

regulating and licensing of this class of people, it would probably be desirable that a memorial shall be presented to the Local Legislature, praying that such amendment may be made to the Municipal Acts as would empower Municipal Councils to pass such By-laws."

Selected Matter.

The Exact Time.

Few people, except philosophers who hold that time and space are merely categories, are aware that a knowledge of "the exact time," for which enquiry is often made, is unattainable. There are no clocks or watches which tell the precise truth. Even the time-ball which is dropped by electricity is always a few seconds fast or slow. One watch or clock may be worse than another, but the time-piece that gives us the exact time has yet to be made.

If this fact were to be generally accepted, a vast deal of anxiety and unhappiness would be saved. As it is, every man who has what he calls a good watch puts implicit faith in it, and as he is constantly betrayed he suffers great mental agony. There is something very remarkable about the fascination which watches exert over their owners. A man who prides himself on his watch identifies himself with it. If he undertakes to tell a friend the time, instead of saying, "It is half-past 12 by my watch," he remarks, "I am half past 12." The watch becomes a part of himself, and he watches its wheels and springs with the same tender care with which he watches his private liver and lungs.

Of course the victim of a "good watch" never admits that it can be wrong. It is always the other watches and clocks that are wrong. None of those ever agree precisely with his watch, except by accident. When, after remarking, "I don't vary a quarter of a second in six months," he draws out his watch and finds that it differs some seconds or minutes from the watch with which he compares, he boldly asserts that the latter is wrong. There are men who have, in the course of a single day, compared their infallible watches with the time-ball, the City Hall clock, the clock of Trinity Church, and a dozen less notorious time pieces, and unhesitatingly pronounced every one of them to be wrong. No argument can move such men. The infallibility of their watches

is the firmest article of their faith, and they would go to the stake sooner than admit that they could be mistaken.

Meanwhile, every man, in his own breast, doubts his own watch. He gives an intellectual assent to the doctrine that his watch is infallible, but in the silence of the night he confesses to himself that perhaps it needs regulating. The conduct of all men proves that they are unwilling to risk anything of consequence upon the accuracy of their watches. They profess to believe that "railroad time" is much faster than other time, and hence when they are about to take a train they make it a point to arrive at the station at least five minutes earlier than would be necessary were their watches infallible. This is a practical proof of their secret conviction that watches are not infallible, and though they would die sooner than admit the fact, this conviction renders their lives miserable.

There have been men who have become so infatuated with the desire to have the exact time that they have placed clocks in every room in the house, and give their whole energies to securing concord between them. The result has been uniformly failure and misery. No two clocks can ever be made to perfectly agree; and when the number is increased the confusion and discord increase in geometrical ratio. An estimable citizen of this city some time since provided himself with thirteen distinct clocks, all of which he attempted to keep in perfect agreement with his watch. He spent his whole time in going from one to another, putting this one forward and putting that one backward. Every day at 12 o'clock he found that each clock gave him an independent estimate of the time, and all his exertions only succeeded in making their estimate diverge more widely from the other. It is now three months since he was removed to the lunatic asylum, where he imagines that he is an English chronometer, and daily tries to wind himself up with a latch-key.

The only men who really enjoy life are those who carry cheap silver watches, warranted never to tell the exact time. He who owns a watch of this kind always assumes that it is five minutes out of the way, and takes his measures accordingly. He does not attempt to delude himself with the belief that railway time differs from all other time, but by frankly assuming that his watch is untrustworthy, he arrives at the station at the same moment

as the man with the infallible watch who believes in the myth of railway time. He never is betrayed through boasting of the accuracy of his watch, and is not compelled to indulge in wholesale attacks on the veracity of all other time pieces. The only danger to which he is exposed is that his watch may occasionally keep altogether too accurate time, thus rendering unnecessary the five minutes' allowance he habitually makes when keeping an appointment or travelling. In these circumstances the best thing to do is to dip the watch into a bowl of water. This seldom fails to induce it to resume its customary irregularities, and to wipe from it the reproach of suspected accuracy. Much good may also be done by occasionally moving the regulator over the entire arc from "slow" to "fast." In fact with a very little effort, the cheap silver watch can be made to run as it was designed to run, and its owner can thus secure himself against the misery of having the exact time. *P.C.*

Money in an Assignee's Hands.

It is pretty generally understood that an Assignee of an insolvent estate is bound under the terms of the Act to deposit in some bank the funds of such estate, to the joint credit of himself and the inspectors. It is further provided that no money shall be drawn by him from such account, unless by a cheque countersigned by an inspector. It has been a moot question for some time whether banks in which money of insolvent estates was deposited, were bound to see whether any inspectors had been appointed, and, if so, to insist upon all cheques being countersigned by them. Some bankers have insisted on all cheques being countersigned; while others have paid the Assignee's cheques without question. The point does not appear to have risen for decision in any case in this Province until now, and it has just been decided by the Court of Common Pleas in the suit of Clench vs. the Consolidated Bank. The case arose out of the insolvency of J. D. Gillespie, late of St. Catharines. Mr. Gillespie's assignee was James McEdward, who deposited certain notes with the bank for collection, which, when collected, were passed to the credit of his account as assignee of the estate, and afterwards transferred by a cheque signed by him as assignee, to his own personal credit, and then withdrawn. Inspectors to the estate had been