass I was, I did as I was bid. I turned the handle of the door and entered the room, a square apartment, possessed of nothing to speak of save a huge deal table, four spindle-legged chairs, a map of London, and an almanac; and excepting a framed engraving representing a life-boat making slow progress oqer a boiling sea, the walls were bare of pictures. In my then state of mind the place seemed horribly monotonous. Howver, I took up the only newspaper the room boasted of, and seated myself to wait for the end.

"It speedily came. I hadn't been seated long, before I heard the cab drive away. 'Ah,' I said to myself, 'the man in blue's too economical to let "cabby" wait; I suppose I shall be detained here some time. Was there *ever* anything so disagreeable!'

"Fifteen minutes passed. During that time I fidgetted about. There is no disguising the matter; I was terribly perturbed. The most idiotic thoughts passed through my brain. 'What if,' I found myself asking, 'this sham clergyman should eventually prove my destruction? What if, after serving his punishment, he should out of revenge come to my shop and blow out my brains? What'—— But I thought all manner of things which I won't bother you with. Suffice it that another fifteen minutes passed. I rose from my seat; but before I could move a yard towards the door, it opened, and a fine-looking gentleman—evidently the superintendent—stood before me. We were soon on good terms; I gave him my name and explained my advent, and explained why I was cooped up in what was called his 'Private Inquiry Office.' He seemed, when I had finished, to labeur hard to keep down a laugh.

'Well,' he said at length, 'you've been done nicely! But you have this consolation, that others have been bit—and to a pretty tidy tune too. You say you are waiting for "Inspector John Tricklet." There's no such party of that name connected with *this* station. They've carried on a similar game, varied a little, very successfully in all the large towns in Ireland, Scotland and Wales, to say nothing of what they've done abroad. . . . Tricklet! Ah, a very apt name! The game's been contrived by a trick—and he—they—have left you in the hole. . . . You must not suppose me a Job's comforter when I say that dozens have been swindled by these two clever vultures. They are nothing less: they prey on their kind as best they may. But this is poor talk, Mr. Filby. Let me assure you, to be serious, that all that can be done *shall* be done. But what *can* we do? What can Scotland Yard do? They can only issue a caution to tradesmen generally, and put the matter in the *Hue and Cry*, which probably won't amount to much. And between you and me, Mr. Filby, I've repeatedly thought (and very seriously too) that they've got some of our fellows in their pay; I could all but swear it; for it were not so, I am confident they'd have been taken long ago.'

"Heartily disgusted, I bade him a surly good-day, and hied for my shop and counting-house fire. Its genial blaze, however, cheered me not. I was dispirited and chagrined, and possessed of a deep-rooted idea that my hitherto clear brain had gotten a superabundance of mud in it. I felt that I could tear my hair and beat my breast and yell out that I was profoundly miserable.

"But why dwell upon the matter. The story is told. Suffice it then, for your behoof that I never heard more of these two very original swindlers, and that therefore I got not the slightest return for my loss. I have hitherto, as I have previously told you, kept the matter a profound secret, so that sympathy even has not fallen to my share. There! I'm heartily sick of the whole business. Call me a consummate donkey, if you like, but don't let me hear another word about the matter. . . . Ah! how the time has flown! Let us pull ourselves together, and go indoors and join the ladies."

IT is remarkable that no member of the royal family, much less any one below them, has ever taken the title of London. Duke of London would be a good title for the Prince of Wales' eldest son. The Prince is Earl of Dublin, as was his grandfather, the Earl of Kent.

The British Empire in India.

LONDON, Sept. 24.—British India has an area of about 1,486,319 square miles. From Cape Comorin, the extreme southern part of the mainland, to the northern frontier, is about 1,900 miles; and from Bombay, the western frontier, to the eastern part of Assam, the distance is also just about 1,900 miles. About two-thirds of the whole is under direct British administration, and the rest is under native princes, some of whom merely acknowledge British supremacy, while others pay tribute or provide military contingents. The population of the part under direct British rule is 191,000,000, and of the feudatory States some 50,000,000 more, giving a total of 241,000,000. Over this vast domain and numerous people England has exercised more or less sway for nearly three centuries.

