"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

A Christmas Story for the Young Folks

"FIG for Santa Claus!" exclaimed Ned, half mockingly.

"Yes," insisted Mamie, what's he going to bring you, Ned?"

"I don't know, and I don't care much," he answered, "for there isn't any Santa Claus.'

Merry little Mamie stood im amazement, and then ran in-doors to her mother with her perplexity.

"Why, mother!" she cried, "Ned Huntley said there wasn't any Santa Claus—and he was real cross about it too."

TALKED MATTERS TO DOLLY.

"Well, Mamie," said her mother, "I wouldn't take any notice of Ned's being cross about Christmas time. The Huntley's don't keep Christmas."

"Don't keep Christmas!" exclaimed Mamie, astonished beyond measure.

Seeing that her mother was busy, she took her doll, Helena Margaret Constance Victoria, named in honor of the Queen, in her arms and talked the matter over with her.

"What do you think, my dear," said she, "They don't keep Christmas at Ned Huntley's house! I don't know just what mother means by not keeping it, for you know Santa Claus comes down the chimney, and so he can get in during the night and leave Christmas there. Oh, yes, but they don't keep it. They turn it out, I suppose, just like mother told me they acted about the dear little baby Saviour; they hadn't any room for him, and I guess Mrs. Huntley hasn't any room to keep Christmas in. I wonder what she does with the Christmas things Santa Claus bring? I wonder if she throws 'em away? I mean to go and ask her;" and putting her child carefully in its cradle, Mamie started.

There was some truth in what Mrs. Gaston had told her little daughter; the Huntleys did not keep Christmas in a loving, hearty way. They kept it in so far that on this very afternoon Mrs. Huntley was busy making the mince pies, dressing the turkey, and doing all she could to be beforehand with the extra Christmas dinner. Mr. Huntley had just stepped into the kitchen for a moment to say to his wife, "What have you settled on for Ned's Christmas?"

"I've bought him a pair of arctics—he needed 'em; and if you want to spend more than common, you might get him half a dozen handkerchiefs."

"Well, wife, I was thinking that perhaps"—the farmer tried to be particular about his words, for Mrs. Huntley did not seem in a very good humor—I was remembering how you used to enjoy giving the young ones candies and toys; so, perhaps—"

"Now, Noah Huntley, I'm surprised at you! Buy candies and toys for a great lumbering boy like Ned? Why, you must be crazy, man! The next thing will be that you'll want a Christmas-tree yourself!"

"Well, it wouldn't be a bad idea," thought the father. "There's my man, Fritz, he has been to the woods and cut a little tree for his children and he seems to get a heap of pleasure out of it. Ah! if only little Polly had lived!" Strangely enough the wife was thinking the same thing, as she sliced and sifted and weighed. "If little Polly had lived it would have been different, but we can't throw away money on nonsense for Ned."

"I WATER THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS."

A little red cloak flashed by the window, a little bright face, just about the age of our Polly's" peeped in at the door, and Mamie asked "May I come in, Mrs. Huntly?"

"Certainly, child. Here's a fresh cookie. I suppose you're full of Christmas over at your house?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am! And I'm so sorry you don't keep it. What's the reason?"

"Don't keep it! Why, we have a regular Christmas dinner as sure as the 25th of December comes round, and Pa gives me a new dress, or something that I need, and we give Ned a suit of clothes, or shoes, or something that he needs."

"Well," said Mamie, "but I like our way best. May I tell you how we keep Christmas?"

"Talk away. I can listen."

"Well, you see, a good while before Christmas my mother begins to get ready, I water the chrysanthemums to have them nice and fresh, and I often see her hide up something quick when I come in, and then she laughs, and I think, 'Oh, yes, something's coming,' and then mother takes me in her lap and tells me how Jesus is coming, and how He did come. Do you know, Mrs. Huntley?"

"You can tell me, child!"

"You see, He came a long, long time ago as a little baby. Mamma says that he began at the beginning, so that no little child could say, 'I can't be like Jesus, for Jesus never was so little as me.' Here it is in the Bible and down on the floor she sat with the book on her knees. All about that first birthday of His, when there wasn't any room for Him at the tavern, and when the dear little baby Jesus was sleepy, they laid Him right in a stable manger, and the Shepherds found Him lying there. Christmas is His birthday, and I suppose they all give the children presents because Jesus loved little children, and then Santa Claus—Oh, Mrs. Huntley, that's what I came about, and I 'most forgot! If you don't keep Christmas—I mean as we do," she added, as Mrs. Huntley frowned, "and if you don't use the things Santa Claus leaves here, can't I come over and get 'em? Only I'd rather Ned should have 'em."

