A USEFUL ARTICLE.

Ammonia, or, as it is generally called, spirits of hartshorn, is a powerful alkali, and dissolves grease and dirt with greatest ease. It has lately been recommended very highly for domestic purposes. For washing paint, put a tablespoonful in a quart of moderately hot water, dip in a flannel cloth and then wipe off the wood work; no scrubbing will be necessary. For taking greasy spots from any fabric, use the ammonia nearly pure, then lay white blotting paper over the spot and iron it lightly. In washing lace put twelve drops in a pint of warm suds. To clean silver, mix three teaspoonfuls of ammonia in a quart of hot suds. Put in your silverware and wash, using an old nail-brush or tooth-brush for the purpose. For cleaning hair-brushes, &c., simply shake the brushes up and down in a mixture of one pint of hot water; when they are cleansed, inser them in hot water, and stand them in the wind or in a hot place to dry. For washing finger marks from looking glasses or from windows, put a few drops of ammonia on a moist rag and make quick work of it. If you wish your house plants to flourish put a few drops of the spirits in every pint of water used in watering. A teaspoonful will add much to the refreshing effects of the bath. Nothing is better than ammonia water for cleansing the hair. In every case rinse off the ammonia with clear water. To which we would only add, that, for removing grease spots, a mixture of equal parts of ammonia and alcohol is better than alcohol; and for taking out the red stains produced by the strong acids in blue and black cloths, there is nothing better than ammonia.—*Providence Journal.*

HASTE AND HEALTH.

It is not at all wholesome to be in a hurry. Locomotives have been reported to have moved a mile in a minute for short distances. But Locomotives have often come to grief by such great rapidity. Multitudes in their haste to get rich are ruined every year. The men who do things maturely, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry generally have to do things twice over. Slow men seldom knock their brains against a post. Foot races are injurious to health as are all forms of competitive exercise; steady labor in the field is the best gymnasium in the world. Either labor or exercise, carried to exhaustion or prostration, or even great tiredness, expressed by "fagged out," always does more harm than the previous exercise has done good. All running up stairs, or to catch up with a vehicle, or ferry boat are extremely injurous to every age and sex and condition of life. It ought to be the most pressing necessity which should induce a person over fifty to run twenty yards. Those live longest who are deliberate, whose actions are measured, who never embark in any enterprise without "sleeping over it," and who perform all the very day acts of life with calmness. Quakers are proverbially calm, quiet people, and Quakers are a thrifty folk, the world over.—*Dr. Hall.*

THE UNWEARIED ACTION OF THE HEART.

The effect of everything that touches the heart is multiplied by the intensity of the heart's own changes. Hence it is that it is so sensitive, so true an index of the body's state. Hence it is that it never wearies. Let me remind you of the work done by our hearts in a day. A man's total outward work, his whole effect upon the world in twenty-four hours, has been reckoned about 550 foot tons. That may be taken as a good "hard day's work." During the same time the heart has been working at the rate of 120 foot-tons. That is to say, if all the pulses of a day and night could be concentrated and welded into one great throb, that throb would be enough to raise a ton of iron 120 feet into the air. And yet the heart is never weary. Many of us are tired after but feeble labors; few of us can hold a poker out at arm's length without, after a few minutes dropping it. But a healthy heart, and many an unsound heart, too—though sometimes you can tell in the evening by its stroke, that it has been thrown off its balance by the turmoils and worries of life—goes onbeating through the night when we are asleep and when we wake in the morning we find it at work, fresh as if it had only just begun to beat. It does this because upon each stroke of work there follows a period, a brief but a real period of rest; because the next stroke which comes is but the natural suspense of that rest, and made to match it; because, in fact, each beat is, in force, in scope, in character, in everything, the simple expression of the heart's own energy and state.—*Appleton's Journal.*

A SAFE KIND OF NITRO GLYCERINE.

A form of nitro glycerine has been discovered, called lithofracteur, which is perfectly safe for all purposes of carrying, even firing making no explosion, whether it is subjected to a violent shock, or actually set on fire, but as explosive as ever when it is ignited by a percussion capped fuse. The manufacturers are the Brothers Krebs & Co., of Colonge. Experiments recently made by a committee of the British War Office at Nant-Maur, near Shrewsbury, seemed to answer perfectly. The Lithofracteur was heated to 370 degrees Fahrenheit (further above boiling point than boiling point is above freezing), and no explosion, or even ignition, took place. Even when ignited by a percussion capped fuse, imbedded in the lithofracteur, the explosions were as forcible and violent as those of ordinary nitro-glycerine. Thus it seems that nitro-glycerine may be carried about in this form without any danger of accidents, and yet without any loss of its enormous explosive power.