In 1600, during the reign of Elizabeth, the famous East India Company began its rule. There is a pretty fiction in this country to the effect that this company was a body of Christian, philanthropic gentlemen, whose chief object was to carry good and enlightened government into that benighted land, and that financial gain was only a subsidiary matter. In plain prose, however, it should be put about thus: British capitalists saw India to be a country of great and varied wealth, and saw a fine chance to buy of the ignorant, simple-hearted people their products for almost nothing, and of selling them at princely profits in other countries. In short, they saw a chance of getting untold millions of money by fleecing the poor natives, and that is practically what they have always been doing. When an American trader goes to some far-off Indian tribe and gives rotten but gaudy calico for prime buffalo robes, yard for yard, there are some people reckless enough to justify the practice, but most fair-minded people would not. To the credit of the English, it must be said that they usually adhere scrupulously to bargains, and keep treaties well; but as to giving value for value, they have always dealt just as unfairly with the natives of India as have our American traders with the Indian tribes of the West. In practice, it seems always to have been considered strictly allowable to trade a penny for a sovereign, if the natives were sufficiently ignorant of their respecive values to allow the trade. For nearly three centurias England has been bringing home the wealth of India; thousands of wealthy families owe their position wholly to their gains in that trade; and what has India to show on its side of the bargain? They are just as poor, and far more helpless in time of famine than when the East India Company was organized. Some English statesmen believe a national debt to be a national blessing; if so, India is richly endowed, for they have a very handsome debt, and it is growing out of all reason

In 1853 the East India Company's charter was renewed for the last time, and in 1858 India became a strict dependency of the Crown. The Governor-General or Viceroy is appointed by the Crown, and acts under the orders of the Secretary of State for India. The home administration of Indian affairs is entrusted to a Secretary (salary, $25,000) and a Council of fifteen members (salary, $5,000 each). A majority of the members of this Council must have served or lived ten years in India, and that service or residence must not have been more than ten years previous to the time of appointment. They hold office for a term of ten years, and may not sit in Parliament. The expense of the Home Office is borne by the home Government, but India makes a direct contribution to the British exchequer which more than covers that. The Indian Government is self-supporting in every particular. The Governor-General has a salary of $125,000 a year, and also allowances estimated at $60,000 more, making a total of $185,000. He is assisted by a Council of sixteen members, of whom several are native princes.

On Aug. 13 the Indian budget was presented to the House of Commons. The session was nearly done, and most of the members had gone to the seaside, the rivers, or the moors for their summer sport. A little handful only of members were there to hear Mr. Stanhope's financial statement, which so vitally concerned 241,000,000 of people. The gross revenue of the year '76-77 is given at $275,000,000, and of '77-78, $295,000,000. The former year left a deficit of some $40,000,000, and the latter a deficit of nearly $12,000,000. For the coming financial year the expected revenue is $315,975,000 They actually propose to have a surplus of $10,000,000 out of that, but they have so often turned an anticipated surplus into a very large deficit that little dependence is to be put in the promise. In 1867 they managed to get along with an outlay of only $223,000,000, and that sum was but little above the average of several preceding years. The famine charges of the last year were $32,500,000, but even deducting this extra charge the outlay is still above that of recent years. Statistics of the deaths by famine have been collected, and show that 200,000 died in the province of Bombay, 690,000 in Madras, and 400,000 in Mysore, giving a a total of deaths by starvation of 1,350,000. Correspondents of the *Times* estimated the deaths at more than three times that number, and there is some reason for thinking that the figures given by Mr. Stanhope are as much below the mark as the *Times'* estimate was above it. Famines have occurred so often that it is now proposed to incorporate in the taxes a yearly charge as a famine fund. It is estimated that there is spent $75,000,000 every ten years in famine relief. An item of $5,500,000 appears in the budget for the present fiscal year on this account.

In considering these figures it should be noted that the purchasing power of money in England and India is greatly different. A member of the House of Commons states that "four shillings a week in Bombay enables a man to live in comparatively easy circumstances." With this fact in mind, look at the Viceroy's salary, at the current expenditure, and at the debt, and they at once swell to several times the figures named. It is hard to gather from the indefinite statements of Mr. Stanhope just what the debt of India is in amount. The "Statesman's Year Book" puts it at $670,293,220 at date of March 31, 1876. Since that time two years' deficits, amounting to fully $50,000,000, have been added, and there are also other additional items. An Indian loan is now upon the market for a further sum of $50,000,000, and this, too, must be added. If the debt of India be reduced to days' work at the rate of wages paid in that country, and the United States debt be reduced in like manner, it will be found that poverty-stricken India has a debt of vastly greater proportions than our own. The *Examiner* says that "during the twenty years in which India has been under the direct government of the Crown the debt of that country has been quadrupled." The natives are not an energetic, wealth-producing people, and the smallest tax upon their scanty earnings is a heavy burden.

