

CANADA'S ACCOUNTS.

Income, Expenditure, Debt and Balances for 1888—Steady increase in the National Debt.

The public accounts of the Dominion for the fiscal year 1888 were issued January 1st. They show that the debt increased during the year from \$278,167,625 to \$284,513,841, an increase of nearly eleven millions and a half.

The receipts from customs and excise taxes declined from \$29,687,001 to \$28,177,413, a decline of about \$1,500,000.

The total receipts from Dominion lands, in 1888, amounted to \$2,170,883, and the expenditures for surveys, management, etc., reached \$1,935,685, leaving a deficit of \$235,198, on lands account.

The deficit for the year is \$810,031, exclusive of about six millions of dollars charged to capital on account of public works and subsidies to railway companies.

The annual charge on account of the public debt for interest, sinking fund, etc., increased from \$11,683,623 in 1887 to \$12,105,931 in 1888.

The expenditure for Civil Government shows an increase of \$47,000 and the aggregate of superannuation allowances has increased from \$202,285 to \$212,478.

The Civil Government contingencies amounted to \$237,124 during last year. The total earnings of the Intercolonial Railway in 1887-88 amounted to \$1,912,783, the working expenses reached \$3,276,441, leaving a deficit of \$863,658.

The Prince Edward Island Railway earned \$153,363, leaving a deficit of \$71,276, against \$229,639 in 1887.

Mr. Audley, Registrar of the Exchequer Court, has finished taxing the bill of costs in the Aver case. The total amount of costs, which the Government has to pay, is \$4,930, of which \$1,300 are for counsel fees.

A POSTMASTER'S OPINION. "I have great pleasure in certifying to the usefulness of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, writes Dr. Kavanagh, postmaster of Unfrawville, Ont., 'having used it for soreness of the throat, burns, colds, etc., I find nothing equal to it.'"

INDIFFERENCE TOWARDS CATHOLIC PAPERS. The celebrated Jesuit Father, Rev. T. A. Hughes, like thousands of other earnest and thoughtful Catholics, is impressed with the indifference and neglect manifested by the great mass of Catholics toward their own religious press and the zealous workers who for principle's sake expend their life and talents in the unappreciated labors of Catholic journalism.

DESTRUCTION OF BUTTERFLIES. A writer calls attention to a shameful example of wanton destruction of beautiful insects of large quantities of butterflies are collected in England for the purpose of arranging them in geometrical or fancy patterns, and then, after framing, of hanging them up for wall decorations.

WEATHER PLANT FORECASTS. The British Consul-General in Vienna has been instructed by the U. S. Foreign Office to request Professor Novak to furnish him with information about his famous weather plant. The Committee of the Jubilee Exhibition which lately closed has promised Professor Novak a certificate to the effect that the weather forecasts made by his plants were correct in ninety-six cases out of 100.

THE USE OF EUPHORBIA RUBBER. The gem known as euphorbia rubber, though for some time past occasionally appearing in the market, and which has seemed likely to have the skill of manufacturers in making satisfactory use of it, is now being employed advantageously in certain combinations; that is, a method has been discovered which renders the gum available for mixing with various kinds of India rubber, say to the extent of about fifty per cent.

HOW TO PREVENT SORE FEET. Dr. Alexander Zoroastroff, of Belostok, emphatically recommends to military men, sportsmen &c., a grease for boots which is said to completely prevent sore feet, and to protect pedestrians from the whole train of familiar affections caused by that minor accident. The ointment is made of four parts of lard, four parts of olive oil and one part of antimony (raw rubber), which are melted together on a slow fire.

EFFECTS OF PETROLEUM ON THE BODY. A German physician has recently issued a report of his observations on the effect of petroleum on the human body. The facts on which his conclusions are based have been gathered during extensive travels in the American petroleum districts. He found that a skin disease was very prevalent among the workmen who were employed at the wells, and on closer examination he concluded that the disease attacked those who were engaged with the heavier and more inflammable oils.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S APOLGY. A little girl who had a foolish habit of plain-speaking was taken to the sewing circle with her mother. On entering the room, after exchanging greetings with several matrons of her acquaintance, Miss Truthful walked up to another lady, and in the confident tone of one who gives utterance to a self-evident fact, she said, loudly enough for everyone to hear: "Why, Mrs. Handley, how homely you are!"