Bogus D. D's.—A considerable number of English clergymen have fallen victims to the "degree swindle" of Philadelphia. A degree of D. D, cost £10, and as nine-tenths of the obscure clergymen in England possessed neither the money nor the brains to win a *bona fide* degree from the English Universities, many of them favoured an imported article and went to Philadelphia for their academical honours. The British Consul at Philadelphia has been in constant receipt of inquiries as to the validity of of the parchments purchased by the English clerical frauds. The confiding purchasers of these documents will be pleased to learn from Mr. Kortright's communication that the dègrees are worth nothing at all, and they will be further comforted when they find out that two of the so-called "universities," whose swindling operations were so thoroughly exposed, have just been abolished by the Pennsylvania Legislature. There can be no sympathy for the victims of this swindle. Any clergymen who will pay £10 for the privilege of writting D. D. after his name is an imposter upon the Gospel and on society.

An Italian journal has started the report that the recent visit of the Russian Czar to the southern part of his empire had particular reference to a projected canal which should unite the Caspian Sea with the Black Sea. This canal would be about four hundred miles long, and would involve the tunnelling of the Caucasus Mountains. It is calculated that thirty-two thousand laborers could complete the work in six years; but whether the advantages to be gained by the junction of the two seas would be sufficient to compensate for its enormous cost is a question which is open for argument. Of late a remarkable reduction of water has been noticed in the Caspian Sea, and its final extinction by drying has been apprehended. A canal from the Black Sea might serve to replenish its waters and preserve its fisheries, which are important. But it would take a long time to catch enough fish to pay the cost of the proposed Canal.

The Island of Jamaica, by far the richest of the West India possessions, which, since the emancipation of the slaves, has fallen from its former prosperity, appears again to have taken a turn for the better. The public revenue for the last financial year was £407,000, and the expenditures but £385,000, leaving a surplus of £21,000 in the Treasury from the receipts of a single year. Owing to the healthy state of the finances the island Government largely increased the expenditure for educational purposes; and the sum of £20,000, taken from unexpended balances accruing from year to year, is to be devoted to the improvement of roads, and other evidences of growing prosperity are manifesting themselves.

An Irishman one morning went out very early in search of some game on an estate where the game laws were strictly enforced. Turning a sharp corner whom did he meet but the gentleman who owned the estate. Paddy, seeing the game was up, coolly advanced toward the gentleman and said, 'The top of the morning to your honor! an' what brought your honor out so early this morning?' The gentleman replied by saying, Indeed, Paddy, I just strolled out see if I could find an appetite for my breakfast; and then eyeing Pat rather suspiciously, said, 'and now Paddy what brought you out so early this morning?'—Paddy replied, 'Indeed your honor, I just strolled out to see if I could find a breakfast for my appetite.'

The State of Iowa has just abolished capital punishment within its jurisdiction, by a brief act of three sections: First, "the penalty of death as a punishment for crime is hereby abolished;" second, "that crimes heretofore punishable with death shall be punished with imprisonment for life at hard labor in the state penitentiary;" and third, "in all cases arising under the preceding sections, the governor shall grant no pardons except on recommendation of the general assembly." The third section was to meet the views of those who were willing to substitute life imprisonment for the death penalty, if they could be assured that the imprisonment would surely be for life, and that the murderer would never again be let loose upon society.

A Paris correspondent relates the story of a sad wedding party in that city. The whole party came out of the church weeping. The bride wept, the mother wept; the company wept, and the groom wept more copiously than all combined. The only persons who did not weep were four men and a child. The child was born out of wedlock, and to give it a name its parents had married before they parted forever. The groom was a young clerk, sentenced to transportation for life for forgery, and he was to leave the following morning. The four men who accompanied him were police agents, ordered to go to church and to the mayor's office, and to bring him safe back to prison, after the marriage was celebrated.

In Dublin, the small-pox continues its ravages with unabated violence and intensity, being most fatal to children under two years of age. A letter from Dr. Speedy to the guardians of the North Dublin Union bears strong testimony to the value of re-vaccination. "I have," he says, "re-vaccinated 1,400 persons during the past three months, a large proportion of whom had good marks of primary vaccination, yet in these individuals excellent vesicles were formed, and among all no case of small-pox occurred." It is stated as a medical fact that persons addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks are more liable to be attacked by this loathsome disease than those of abstemious lives and regular habits.

Horace Greeley's famous panacea for those seeking a fortune does not seem to answer well in every case; some who have followed his advice and gone west seem inclined to come back on his hands. One young man writes to the *Tribune* from Nebraska in a very lachrymose vein; he can't do more than make a living there he says, and others round the same neighborhood are worse off still. He draws a very hopeless picture of the condition of the people out there, living in wretched huts built of sods, and forced to sell their grain at fifteen cents a bushel.

There are symptoms that steam which people are fond of telling us is "yet in its infancy," is in reality nearly played out; and that it will give place in the early future to some ingenious application of some of the marvellous motive powers which are placed at our disposal by modern science. A working model of a ship propelled by electricity is now on exhibition at Liverpool and it is intended to apply the principle on a larger scale as soon as the working of the system shall be perfected by the experience gained.