The Indian army consists of some 190,000 men, of whom fully two-thirds are native troops. An active army of such size, in a time of profound peace, may well be objected to. The expenditure under this head will be close upon $85,000,000 for the coming year, and in the past ten years the army has generally cost above $80,000,000, with a regular tendency upward.

The chief items of revenue are the land tax and the tax upon opium and salt. Land yields over $107,500,000 per year; opium, $42,300,000, and salt, $31,200,000. The land tax is assessed upon the net profits after paying the cost of its cultivation. In the northwestern provinces the Government takes two-thirds of this and leaves one-third to the cultivator. In other parts the Government share is one-half, and in Madras, a very different system prevails, which, however, is not more just to the people than the rates taken in other parts of India. Such extortionate demands as this upon a people cannot be too severely spoken of. Two-thirds, I may say, is the amount taken by the Government in most of the provinces. It is paid in money. In Bengal, opium is a Government monopoly. No one is allowed to cultivate it except under express contract to deliver the entire crop to the Government agents at a fixed contract price. Then it is sold so as to realize a handsome revenue. Nearly all the opium is produced in this province.

The tax on salt is usually considered an oppressive one. It is taxed at a high rate, and bears most severely upon the poor. Where salt is imported, as in Bengal, there is an import duty, and where of native production there is an excise duty. For many years there has been kept up a long barrier known as the "customs line." It is some 2,800 miles long, consists of trees, ditches, and stone wall, and is so built as to be nearly impassable. The design is to prevent the smuggling of salt. A force of 8,000 men is needed to guard this wall, and the expense of keeping it up is enormous. This line is now to be abolished, and an arrangement is to be made with the native princes in those provinces where salt is produced, under which the salt pays an excise duty where made, and then goes to the other provinces at an increased price.

Notwithstanding the famine, the trade of India increased in the last fiscal year, and, though 1,350,000 died of famine, it is still the astonishing fact that England received more wheat from British India than in the previous year. Adding the total exports and imports together for the last twenty years, and not including bullion, it is found that the average yearly trade in the five years following 1858 was $260,000,000: in the second period of five years, $420,000,000—this was during our civil war, when England had to turn to India for her supply of raw cotton; in the third period, $445,000,000, and in the fourth period of five years the annual average was $465,000,000. In the fiscal year 1877-'78 they rose to $530,000,000. The trade is almost entirely in the hands of European residents, and they reap the fruits of this increase. It does not mean that India is growing richer, but that more of its wealth is flowing toward England. Nearly all the English residents there propose, at some time or other, to return with their wealth to England. A very small part only of this increase will stay permanently in the country. This one short sentence truthfully states the essence of the whole matter. England is impoverishing India as fast as she can.

J. W.

Personal.

POPE LEO XIII. takes quiet drives occasionally to Monte Mario, attired in the habit of a simple priest and riding in a private carriage.

WOMEN are worth something in Idaho. A Mrs. Black, who was thrown from a stage and had her arm broken wants $300,000 damages, and is determined not to take a cent less.

A BOSTON young man married against the wishes of his parents, and, in telling a friend how to break the news to them, said: "Tell them first that I'm dead, and gently work up to the climax."

A PRETTY boy of 16 plays women's parts in a Texas theatre, actresses of ability being scarce there; but his dramatic usefulness is nearly over, for a moustache is beginning to show on his dainty upper lip.

DIO LEWIS, after three years in California, took part in a discussion on the Chinese question in Boston, and claimed that the Chinese are physically, morally, and mentally superior to any other people.

GOING home from a revival meeting on a Sunday evening, in Aurora, Texas, Eli Ramsdale and Jack Hayes got into a quarrel over a girl, and fought with jackknives for a quarter of an hour. Both of them were killed.

THE Dutch papers speak of a contemplated marriage of the King of Holland to Princess Paulina of Waldeck, the eldest daughter of the reigning Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont and of Helena, daughter of the late Duke of Nassau. She is 22 years old.

