

# MONT BLANC'S ICY PEAK.

## Professor Janssen's Observatory in the Clouds.

### ON A FOUNDATION OF SNOW.

The Building is Finished and the Great Savant Will Take Possession as Soon as His Scientific Outfit is Complete.

It is announced that Professor Janssen's astronomical observatory, on Mont Blanc, crowning the glacier-bound peak of Europe's highest mountain, 15,810 feet above the sea, is now ready for occupancy. Here the great savant will take up his residence, says the New York World, as soon as his scientific outfit is complete and the means of his own maintenance there are secured. The building for the station was completed a few weeks ago. It is constructed entirely of iron in the form of a pyramid on a rectangular base, with the point at the top left off. Its dimensions are as follows: Length, 323 feet; breadth, 173 feet; height, 28 feet. The building grows narrower as it rises, and on top is only 13 feet in diameter.

Professor Janssen, who, on visiting Mont Blanc in the summer of 1890, conceived the idea of establishing an astronomical and meteorological station on its summit, requested M. Eiffel, the creator of the Eiffel tower, to investigate the conditions of the ground with a view to placing the foundations on solid rock. M. Eiffel made excavations in the snow to the depth of over 100 feet, and then gave up the trial. The foundations of the station rest on the frozen snow, a fact which does not imperil the safety of the building, according to M. Eiffel.

The building consists of two stories, the second of which is reached by means of an iron circular staircase built outside of the building, which is surrounded by a small porch. On the roof is a platform where the meteorological paraphernalia will be placed. The ground floor is hewn into the frozen snow, so as to give the building additional strength. The engineers thought this essential for the safety of the occupants during storms.

DESIGNED BY M. EIFFEL.

The plans of construction are M. Eiffel's work, while to Professor Janssen belongs the credit of having invented a wireless strong enough to carry great weights over the "Mer de Glace." In the summer of 1892 a fourth part of the building material was deposited on the top of the mountain; the rest had to be left in an altitude of 12,000 feet, and could not be moved until the beginning of the past summer.

The ground floor, which has been divided into living rooms for the professor and his assistant, will also act as cook and general servant, looks not unlike a steamer cabin and kitchen. Every inch of room has been utilized, and the arrangements are perfect. The house is equipped with electric lights; electricity also furnishes the heat and the means for cooking the meals. The professor, in his house in the sky, will have exceptional opportunities for trying the numerous inventions for preserving food and condensing food and drink into the smallest possible quantities.

PROFESSOR JANSSEN NEEDS MONEY.

While Professor Janssen is ready and eager to start on his experiments, the scientific world, which encouraged him to go ahead with his hazardous undertaking, is not prepared to lend him the financial aid required. The observatory was built by subscriptions furnished by Prince Roland Bismarck, Baron Rothschild, Leon Say and others, but these gentlemen refuse to spend any more money on it unless other rich men and the governments interested are willing to pay their share. The amount still necessary is less than 100,000 francs, and the friends of Professor Janssen are now making collections among the scientists of Europe to raise that sum, which will be sufficient to buy the instruments required.

Food will be furnished by patriotic Frenchmen, who promise the best of everything in the way of food and drink to help along this great enterprise. Professor Janssen and his assistant intend to spend an entire winter on the summit of Mont Blanc. Their observations are expected by the scientific world to be of an entirely novel character, inasmuch as they will be independent, as far as is possible, of the influence of, from atmospheric influences.

Watering the Grave.

A certain Scottish widow was one day in spring seen by the clerk of her parish crossing the churchyard with a watering-pot and a bundle. "Ah, Mistress Macintosh," said the clerk, "what's your business with that gear as that you are carrying?" "Ah, weel, Mr. Macintosh," replied the widow, "I'm just going to my gude man's grave. I've got some hay-seeds in my bundle, the which I'm going to sow upon it, and the water in the can is just to give them a spring like." "The seeds whinna want the watering," rejoined the clerk, "they'll spring fine o' themselves." "That may be," rejoined the widow, "but ye donna ken that my gude man, as he lay a deen, jist got me to make a promise that I'd never marry again till the grass had grown aben his grave, and as I've had a good offer made me but yestreen, ye see, I dinna like to break my promise, or to be kept a lone widow, as ye see me." The minister's side-camp looked on the widow with a mild expression. "Water him well, widow," said the clerk, "Macintosh ay was drouthy."