A western traveller came to a log hut and asked for a drink which was supplied by a good looking young woman. As she was the first woman he had seen in several days, he offered her a dime for a kiss. It was duly taken and paid for, and the young hostess, who had never seen a dime before looked at it with some curiosity then asked what she should do with it. He replied what she chose as it was now hers. "If, that's the case," said she, "you may take it back and give me another kiss.

The effect of the Cuban insurrection has been to reduce its exportation of sugar by thirty per cent. The value of the export in this line fell to sixty-three million dollars in 1871, and the ruin which has since spread over a wider extent of the island will be certain to result in a still further diminution.

A minister who thought that reporting sermons was all vanity, afterwards concluded that if the thing must be done it should be well done, and slipped a greenback into the reporter's hand, saying, "Do not condense me."

Mount Forest, May 21.

A young man named Geo. Gibson met with a horrible death last evening at Lamont's saw-mill in Egremont. In the absence of the tail sawyer, he undertook to remove a newly-sawn plank from the gear; but, instead of drawing it off in the usual way, he took hold of it at the middle, and in attempting to turn it round, it came in contact with the saw, drawing him in with it, and instantaneously severing his head and one of his legs from the body. The unfortunate youth was a member of the Mount Forest Rifle Company, and was well known to be a person of steady and industrious habits.

The Detroit *Free Press* says that some boys picked out of the water a bottle which contained the following:—"May 3rd, '72.—My name is William H. Joy. I belong to Toronto, Ontario. I am going to leap into the river near the Republic brewery. Farewell, everybody. I leave no one to care for me The money in my pockets will be enough to bury me. Don't make any fuss over my corpse. I have just finished a prayer, and shall be dead within five minutes. Good-bye all.

On Monday afternoon a son of Mr. Charles King farmer, near Wellington Square, was killed while riding a horse. His hat blew off, causing the horse to shy. The boy, falling from the saddle, his foot became entangled in the stirrup's leather. The horse ran with him in that position, kicking him at every jump. His head was fearfully smashed, the brains protruding therefrom. His father was an eye witness of the fearful accident.

Hapiness depends mainly on the culture of the mind and the heart; on the faithful performance of duty, in secret as well as openly, in reproach and obloquy as well as when cheered by words of encouragement or applause. It depends on courage to support us through the trials of this life, and the hope that extends to another. It depends on the love and confidence of kindred, and friends and acquaintances.

TATTLING.—Never repeat a story unless you are certain it is correct, and not even then unless something is to be gained, either of interest to yourself or for the good of the person concerned. Tattling is a mean and wicked practice, and he who indulges in it grows more fond of it in proportion as he is successful.

Vienna, May 21.

James Saxon, a respectable farmer in this neighborhood, shot himself through the heart last night about 7 o'clock with a revolver. He was about 30 years of age, sober, industrious, and highly respected. He was also in good circumstances. His motive for doing the rash deed is not known.

A storm on Lake Winnebago recently drove a large mass of ice, twenty-five miles long, twelve miles wide and three feet thick, ashore, with such force that trees two feet thick were uprooted and large rocks carried rods from the lake The ice was piled up 40 feet high in many places.

On Sunday afternoon a young man, J. R. Patter of Sarnia or Windsor, accidently shot himself near Fort Garry while going to hunt, An inquest was held on the body and a verdict of accidental death given. Deceased was universally esteemed.

Father McMahon, the Catholic priest who accompanied the first Fenian raid into Canada, and was captured and confined for two years in a Canadian prison, died in Indiana a few days ago.

A man named Davis was killed at Fort Erie on Monday morning, the cause being an accident by which a locomotive drawing a car of the ferry boat was thrown from the track.

Typhoid fever is prevalent in the country round Prescott. One family named Whalen, living in Augusta, lost three children last week from a malignant form of typhoid fever, and other members of the same family are reported in a precarious state.

Forty thousand men rose in rebellion recently in Japan, with the object of seizing the Emperor and then exterminating the foreigners. The Government discovered the plot, and frustrated the objects of the leaders by simply knocking off their heads—a process which is very effective.

In the west of England the Conservatives are bestirring themselves in anticipation of the coming election, and it is belived that three of the four hitherto Liberal seats for Plymouth and Devonport will be secured by Conservatives.

Donald Black, Esq., a very old settler in Eramosa, and a man universally esteemed, died on Sunday morning, the 19th inst., at his residence near Everton, after a lingering illness.

The women of Japan are indignant at the attempts of the missionaries' wives to introduce chignons among them, and have complained to the Mikado about the barbarous things.

A Brooklyn old lady who would not use kerosene lamps because of their danger, set herself on fire a day or two ago with a candle, and was burned to death.

Poor Carlotta is getting worse. Her mental and physical condition are alike hopeless, and it is likely that her sad and troubled life will speedily end.

The body of a fine-looking well-dressed young man has been found floating in the river, at Chicago, with a bullet hole through the heart.