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER has in press a new book, called "All Around the House; or, How to Make Home Happy." Mrs. Henry has had considerable experience, but she has failed in the main work required to make a home happy—the training of a husband.

RECENTLY a lady bequeathed to Mr. Spurgeon several thousand pounds for his own personal use. Mr. S. was induced to inquire into the circumstances of the relatives of the donor, and finding they were needy, and that nothing had been bequeathed to them, he very generously divided the legacy among them.

JUDGING from Mr. John B. Gough's announcements, his visit to Great Britain promises to be very successful. The largest places of assembly, such as Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle and Exeter Hall, have been engaged for him. London, Brighton, York, Liverpool, and parts of Scotland are included in his plan of work for September and October.

AT the close of Hutton's interesting biography of Sir Walter Scott, recently published by Harper & Brothers as Vol. III. of "English Men of Letters," we learn that the only direct descendant of Sir Walter Scott is now Mary Monica Hope-Scott, who was born on the 2nd of October, 1852, the grandchild of Mrs. Lockhart, and the great-grandchild of the founder of Abbotsford.

J. CÆSAR'S wife was above suspicion, but we regret to notice that the same cannot be said of the gentleman himself. The Windsor Record says that J. Cæsar, a postmaster of Essex County, ran away last week with the funds and also an amount raised from forged notes which he managed to Cassius if they were good, and since then the Brutus not been seen. All that was left on the premises is a Casca whiskey.

THE Viscountess Juvien, who died recently in Paris at the age of sixty-nine, had expended in good works several millions of francs; indeed, she died in comparatively straitened circumstances, owing to her lavish generosity. She followed the papal troops to battle repeatedly that she might be able to succor the wounded, and received from them the affectionate title of "Mother of the Pontificial Zouaves"—a name by which she was so widely known that letters so directed to her at Rome were sure to reach her without delay.

GEORGE MORGAN, who died at Streatham, England, a few days since, lacked only a few weeks of being one hundred and eight years old. His father, a Welshman, lived to be ninety-eight. In 1795, as the books of his house in Longacre testify, Mr. Morgan went to London and established himself as a coach-builder—a business which he continued for eighty-three years. But Morgan was a child compared with Osman Bey, who lives in Albania, and who, the Austrian consul declares, is hale and hearty despite the weight of his one hundred and forty-eight years. When Napoleon landed in Egypt, Osman, then a patriarch of seventy, fought against him at the head of a troop of horse.

BY far the most expensive monument or crypt in this country is the one now in course of construction at the expense of Mrs. A. T. Stewart in memory of her husband. It is to cost over $80,000, and will be very elaborate and imposing. A few days since some ninety tons of fine marble, cut by skilled workmen, were sent to Garden City, Long Island, to be placed in position under the chancel of the Cathedral of the Incarnation, also being built at the expense of Mrs. Stewart, and in the centre will rest Mr. Stewart's body. The crypt in form is a polygon with sixteen sides, twenty-two feet in diameter and twenty feet in length. Each angle is ornamented by clustered pillars of different-coloured marble imported from Italy, and so placed as to render harmony and to allow of the light giving the proper tone through the sixteen windows of stained glass. There will be sixteen clusters, each having three different-coloured marbles. Between the pillars the space will be pannelled and carved in pure white American marble, the ceiling being of the same material. The flooring will be of white and black Italian marble set in pretty design. There will be two approaches to the crypt, lerding from handsome vestibules which connect with the cathedral above. Mrs. Stewart takes great interest in the progress of the work. The building of the cathedral is progressing rapidly, and when finished it will be one of the finest pieces of work to be found, no expense being spared in the design or materials employed.

COMPARATIVE TELEGRAPHIC FACILITIES.

The following letter from Mr. E. Wiman, formerly of Toronto, relating to the above subject, appeared in the New York *Times* of Sunday last, and will be read, we are sure, with much pleasure:

To the Editor of the New York Times:

The editorial on "International Telegraphy," which appeared in your edition of last Sunday, gave a wonderfully perfect view of the progress of this important element of civilization all over the world from the few figures at command. I venture, however, to draw your attention to the fact that in claiming for the United States, as compared with other countries, a superiority in telegraphic facilities, you did, unwittingly, injustice to our neighbours in Canada. Notwithstanding that in the Dominion the population is largely agricultural, the distances great, the country sparsely settled and not by any means rich, telegraphic interests have been so judiciously fostered and so sagaciously managed, that better service, cheaper rates and greater facilities exist in the Dominion than even in the United States or elsewhere in the world. Permit me to give you some figures which justify this rather large claim. First, as to the mileage of wire in proportion to population:

Country.	Populat'n	Miles of Wire.	Proportion to Population
Great Britain	32,000,000	113,000	1 mile to 283
United States	40,000,000	267,000	1 mile 150
Canada......	4,000,000	30,000	1 mi 133

The above figures are sufficiently suggestive, but as to the number of offices in operation the same comparison holds good.

