

and was greatly extolled. Mr. Harrison, although repeatedly solicited to allow himself to be put in nomination for a place in Parliament, for many years steadfastly refused that honour. In 1867, however, on the Confederation of the Provinces, he was prevailed upon to accept a seat in the new House of Commons. He was returned for West Toronto and sat until the general elections of 1872, when, owing to the demands of his profession, he retired altogether from political life.

In 1859, he retired from the Crown Law Department, bearing with him the sincere and heartfelt good wishes of all he had come in contact with. He also received letters from his superiors, couched in the most affectionate and flattering language. Mr. Harrison commenced practice in partnership with the late Mr. James Patterson, and at once obtained a large and lucrative practice. He had been retained as counsel for the Crown in nearly every important case arisen till then. His first appearance in that character was at the celebrated prosecution of McHenry alias Townsend, the murderer; he next appeared in the conduct of the North Shrievally case, when people ridiculed the Government for retaining so young a man to prosecute. Though opposed by one of the most eminent counsel of the Province, he was entirely successful, and by his success set at rest the fears of those who looked only to his youth and not to his great industry and ability. In the "State Trials" when the Parliamentary opposition endeavoured in Courts of Law to break down the Government, he, with eminent counsel, was on the defensive, and, as usual, successful. In the famous *Habas Corpus* case of John Anderson, the negro, he gained his case before the Queen's Bench, but happily for Anderson, on technical points, the force of which he at once conceded, lost it before the Common Pleas.

The firm was subsequently joined by Mr. Thomas Hodgins, Q.C., late M.P.P. for West Elgin. On the death of Mr. Patterson, the firm of Harrison, Osler & Moss was formed, having as leading members the present Chief Justice in Equity, Mr. F. S. Osler, Mr. Charles Moss and Mr. W. A. Foster. This firm, during late years, obtained a remarkably large practice. The extent of the business of Harrison, Osler & Moss may be imagined when we state, on excellent authority, that Mr. Harrison's professional income had reached \$14,000; and Mr. Moss had probably as much more. To give up this, even for a Chief Justiceship, must have been no ordinary sacrifice. Chief Justice Harrison had been twice married: first in 1859, to Anna, daughter of J. M. Muckle, Esq., formerly a merchant of Quebec; she died in 1866; and secondly, in 1868, to Kennethina Johanna Mackay, only daughter of the late Hugh Scobie, Esq., who was editor and proprietor of the *British Colonist* newspaper, Toronto. Mr. Harrison's appointment was a high tribute to a most worthy, able and industrious man, and coming as it did from the hands of a political leader on the opposite side, was as graceful as well deserved. On all sides the appointment was hailed with satisfaction by members of the profession.

HEARTH AND HOME.

TRUE TASTE.—There is a great difference between taste and fancy. One is a perception of some manifestation of a principle in nature, the other a mere predilection for works of art. One is founded on the soul as seen through its outward covering, the other contemplates only the exterior dress. True taste is the love of the sublime, the beautiful, and true.

MILK.—The following extract from a letter received by Dr. Davies, of Bristol, from "one of the highest medical and official authorities in the kingdom," deserves consideration—the letter was apparently written *a propos* of the recent epidemic of milk-typhoid in that city—"We English, who stare at the consumption of uncooked ham by Germans, would do well to follow their example in the universal cooking of milk. Germans think us utter barbarians to drink it raw."

BEGIN NOW.—Don't wait until to-morrow. Remember in all things that, if you do not begin, you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed in the ground, the first shilling put in the savings-bank, and the first mile travelled on a journey, are all important things; they make a beginning, and thereby a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest in what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling on his way through the world who might have held up his head and prospered if, instead of putting off his resolutions of industry and amendment, he had only made a beginning.

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT.—By way of ascertaining just how fast we can think, experiments, with the use of several forms of apparatus, have been made by scientific men. In all the experiments the time required for a simple thought was never less than a fortieth of a second. In other words, the mind can perform not more than twenty-four hundred simple acts a minute, fifteen hundred a minute being the rate for persons of middle age. From these figures it will be seen how absurd are many popular notions in regard to the fleetness of thought, how exaggerated are the terrors of remorseful memory that moralists have invested for the moment of flying. And we may reasonably "discount"

also the stories told by men saved from drowning, cut down before death by hanging, or rescued from sudden peril from other causes. No doubt a man may think of a great multitude of experiences, good or bad, in a few minutes; but that the thoughts and emotions of a long life may surge through the mind during the seconds of asphyxiation is manifestly impossible.