A loon shot on the wing in Madison, Wisconsin, the other day, fell into the face of a baby in its mother's arms and nearly killed it.

A New York woman threw herself from the roof of her house on Thursday, being insane. She was instantly killed.

A Western youth playing William Tell, shot his arrow into the apple of the boy's eye instead of the apple on his head.

Smart quick boys cut off rats' tails, plant them in flower pots, and sell them to unsophisticated florists as a new species of cactus.

Placard for a smoking car—"If passengers expect to-rate as gentlemen, they must not expectorate upon the floor."

The Secretary of the Ottawa Immigrant Aid Society is charged with not properly transmitting funds entrusted to him.

Hughes Bros.' saw-mill, at Eastman's Springs, was destroyed by fire. Loss $3,000.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* urges the immediate dropping of the Treaty.

Another terrific snow slide is reported from Little Cotton Mines, Utah.

A little girl was scalded at Quebec by falling into a kettle of boiling water.

The Anglican Synod of Toronto diocese meets June 18th.

The picnic season commenced on the 24th at Belleville.

The Galt *Reformer* has an agony column. We are sorry for the readers.

THE MISSOURI MURDER.

A STRANGE COMMUNICATION.

Mr. Edward Meredith, of London, has received a letter, with the Arva post-mark, from some anonymous writer. The following is a copy verbatim:—

"MR. EDWARD MEREDITH.

"I write you a few lines to you about Pheby Cambell and the murder she is not guilty of the murder of George Cambell i must Tell you all about the crime our names i dare not tell i hope that god will forgive us i was with the man who did the murder me and him got on a spree on the 14 of july in Sent Marys we came down by Cambells about mid night the man that i was with had a spat with george Cambell about some thing a few days before. he said he would go and pay him for what he done to him i said no do not go in. he said for me to come with him to the house i said we would get in a fuss he said they would not Know us i was a fool enough to go with him to the dore he went in the house. He went to the bed struck Cambell with the but of the pistol that he had with him he then grabd george then puled him out of the bed they had a hard tussle for a minute or two Pheby C. was on the trundle bed george cald for Mrs. Campbell screamed and jumped of the bed got the axe ran towards them he grabed the axe from her struck Campbell with it he said my god I am killed Mrs. Cambell screamed out murder he said if she did not stop he would stop her noise he would Kill george grabed him by the legs and called for an nife she graped the nife went towards them he took it from her and nocked her over the trundle bed and went at george Cambell with it and cut and choped him to pieces i stood by the dore and seen all of the Brutal murder Pheby. Cambell new nothing about it before it happened he has left the country and i am here alone he wrote to me heard that Pheby Cambell was to be hung for the offul crime he thought it was hard for her to die innocent she is innocent as the judge that sentenced her to be hung tho i would write to you and request to put this in the public paper that the public can see that she is hung innocent being you was her lawyer i do not see why she told so many different stories please put this in the newspapers i hope god will help her to prepare for heaven."

"DAT'S DE WAY DE WHITE FOLKS DONE."—Sam Johnston, of New Orleans, was a great authority among his fellows, and one day he called his satellites together. "Niggers," said he, "if yer want to get rich yer must sabe yer money. Yer must hab a bank. Dat's de way de white folks does." The project was swiftly put into execution, and the earnings of the week were promptly forthcoming. "Niggers," said Sam, "I will be de cashier; yer mus't 'posit de money wid me, and when yer want any, yer must draw on to it. Dat's de way de white folks does." All went merrily for a while, but by-and-by there began to be trouble. It was easier to get funds into this model institution than to get them out again. "It's all right," said Sam, "de bank's only suspended, and in a few days she will again resume; dat's de way de white folk's does. This expedient lasted but a little while, however and the storm was about to burst on the head of the great operator, when he found it expedient to gather once more his infuriated depositors. "Niggers," said he "dar ain't no use a movin' about it! De money's spent, and de bank's broke; and dat's de way de white folk's does!"

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—Buckland the geologist, one day, after dissecting a Mississippi alligator, gave a dinner and asked a good many of the most distinguished of his class to dine with him. "How do you like the soup?" asked the Doctor, addressing a famous *gourmand* of the day. "Very well, indeed," answered the other; "turtle is it not? I only ask because I do not find any green fat." The Doctor shook his head, "I think it has somewhat of a musky taste," says another—"not unpleasant, but peculiar." "All aligators have," replied Buckland; "the cayman peculiarly so—the fellow I dissected this morning, and which you have just been eating." There was a general rout of guests; every one turned pale. Half-a-dozen started up from the table; two or three ran out of the room, and only those who had strong stomachs remained to the close of an excellent entertainment. "See what imagination is," said Buckland. "If I had told them it was turtle, or terrapin, or bird's-nest soup, they would have pronounced it excellent."—"But was it really an alligator?" asked a lady.—"Good calf's head," answered Buckland.