WHY WE DON'T DRINK WATER IN ALL OUR CUPS. Colonel Kentock: Dr. Highgate says I've water on the lungs. Mrs. Col. Kentock: Why, Colonel, he must be mistaken. I've never seen you drink water in all my life.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S APOLGY. While the victim was hiding her confusion as best she might, and the rest were trying hard to conceal their amusement, the young lady herself was hastily taken from the room. Once in the hall, she dealt with the company that she had so recently so homely treated. "Youth's Companion."

MICROBES DESTROYED BY SMOKE. It has been demonstrated by experiments conducted by Dr. Vincenzo Tessarini, of the University of Pisa, that the fumes of tobacco smoke are a capital disinfectant. He found that micro-organisms in various stages of culture were by it entirely destroyed or retarded in growth. Among the microbes exposed to the test were those which are supposed to propagate Asiatic cholera and typhoid fever.

IT IS A FACT. That some tradesmen only give fifteen ounces to the pound because it is a weight they have. That marriage must be favorable to longevity, because you seldom find a splinter more than thirty. That very few actors are able to play Shylock, because it is a most difficult thing to "do" a Jew.

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THE TWO WORKERS.

Two workers in one field Toiled on from day to day; Both had the same hard labor, Both had the same small pay;

With the same blue sky above, With the same green earth below; One heart was full of joy, The other full of woe.

One leaped up with the light, With the soaring of the lark, One felt it ever night, For his soul was ever dark.

One heart was blithe and gay, One worked with many a groan, One whistled all the day.

One had a flower clad cot Beside a merry mill; Wife and children at the spot Made it dearer, sweeter still.

One a wretched hovel had, Full of discord, dirt and din; No wonder he seemed mad, Wife and children starved within.

Still they worked in the same field, Toiled on from day to day; Both had the same hard labor, Both had the same hard pay.

But they worked not with one will; The reason left you tell: Let the one drink at the still, But the other at the well.

SPICY BITS

Progress of Practical Science—Events That Mark the World's Rapid Strides.

CHECKS FOR LARGE SUMS.

The sale of Saveraake by the Marquis of Albesbury to Sir Edward Guinness is the biggest transaction in real property in England since the sale of Northumberland House.

Saveraake has gone for £700,000; the check given by the Board of Works for Northumberland House was for £750,000. Even this was surpassed in 1887, when the Manchester Ship Canal Company purchased the canal and property of the Bridgewater Navigation Company.

The sum agreed upon was £1,710,000, and for this a check was written dated August 3 of that year on Messrs. Glyn, Mills & Co., and signed by Sir Joseph C. Lee and Mr. John R. Bynell, two of the directors, and countersigned by Mr. A. H. Whitworth, the secretary of the Ship Canal Company.

GREAT BRITAIN'S TOY SUPPLIES. Great Britain gets about £600,000 worth of foreign toys every year. Now, as it is reckoned that there are rather more than fifteen millions of children in the United Kingdom fifteen years old and under, it follows that the outlay for foreign toys is not much more than ninespence a child.

Most of articles come from Germany, which sends to British dealers toys of the value of £320,000 a year. Holland is second with £125,000 worth; France follows with £90,000 worth while Belgium is a fairly good fourth with £70,000 worth.

Considering how clever the Americans are, it is singular that the United States supply only \$5,000 worth of these toys of the children's heart. Yankee inventors do not care to waste their smartness on the trivial toy.

DESTRUCTION OF BUTTERFLIES. A writer calls attention to a shameful example of wanton destruction of beautiful insects of large quantities of butterflies are collected in England for the purpose of arranging them in geometrical or fancy patterns, and then, after framing, of hanging them up for wall decorations.

At one place this person saw a collection of 50,000 offered for sale, several rooms being lined with these butterfly pictures.

INK SUPPLIED BY NATURE. A natural ink plant has just been discovered among the botanical curiosities of New Granada. Its sap, called chanco by the natives, who employ it in its natural state, has all the properties of ordinary ink, but does not corrode steel pens.

It also offers great resistance to chemical action. From a reddish taint when first used it speedily turns into a beautiful black. It is contemplated to acclimatize this plant in Europe.

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Such a piece of vulcanized rubber containing fifty per cent of the euphorbia gum has been tested for some time in an exposed position on a roof, and it was found to have kept it in a better condition than a similarly exposed piece of ordinary pure vulcanized rubber, and mixed with gutta percha it prevents the latter from becoming brittle.

