

The latest invention in the clock line is said to be one by a Swiss jeweler. It needs winding only once in five years. Will that be a godsend or not to the man who winds up the clock at night? Will he find it easier to remember when he has it to do every night, or only once in half a decade? We can't say. Much might be said on both sides.

Some idea can be had of the state of things which has been reached in the islands of Lewis, Uist and Skye, among the oppressed people there, from the following handbill, which was circulated freely.

Thievery is certainly assuming a ghastly humorous form when it chooses a prison as a likely place on which to try its prowess. Yet that was actually done the other week and successfully too. A safe in a workshop of Brooklyn Penitentiary was broken open and \$3,000 taken. After this, what not?

Miss Fortescue, who sued Lord Garmoyle for trifling with her heart and failing to carry out his contract, is said to be meditating a trip to America next year. She ought to draw big houses. She is said to be a good actress, but if she couldn't act any more than a lamp-post, thousands of Americans and Canadians would willingly give their dollars to look at a woman who had been jilted by a Lord. There's one thing about it—according to all accounts, they would look at a good and pure woman, whose misfortune it was to give her love to a young slip of the British Aristocracy not good enough for her to wipe her feet on. A nerveless, boneless creature, apparently, he must have been, without sap, or snap, or any manner of manly grit about him whatsoever.

To heathens, their religion, is the chief subject of thought, the most important and most frequent of talk. So is it with Mohammedans. So was it, if it is not so still, with the Jews. So to a great extent is it with Roman Catholics. So was it with the Puritans of the 17th century. So with some Protestants of the present. Why not with all? Why should it be thought "bad taste" to speak about what is said to be the most important of all subjects? There must be some cause for this strange reticence. What is it? Not one in ten thousand speak in the same rational way about Jesus Christ, as they do about John A., or Edward Blake, to say nothing of Earl Driffield or the Marquis of Lorne. Why not? Is he not far more to them than all the nobles and politicians of earth and yet how priggish and fanatical it would be thought for anyone to say so, except to a most confidential friend. It is because after all, people don't believe, or don't care!

The game of Polo appears to be getting quite fashionable in many quarters. A Polo club seems to be as necessary a part of the social enjoyment of some cities and towns as a bicycle club or a sewing circle.

A Turkish bath for horses is a novelty in the city of Detroit. A gentleman there, who is an ardent admirer of horses and owns a number of very fine ones, was struck by the idea one day while enjoying the luxury of a Turkish bath, that what was good for a man was worth trying on a horse. So he went to work and had baths fitted up. The results are said to be very satisfactory. Horses have very sensitive skins, and many of the diseases they suffer from arise from checked perspiration. The bath acts on them precisely as on human beings, opening the pores, and making them less liable to take cold.

What human selfishness is capable of sometimes has been recently revealed by the New York Herald which has done good work in calling public attention to the wretched pittance paid by some firms for making shirts. It seems almost past belief, but the Herald proves to a demonstration that 30 cents a dozen is what in some cases the terrible law of supply and demand provides for the making of gentlemen's shirts.

Even the most pitiless political economist allows labor enough to keep body and soul together. Thirty cents a dozen, if it accomplishes that object, must leave a dreadfully small margin. And the persons who are paid such starvation wages, are not the idle and incompetent, but in most cases honest, intelligent, hard working men and women, who are struggling heroically against circumstances that are almost overwhelming.

The famous Professor Blackie seems as irrespressible as ever. Would it be fair to say that he does not gather sense as he grows older. He seems to be a harum scarum sort of a mortal who takes great delight in doing outrageous things. Some days ago he shocked the staid dignity of Sabbath keeping Edinburgh by delivering a public lecture on the day of rest, his subject being Scotch love songs, and one of his performances being the singing of a ballad by way of illustration. Professor Blackie seems to be a thorough believer in the old Latin motto *Dulce est desipere in loco*, which being interpreted means that it is a pleasant thing to play the fool on proper occasions, or as far as Blackie is concerned in improper.