Country.	Populat'n	No. of Offices	Proportion to Persons
Great Britain..	32,000,000	5,375	1 office to 5,950
United States..	40,000,000	7,500	1 office to 5,333
Canada........	4,000,000	1,400	1 office to 2,857

It is claimed in your article that the Western Union Company has an office for every 5,333 inhabitants. Let it step aside—big as it is—and give place to the Montreal Telegraph Company, which affords one office for every 2,857 persons in its bailiwick.

Then, as to rates charged, it can be claimed that the Montreal Company has enabled Canada to make a step in advance of all other countries. What it took all the power of Parliament in Great Britain to accomplish, and what the wealth and executive ability of that great Government as yet fail to make profitable, the remote Province of Canada has demonstrated can be both effectually and profitably done, for it is a fact that a message can now be transmitted over the full extent of country covered by this Canadian company for 25 cents, and one cent for each additional word. From Sackville, New Brunswick—the eastern limit of the lines of this company—to Sandwich, the extreme western limit, is 1,200 miles, yet for this immense distance a message can be sent for 25 cents. The regular rate of 25 cents per message in England for all distances would average far less per mile in Canada, where the distances are greater, but as compared with the rates prevailing in the United States the advantage in favour of Canada is very remarkable, as the following will illustrate:

	Between	Distance in Miles.	Rate for 10 Words.	Additional Word.
				Cents.
United States rate......	New York and Bangor.....	500	$0 50	3
Canada rate.	Quebec and Toronto........	500	25	1
United States rate......	New York and Mobile.........	1,200	1 00	7
Canada rate.	Sackville and Sandwich......	1,200	25	1
United States rate......	New York and Binghamton.	150	35	2
Canada rate.	Montreal and Quebec......	150	25	1

In France and Germany the rates are much higher than in the United States, and nowhere, except in England, does the comparison of rates at all compare with the cheapness of the Canadian tariff. But even in England greater facilities are not afforded, for though 20 words can be transmitted for 20 cents, the charge over that number of words is 3 pence, or 6 cents, for every five words, while in Canada it is only one cent per word for each additional word. Again, in England there is no rate less than 25 cents, while in Canada between places 12 miles and under apart messages can be transmitted for 15 cents each. No rates so cheap as these exist elsewhere in the world.

But to show that these great facilities are afforded with a positive benefit to the company as well as to the people at large, I append some figures, showing the capital stock, at different intervals, of the Montreal Telegraph Company, and the dividends paid.

	Capital.	Miles of Wire.	Cash Dividend.
1847.......	$ 60,000	500	10 per cent.
1850.........	60,000	700	10 per cent.
1860	370,000	1,900	9 per cent.
1870	1,000,000	12,400	10 per cent.
1875........	1,925,000	20,000	10 per cent.

It is but fair that the man who has achieved such success in a field so important should be known. Those familiar with the subject will not hesitate to say that Canada is more indebted for its cheap and effective telegraphy to Mr. H. P. Dwight, the Superintendent of the Montreal Company at Toronto, than to any other person. Sir Hugh Allan, the President of the Company, with his shrewd, far-seeing vision and quick appreciation of the demands of business, has always been ahead of the times in telegraphy as in navigation and in other material progress, while Mr. O. S. Wood, in his time, and Mr. James Dakers, in his lifelong connection, by their close attention to legitimate business, have kept the affairs of the company in a sound and prosperous condition. But none will more readily admit than these gentlemen themselves that Mr. Dwight has been mainly instrumental in the wonderful expansion and growth of the company. Stationed at Toronto, the central part of the most largely populated and most progressive portion of the Dominion, and with lines radiating in all directions, Mr. Dwight has had charge of the greater portion of the company's business, and under his steady, strong management the business has yielded its largest returns; facilities have increased, schemes for extension been perfected, and greater success achieved in his profession than can be shown anywhere else in the world. The facts adduced above, in addition to your article of Sunday last, justify, I think, this claim.