A gentleman brought to the city a mummy which he had procured in Egypt, and as soon as the coroner heard of it he summoned a jury and held an inquest upon the mummy, and decided that its "death was produced by causes unknown," and then collected his fee with interest from the time of the mummy's death, about a thousand years ago. Well, that very same coroner has been at it again. Last week some laborers, while digging a cellar, discovered a dozen old bones. They appeared to be the bones of a horse; but the coroner seized them, throw away the large ones, laid them upon the floor in something like the shape of a man—one bone, however, a a leg bone, running up what represented the back—and held an inquest. He had the same old jury that sat on the mummy they handed in a verdict that "deceased came to his death apparently from torpidity of the liver." Then they went for the fees and divided them.

BOSTON LIBRARIES ON SUNDAY.—The city of Boston has agreed to open the public libraries on Sunday. The religious argument against it was said in the debate to have been set aside by no less an authority than Mr. Beecher. As to the benefit of opening this innocent mode of spending the day to the masses, it had been proved by the experience of other churches; and to the expression of a fear that the churches would be emptied by the libraries being filled, it was replied that there was not in Boston church accommodation for more than a fourth of the population, and the libraries might be something to supply the want. Moreover it is believed that the way to church is likely to be found much more direct through the libraries than through bar-rooms, or miserable attics.

It is said that of the thirty-one thousand post-offices in the United States, more than a thousand are run by women. Perhaps this is the reason why our neighbors never ventured to adopt the postal-card system—business would be liable to a hindrance if such a temptation was placed in the way of female curiosity

The Havard Advocate gives the following from a recent recitation in metaphysics: Professor—Which is the most delicate of the senses? Senior—The sense of touch. Professor—Give an example Senior—My chum can feel his moustache, but no one can see it.

A WHISPER TO HUSBANDS.

"I am tired at the close of the day, 'tis true, but I always try to remember that my wife may be tired as myself." Oh, if all husbands would not only think this, but act upon it, how many weary women would smile, and feel half their burdens drop at once from their shoulders! It is such a little thing to recognize this fact by a word, a look, if no more. Because a man is "tired" he need not be indifferent or cross. But is it so when he comes home, and finds everything prepared for his comfort, he too often accepts it as his due, as a matter of course, and never thinks of the worrying detail which has occupied so much time in bringing it about. He never thinks how inexpressibly "tired" his wife is of it all, though she may be too much of a woman to shirk it; or what despair seizes her soul when, after having eaten and drunk all he is capable of, satisfied snores from the corner of the sofa announce the usual programme until bedtime; or, lacking this, a total silence or absence of mind, which is just as discouraging as to results.

Sunday too—then, at least, when there is, or should be, no "business"—when a husband should do his part toward making that day social and bright, how often does he retire to his room, that he may stupefy himself with incessant smoke, or spend his time reading alone, appearing to his family only to feed, after that going to sleep.

No wonder the wives of such men get discouraged. No wonder they say, as they often do, "What is life worth if my husband only values me as a housekeeper, and worse still, one without a salary—when, after all my unrecognized services, I have the mortification of asking every time I need money, as if I were a beggar soliciting charity?"

"Tired?" Does he not talk with animation enough if a friend drops in? Now, gentlemen, if you could hear women talk together, you would know this is no fancy picture; and I maintain this is wholly wrong on your part. If you won't go out with your wives to seek agreeable company or relaxation, you are certainly bound to be social and agreeable at home—bound by your marriage promises—bound by your wife's performing her duty with regard to your food and other comforts—bound by your children, who see their mother's sad, weary face, and involuntarily catch her trick of sighing. And you needn't say, after reading this, "She's right, it is true Sam Smith does just so," for I don't mean Sam Smith at all—I mean you, my good sir. And I want you for one week, just to try the recipe of a little sociability in your own house, to your own wife, over your own meals. Be but half as agreeable at home as you take pains to be abroad, and you will find it as good a little business investment as ever you made.—*Fanny Fern.*

SUNSHINE.

Do what you can to make sunshine in the world Lift up the curtains. We do not mean the curtains to the room; but the curtains which darken the spirit of your brother, your friend, your neighbor, or even of a stranger, if the curtain strings are within your convenient reach.

Lift up the curtains and let the sunlight in! Light is better than darkness; and how cheap it is! A kind and cheering word to one who is in trouble, and is perplexed, and almost discouraged, a word of heart-felt sympathy to the afflicted; a loving word of council to the young; a word of assurance to the doubting; a "soft word which, thought it butters no parsnips, turneth away wrath," to the prejudiced and unreasonably provoked; all such words as these are sunshine to those to whom they are spoken.

"I have never found anything else so cheap and so useful as politeness," said an old traveller to us once. He then went on to state that, early in life, finding how useful it was, frequently, to strangers, to give them some information of which they were in search, and which he possessed, he had adopted the rule, always to help everybody he could in such little opportunities as were constantly offering in his travels. The result was, that out of the merest trifles of assistance rendered in this way, had grown some of the pleasantest and most valuable acquaintances that he had ever formed.