Proof Positive.

Cross-examination upon the witness stand is a pretty severe ordeal for most people, but some men do not mind it. Here, now, is an instance, reported by the New York Weekly:

"Are you sure that occurrence was on

the 17th of the month?" asked the lawyer, in a tone which seemed to imply that certainly upon such a point was almost beyond the reach of the human intellect.

"Yes," said the undismayed witness, "it was the 17th."

"Now, remember," continued the lawyer, with increasing solemnity, "remember you are under oath. How do you know it was on the 17th?"

"Because the day before—"

"Be careful what you say now. Go on."

"Because the day before was the 16th and the day after was the 18th."

FROM THE DICTIONARY.

A Story That is Intelligible by the Aid of a Good Lexicon.

Being easily excited, and an amiable fond of insinuating fish and brogging, with an insatiable desire for the acquisition of care, I took a punt and descended the river in a snithy gale. The water being smooth, I felt I could venture with impunity, as I was familiar with the obnoxious river.

Having brogged without result, I rowed toward an eyot, intending merely to quiddle, when I suddenly saw a haakee. Wishing to capture him, I decided to circumnavigate and take him unawares. Landing, I derided myself where I could see the haakee derailing grass. He discovered me and skugged behind a tree, occasionally protruding his snell.

Seeing a stick, I awaited the ooput. When the neb appeared, I fegged him. The haakee, which is pedimanous, tried to climb the bale. He seemed sheepish, and I suspected him of some mischery, especially as his cheeks seemed ampullaceous. I caught him by the tail, and he skirled. Though he was sprack, I held on with redoubt, and tried finally to sewe him. The haakee looked soyned and tried to saye. I labored him and he opeled, making vigorous oppugnation, and evidently longing for divagation.

Then a pirogus approached and an agri-culturer landed. This distracted the haakee and I sewed him, but dropped him because he scratched me. I vowed to exangulate him when caught.

Borrowing a lazolek, I tried to yend it over the haakee's head, as a means of ocoation. The agriculturer aided. He was not attractive, seeming caprupulous and not unlike a pleeroon. He had a sphinctulated dinner-pail, which looked as if he had been battering in while pugging. But with a stick and some string he made a gin, and tried to make the haakee hiss. This caused quiching by the haakee, who seized the coadjutor's hallux. Thus exasperated, the agriculturer captured the haakee without any mislardias; but he gloated over the bite, and his rage was not quotted until the haakee was a lich. Carrying it to the pna, I sank into a queeshy spot, which delayed me until the gale obambulated the sky.

While removing the pelage, I found the lich somewhat old because the winker had feuged the haakee, and so I yended the lich away, went to market, and supped upon a spibocook and a hot blk.—*December St. Nicholas.*

Tunnel and Bridge to Copenhagen.

Copenhagen is often cut off from the mainland during a part of the winter by accumulations of ice in the Great Belt, says the London Globe, and it is now proposed to make a tunnel between the Islands of Seeland and Funen and a bridge between Funen and the mainland. The termini of the tunnel will be at Italekov Pynt and Kunnshaved, and its length about 11 miles. (The construction will be easy, owing to the soft nature of the bottom, and the Island of Spragel will be used for ventilation and other purposes. The cost of the tunnel is estimated at 20,000,000 Danish crowns (about \$1,120,000); that of the bridge, 12,000,000 crowns (\$680,000), and Copenhagen will be brought two hours nearer the continent.

A Similar Case.

Prompted by the feeling that it was his duty the bishop reconstituted with one of his clergy for attending a local hunt.

"Well, Your Lordship," replied the offender, "I really do not see that there is any more harm in hunting than in going to a ball."

"I presume," answered the bishop, "that you refer to having seen my name down among those who attended Lady omerville's ball. But I assure you throughout the whole evening I was not in the same room with the dancers."

"That, Your Lordship, is exactly how I stand. I was never in the same field with the hounds."

Then the bishop sat down.—*Parson's Weekly.*

Think of It.

Never before in the history of the world was there a remedy for corns as safe, painless and certain as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It makes no sore spots and acts speedily. Try Putnam's Corn Extractor. At drugists.