TASTE.—It is not so much what is worn as how it is worn that produces the general effect of being well dressed. The material may be splendid, but, if it is ill-cut or ill-adjusted, the wearer appears no better for it. A linen dress made with taste is more becoming than a silk out of the mode or awkwardly put on; and the simplest ribbons, tied by one who knows just how to do it, will be more elegant than the costliest scarf in the arrangement of which taste has not been consulted. There is a choice in everything, from a calico to a velvet. And, even in ornaments, things that make no pretence, yet are well shaped and becoming, may be bought for a "song"; although some people have no knowledge of that fact, and believe that the only choice is between real diamonds and glaring glass and brass. Let Taste be a girl's dressing-maid, and she needs very little money.

OLD FRIENDS.—Don't lose your old friends, but keep your intercourse green with little acts of kindness. Leave your business, or pleasure, or study, long enough to step in and see that dear old man and woman who used to give you spring apples and lilacs when you went visiting with your mother. Run in and enliven a minute the neighbours who have known you ever since you were born, with whose children you have often played before their golden heads were laid low in their last sleep. Call upon your once merry schoolmate, now an invalid. Old time friends are to be specially esteemed. And make many friends. Don't be too exclusive and fastidious. True, it is your privilege to be particular in choosing intimates, but there is a large number of people among those you know with whom you ought to be on so cordial terms as shall in time change into the most friendly relations, so that some you did not fancy at first may become your fastest friends, to the great benefit of both parties. You want many friends, because so many are removing residences and exchanging worlds, and you want plenty left to enjoy till those changes come to you in turn. As long as your body lives, you want a living, healthy heart in it. And in your times of trial how precious is human love and sympathy!

AFTERNOON MEN.—There is a proverb which says, "What can be done at any time is never done," and which applies especially to a class who have become slaves to the habit of procrastination, the habitual postponing of everything that they are not compelled by necessity to do immediately. Now delays are not only damaging to present prospects, but they are destructive of ultimate success. A dilatory man is not to be depended upon. The slightest pretext is sufficient for him to disappoint you. If an employee, the sooner he is discharged the greater the advantage to the employer. There are those who may properly be called "afternoon men." They are always busy getting ready to go to work. In the morning they walk around, carefully inspect their duties, and say, "Plenty to do to-day! I must go to work this afternoon." About three o'clock they survey what they have not done, and exclaim, "One thing and another have prevented me from making any headway to-day. I'll leave it and begin bright and early to-morrow morning." One day with them is simply the reflection of another. There is nothing accomplished in a whole life, and their western sun overtakes them and finds no preparation for the wants and infirmities of age. There is nothing to look back upon but squandered time. One hour's exercise in the morning loosens the muscles of the limbs, sets the blood dancing in the veins, and fits a man physically and mentally for the day's activity; while one hour's sloth after breakfast produces a torpor from which it is almost impossible to rally.

FOOT NOTES.

SHADES of Malthus! An arithmetically-minded gentleman in Kensington informs us that there is no surplus population at all. That the whole population of the world could stand on that speck in the sea, the Isle of Wight. He estimates the population of the earth at 1,440,000,000. Allowing two feet of standing room for each individual, the area covered would be 66,115 acres. The area of the Isle of Wight is nearly half as much again, being 93,341 acres. But how much land does it require to feed each one of that hypothetical party of excursionists?

A LARGE pit or cave has lately been discovered on a farm, near Wyebridge, in which to all appearance were the remains of about two thousand persons, besides brass kettles, beads, pipes and other Indian relics. It is supposed to be in the vicinity of an old Jesuit fort, St. Louis, where in 1649 there was a terrific struggle between the now almost extinct Hurons and their constant persecutors, the Iroquois. In one of the kettles, a parcel wrapped tightly in a beaver skin was observed, which contained the body of an infant, portions of the flesh of which were still clinging to the bones. The discoverer placed the treasure in a box and reverently buried it.