How many great men have testified that their whole lives have been influenced by some single remark made to them in their boyhood! And who cannot recall words spoken to himself in his childhood, to which, perhaps, the speaker attached no importance, but which sunk deep and immovably into his memory, and which have never lost their power over him?

Make sunlight! The world, at best, is dark enough. Do what you can to make it more cheerful and happier.

A POOR CUSTOMER.

"How much butter?"—"One half pound, if you please."

"And sugar?"—"Half a pound sir."

"And those oranges?"—"Half a dozen, sir."

"You go by halves, to-day. Well, what else? Be speedy, ma'm, you are keeping better customers waiting." "Half a peck of Indian meal, and one French roll," said the woman; but her lips quivered, and she turned to wipe away a trickling tear.

I looked at her straw bonnet, all broken, at her faded shawl, her, thin, stoop form, her coarse garments, and I read "poverty" on all—extreme poverty. And the pallid pinching features—the mournful but once beautiful face—told me that the luxuries were not for her.

An invalid looked out from his narrow window, whose pale face longed for the fresh oranges, for whose comfort the tea and the butter and the fine French roll were bought with much sacrifice. And I saw him sip the tea, and the dainty bread, and praise the flavour of the sweet butter, and turn with brightening eyes to the golden fruit. And I heard him ask her, kneeling at the smoking hearth, to taste them with him. And as she set her broken pan on the edge to bake her coarse loaf, I heard her say, "Bye and bye, when I am hungry."

And "bye and bye," when the eyes of the sufferer are closed in sleep, I saw her bend over him, with a blessing in her heart. And she laid the remnant of the feast carefully by, and ate her bread unmoistened.

I started from my reverie. The grocer's hard eye was upon me. "You are keeping better customers waiting."

Oh, how I longed to tell him how poverty and persecution, contempt and scorn, could not dim the heart's fine gold purified by many a trial; and that woman, with her little wants and holy sacrifice was better in the sight of God than many a trumpet-tongued Dives, who gave that he might be known to men.

A terrible battle took place on the Western outskirts of Arkansas, between Deputy U. S. Marshal and his posse and a band of outlaws. There was a terrible slaughter.

"I HAVE NO CHANCE."

Don't say that, young man. You have five chances on each hand. Then you have thirty-six at least in your head. Every faculty you have will vote you into office, if you only enfranchise it, and form a confederation between the freemen in your brain and the freemen at the ends of your arms.

Chances, plenty of them, fall under our eyes, if we have only eyes to see them and plenty of hands to pick them up.

The falling of an apple was the opportunity for Newton to solve the secret of the skies.

A floating sea-weed, drifting by the vessel when the crew were uttering mutinous threats, was the chance seised by Columbus to pacify an incipient rebellion, and to inspire his men with the promise of a new continent and a new world of enterprise.

The picking up of a pin in a street of Paris by a poor boy, as he was going from a great bank, saddened at the denial of his application for a place, was the founding of the success and prosperity of one of the greatest bankers of the queen city of the World. That simple act illustrative of the economical spirit asserting itself over present grief, was observed from the window; the lad was recalled, and the refusal recalled at the same moment. Industry patience, and honesty did the rest.

A chance remark from a pleasant girl in an obscure country district, falling upon the ear of the young observing thinker, Dr. Jenner, gave vaccination to the world, and saves hundreds of lives annually.

A pewter plate founded the Peel family. Robert, in the poor country about Blackburn, seeing a large family growing up about him, felt that some source of income must be added to the meagre products of his little farm. He quietly conducted experiments in calico printing in his own home. One day, thoughtfully handling a pewter plate, from which one of the children had just dined, he sketched upon its smooth surface the outline of a parsley leaf, and filling this with coloring accurately conveyed to the surface of cotton cloth. Here was the first suggestion towards calico printing from metal rollers. The "parsley leaf" on the pewter plate opened up a world of industry to Lancashire; and Sir Robert Peel, to this day, is called, in the neighborhood of Blackburn, "Parsley Peel."

A kite and a key, in Franklin's hands, were the grand-parents of our telegraphs, and all the blessings of modern inventions applying electricity.

Don't say you have no chance, young man! You have the same chance, and better, than the world's greatest and best men have enjoyed. "Men uniformly overrate riches and underate their own strength; the former will do far less than we suppose, and the latter far more."

"The longer I live," says one of the earth's noble sons, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory!" That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will be worth much without it.

SIGNS AND TOKENS.

The Mirror.—If a mirror is broken it is a sign that a good looking lass will be missed in that house.

A Funeral.—To meet a funeral procession is a sign of death.

Pocket-book.—To lose a pocket-book containing a quantity of silver is very unlucky.

Nails.—If a woman cuts her nails every Monday, it is lucky—for her husband.