Washers made with thirty per cent of this substance and vulcanized rubber are found to stand well and to satisfactorily retain their elasticity.

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Having molten the sole of the boot with water the inventor warms the boot in a stove or before a fire, and then smears it over with the compound. The boot is said to become soft, pliable, shining, waterproof and even more durable.

IT IS A FACT. That some tradesmen only give fifteen ounces to the pound because it is a weight they have. That marriage must be favorable to longevity, because you seldom find a splinter more than thirty. That very few actors are able to play Shylock, because it is a most difficult thing to "do" a Jew.

That if you don't take care of No. 1 you will soon have 0 to take care of. That those folks who quarrel with their bread and butter may some day be obliged to eat their words. That members of the corps de ballet are sometimes very forgetful of their fathers and mothers, but they are always very fond of their grand gas.

That it is not every fowl that can laugh in his sleeve, but that he can out-laugh that. That though the earth is always very dirty, yet it is the sea always tide-y.

CURIOSITIES OF LANGUAGE.

Some of the prettiest secrets and curiosities of language come to us from abroad. How does the word fiasco, Italian for "fiasco," happen to failure? Because the Italian glass blower, trying to make a plate of glass, fails, and throwing the glowing mass back into the furnace, he blows a common bottle, or "fiasco," it is a flask—a failure.

Why is a wicker covered jug called a demi-john? Because it comes from the Persian glass blowing town of Damagahan.

One definition of slang is that it is low; something vulgar; something to be avoided. But that is not all; it is a working dialect; language is a smooch frock; a condemnation, the beef jelly of speech. Brock Harte and John Hey have made it poetical.

What should we do without the home "posied his chocks"? It brings the tears to our eyes in Jam. Blaise. How could we give up "Wiggles," that exquisite symphony played on the jewshark and the bones?

The merit of good slang is that it touches the pendulum between a smile and a tear. Our mother tongue is a great bond even when we put it to misuse; a familiar misuse, freighted with domestic intimacy, with the everyday epithets and homely laughter.

Slang may be primitive, but not necessarily vulgar. It may arise from a mistake, but it conveys an idea, if it is humor—especially American humor—it is not bad. As, for instance, we get from the negroes a phrase for success, "He takes the cake," or "He is on the roof," applied to a conceded success, which is admirable. Our language is rich in a rollicking swagger of strange words, and of perhaps sometimes effective bad grammar.

MODERN INSTANCES. American slang has a strong local flavor, as "Do you catch on?"—from a habit Americans have of running after railroad trains and "getting them," also from a railroad. They also talk of the "star border" and the "star love match," evidently from the flag.

"You'll get left," is a railroad smile; and a real estate "boom" and Harrison is "booming" come from the noise of a bizzard or of a cannon-ball booming through the air. "He won hands down" is at once from the police-reverso also from the fact that a prize fighter drops his hands when beaten. "Painting the town red" is from "Coriolanus." It is also found in England in old Melton days. Puck had some lines last spring as follows:

I'm a gay hawk that's crested, I am, I'm a bizzard that's tested I am, And when I swoop down, I'm the boss of the town, I'm a daisy, a dollar I am, There is slang in every word almost.

"Boss" is from the old Dutch baas—a master. A drunken man is said to be "loaded for bear," a very heavy charge, and if a man has murderous intent he is "jumping on your necktie." As in the old sample of American humor, of a man who was so tall he had to go up a ladder to shake himself, all American humor is full of exaggeration.

English slang is brutal, as "it is all rot," etc. Like other dialects, slang increases its store of words by formation at home and adoption from abroad. Looking at it philologically, we must admit that English, already a most copious language, is in a freely growing state and capable of adding to itself by almost any process found in any language of the whole world, old or new.

The abbreviation or contraction of words (a most effective agent in the development of words) is seen at its best in slang. "Cab," from cabriolet, "bus," from omnibus, and "mob," from mobilis, the fiery crowd, a mob were originally slang foundations.

Slang is delicious in the mouth of a very refined person, and they tell a very good story of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who was asked by a lady to say something beautiful about her plants. "Wall," said the ready wit, "I think it is a bully plant,"—which had the full element of wit in it that was unexpected.