Gossip says that Miss Fortescue, who was recently jilted by Lord Garmoyle, had herself been guilty of the very same sort of thing towards a man whom she was very fond of until the possibility of a title caught her fancy. A wiser, let us hope, if not a happier woman, since her experience of man's perfidy, she has now, it is said, sought to make some atonement for her own by returning to the former lover. He must have been an awfully good sort of a fellow, or terribly in love with her, if he could take a sweetheart on any such terms. There is no accounting for tastes however. Love, when it first takes hold of some men, plays wild work with their reasoning faculties, and even with their self-respect. If the gossip is true, and this formerly discarded lover is really inclined to forgive and forget, then for his own sake he should lose no time, or another lord, if not some bigger sail may leave in sight, and even yet carry off his prize. A woman who has once jilted a man, and a man who has once jilted a woman, need to be treated ever afterwards with a good deal of circumspection.

What awfully mean things a woman can do sometimes. We heard lately of a woman who wrote to her lover in New York, borrowing some money. This she expended in buying the trousseau for her marriage with a new man who had turned up. The poor dupe in New York heard nothing more of his money. He had a note however in due time informing him of the change brought about by those fates who have so much to answer for in this world of love, a man's glib tongue, namely, and a woman's insincerity.

If other cities were as well provided with a devil's foe to obscenity as New York is in having Anthony Comstock, it would be a fine thing. His zeal is said to outrun his discretion sometimes, but this is an error in the right direction. There can be little

doubt that his labors have done much good, though they have not prevented all contamination of the moral atmosphere. One of his most recent exploits was the seizure of 20,000 copies of the "Brookside Library," a periodical published by Frank Tousey, of New York. They were denounced as indecent because containing an expurgated edition of "Sarah Barnum" and "Revelations of European Courts." The offending publisher and his clerks were placed under arrest, but released on consideration of giving up the plates from which the books were printed. The members of the firm who disseminated the filthy stuff were also sent to jail, where at last accounts they were still awaiting sentence. The books destroyed were torn up and put in bales. They will be sent to a paper manufacturer to be reduced to pulp. All hail, Anthony Comstock! Every lover of purity and good morals will wish thee every success in thy truly patriotic and Christian labors.

If any institution ever came direct from the devil, that father of all villainies, it is the institution of the Anarchists. Nor does it help matters much to say that another institution of which Anarchism is said to be an outcome that of arrogant despotism, namely, is also of the devil. Perhaps it is. But the diabolism that seeks revenge for real or fancied wrongs in wanton destruction of property, careless whether or not human life is destroyed in the doing of it, is not on that account any the less devilish.

If Irishmen had any hand in the iniquitous attempt on the London Bridge the other day, nobody at any rate believes that they were, other than reprobates of the worst class and renegades to the cause of Ireland. In all probability the whole libellous plot was concocted in the United States, and was the outcome of the boastful threats made by Rossa and his evil companions. It is a disgrace to civilization and the laws that should regulate the intercourse between two professedly friendly countries like the United States and England, that fiends in human form like O'Donovan Rossa and his coterie of mad Irishmen should be allowed to carry on their nefarious work in the way they do. They openly boasted of what they were about. They made no secret of it. It was declared again and again by Rossa and other members of the gang of cut throats who have their head quarters in New York, that they would make England tremble. It seems pretty clear by this time that these were not mere empty boasting, but the bravado of villains who felt themselves pretty safe to carry out whatever in famous plans they chose, as long as they refrained from touching the property of Uncle Sam. The conduct of the United States with reference to these pests of humanity, will now be watched with interest. If they intend to harbor all the rascality of the old world, and allow them to plot murder at their leisure, it may lead to very undesirable complications with the powers of Europe. Villains like Rossa ought at any rate to be laid by the heels with short notice. They may be lunatics, as some people say, but the probabilities lie in the direction of their being much greater knaves than they are fools. In any case, whether fools or knaves, it is carrying the principle of free speech to an absurd length when men of this stamp are allowed to preach a gospel of murder and destruction, without let or hindrance.