Roosters.—If you hear a rooster crow when you are in bed, and the clock strikes a few times at the same instant, it is a sure sign of mo(u)rning.

An itching ear.—If you have an itching ear, tickle your nose and you will have an itching there, and ill luck will be averted.

FORT GARRY, May 23.—The Lieut Governor, Mayor Irvine and party left for Lake Manitoba to-day on a hunting expedition, and will probably be absent a week.

The General Court adjourned to-day till the 25. One hundred and sixty two cases were disposed of.

Weather warm and beautiful.

To-morrow will be observed as a holiday. The stores will be closed, and races and other sports will come off.

Cattle are so sarce that some persons have gone to the States to purchase. Immigrants had better bring their horses and cattle with them. The stock here is inferior and prices frightful.

A boy of thirteen, named Stanton, was killed on the 14th April, at Hewley, England, by one of Wombwell's elephants. A number of children gathered in the inn-yard, where the elephant was stabled, and amused themselves by giving it nuts and other things. Some of them are said to have given it stones, at which the animal was so irritated, that he seized the deceased child with his trunk, and raised him to his mouth. A keeper, seeing what was occurring, called out, and the animal dropped the child. He was picked up and at once taken to a doctor, and although every effort was made to restore him, he died the followiag night from wounds in the head and severe internal injuries.

The mania for claiming consequential damages is spreading, and now a Mexican widow claims on the United States government for the indirect losses inflicted upon her by the murder of her husband in a border row on the Texas frontier. Even in England the infection has made its appearance, for we find that a poultry fancier has brought an action against the owner of some tame rats which killed thirteen of his bantam chickens; the "claim" for compensation for which includes not only the estimated value of the said chickens, but also of the prizes which they would be sure to take at the poultry shows.

A Detroit man, who lately "swore off" on chewing tobacco, let himself down easy by chewing something else. His first day's supply of something else consisted of six oranges, a apples, ten cents' worth of [illegible] sticks of spruce gum, three [illegible] of candy, a pint of ro[illegible] nuts, one cake of maple sugar, three cents' worth of liquorice root, and half an ounce of camomile blows. The question arises, which is worse, the tobacco or this miscellaneous substitute.

The greatest inventions of modern times have in most cases been the result of accident, so we are not surprised to find that a peoria brewer, while engaged in elaborating an improved process for making lager beer, has hit upon a new explosive compound which is reported to have most astounding properties.

MINUTES OF MCNAB COUNCIL.

COURT OF REVISION.

Town Hall, Balmer's Island, May 6th, 1872.

The Reeve in the chair.

On the complaint of Angus McInnis $50 was deducted from the valuation of lot 27 in the 5th con. The complaint of Michael Rafter was dismissed. Also the complaint of John Usborne, agent of the Rev. H. Usborne, respecting the assessment of lumber—dismissed, there being no entry on the assessment roll of matter complained of.

A letter from George Purvis for the alteration of certain assessments, was read and ordered to be taken up at the next sittings of the court.

And applications from Neil McKinnon and John B. Davis to be entered on assessment roll for Nos. 2 and 3 Block G. Braeside were also ordered to be taken up at the next sittings.

The assessment roll was then read over and appeals entered against the assessments of the W. ½ of 1 in the 10th con. W. ½ of 2 in the 9th con. E. ½ of 3 in the 9th con and lot 5 in the 7th con. as being too low, and the W. ½ of 3 in the 8th con. as being too high assessed.

The court then adjourned till the 15th instant.

A. HAMILTON, CLERK.

2ND SITTING

Town Hall, May 15th, 1872.

The minutes of the meeting on the 6th instant were read, approved of and signed by the chairman.

It was then ordered:—1st That the property assessed against William Hamilton at Braeside, be entered against the name of George Purvis. 2nd That lot 20 Seymour St. Mansfield be assessed against Mrs. McNab instead of George Purvis. 3rd That Neil McKinnon be entered on the roll for lot 2, Block G, Braeside. 4th That John B. Davis be entered on the roll for lot 3 Block G, Braeside. 5th That $50 be added to the assessment of the E. ½ of 3 in the 9th con. and that the name of John O'Neil be substituted for Patrick Lealess, 6th That the assessment of W. ½ of 2 in the 9th, W. ½ of 1 in the 10th and W. ½ of 3 in the 8th, remain as assessed 7th That 60 acres of the south side of the E. ½ of 16 in the 10th, be added to the assessment of Archd. C. Stewart, at a valuation of $80. 8th That Daniel Young be assessed for the W. ½ of 17 in the 7th con, instead of A. Hamilton. 9th That John McFarlane be entered on the resident roll for lot 9 in the 8th con, and Duncan McFarlane for lot 20 in the 2nd con. 10th That J. P. Mansfield, be entered on the roll for 80 acres of the W ½ of 6 in the 14th con, (omitted by the assessor in copying the roll.)

The Court then adjourned sine die.

