

that form would be was something that exercised my mind to a terrible extent. Whether it would be the ghost of my lately deceased maiden aunt come back to make me wash my ears and wipe my boots, or some hydra-headed monster like those which I had seen pictured in Dante's "Inferno" was a matter of small consequence. It would be something horrible at any rate when it came. And it did come, that very night. You may laugh, boys, but had you been in my place then the other corners of your mouths would have twitched. About 12 o'clock, as I lay awake, the window was smashed again and glass began to fly around. I covered my head in the bed-clothes and yelled. Then in a minute everything was still and I ventured to uncover my head. As I did so I became conscious of something being in the room. A strange suffocating feeling came over me. The something took a distinct shape, and I noticed that it was white. I never knew what horror and fright meant until I saw that white object stealthily approaching my bedside. I covered my head in the clothes once more and howled lustily for father to come. Then I felt something touch the clothes and they all commenced floating up towards the ceiling. That was a moment of supreme agony to me, but the agony was a hundred times more supreme when whack! thump! whack! came father's hand on my exposed cuticle, and father's voice—

SAM STUBBS.

#### JENNY LIND.

THE pure lips are sealed ; she has fallen asleep,  
Yet the melody lives in our hearts ;  
An echo of seraph-like music above  
The power of all mere human arts.

And why ? When she sang in her glorious prime,  
She sang in the cause of the Poor,  
And the sweet angel Charity caught up the strain  
And keeps it alive evermore !

#### THE FISHERY COMMISSION.

(PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL ADVANCE REPORT OF THE  
PRELIMINARY MEETING OF COMMISSIONERS.)

[Special to the Globe.]

WASHINGTON, D.C., NOV. 12.

THE Commissioners met to-day informally.

President Cleveland took the chair.

Mr. Bayard, on behalf of the United States Government, asked if it was Mr. Chamberlain's intention to sit as British Commissioner.

Mr. Chamberlain said it was ; he had come to America for that purpose.

The President said he was sorry to hear it, and hoped Mr. Chamberlain would reconsider his determination.

Mr. Chamberlain wanted to know why.

Sir Charles Tupper said he ought to know why—everybody else did.

The President said it was only right to let Mr. Chamberlain know how matters stood. If this commission failed, the only thing left would be to put the Retaliation Bill in force against Canada, and that meant disaster to Canada and possibly a rupture with Great Britain.

Mr. Chamberlain said he hoped, however, they would come to a satisfactory agreement.

Mr. Bayard said he didn't see how it could be done if Mr. Chamberlain remained.

Mr. Chamberlain—Why so ? I'm sure I'll do my best.

The President pointed out that there was such a thing in the United States as an Irish vote, and neither of the parties dare disregard it. Mr. Chamberlain had foolishly incurred the hatred of this vote by his late speeches, and it would be cast against any party that signed an agreement with him. If the Democratic Commissioners decided on a satisfactory Fishery Treaty it would be thrown out by the Republican Senate, simply because Mr. Chamberlain's name was to it.

Sir Charles Tupper protested against the interests of Canada being jeopardized for Mr. Chamberlain's sake. Sir Lionel West protested against the interests of Great Britain being similarly jeopardized. The British Government could easily find a representative who had not rendered himself so dangerously obnoxious. Mr. Chamberlain said it hadn't occurred to him in that light before. He thought the only safe course was for him to resign. He would take the matter into earnest consideration.

All—Hear, hear !

The meeting then adjourned to let Mr. Chamberlain make up his mind.

#### A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

THE writer of the following has succeeded in gathering up in portable form all the chestnuts that have ever been uttered on the subject of "woman." This is a remarkable literary achievement—in its way—and we present it only as such. The "opposite" sex will of course acquit us of any sympathy whatever with the alleged opinions of the author :

#### WOMAN : HER WILY WAYS.

Lo and behold ! What image is this that gladdeneth our few years and vest front ? What mysterious creature have we here, that warmeth our ears by day and cooleth our feet by night ? Woman ! In this world of troubles, and spring poets, and gas metres, we have but one consolation, one joy, and one dream—woman ! But woman was not always woman. She was once a girl, hence the girl is mother to the woman. The girl is born and then she grows straight ahead—except in Chicago, where she grows straight afoot. She goes to school and learns to chew gum and compare dress, and her education is commenced. As she becomes older (though she never increases in age) she cultivates her taste for ice-cream, and radiates perfume, face-powder, and golden frizzles along her sunny way, and her education is finished.

Woman is a curious being, and the more you know her the more curious she appears. Her sole object in life is to have a dress that has more cloth in it than has her neighbor's on the right, and a bonnet that cost \$3 more than that of her neighbor's on the left. She congregateth at church to study the fashions in that great bazaar. She taketh her husband to the opera because she wishes to see the latest style in that popular millinery establishment, and is afraid to leave him alone at home. She walketh on the street to exhibit her new gown in the great dress parade, and she turneth around to view the dress of every woman that passeth her. And every woman turneth to survey her gown, and thus is woman a great surveyor.

She returneth to her own democile, and walketh slowly past her neighbor's on the left, and if her n. on the l. be not at the window, she declareth to her n. on the r. that her n. on the l. is gadding about the country with that front room boarder ; but if her n. on the l. be at the window, she rusheth in to her and imparteth her belief that her n. on the r. is taking in sewing.