"MAMIE LAY ON THE WINDOW SEAT READING ALOUD THE MARVELLOUS STORY OF CHRIST'S BIRTH."

"Child alive! How your tongue runs! Here, now, take these cookies home with you. I guess Ned's too busy to play with you."

"Thank you ma'am. And you'll remember 'bout Santa Claus?" said little Mamie, as she walked away with her cookies.

Mrs. Huntley worked on for a few minutes longer, and then, leaving her dishes, she went to her own room and opened a bureau drawer. There lay a bright little dress and pretty white apron,—Polly's best things,—the little clothes in which she used to look so lovely. There were the last Christmas toys the mother had ever bought,—only a little tin bank, a paper cornucopia, and a doll; but she remembered that Christmas so well! Could it be that it was only three years ago? How Polly had laughed and chattered over her stocking! And Ned,—now that she thought about it,—she remembered that they bought him a pair of skates that year. He had made a great time over those skates, and had taken his little sister to see him try to use them. Ned was so loving and gentle in those days.

Mrs. Huntley went back to the kitchen, but the room seemed different to her. Ned brought in the milk, and looked at his mother curiously at hearing her say, "Thank you Ned." Wonders would never end, Ned thought, when after tea, she said, "Father, it's a moonlight night; couldn't you and I drive to the village? Ned will excuse our leaving him alone."

"Excuse!" When had his mother ever asked him to excuse her? And then, as mother waited for the wagon to be got ready, she told him how Mamie lay in the window seat and read to her about the Saviour's birth.

Mr. Huntley was bewildered, too. To start off for the village at seven o'clock in the evening! When had such a thing happened?

On the road Mrs. Huntley told her husband what Mamie had said to her, and she added, "Perhaps, as I tell it, it don't seem much, but it made me think of our Polly, and"—the woman's voice broke, and the father, saddened too, said, comfortingly, "She is safe, my dear, in heaven."

"Yes, father, but I'm thinking of the one that's left, for all I cried a little. I guess you were near right about getting him something nice. He's but a boy yet, and he'd think more of Christmas, and perhaps of the child that was born on Christmas, if we show him that Jesus has made our hearts a little more tender."

What it cost that hard, reserved woman to say that, none knew, but I think her husband felt dimly how she must have fought with herself, and he was silent for some time. At last he said, with a tone of gladness in his voice, "My dear, I'm glad to get him something. He's a good boy, Ned is."

What a pleasant time they had, and how they caught the spirit of Christmas! They bought a sled and skates, a book or two, and candies, and Mrs. Huntley found a jack-knife that was just the thing Ned wanted.

Meantime, Ned mused over his mother's tears and her strangely kind tones, and thought: "I wonder if she's going to be as good to me as she was to Polly. I hated to hear Mamie talk about Santa Claus. Polly used to talk just that way, and we did have such good times. I used to get skates and things Christmas, but now I get some handkerchiefs or a lot of shirts. It makes me mad." Then Ned fell asleep, and so the mother found him She woke him gently and he went off to bed, bewildered by more kind words.

Morning dawned and Ned hurried down to light the fire in the kitchen, but he went no further than the sitting-room. There was a sled,—a splendid one,—a pair of skates, and books! He put his hand in his pockets to take a long stare, and felt something strange in one of them. Why! There was a beautiful knife!

Mother came in and watched his face, but at sight of her the boy fairly broke down. Laying his head on her shoulder, "It's like Polly coming back," he said.

And so it was, and so it continued to be.

—TORONTO LADIES JOURNAL.

PILGRIMAGE IN INDIA.

Hundreds of Thousands Crowding Into One Place—Swarms of Beggars.

Indian pilgrimages are mostly undertaken in the cold weather, because the river is then shallow and slow, and nobody gets drowned unless he is more then usually per verse. Also when the river is low great tracts of sand are dry on either side of the water, and on these the pilgrims can conveniently camp. Accordingly each year, about the middle of December, there flock to Birman fully 200,000 persons. These are not all pilgrims pure and simple, because even the most religious pilgrim requires to be fed and clothed. He needs al manner of tirsel trumperies to deck his children, his wife and his gods. Besides, he must have plenty of sweetmeats, dreadful mawkish compounds of butter and milk and sugar, flavored with spice—he needs these to make merry with when all the ablutions are happily over for the year and every god has been properly propitiated. Further, he wants no end of oil to keep his little lamps (religious and domestic) going.

