

There is nothing so very extraordinary in this fact, for many of the employees are fair to behold, and others who lack the essential qualities of beauty have a natural glibness of tongue or an eloquent way of using their eyes, which make them attractive.

Not the middle-aged only, but the somewhat aged employer is caught in the net of the typewriter when she chooses to spread it. There are always flies buzzing around for something sweet, and they are caught when they least expect to be. Woman is in herself a sugar trust if she chooses to be. Even a woman past her prime, be she a virago or a saint, can flatter most men by patting their vanity, for no vainer creature than man, although it would be quite an insult to charge him with a quality supposed to be exclusively feminine.

Typewriting brings the sexes into such personal proximity that a shrewd woman, and a girl also, can soon master the weak points of the sage gentleman who is apparently all business. Charlotte Bronte, in her introduction to the "Professor," a really interesting book, although swallowed up in Valeria, tells a solemn truth when she states that there is an immense undercurrent of romance locked up in the heart of the business man. Hard dealings with the world do not smother his pathos or keep back his tears when, unperceived, he reads a romantic story. It is no wonder, then, that the newspaper should chronicle the marriage of so many men engaged in the professions and in mercantile trade with their typewriters. What else could be expected from the confidential business relations of employers and employes? The magnetic current established between them mentally is sure to be the genesis of that respect, admiration and sympathy which comes to the susceptible. The result is a ring, a parson and the retirement of the typewriter.

The subject of electric lighting is continually discussed—the proposed methods by which it can be most satisfactorily carried on and whether or not it can be the more satisfactorily secured by contract or by the city as at present doing the work itself and also making it its business to supply private consumers. There is a great divergence of opinion on this subject, which makes it exceedingly difficult to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. However, it is known that so far, under the present plan, a sufficient number of public lamps have not been supplied and that frequently on nights when the darkness has been such as might almost be felt, there was nothing by which the citizen could be guided, those at headquarters being manifestly directed by some obsolete almanac or the state-

ment of some one or other that the moon would be at its full, or at some utilizable stage at such and such a time. The rule of thumb or of something else has had too much to do with the Victoria City service, and the sooner a change is effected the better. There is something, too, radically wrong with the manner of hanging the lights. They are apparently too far distant from each other, are too high up, and their glare at certain distances is such as to increase the dangers and difficulties rather than otherwise. Victoria requires the latest improvements, and in the new arrangements these must be had.

Lord Dufferin, addressing the Library Associations' Conference at Belfast, Ireland, the other day, observed that a reverence for books even by the unlearned was a feeling worthy of due cultivation, and those he addressed as its priesthood should be held in the greatest honor. Nor was the world of to-day indifferent to either of these sentiments. In every country in which he has resided, he had found philoblibion societies and book collectors held in the highest esteem. Nay, he himself had sometimes been treated with unwonted honor merely because he was the happy owner of what was alleged to be the smallest book in the world, while many years ago he knew in Africa a young lady who was reputed a great heiress and was wooed and triumphantly won in that capacity, though her sole fortune consisted in the possession of a rare, or rather unique, Egyptian manuscript. On the other hand, the absence of bibliographical knowledge had sometimes led to strange results. A non-literary but obviously intelligent gentleman—a self-made man, in fact—having accidentally come across a copy of Shakespeare, ordered his bookseller to send down in his next parcel of new publications whatever fresh work might appear from the pen of the same author, as, in his opinion, he was a very entertaining fellow, while a continental capital was thrown into an uproar by one whom they all loved and revered enquiring whether her daughter, who was recovering from her confinement, had seen "Barchester Towers," for the whole afternoon was fruitlessly spent by chambermaids and aides-de-camp in a search for Dr. Towers, M. P. Had they known their Trollope properly they would not have mistaken the title of one of his novels for the name of some eminent physician on tour.

Eighteen feet below the present level of the city streets lies the London of the ancient Romans, as the discovery of many tessellated pavements, fragments of pottery, etc., has long ago proved.

But modern London is gradually pushing itself far below the Roman remains, an instance of which will presently be seen in the position of the Central line of railway, which lies at a depth of eighty feet. It is curious to note that at the point where the railway will emerge from beneath the Thames, it will, in its passage up Queen Victoria street, pass beneath the main sewer, which already runs beneath the District Underground Railway, so that there will be here an enormous sewer sandwiched between a steam railway and one worked by electricity.

Lawyers as a class have very little faith in the evidence given in the witness box, and particularly is the case as regards female witnesses. A New York woman of bad reputation has been explaining how she committed perjury in a recent inquiry. In the first place, she said, she did not swear on the Bib'e, and in the next place, when the oath was being administered, she just waved her right hand in the air instead of holding it straight up. Perhaps the incident is of interest as tending to show that conscience is never quite uprooted unless in a person of education or of superior mental activity. The woman in question is a perjurer, and worse, for her whole life has been vicious. Yet she has her scruples about taking a false oath, as the childish subterfuges show. A rather better woman, but smarter or better educated, might have calmly lied her way through it—Bible, straighthand and all.

A man that lies will steal. He may not deliberately put his hand in your pocket any more than he will tell you a lie that you can at once nail. Beware, however, of the man who is always playing "ducks and drakes" with the truth. "If I were a wholesaler," said a well known man the other day, "I would not risk a dollar in some of the men I see advertising in the daily papers. The man who says he is selling a \$250,000 stock of shoes at half cost, when he has not a tenth of that amount of goods in his store, is just as liable to tell a manufacturer he has a surplus of \$25,000 when he is dodging the bailiff. The man who advertises to sell a \$3.50 "kid" shoe for \$1.25, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred could not be believed if he took an oath on a stack of Bibles as high as Gilroy's barn. Give him a wide berth, or sell him spot cash demand draft with bill of lading. Men who are doing a safe, honest business do not have to call in the services of the devil and a fifty-foot tin horn.

The young gentlemen who were entrusted by the Liberal-Conservative Association to look after the registration of voters are doing their work well. It should be remarked, however, that every