CHARLES DICKENS' EYES.—Charles Dickens

had that acute perception of the comic side of things which causes irrepressible brimming of the eyes; and what eyes his were! Large, dark blue, exquisitely shaped, fringed with magnificently long and thick lashes—they now swam in liquid, limpid suffusion, when tears started into them from a sense of pathos, and now darted quick flashes of fire when some generous indignation at injustice, or some high wrought feeling of admiration at magnanimity, or some sudden emotion of interest and excitement touched him. Swift glancing, appreciative, rapidly observant, truly superb orbits, they were worthy of the other features in his manly, handsome face.

GREEK PRONUNCIATION.—Professor John Stuart Blackie laments that "the altogether factitious and barbarous pronunciation of Greek practiced by the English universities systematically cuts off young travelling scholars from holding any profitable communion with the Greek people in their native tongue so plentifully scattered in all parts of the Mediterranean visited by English vessels." He proposes "the abandonment of the existing practice of pronouncing Greek with Latin accents and with English vocalization, and that no person should receive a first or second class in Greek who cannot read, without a dictionary, any column of a Greek newspaper that may be set before him. He suggests also that Greek, being, as everybody now knows, a living language, should be taught, not by dead grammars and dictionaries only, but also by living colloquy."

TENNYSON AT WORK.—It is said by those who know him, or pretend to know him, that Tennyson writes and re-writes most of his poems three or four times over, or rather *prints* them three or four times over, for the Poet Laureate rarely uses a pen, except to write letters. He moves about on his lawn with that Texan hat of his, with his pipe or cigar, or stretches his legs upon a garden chair and muses, taking an hour or two very often over a couple of lines, and all the morning over a single verse, and this, when complete, is set up in type at a private printing press. Thus line by line the poem is built up in type till it is finished. A couple of proofs are then pulled—one to go into a collection of original drafts which the Poet Laureate keeps as a literary curiosity—to see, perhaps, what his first ideas were, and what form they took—and the second to revise throughout, line by line, word by word, for no man is more critical in the selection of his phrases, and the poem is thus re-set. This, with possibly a few additional alterations in the margin, is the form in which we see the poem.

TWAIN AND SELLEES.—Mark Twain conceived the idea of *The Gilded Age* when he was suffering from a prolonged fit of the blues. He proposed to write a story with a moral, and he told Charles Dudley Warner that he wanted that moral so plainly put, that he who ran might read. It was high time for the American people to be awakened. The American people were awakened to the extent of \$14,000, which Mark Twain and Dudley Warner pocketed in six months' time from the sale of the book; here the equal division of profits ended, however, for John T. Raymond says that he has paid Mark \$60,000 royalty on the play, while it is a secret that Dudley Warner sadly tries to keep that Mark Twain paid him \$1,000 for his half interest in any dramatization. The discrepancy is said to have arisen because Warner regarded the book, when the last sheet was tossed on the floor still wet with ink, as the most successful piece of American humour, while Mark Twain gravely reminded Warner that any such view of it taken by the American people would ruin the influence for a better state of morals which it was intended by him to exert. Warner stuck to his opinion, and Mark Twain to his. Twain was surprised and grieved to learn that the public so far agreed with Warner as to characterize it as an attempt at humour. The two men shook hands over it under the bust of Calvin, in Mark Twain's den, and then Warner sailed for Europe to spend the money the book had brought him, while Mark Twain remained behind to negotiate with John T. Raymond.

"TOUGH AS A HALTER."—An amusing story is told of Mr. Tennyson in a foreign journal. Staying in a quiet neighborhood in England once, which great people visit as rarely as comets appear, advantage of such an event as the Laureate's visit was taken by one of the native hostesses to give a luncheon, and show off her lion. Conversation languished sadly; every one was afraid to speak lest he or she should be detected as infinitely prosaic, or that suddenly there be a great utterance which would be lost. Still the poet spoke not, but attended diligently to the business of the hour. The hostess grew uncomfortable; perhaps something was wrong; that dreadful cook was so exceedingly uncertain in her work. Perhaps poets had peculiar food; there were dim recollections floating through her mind of having heard of certain food for gods. Anything was better than this uncertainty. "Have you been helped as you liked?" she asked timidly. "That ham, we are particularly proud of it, is of our own curing. The receipt has been in our family for more than seventy years." Still there was no reply. The poet heard her not: he was thinking of something else. Only one word reached his ears; it appealed to his senses. Then there ensued a silence which seemed to be interminable. Still the thought took form and speech—"Tough as a halter!" and that was all the Laureate said until he took his leave.