It is curious to note how kerosene and matches are used in the remotest Indian village. In order to provide him with these and several hundred other things which I cannot now remember, a perfect army of grain sellers, leather workers, water carriers, jewelers, and, in short, men of every trade that has the remotest hope of making anything out of the pilgrims, all crowd to the spot. Round the edge of this vast heterogeneous mass there hangs a long fringe of beggars. On the head of this fringe are Brahmans. These boldly claim and obtain charity as a right. Next come those who beg merely because that is easier than working and less dangerous than stealing. After them come a host of decrepit, blind, diseased and deformed folk whose dreadful sores and pitiable malformations earn them as good or a better living than the able-bodied and industrious are often able to obtain.

Last of all come the lepers, and these indeed are miserable objects. Often have I dropped a coin into a hand that was a mere stump, all the fingers having decayed away All these are willingly fed and supported by the pilgrims and traders, for India is a country where charity is carried far over the verge of imbecility. To give to the lazy loafer or the fat Brahman is quite as meritorious as to help the sick but industrious artisan or to add a trifling comfort to cheer the wretched leper or helpless cripple. No questions are asked. You need but squat by the roadside in some frequented place, spread a filthy cloth in front of you, hold out a hand to passers by to insure a maintenance for life. Charity is not given to relieve distress in others, but to smooth the donor's path to heaven.

THE FIELD OF LABOR.

Items of Interest to Workingmen in all Industries.

Paragraphs Prepared for the Perusal of People Who Plod and Produce—What Workingmen Are Doing in All Parts of the World.

A bakers' national union is projected.

Athens car drivers get 50 cents a day.

Cincinnati gasfitters gets $3 to $4 a day.

Brooklyn trolley men want $2.25 a day.

New York stereotypers get $4.50 a day.

The headquarters of the Railroad Firemen's National Organization will be removed to Indianapolis.

The switchmen have organized a new international union and locals are being formed at all principal points.

In Hungary, where the Government owns the railroads, you can ride six miles for one cent. More socialism this.

The Actors' Protective Association of America have become attached to the American Federation of labor.

A manual training school will be established by a St. Louis tobacco company for the benefit of its 3,000 employes.

The Indianapolis Allied Trades Council have been doing good work in forcing a proper recognition of the union label.

The Master Plumbers' Association of America are asking that plumbing inspectors be appointed in all large cities.

A federation of women's trade unions of England and America will be formed on the same lines as the American federation of labor.

The Attorney-General of Michigan, Mr. Ellis, has given a decision against the letting of prison labor in the penal institutions of that State by contract.

The labor organizations of New York have started an agitation to have all factories that employ female labor regularly inspected by female inspectors.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has discharged 400 of its employes on the three divisions of the road centering in this part (Bellaire) of the Ohio Valley. Lack of work is assigned as the cause.

In order to save the necessity of discharging 800 men all the Government departments at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, have been put on short time. Until March of next year the men will not be allowed to work on Saturdays.

A serious dispute in the coal trade has been averted by an amicable arrangement of the dispute which has been existing for some time between the coal-owners of West and South Yorkshire and their engine and boiler men on the question of wages.

Baltimore Federation of Labor is not in humor for nonsensical action. Two musicians unions in that city are striving to bring their differences before the central body but have refused a hearing until they amalgamate and come up in proper shape.

The widows of the miners who lost their lives in the recent Albion colliery explosion, are holding indignation meetings and protesting to the Lord Mayor of London against the action of the Miners Provident Society in retaining £16,000 collected as a relief fund.

The central labor bodies of America are preparing bills for the abolishment of prison contract labor; for the prohibition of child-labor in factories and workshops, and for the compulsory education of children of all classes in some kind of school best suited to the condition of parents and guardians

The General Assembly of the K. of L. in Orleans, recently passed a resolution protesting against the issue of new bonds by the United States Government and characterizing the issue as a fraud and an outrage upon the toiling masses, in flagrant violation of existing laws and intended solely to benefit the money power and bondholding aristocracy.

At the recent meeting of the General Assembly of the K. of L., a resolution favoring the amalgamation of all the brewing associations into one organization of the Knights of Labor was referred to the Executive Board. The recommendation that the surface railroad employes of New York be reunited in one body of the knights of Labor was adopted.