Value of Decomposed Granite Sand.

A Japanese physicist, according to "Stans," finds that decomposed granite sand may be made into a good building material. When mixed with slaked lime it becomes as hard as puzzolana or trass. Biquettes, made with ten parts of slaked lime to one hundred of the sand, gave, after two weeks' exposure to the air, 56.93 pounds tensile strength per square inch, and after fifteen weeks' exposure 85.76 pounds per square inch. The best results were given when the specimens were placed in water during hardening, the tensile strength then being 75.4 pounds per square inch after two weeks, and 111.65 pounds after fifteen weeks.

To Be Manufactured.

The Young Housewife—You have some potatoes, Nora?

Nora (the cook)—Yes, mum.

The Young Housewife—And there's plenty of sugar in the house?

Nora—Yes, mum.

The Young Housewife—Well, then, let us have a dish of sweet potatoes at dinner.

Whalebone has been selling as low as \$2 a pound in New Bedford. The decline is due to the unprecedented catch of the whaling vessels in the Arctic Ocean last winter.

A woman in Portland, Maine, deposited \$300 in a savings bank in 1864, and has seen the amount grow to \$1,268 by the accumulation of interest.

# MINISTERIAL INCIDENTS

## Some Peculiar Stories Told by Garolous Boston Parsons.

### STRICTLY TRUE, OF COURSE.

Liquors That Were to Be Marked "Canned Peaches"—The Parson Who "Never Expected to See the Woman's Last Child"—Some Jokes on Dr. Brooks—Other Experiences.

WOMEN have a keener sense of humor than clergymen. They have their comical experiences, tell them among themselves, but they seldom go into print, says the Boston Herald.

A reporter has called upon a number of Boston clergymen, with the result of the following anecdotes, most of them personal experiences, never before published:

"CANNED PEACHES."

A highly respectable and widely respected clergyman living in a country parish not far from Boston received a communication from a New York house dealing in wines and liquors, not long ago, saying that they would be very glad to furnish him with anything he needed in his line, and, as an inducement for his patronage, added that they were aware that the arrival in a country place of wines and liquors for the use of the clergyman was apt to create comment, if not a scandal. And they offered, in case he purchased goods from them, to have them securely packed in a wooden box where they would be free from examination, and to have the box marked "Canned Peaches."

DRANK "ON THE MINISTER."

Some years ago in Rochester, N. Y., an Episcopal clergyman received a call in the evening from a couple who desired to be married. He married them and received for his fee what seemed to him a very peculiar one. It consisted of a 50-cent piece, a 25-cent piece, a dime, a nickel and 4 cents. He said nothing, but wondered a great deal.

The whole matter was explained when, two months afterward, the bride called upon him and desired him, much to his surprise, to marry her. He told her that this was beyond his power, and asked her why she wished to be unmarried.

She said her husband was a lazy, worthless, drinking man, and that when he got married he had to borrow \$1 with which to pay the clergyman his fee, and that on the way with her to the minister's house he stopped at a saloon to get a drink, for which he paid 6 cents, leaving the dollar minus 6 cents with which to pay the minister. Thus, taking a drink at the expense of the minister, explained to him the peculiarity of the fee.

HEE LAST CHILD.

A clergyman in New Jersey was calling upon one of his lady parishioners who had a remarkable large family of children, who had arrived in this world at brief intervals. In the course of his call she said to him: "Mr. —, you have not seen my last child?"

"No, madam," replied the clergyman, "and I do not expect to see it, for which I immediately beat a retreat, as the better part of valor."

SOME JOKES ON DR. BROOKS.

When Rev. Dr. William Henry Brooks, Secretary of the Episcopal Convention of Massachusetts, had his office at St. Andrew's House, Chambers street, two weeks ago, he had an engagement with Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, at that time rector of Trinity, came there just before the appointed time and went up into the guild room, where Dr. Brooks, the Secretary, was writing. He courteously rose and bade the ladies "good morning."

They said to him: "We wish to see Dr. Brooks."

He replied: "I am Dr. Brooks."

They then said: "We wish to see Rev. Dr. Brooks."

Dr. Brooks replied again: "I am Rev. Dr. Brooks."