Other phrases might be mentioned which have a real meaning. Thus, "the devil to pay and no pitch hot," comes from a certain seam in a vessel which the sailors call the "devil," and which they have to. From its awkwardness to talk occurs the phrase.

"Boxing the compass," comes from the Spanish bozcar, to turn round. "A cook and bullstery," a term now applied to any rambling tale, illustrates the contempt felt by the learned for the ancient beast fables, which were the delight of mankind in the lower grades of civilization through the Middle Ages.

Many words of this class, had not been brought into language by the poetical remained in the language a nondescript mystery. But we cannot find the etymology of everything.—M. E. W. Sherwood, in Boston Traveller.

HOW IS IT? That when I tell a person I am exceedingly obliged to him, he should immediately exclaim, "No, no, not at all." How is it—that my aristocratic cousin invariably seen something so attractive in my public fashionables when we meet in places of public resort?

How is it—that all the tall splendid fellows you ever knew were sure to get what Byron hated—dumpy women? How is it—that all the chatty, cheerful, pretty girls you ever knew were sure to marry the ugliest fellows or the greatest muffs of their acquaintance? How is it—that I can never cough or blow my nose, or yawn in the church, without half a dozen following my example?

How is it—that mountain lands should be considered cold, seeing that in general they are clad with furs? How is it—that some ladies in the drawing-room can never find anything more refined to talk about than their servants in the kitchen? How is it—that because I happen to be hale and hearty-looking, I should be congratulated by all my friends on being in the enjoyment of rude health?

How is it—that those people who "would soora to rob you of a farthing," think nothing of depriving you of an umbrella or a book? How is it—that certain authors, who never used an impenitent expression in their lives, should yet invariably be recognized under the title of profane writers? How is it—that any person can possibly be so stupid as not to see the point of each of these jokes?

MICROBES DESTROYED BY SMOKE. It has been demonstrated by experiments conducted by Dr. Vincenzo Tessarini, of the University of Pisa, that the fumes of tobacco smoke are a capital disinfectant. He found that micro-organisms in various stages of culture were by it entirely destroyed or retarded in growth.

Among the microbes exposed to the test were those which are supposed to propagate Asiatic cholera and typhoid fever. Thus it seems that something can be said in favor of the tobacco habit after all. The experiments also showed that cigarette smoke stimulated the growth of the microbes and lessened their virulence, but failed to kill them as did the fumes from a cigar or pipe. This no doubt accounts for the continual existence of the tube.

IT ALWAYS BOTHERS A FRENCHMAN WHO IS LEARNING ENGLISH TO READ ONE DAY THAT A MURDERER HAS BEEN COMMITTED AND THE NEXT DAY HE HAS BEEN COMMITTED.

TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

Every coin of earthly treasure We have lavished upon earth For our simple worldly pleasure, May be reckoned something worth, For the meek and lowly Jesus, Though the purchase was small; It has perished with the tiding, We have had it—that is all!

All the gold we leave behind us When we turn to dust again— Though our savings may blind us— We have gathered quite in vain; Since we neither can direct it, By the winds of fortune tossed, Nor in other worlds expect it, What we hoarded we have lost.

But such merciful oblivion— Seeds of pity wisely sown— What we gave in self-negation We may safely call our own, For the treasure freely given Is the treasure that we hoard, Since the angels keep in heaven What was lent unto our Lord!

THE NEW YEAR.

BY EMMA HOWARD WRIGHT.

Hoary old Time, with his wrinkled hands, has gathered in another year to swell the record of the past. Another year with its joys and pleasures, its joys and woes, its sorrows and miseries, well spent or ill spent, thrown into the scales of our good and evil, or seized with diabolical delight by our bad.

It is registered for or against us forever, but appears before eyes on the last day with all the other years which have gone to make up our earthly existence. To the young, it goes by almost unnoted and unremembered, but the old watch its dying throes with sad hearts because so few are left them.

And yet before the sun goes down on the last day of this New Year, many of the young and happy who so joyously welcomed its coming, may see its end only in eternity. For each year, as it runs its allotted course, snags the thrade of many a life, not only the worn-out thread of old age, but the strong, vigorous one of youth.

Nor does it pause to choose the good who are ripe heaven, or the bad and weary who are ready and willing to lay down their lives' burden, but more frequently cuts off the wicked in their sins and the happy to whom life is so dear. Its winter and summer winds will rise and set over new-made graves, its winter snow will cover some, its spring fowers bloom over others.