E. WIMAN.

No. 314 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Friday, Sep. 13, 1878.

Jottings.

A SCALY CUSTOMER.—A ladder.

WHAT a cool embrace the arm of the sea gives!

A RICH IDEA.—Fancying yourself worth a million.

DID you ever see a plate sauce-r spoon and tumble-r off a table?

SOME men have a cool way of asking one to sign a draft for them.

A NEW WAY OF HANLIN' IT.—When is a tourist a sculler? When he takes a pullman.

"ONE half of the world don't know how the other half live." True; but 'tis not their fault; they spend time enough trying to find out.

WHEN, two years ago, Turkey was struggling with the revolt in Bosnia and Herzegovina, Europe looked contemptuously upon Turkey's labours and misfortunes. Now that 200,000 of the best soldiers of Austro-Hungary have failed in the same undertaking, the Turk does not appear so exceptionally feeble, after all.

A DOCTOR'S ERROR.—A popular doctor in Hamilton, while escorting a lady home the other evening, volunteered to relieve her cough and sore throat by giving her a troche. He told her to allow it to dissolve gradually in her mouth. No relief was experienced, and the doctor felt quite chagrined the next day when the lady sent him a trousers button, with a note, saying that he must have given her the wrong kind of troche, and he might need this one.

The Clock Quite Jubilant.

[From the Toronto New Dominion.]

Aha! My face again shines in the dark night. The passer looks up for the time and goes on satisfied and even proud. It is not for me to boast, but it is a fact as unquestionable as any which could be mentioned that there is not a better clock on the continent, and not one likely to keep better time. I have scarcely had fair play, but amid all the neglect and mismanagement to which first and last I have been subjected, I have endeavoured to do my duty. I have my reward. I am getting more attention, and people are saying that never was attention better bestowed. Just as I am treated generously will my services increase both in volume and value. I have had no end of admirers during this, the fair week, and I could fill column after column in telling what the people said in my praise. I don't, however, blow my own trumpet though I ring my own bell.

For the past days, people have talked nothing but Exhibition and Lord Dufferin. Even the election and its surprising results, have for the time being fallen into the shade. Conservative and Reformer have for once agreed to unite on a common course, and have rubbed shoulders with each other in the Crystal Palace with a good measure of cordiality, though both of them have said that the other side was in every respect disreputable, and that every member of it deserved to be shot if not even hanged.

Still, the election has not altogether disappeared from conversation. The Grits still wonder how it was brought round, the Conservatives still chuckle and rub their hands whenever they think of the greatness of their victory. It is evidently very difficult to say which was most astonished. The sweep was a clean one and no mistake. The defeat was so terrible that even the vanquished could not choose but laugh. And they *did* laugh, I am bound to say, not hysterically, and in order to conceal their tears but with a whole heartedness and an *abandon*, that spoke well for their digestion, and made it absolutely certain that they would survive. Everybody is now and always on the alert, looking out for the advent of that National Policy, which has been so much spoken of, and whose presence is to work such a charm in every body's life. I could not begin to tell all I have heard on the subject since Wednesday morning. All expect to get better prices for what they have to sell, and better incomes to be jolly on. I have not heard a farmer speak on the subject who was not quite confident he would receive five cents more for every dozen of eggs he had to sell, and at least ten cents on every bushel of grain. It seems to me that there will be trouble if any more early fruit or vegetables come from the other side. Such a thing ought not to be allowed. Our market gardeners and farmers have a right to a fair amount of protection- and they must get it. Plums peaches, sweet potatoes, grapes and cucumbers must never again be allowed to flood the Canadian market from the other side. All these can be raised here, if sufficient time and protection are allowed.