An "Enoch Arden" case was summarily disposed of in an Indiana divorce court recently. It was a somewhat singular one

even in the annals of divorce. During the floods of June 1883, a bridge over Pogre Run, Ind., was washed away, and a number of persons were drowned. Among the bodies recovered was one which was declared by his wife and the Coroner to be that of John Ackermann. A few months ago a man claiming to be Ackermann turned up and received general recognition as such. Mr. Ackermann, however, refused to have anything to do with him. She brought a suit for divorce, the Ackermann she recognized having given her ample justification. Her plea was granted, and now whether the present Ackermann is a true man or impostor, he has no claim on her whatever.

The U. S. Government when it makes its mind to rectify an abuse, always goes about the work in a business like determined way, which it is not wise in anyone to trifle with. It is notorious that thousands of acres in the Western States and Territories have been illegally fenced. In Wyoming alone it is reckoned that not less than 2,000,000 acres have been thus dealt with. The Government has determined to put a stop to this, and has ordered its special agent in the territory to make strict inquiries into the matter. The owner of legally fenced land will be peremptorily ordered to take down the fences within thirty days. If they do not comply, government will take them down, and charge the expense on the owner.

Peanut growing is becoming quite an industry in certain parts of California. It is said to be quite profitable too, as they are cultivated with very little trouble, and the market is always sure. One man is stated of who harvested 5,000 pounds from 10 acres of ground.

Talk about starvation wages! We hear of the miserable pittance paid to workmen in New York and other large cities they try to keep body and soul together. They tell us of the miserably small wages paid to girls in shops and factories, and of the danger which many of them are exposed just because of these miserably insufficient wages by which their weekly labor is compensated. But here in Toronto, in our public libraries we have young ladies who put in a long day's work, and a pretty hard one at work too, for six days in the week, and for the munificent sum of from \$50 to \$75 a year. The thing is scandalous, a disgrace to the city, and the disgrace is trebled when a man who has received a liberal education and ought therefore to know better, honestly claims that such pitiful remuneration is quite sufficient. Instead of wasting money on patent indicators, which indicate nothing in the world so much as a desire to incommode the public, and put it to all possible inconvenience, the managers of the institution had better pay their employees decent living wages, and then they may, with a much better conscience, require the quite disproportionate amount of work that is exacted from them. It is fooling to try to do the work properly with only the two or three young ones that are there now. It would not be a bad idea to get a young man or two, in to them, who would not be above the work of receiving and distributing books. It is much more of a physical strain on the system to have any idea of. Some change short needs to be inaugurated in that direction, and this change above all, that if girls are to be worked in the way they

When they...
Woman's...
a good deal...
out of place...
matter too...
as to its pr...
admitted, a...
evident of...
which has t...
tion of the...
man's suffer...
are now app...
Nothing of t...
ly. Given v...
It is state...
not ask Pa...
Prince Alber...
law at the M...
That seems t...
tion. Every...
soon as he a...
years has hi...
enormous all...
Alfred, the...
Leopold, Du...
\$15,000 at m...
each at marri...
the Prince of...
a like sum f...
eldest son. S...
contemplatio...
larity of the I...
Isles.
The finding...
Captain Dudle...
ranch "Mign...
many of the r...
remembered th...
boy named Par...
starvation. La...
uled that the...
only be justify...
and that to con...
ake of preservi...
yes of the law...
re declared th...
murder for whi...
e then sentenc...
without wearing...
ry of State for...
vised the Que...
and it is to be...
tend her cleme...
e unfortunate...
tence of the...
e tendency of...
eventing such...
be justifiable.
The man does not...
the Chinese fleet...
each men of w...
and that if th...
lors as the Gau...
ever one. T...
day have most...
ish yards an...
ective engine...
by metal. Th...
ward gunbo...
pieces of ordn...
bility and larg...
berly manned...
well served...
nce these gun...
e service as