A document bearing the signatures of the Presidents of eight labor organizations was presented asking Congress to pass at once a 16 to 1 free coinage law. Among those signing the recommendation are the chief officers—Knights of Labor, the Federation of Labor, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and the United Mine Workers—all strong organizations with large memberships.

William H. Sayward, of Boston, Secretary of the National Association of Builders, says:—"The labor problem should not be approached by employers as a subject in which sympathy plays any part whatever. The employer is not such a superior person nor is his position so superior that he can adopt such a paternal style. The workmen have never applied to the employers for sympathy. It is solely justice that workmen want. The only basis which is at all applicable is that of business. The interests of employer and workmen are not identical. Their relations are of the buyer and seller.

The New York and Cleveland Gas Coal Company has advanced the wages of their miners at Plum and Sandy Creeks from 55 to 62 cents per ton, the men signing an agreement not to join any labor organization. The increase affects about 2,000 miners. This company receives a differential rate of 6 cents, and it was decided to give this to the men.

Every article manufactured by prison labor robs the honest mechanic on the outside of that much revenue for the support of himself and family, prevents him from spending that much more with his merchant and groceryman, and deprives him of a proportionate amount of the comforts and necessities of life. Prison labor production is a premium upon crime, in which the thief and outlaw fares better than the man who is honest and industrious, and must by abolished.

Since Monday morning the journeymen bakers of Amsterdam have been on strike. Bread has been scarce, and the master bakers have sold it to-day only under police protection. The strikers plundered several bakers' carts, scattered the loaves, threw stones at the police and smashed bake-house windows. Forty master bakers yielded to-night, and their men returned to work, but the rest refused to treat with the men.

The most valuable work achieved be trades-unions never reaches the public knowledge. When a strike occurs almost everyone outside the unions is ready with censure and disapproval. If they only knew of the scores of uprisings and difficulties that are checked, suppressed and brought to peaceable solution by the conservative sense and good management exercised in the spirit of true unionism, they would find reason for commendation instead of condemnation.

SIR PROVO WILLIAM PARRY WALLIS, R. N., G. C. B.

A CENTENARIAN WHO LED THE SHANNON TO VICTORY AGAINST THE CHESAPEAKE IN 1813.

THE MONKEY IN THE MAN.

A Round Dozen Points of Resemblance Shown by Human Babies.

To see the monkey in the man you have nly to study the faces, bodies and habits f babies. Such is the theme of an article contributed by S.S. Buckman to the Nineteenth Century. The actions of children are, indeed, he says, like "ancient monuments of prehistoric times. The human infant is an interesting object of scientific research and even a cross baby should be calmly contemplated by the philosophic mind." Here are some of the numerous illustrations which Mr. Buckman gives to show how survivals of our simian ancestry may be found by any nursery philosopher:

1. Monkeys are snub-nosed (simian). So are babies.

2. Babies have pouch-like cheeks. To judge from ecclesiastical monuments, this characteristic is supposed to be specially angelic. It is really monkey-like. Baby cheeks are the vestiges of cheek pouches, possessed for storing away food, as in cercopithecus, a monkey in which this habit of storing may be observed at the London zoological gardens, if visitors feed it.

3. At the base of the vertebral column babies have a deep circular depression. This is the mark of the monkey's tail.

4. Babies (as Dr. Louis Robinson has shown) have superior arm power and very short legs. So have monkeys.

5. Babies, in catching hold of anything don't use thumbs, but clasp it between the fingers and palm. This is the action of monkeys in going from bough to bough.

6. A baby can move any of its toes independently, and it can move them one from another so as to make a V between any of them. As it grows older it loses this power and also the power of turning its ankle, but that it has such power over its muscles when young points to ancestors who used their feet more than their hands as organs for picking up small objects, and who relied on their arms and hands for supporting their bodies.

7. Babies go to sleep on their stomach with their limbs curled up under them—a survival from our four-footed ancestors.

8. Babies are rocked to sleep—an imitation of the swaying to-and-fro of the branches where our monkey ancestors lived. Even our nursery dittie. "Rock aby Baby on the Tree Top," point back to the arboreal age.

9. The stair-climbing instinct of babies, like the tree-climbing propensity of boys points back to an arboreal age.

10. The fruit-stealing instinct is a survival from monkeydom.

11. Children are fond of picking as anything loose—because monkeys pick off the bark from trees in order to search for insects.

12. Children are very fond of rollings This points to the time when our ancestors had hairy bodies tenented by parasites, and allayed the irritation by rolling.