ACROSTIC.

London was the war cry!
Onward they rallied
Round Britain's standard:
Dangers were parried.

Bacon of our realm,
England's rights adjusted,
Alpha and Omega, at
Congress seen and trusted.
Ollane Fola "of our time,
Nations bow before thee,
Servant of our Empress Queen,
Fondly we adore thee.
Israel shines out in thy name,
England shouts D'Israeli's fame!
Land of hope and land of grace,
Doubt we not thy people's race!

— "Ollane Fola" is celebrated in ancient history as a sage and legislator eminent for learning, wisdom and excellent institutions, and his historic fame has been recognized by placing his medallion in *basso relievo*, with those of Moses and other great legislators, in the interior of the dome of the Four Courts of Dublin.

Lord God of our Fathers!
Omnipotent Ruler!
Reign o'er our country,
Deus major columen.

Salvation is granted;
An honourable peace;
Laurels are planted;
Fruits increase;
Secure in her statesmen,
Britannia may rest,
Ut quocunque parata,
Reigns Victoria blessed,
Yielding to none her
banner and crest!

— "God is the best support."
— "Cyprus."
— "Prepared on every side."

HUMOROUS.

THERE are few sights more inspiring than a four-foot young man with a six inch cigar stuck in his mouth.

"ONE for his knob and two for his heels," as the rogne said when he stole a pair of boots and a wide-awake.

It takes a man who wants office to see the corruption there is in official circles. The more he sees of it the more anxious he seems to be to get into it.

CORRUPTIO is becoming very popular as a material for children's clothing, and as it is about the only fabric that will bear sliding down hill and improve by the operation, there seems to be a sort of eternal fitness about it.

A VERY free translation of a well-known phrase—Abit: He went out to dinner. Excessit: He drank too much. Erupit: He was—not quite well. Evasisit: He said it was the salmon.

A SHARP Toledo girl said of a gentleman to whom she had just been introduced, that he would be very presentable if nature hadn't turned up so much of his legs to make feet of.

"HABIT" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change "a bit." If you take off another you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another, the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another it is not "it" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a "habit," you must throw it off altogether.

A MAN can always tell exactly how tall he is by walking through a low door in the dark. Next morning he can measure the height of the door, and then measure from where it struck to the top of his head, add the two together, subtract the swearing and multiply by what o'clock it was when he got home, and the result will be his net height.

A POET in *Good Words* says:

"Let us slumber on forever and forever."

That is all easy enough to say, but when an alarm clock is pounding itself to pieces just over your head, and the milkman is singing a psalm that would wake the dead, any kind of slumber seems to be about nine miles the other side of eternity. We would therefore move to amend the bill by substituting for the words "forever and forever," the clause, "as long as we can without missing breakfast and the nine o'clock car."

POOR young Mr. Gibbs is very loquacious, and says every day more indiscreet things than he has hairs on his head. "I wish," he said, in the bitterness of spirit, one day after he had made a terrible slip, "I wish it was harder for me to talk. I wish I had some natural impediment in my speech. I wish," he said, tearing his hair in an agony of mortification, "oh, I wish I had been born a stammerer, with my front teeth out." The sad picture of a person born without any front teeth was so painful to contemplate, that it was all his weeping friends could do to console him.

NOT such a fool as he looks—Father of Adored One: "Then it comes to this, sir; you have no fortune, you have lost your appointment, you have no prospect of another, and you come to ask me for my daughter's hand—and fortune?" Not such a Fool: "No! Suppose we put it this way: I am unemployed by wealth, am free from the cares of business, and my future is irradiated by hope; therefore this is the crisis when I can best devote myself to your daughter, and enjoy that affluence with which you will crown our love."

A YOUNG man, who is at least sufficiently educated to write on one side of his paper only, sends us a long essay on "The True Aim of Journalism." We haven't read the article, but suppose the author, like almost everyone else, prefers the Smith & Wesson, navy size, No. 44 calibre, to any other pistol. In this locality especially is the aim of the journalist of the greatest importance, and the man whose hand shakes, and who can't hit an outraged community's third vest button three times out of five, has no business trying to run a paper in California.

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