

Co. Mr. McVey is a thoroughly practical man and a worker, and we have no doubt the stand will be made to pay under his management. Specialties will be made of life-size work, porcelain pictures, photographs on silk, outdoor and flash-light photography, also developing and printing for amateurs.

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Bicyclist Frank G. Lenz, who is touring the world on a pneumatic safety for the New York magazine *Outing*, reached Toronto on June 21st from Hamilton. He is accompanied as far as San Francisco by Mr. Robt. Bruce, of *Outing*, in whose columns the story of the perilous journey will be printed. Mr. Lenz left New York June 4, and expects to complete his ride of about 20,000 miles in two years. Tom Stevens had to give up the trip through China to India, but Mr. Lenz hopes to make that ride successfully. He carries little luggage, but has his camera with him, and with its aid will illustrate his journey.

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To Much Competition.

The photographic establishment of Mr. Huffman, of Hamilton, who assigned in May, was sold by auction realizing \$780, something less than the inventory value. Mr. Mulholland was the buyer. We understand that later Mr. Mulholland sold to a company who are to carry on the business.

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Wide sympathies only come with a wide experience. City people are sometimes inclined to sneer at the farmer and his wife as they ride into town on a load of grain or go about the stores hunting for bargains. They may be very close in their calculations and occasionally unpolished in their remarks,

yet the weather-beaten faces rather than toil-worn clothes should appeal to the imagination of those who serve them. The dollars they have to spend have been hardly earned; the hands knotted with rheumatism and hardened by years of toil are as gentle in caresses of loved ones as those hands which never see the sun or lift a heavier burden than a parasol or a walking stick. There may be less polish, but there is as much gentleness in the lives of the people on the side roads and concessions as in those on the streets and avenues. Unfortunately for the farmer, he is too often judged by the roust-about, the hard-drinking, hard-swearing, loud-talking rough who comes from his mortgaged farm to paint the town red and show city people that he is not afraid of them. Just as often, perhaps, the farmer misjudges people from town by accepting as a representative of the many classes which make up a city the dude who goes into the country to exhibit his one suit of tennis flannels, or a bartender who hires a livery "rig" and patrols the side lines accompanied by a jag and the idea that he is teaching these hayseeds how to put on style.—*Saturday Night*.

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An unconscious but comical play upon words was made by a little girl not long since, while relating to a sympathizing lady the loss of two pet calves. "What caused their death?" said the lady. "Oh," was the answer, "one was hooked to death, and the other died on its own hook."

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Jones said: "My wife's hair is so long it falls in wavy tresses to her waist." "That's nothing," replied Lee, "when my wife lets hers down it falls to the floor."