He Didn't Want Much.

A Vienna paper recently contained the following advertisement: "A young prince, the owner of a lordly estate of great value, has the intention to marry. He seeks a handsome and intelligent girl of about 20 years of age, of good family, and with a dower of not less than 3,000,000 guelden $1,250,000). Apply," etc.

A Delicate Compliment.

Mrs. Goodfeed—"Will you ask a blessing, Mr. Guest?"

Mr. Guest (casting his eye admiringly over the table)—"Really, my dear madam, it doesn't need it."

FIGHTING CHOLERA.

The British Soldier Can Fight Disease as Well as the Enemies of His Country.

An inspiriting story of discipline and gallantry in most trying circumstance comes from Lucknow. On the 25th of July the first case of cholera appeared among the men of the First East Lancashire Regiment stationed at that place, and on the 28th the regiment was ordered into cholera camp. The same night the heaviest and longest rainfall known in years began, and soon the camp was transformed into one vast lake, the water being nearly two feet deep. The tents were wet through, and, of course, in many instances came down. Owing to the exposure the epidemic increased with fearful rapidity, and the afternoon of the 31st found the regiment on its march to No. 5 Sanitary Camp. During the following four or five days the men were subjected to a terrible trial. Wet through and worn out by exhaustion, they fell easy victims to the disease. On August 3 as many as 50 men were admitted to hospital, and for several days the mortality reached 15 a day. Out of 145 cases 93 proved fatal. Notwithstanding the terrors of the situation, the most perfect discipline was maintained among the rank and file, and when volunteers were called for to serve as hospital nurses, the supply proved ten times as great as the demand. The chief surgeon, in his official report, says:—"In returning the men to duty who have been acting as hospital orderlies in the Kokrail Cholera hospital, I have the honor to inform you that these men came forward and volunteered for this very arduous and dangerous duty at a time of great pressure, when nearly all the temporary native servants had deserted, and the hospital was full with sick and dying. These men came forward nobly, doing their work of mercy manfully and without flinching, even though one of their number, I regret to say, died the first day, and by their efforts, I have no doubt, saved many valuable lives; and I and the medical officers and warrant officers associated with me, wish to express to these men our thanks for their assistance. I could not take one-tenth of those who volunteered."

SHAKER INDIANS OF THE WEST.

A Queer Sect That Flourishes in the State of Washington.

The Indians of this county have just closed a religious revival and have left for Pacific County, where they will endeavor to rekindle a religious spirit among the tribes there. Their religion is very unique, strikingly original and distinctly Indian. It is known as the Shaker religion. It is said that it first originated in the sound country, among the Mud Bay Indians. The story is that one of the tribe, John Slocum, was taken sick and gradually wasted away and died. Preparations were made for the funeral, but John surprised his friends by coming to life again the day the funeral was to be held. He stated that he had gone to heaven, but that he was told to go back to earth again and help his people; that they were very wicked, and that he must help them. His recovery was very rapid, and he at once started this new sect. It forbids the use of kerosene oil as an illuminant; also the use of tobacco and intoxicating liquors of any kind. It has worked wonders among the Chehalis County Indians, who previously were not noted for their morality or sobriety. One who has witnessed some of their meetings says:

"When a candidate announces a desire to join he is placed in the centre of the room on his tip-toes, with his arms extended full length over his head. The crowd circles around him, singing, shouting, ringing bells and hammering anything that will make a noise. Frequently one of the heavy bells is broken, and this is hailed with delight, as it is supposed that the bad spirit has left the candidate and entered into the bell, filling it to bursting. When this happens the candidate is completely cleansed from all evil and is born again. The candidate for admission, after standing in the position for a short time, commences to shake through fatigue. This is taken as a sign that the good spirit is entering; and the noise and din are, if possible, increased as the poor victim's shaking increases, until, from sheer exhaustion, he falls trembling upon the ground. His conversion is then complete and he is admitted into full membership."

A Nursery Barometer.

Little Sister—"I's fraid it's goin' to rain."

Little Brother—"Why?"

Little Sister—"I's been tryin' for most a hour to make dolly stand up, an' she falls over every time. I dess her corns hurt."

PURELY CANADIAN NEWS.

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered from Various Points from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Simcoe has a new hub factory.

Diphtheria prevails at North River.

The steamer Manitou is to be rebuilt.

Elora badly needs more dwelling houses.

Napier village has a rifle club of 15 members.

Typhoid fever is almost epidemic at Bruce Mines.