Some lives it will claim when the earth is cold, and black, and dreary; others when it is warm, and bright and fair. "None can tell what a year may bring forth." No; for it guards its secrets carefully. We know how it finds us when it is born of its dark mother, midnight, but we do not know how it will leave us at the dark hour of its death. It may find us happy, it may leave us broken-hearted; we may see beginning, we may never see its end. Ah! what poor, helpless creatures we are when we dare not claim our own, fleeting year. Nay, a month, a week even a day of that year, when we cannot tell what its days and weeks and months may do for us. Friends wish us a "Happy New Year," and these wishes are not always fulfilled; for the new-born year brings a store of sorrows, as well as joys, and a large share may be for us; and loth as we are to expect it, rebellious as we may be at its infliction, we are, nevertheless, powerless to avoid it. But we have one free, untrammelled choice—that is to spend the new year worthily or unworthily. It rests with us alone whether we can congratulate our selves or its close, that has not been wasted, but turned to good account; that when it is laid bare, at the last day, before the eyes of the world, we will not blush for it, or tremble for it before the eyes of our Judge, or to look back for our mispent weeks and months in vain, for one redeeming action, to know it has left us further from heaven, nearer to eternal misery—that each receded moment of it stands for our confusion, our condemnation, and its close for our regret, that we could not purchase with our lives, or use for good or evil, but it is our no longer. The greedy, the relentless, has snatched it from us; its story is told and done, but its record stands forever on high.

We may forget the years, as they are numbered with the past; forget the joys and evil we did in them; but there is One who never forgets, who holds the record of every year of every human life; and, perhaps, when the new year is born looks over many a record of the old with that same grief which wrings his heart upon the cross for He sees the fulfillment of that sad truth which He read upon the scroll of all the ages, when in His last agony, that His sufferings and His death would be in vain for many of those He died to save. "New year!" Will it, indeed, be a new year for those who have wasted so many years past with new resolutions, the beginning of a new life? For who can say it may not be his last on earth?—the last to bring of many sinful and profane thoughts, that may have won wealth, fame, and honor, for what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

One year spent in simple virtue, in the performance of duty, will profit a man more for eternity than a dozen years spent in the honor and applause of the world. A long eulogy on a tombstone does not prove that the soul of him who lies beneath it is in heaven; so a man may have years of honor, of ostentatious good works to look back upon but not one of them may have found favor in the sight of heaven. Few, indeed, can say when the new year is born, that they have no regrets for the way the old was spent, that with light hearts and clear conscience they can welcome the "New Year."—Catholic Mirror.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S APOLGY. A little girl who had a foolish habit of plain-speaking was taken to the sewing circle with her mother. On entering the room, after exchanging greetings with several matrons of her acquaintance, Miss Truthful walked up to another lady, and in the confident tone of one who gives utterance to a self-evident fact, she said, loudly enough for everyone to hear: "Why, Mrs. Handley, how homely you are!"

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WAR AND LITERATURE. GREAT GENERALS WHO ATTITUDE THEIR FAME TO DAILY STUDY.

WAR AND LITERATURE.

Great generals who attitude their fame to daily study. Napoleon laid it down as a special rule that professional study in some form is the first condition of practical success.

Wellington, at the close of his last great campaign, confessed to a junior staff officer his personal obligation to daily study.

It was Frederick the Great who said that war is a science in superior men, an art for ordinary men and a trade for ignorant men. Marshal Turenne, the greatest of those soldiers of the age of Louis XIV., thought that the art of war was learned more from books than upon battlefields, and his great talents were the fruit of the deepest study.

The Archduke Charles, who first showed the generals of Europe that Napoleon could be beaten, formed his reputation as a strategist upon emerging from his study; where he had spent many months pursuing the theory of war, having previously served in three campaigns.—Philadelphical Call.

NATURE'S OIL SUPPLY.

A Pittsburgh natural gas expert has made the calculation that each day 600,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas are drawn from the earth for use in that city. This amount weighs over 12,000,000 pounds, of which 8,000,000 pounds are carbon. He is of the opinion that, with the withdrawal of so much material, something will give way. Already since the development of natural gas in West-Pennsylvania there have been several "shakes."

A SEVERE ATTACK.

