an inquiry into, its origin peculiarly appropriate.

It is manifest that the human shirt has passed through a series of important modifications. The shirt of the stone age did not open—in the sense that the upper part of the contemporaneous shirt opens—either in front or behind. It had simply a large hole for the reception of the head or neck, and was devoid either of studs or buttons. At a later period the shirt developed an opening in front, and a little later studs wherewith to temporarily close this opening appeared. This type of shirt was remarkably persistent, and, in fact, became extinct at about the same time as the great aut of Newfoundland, or, in other words, as late as the beginning of the present century. In the existing shirt, which is one of the most widely diffused of human garments, the front opening is closed and an opening in the back has taken its place. Studs, which are now useless, exist merely in a rudimentary form, and what was once the horn button of the stud is now merely a frail growth of spiral wire. What has produced these successive developments is one of the most investigation can undertake.

In making this investigation, we must be guided by the great law of natural selection. Whether the law of the survival of the fittest applies to the human shirt is doubtful, since there is no case on record of a shirt which could be honestly said to fit very much better than any other shirt. However, this is of little consequence. If we bring the development of the shirt to the touchatone of the Jaw of natural selection, we can hardly fail to detect the cause and sequence of its separate stages.

The first appearance of the shirt with an opening in front was contemporary, according to paleontologists, with the first efforts of man to navigate the water. In the stone age, boats of any kind, from logs up to Cunard steamers were unknown, but in course of time man began to paddle across rivers, on the simple log now in use by the Australasians. Naturally, he frequently got very wet, and hence it

Listowel



Standard.

VOL. I.-NO. 35.

LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH, SEPTEMBER 27, 1878.

HAWKINS & KELLS,

ODE TO THE SUN.

Oh, sun!

West have you gone and done
Why, in these latter days,
Your ruby banner raise,
licting us poor mortals with a blizzard,
Or sun cyclone,
which that tender article, the gizzard,
Is quite o'erthrown?

room. While I drank it she chatted good naturedly, but, at mention of Lomark, her "I toked, miss," she whippered confidentially, "it's easy seeing how things are starting—I was not shown as the starting—I was not shown and inight, Lemark was with them, and the annual seement draftly in the starting that the starting of the starting

when her knock sounded lightly. She came in, and somewhat wearily sat down before my fire. Samething impelled me to speak at once.

"Loonor," I exclaimed, trying to soften the bitterness rising in my heart, "you no longer love Roger Dale."

She looked at me with a singular, wistful perplexity in her lovely eyes.

"No," she said, quite slowly, the words seeming to force themselves from her lips—"no; I no longer love Roger Dale."

CHIN LAN PIN intends going to Cuba and Peru to establish Chinese consulates. The divorced wife of a Danbury man is the hired nurse of his second wife's baby. A GAUGHTER of Brigham Young has be-come an actress, under the name of Cecile

THE EVILS OF CHINATOWN. A Night Peep at Some of Then by an Official Exploring Party.

| Column | C

What are the Wild Ones Saying?"

From the Toronto New Dominion.]

A great deal, and often not to much purpose. To quote a commercial word, or at least to use one in a commercial sense, it may be said that things have been very "quite" in Toronto during the past week, in spite of the general election, the amplithetarte, the police court, and sundry brass bands. Very Ludable efforts have been made to get up the political steam, but with very partial success. There has not been a Grit meeting which the other side has not characterized as a "fizzle," and sustains substantial, the Liberal-Conservatives have been treated with equal candour and equal depreciation. The Toronto candidates have had tolerably hard times. They are all, with scarcely an exception, "poor ninnies," according to the estimate of the other side, and one is lost in wonder at the difficulty Toronto seems to have had in socuring even such poor vessels as their leading representative citizens. It seems, if one is to believe what is said, that it is a fearful case of general mediocrity of the humblest kind, and that the metropolis of Ontario, in spite of all the intelligence in which it prides itself, has to put up with the driest sticks and the most uninteresting and incapable speakers that any one could catch in a sumer's day. It may be so. I don't know.