Newboro' will have a hockey club this winter.

Robbing hen roosts is a favorite pastime in Orillia.

A new dock is to be built at Thessalon, Manitoulin.

Three icehouses at Jackson's Point recently collapsed.

No smoking is allowed in the cemetery at St. Catherines.

Georgetown is to employ a fifth High school teacher.

Chatham milk vendors must hereafter have a license.

The Port Dalhousie rubber factory employs 200 hands.

The Central Exhibition, Guelph, has a deficit of $434.49.

Alex. Coutts, Vespra, grew a six-pound potato on his farm.

J. Fuller, Thedford, shot 50 ducks in one day on Lake Smith.

The water in Lake Simcoe has never been as low as it is now.

Rev. J. G. Watson will resign the incumbency of Wyebridge.

Dr. Thos. H. Whitelaw, of Fergus, has located in Hespeler.

Insurance rates in Winnipeg have been advanced 25 per cent.

C. Rittenhaus is the new proprietor o the Lion Hotel, Waterloo.

The New Roman Catholic church at Sudbury has been dedicated.

The pretty new Masonic Hall at Eganville was opened last week.

Two Berlin hunters recently shot a Baldwin owl—a very rare bird.

A great many buildings are being erected at the Perrault settlement.

The Episcopal rectory at Amherstburg is to be sold under a mortgage.

McRae's hotel, Glencoe, and Mead's, Wardsville, have been burglarized.

W.H. Johnson, Barrie, has gone hunting for deer every year for the last 40 years.

It is proposed to build a new Episcopal church at Tilbury Centre.

Large quantities of wood and lumber have been stolen from the G.T.R. yards at London.

The steamer Orillia, plying on Lake Simcoe, is to be cut in two and lengthened 30 feet.

A by-law to raise $200,000 for a system of waterworks will be submitted to the electors of Winnipeg.

It is said that there has not been a case of scarlet fever or typhoid at Gravenhurst for some years.

Mr. and Mrs. John Marlatt, Johnstown, recently celebrated the 50th anniversary of their marriage.

The Montreal Council's Road Committee has decided to build a new City Hall at a cost of $416,000.

The Presbytery of London has nominated Rev. Dr. Proudfoot for moderator of the general assembly.

His employes in Berlin presented Mayor Hibner with a marble clock on his return from his wedding tour.

Rev. Mr. Fleming, Caledon East, has been called to the Presbyterian pastorate of the Cookstown circuit.

It is predicted that Archbishop Lewis will be the first Bishop of Ottawa, leaving the see of Ontario vacant.

It is said that a clause in the game laws will be changed next year, so that the hunting will commence earlier.

People at Gravenhurst and northwards are greatly dissatisfied with the G. T. R.'s poor railway accommodation.

More human remains are being found by laborers working at the excavation in front of the Cardinal's Palace, Quebec.

The Grand Trunk, the C. P. R., and all the New England lines have agreed to abolish passenger commissions after this year.

The rate on parcels between Canada and Japan by post will be reduced to 20 cents per pound on and after January 1, 1895.

The Owen Sound Cement Co.'s works at Shallow Lake are again in full blast. The output at present is about 125 barrels a day.

James McLeod, of Vancouver, B. C., is believed to be the youngest great-grand father in America. He is not yet 51 years old.

At a meeting of the Guelph Presbytery Rev. Robert Torrance, D. D., was nominated for the moderatorship of the General Assembly.

Wheat shipments in the North-West still continue heavy. Between 175 and 200 cars pass through Winnipeg daily in transit to Fort William.

The name of Gananoque Junction has been changed to that of Thousand Island Junction, by which that station on the G.T.R. will be known hereafter.

Miss Martin, a young lady operator in the C.P. R. telegraph office, Oshawa, was recently informed that, by the death of an uncle, she inherited $6,000.

Jno. Thomson, Woodford, has an apple which is half American Golden Russet and Talliman Sweet. Both varieties can be easily distinguished, as each has its own particular color and flavor. The russet is the larger part.

Application is being made to the Quebec City Council for permission to erect there a monument to General Montgomery, as recently advocated by Sir William Van Horne. It is to be erected by American subscriptions.

Good Advice.

Little Girl—"How did you scratch your nose?"

Wheelman—"Bicycling."

Little Girl (thoughtfully)—"You shouldn't ride with your nose so close to the ground.'

The cider's bubbling in the cup,
The old brass kettles spatter
The farmer's boiling punkins up
To peddle for quince batter