"I never felt better in my life than I have since taking Buckton Blood Bitters. I had a severe bilious attack; it was unable to eat for several days, and was unable to work. One bottle cured me." John M. Richards, sr., Tarr, Ont. For all bilious troubles see B.B.B.

AN EMPRESS WIDOW'S DRESS.

The mourning worn by the Empress Frederick, widow of the late German Emperor, is thus described.—The gown is a long, plain one, covered entirely by crepe, and only relieved by two long bands of white lawn from the neck of the gown in front to the feet. The widow's cap is black and worn in a stiff point which comes low down on the forehead, to which is fastened a long black veil, falling almost to the feet behind. The three princesses wear the same deep veil and cap without the white bands, and a distinctive widow's dress. Since the arrival of Empress Friedrich on a visit to her mother, Queen Victoria, the mourning worn by the royal family and household is in accordance with German customs.

Where white crepe caps have been worn hitherto by some ladies, black caps are now the fashion, the only person adhering to the English white cap being the Queen.

WOMEN'S SOCIETIES.

The forty-eight national societies of women in America have a direct membership of 500,000. The largest is the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with a membership of 200,000. Then follows the missionary, the peace, the suffrage organizations and philanthropic and educational societies. Twelve of these national organizations have joined with the national council, which was formed to unite all the women societies of the nation into one great and powerful league.

Some of its practical work will be the securing of women appointees on school boards, upon the different boards entrusted with the care of public institutions for the defective, delinquent and dependent classes. Also, the admission to local, county, State and national organizations.

VIOLETS.

Viola is the prevailing flower in the fashionable world now. White violets are succeeding lilacs of the valley for bridal bouquets and bridesmaids carry dark blue Parma violets. At a recent wedding all the flowers used about the house for the wedding decorations were violets. The cost of the display was fabulous. Great bunches of maiden-hair ferns are also used for bridesmaids. Fashionable women are using violet perfums and no other, and with reason for the odor is delicious.

How often dost thou hear these reports: Such a man is slain, another is drowned, a third has broken his neck by a fall from some high place; this man died eating, and that man playing! One perished by fire, another by the sword, another of the plague, another was slain by thieves. Thus death is at the end of all, and man's life suddenly passeth away like a shadow. Be thou, therefore, in readiness, and stand the day that death may never take thee unprepared.—Thomas L. Kemple.

In 1853 the late Pious IX. re-established the Catholic Hierarchy in Holland. Since that time 415 new churches have been erected and 134 others have been enlarged or renovated; 134 charitable institutions have been founded, which relieve 14,000 poor persons. The number of Catholics in Holland is now about 1,600,000, being about one-third, or perhaps slightly over a third of the whole population. In the Catholic schools there are about 165,000 children.

A LUCKY ESCAPE. "For six years I suffered with my throat and enlarged tonsils. I was very weak; I doctored four years and had advice from three doctors; they said I would have to undergo an operation. I tried B.B.B. instead. One bottle cured me." M. A. Squelch, Reglan, Ont.

GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS FOR FOREIGN FIRMS.

English steel manufacturers are complaining of the action of the English Government in giving the contracts for the supply of war materials to foreign corporations. During the last three years the only contracts executed by the home firms have been for 3,000 tons of forgings. The industry is, therefore, unprofitable, and as \$2,500,000 worth of machinery has been laid down to meet the anticipated requirements of the Government in Sheffield alone, a great deal of disappointment and loss has been experienced. It is promised, however, that \$300,000 worth of contracts will be put out next year.

Fifteen Pounds Gained in Three Weeks, and Cured of Consumption.

Messrs. Craddock & Co., Gentlemen: Please send me twelve bottles of Dr. H. JAMES' CANNABIS INDICA, one each of Pills and Ointment, for a friend of mine who is not expected to live; and as your medicines cured me of CONSUMPTION, some three years ago, I want him to try them. I gained fifteen pounds while taking the first three bottles, and I know it is just the thing for him. Respectfully, J. V. HULL, Lawrenceburg, Anderson Co., Ky.

\$2.50 per bottle or three bottles for \$6.50. Pills and Ointments \$1.25 each. CRADDOCK & CO., Proprietors, 1022 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

REVIEW OF THE WORK OF THE PAST SEASON.

Public Tracking on this Grand Commercial Artery—Amounts so far Completed—Important Connections Made—New Territory Opened Up—Passenger and Freight Facilities and Receipts.

(Toronto Empire.)

While the more recently