A. HAMILTON, Town Clerk.

For the C. P. Herald.

Thomas Hughes, aged 46 years, died in the Township of Ramsay, on the 23rd inst., after a protracted illness. He has left a family of six, and many acquaintances who cordially sympathise with his disconsolate widow.

At the solicitation of the deceased, who had consulted several physicians who differed in opinion as to the nature of his disease, Dr. Bogart, of Carleton Place, made a minute post mortem examination, and found the liver greatly enlarged, and its external surface covered with large cancerous tumors; internally it presented a similar appearance, weight, eight pounds.

The stomach was greatly distended with flatulence, of a very offensive smell, and at its cardiac orifice (where the esophagus joins it) contained a large cancerous tumor, which completely prevented the entrance of food. The deceased died from inanition. I would not, Mr. Editor, have sent this brief account of the Autopsia Cadavari for publication, if the deceased and his relatives had not solicited it to be published.

He, (the deceased) thought if his disease was satisfactorily understood it might be of essential benefit to some fellow creature who might hereafter unfortunately be afflicted with a similar disease.

Were we called to-morrow to a similar case, even in its incipient stage, our laudable efforts for its cure would, undeniably, be abortive.

I am, Mr. Editor,
Respectfully yours,
WM. WILSON, C. M.

A lady consulted her confessor on the lawfulness of using rouge. "Why," said the priest, "some pious men object to it; others see no harm in it; I will hold a middle course, and allow you to use it on one cheek."

At a wedding in Poughkeepsie, not long ago, the parents of the bridegroom charged the invited guests ninety cents per head for supper.

"Don't you think," asked a conceited fiddler of a critic, "that I can play the violin like Paganini?" "Yes," said the critic, "or of any other ninny."

"Your dress said a husband, to his fashionable wife, "will never please the men." "I don't dress to please the men," was the reply, "but to worry other women."

WORTH KNOWING.—How to add ten per cent to the value of any town lot or farm:—Plant a row of nice maples along all streets or highways intersecting or bordering upon it; *and do it at once.*

The government of Jamacia has invented a novel plan to prevent frauds in the postal service, which requires each officer to pay a premium to a common fund, out of which losses by robbery or or theft are to be indemnified.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are travelling on the continent under the title of the Count and Countess of Chester. They travel very unostentatiously, and are only accompanied by two servants, a maid and a valet.

Mr. Lincoln used to tell a story of a boy who was ordered by his father to scare a stray urchin of the premises. He departed on his mission with "turkey gobbler" strut, and shortly returned with a discolored optic, bleeding nose, and demorlized, and told his father the "darn'd boy didn't scare worth a cent."

Modern science rises equal to every emergency. It is now affirmed that the reason why last winter was colder than usual, and why the spring comes so late, is that the fires at Chicago and in the north-western States have added twelve million tons of carbonic acid to the atmosphere. This seems plain enough, and it is a wonder nobody found it out before.

A Scotch law lord was seated one day on the hill-side of Bonally with a Scotch shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in what he thought the coldest situation, he observed to him. "John, if I were a sheep I would lie on the other side of the hill." The Shepherd answered. "Ay, my loard, but if ye had been a sheep ye wad had mair sense."

RENFREW MARKETS.

Wheat, Spring	$1 20 @ $1 25
" Fall	1 20 @ 1 30
Oats	0 00 @ 0 60
Peas	0 90 @ 1 00
Beans	1 50 @ 2 00
Flour	6 50 @ 7 25
Butter, roll	0 12 @ 0 15
" keg	0 00 @ 0 15
Cheese	0 12½ @ 0 00
Pork, Mess	18 00 @ 0 00
" Prime Mess	14 00 @ 15 00
Hogs, dressed	6 00 @ 0 00
Hay	20 00 @ 00 00
Eggs, per doz	0 15 @ 0 00
Apples, per bbl	4 25 @ 0 00
Oatmeal	6 00 @ 0 00
Cornmeal, bolted	4 50 @ 0 00
Potatoes	0 30 @ 0 35

Corrected weekly by W. Halpenny, Produce and Commission Merchant.

PEMBROKE MARKETS.

Flour—No. 1 Super. bbls	$7 50 to 8 00
do. in bags	6 50 to 6 75
2nd quality	
Grain—Fall Wheat No. 1	1 40 to 1.50
" Spring "	1.30 to 1.50
" Rye	00 to 00
" Peas	1.00 to 1.20
" Beans	1.75 to 2.00
" Oats	75 to 80
Pork, Mess, per bbl	18.00 to 19.00
" Prime Mess	15.00 to 16.00
Hay, per ton	30.00 to 35.00
Butter per lb	20 to 25
Hides, per 100 lbs	6.00 to 6.5

OTTAWA MARKETS.

Flour—Extra, ₩ bbl	$ 6 00 to $ 6 75
No. 1	5 50 to 6 75
Oatmeal, ₩ 200 lbs	5 25 to 0 00
Wheat—