Native clocks even, I am told, complain of my unwarrantable promotion, and protest against foreigners being exalted to places of prominence and honour. Plumb still thinks that Pat Hughes had no right to come to Niagara, and holds that if he had had adequate protection from foreign competition, he would have held his own against all time and all men

There has been a great deal of talk about Sir John having been for some time *hors de combat* down at Kingston. I can scarcely think, however, that this is true; for I am credibly informed that Sir John is not a good rider and scarcely ever ventures on horseback. He goes to Kingston as Beaconsfield goes to Hughenden, simply to "refresh himself." By the way, there was a rumour going some short time since that Blake and Mackenzie had fallen sadly into drink, while Sir John had at last been "savingly converted." Can this be true? Wonders never cease. If such a rumour should turn out to be well-founded, it will be very surprising indeed. One would like to know, however, what savingly converted means before one was too sure or too jubilantly thankful. If Mackenzie has really fled to the *cratur* for comfort, we shall soon hear more of it. Perhaps all the Grits are in the same condition, though I am bound to say I have seen no proofs of it. There was some talk of a thanksgiving service on Tuesday last, but it did not take place. Rine, the teetotal man, took up the matter so warmly on Sunday evening, and so enthusiastically commended Sir John to the favour of Heaven, and to the estimation of all Canadians, that the proposed meeting was thought superfluous. The Grits held *their* meeting in Shaftesbury Hall, but the attendance was so small that they adjourned. Before doing so, I am told that Mr. Blain made a few touching and appropriate remarks, and that Mr. J. D. Edgar engaged in prayer.

The crowds I have seen during these past days, however, have so drawn off my attention from other matters that I have no heart for either gossip or scandal. There is something specially interesting in a great number of people all intent on holiday making. Glooming grieved faces there are always to be found; but they are on such occasions decidedly in the minority. At any rate, this was the case during the Exhibition week in Toronto. There was a general determination to please and to be pleased, which might have cheered the heart of the veriest cynic, and driven perfectly crazy any chronic growler or moody fault-finder who might be looking on. It was also nice to see so very few under the influence of liquor. Of course there are coarse rude, drunken boors to be found in every large collection of people, but upon the whole, Canadians have no reason to be ashamed of the general behaviour on such occasions. If one could only banish the use of tobacco in all its forms when there are so many to whom the weed is intensely disagreeable, and if slang and swearing were laid aside, were it only for the time being, there would not be much in the way of improvement to be desired for our Canadian crowd. Many people tell me that last year in Philadelphia among all the hundreds of thousands that swarmed to the Exhibition and grounds, not a rude word could be heard, and not a drunken man could be seen. Things were not quite so well during the past week in Toronto, but they were not far behind, at least so far as seen by

THE CATHEDRAL CLOCK.

The present biii at the Park Theatre will be changed next Tuesday, October 1. A comedy in four acts, entitled "Bouquets and Bombshells," adapted by Mr. J. W. Shannon, of Wallack's Theatre, will be then produced. Mr. George Clark will appear in this new play.

It is worthy of notice that the three leading works to be produced by the Mapleson Opera Company this season are not of Italian origin. "Carmen," which is the chief attraction, is a French work; "Mireille," another novelty, was composed by Gounod; while "Lohengrin" is the fruit of German genius carried to its utmost limit.

The first concert of the Roze-Mapleson Company will take place next Monday evening, on which occasion Mme. Roze will sing "Robert, toi que j'aime," from "Robert le Diable;" the waltz, "L'Ardita," and, in conjunction with Signor Brignoli, the famous duet from "Don Pasquale," "Toroo mia dir m'ami."

The artists who will appear at Booth's Theatre, on Sunday evening, besides Mlle. de Murska, aro Mme. Carena, Signor Tagliapietra, Signor Susini, Mr. Hill, and Signor Talberti—the latter, a tenor, being new to local audiences.

Henry Neville reopened the Olympic Theatre, London, on the 23rd inst., with a revival of The Two Orphans. The piece was done with five of its original English cast, viz.: Miss Ernstone, Mrs. Huntley, and Messrs. William Rignold, Henry Neville, and Vollaire.

The adaptation of "Les Fourchambault" made by Messrs. Julian Magnus and H. C. Bunner was produced very successfully in Baltimore last week, at Ford's Opera-house. It is expected that this adaptation will be played some time during the winter in New York.

ON GIRLS.—This is a boy's composition on girls. He says: "Girls are the only folks that has their own way every time. Girls is of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand girls if she wants to do anything. This is all I know about girls, and father says the less I know about them, the better off I am."

A WIFE'S TEARS.—A Halton County Grit pleasantly sat down at breakfast, and his loving wife said: "Darling, does your head ache?" He replied with sufficient dignity, "No; why should you ask?" And she said back, "Well, my dear, you came home at 3 o'clock this morning, and as you couldn't hang your hat on the rack, you put the rack down on the floor and said you'd hang every hat in the house on it, and I thought your head might ache."