Not knowing that there was a Rev. Dr. William Henry Brooks, and seeing that the secretary was totally unlike Phillips Brooks, at least in outward form, they thought that the man was not in his right mind. Accordingly they went down stairs without delay, and said to some one there:

"There is a crazy man writing in the guild room who says he is Dr. Brooks."

Dr. Brooks enjoyed the joke on himself. He also tells a good story of how a sentence in one of his sermons was curiously misunderstood. A lady meeting him soon afterward took him to task for having been flippant.

"Flippant?" queried Dr. Brooks. "Why, what did I say that was flippant?"

"You said," replied the lady, "that we cannot all be 'journeymen tailors.'"

"Cannot all be journeymen tailors," repeated Dr. Brooks. "Oh, no! I never said any such thing—couldn't have said it; and I don't see the sense either."

"But I heard you, heard you distinctly, and so did several others, and we have been wondering what you meant."

"Well, I should think you would wonder," said Dr. Brooks, "but I will show you the sermon in manuscript, and you see if you can find anything like it there."

Dr. Brooks could not imagine what he could have said that might sound like "journeymen tailors," but when he read the manuscript, on going home, the mystery was solved. The passage in question was upon the difficulty of writing fresh and interesting sermons for two services for every Sunday in the year. As Dr. Brooks said: "Daniel Webster and Henry Clay made great speeches, but even they could hardly have made great speeches twice a week every week in the year. That would make 104 many a parish expects of its rector. He may be able to write that number of sermons, but some are bound to be more or

less dull; you can hardly expect him, human as he is, to make them all interesting.

"You must remember," he added, "that we are not all Jeremy Taylors."

A CHANGE OF BELIEF.

A Universalist minister found himself, one recent summer, in a very rural village away up in the country, though not so rural as not to have a public house, for it was in the heart of a beautiful region which tourists visited a good deal in the season. The minister went to the house late in the afternoon and asked to be "put up" for the night. After scrutinizing him from head to foot, looking him in the eye as if she would penetrate his soul—for the good Mrs. S. held to the feeling that there were ministers and ministers—she said: "Well, we're full, and I don't see as how I can accommodate ye, but I see ye're a parson and I don't kinder like to turn away an apostle of the Lord. What—er—denomination are ye?"

"I am a Universalist," replied the apostle of the Lord.

"Oh, ye're a Universalist, are ye? Well, do you think everybody is goin' to be saved?"

"Yes," was the straightforward reply. "I can't help feeling that some time, somewhere, somehow, the Lord will call every one to his home."

"Every-one emphasized the landlady?"

"Yes."

"Thout any exception," she queried, as if she cherished a recollection of some one who had wronged her deeply, and with whom she could not think of ever sharing the joys of Paradise.

"Yes, without exception," answered the parson, steadfastly. "That is my belief."

"Well, I'm sorry, but I can't accommodate ye, sir; the house is full and ye'll have to go somewhere else."

It was no use to persist; the landlady was obdurate; the parson saw that, and he could not equivocate. He went elsewhere. But the next year he happened to come to the same town, arriving late in the evening. He went to the same house. The same landlady was at the desk; the season was at its height, and the house full as before.

The parson began at once: "Well, Mrs. S., I cannot deny that I'm the same man who came here last year. I wun't try to deceive you, but it is very late, and you must put me up, at least for the night."

"Remember ye," replied the landlady. "Ye're the Universalist parson what thought everybody was goin' to be saved—"

The parson perceived the hard lines in the woman's face growing harder. "Yes," he interrupted, "but since then I've done some thinking, and I have come to the conclusion that some people are going to be condemned."

"Have ye?" demanded the landlady, brightening.

"Yes, I have."

"How many do you think will be lost?" she continued.

"Well, I have thought it over pretty carefully, and I have come to the conclusion that about 440,000 souls must inevitably be lost."

"Do ye, though?" exclaimed the landlady with great relief, almost with joy.

"Well, sir, that is better than nothing, the house is pretty full, but I guess we can accommodate ye for a week." And the parson stayed.

IN THE "MARINE" DEPARTMENT.

A well-known Boston insurance man was spending last summer in the country. At the hotel where he stayed there was a very sober, orthodox minister, who was regarded as solemn and unscorable. Mr. B. and the contrary, is very sociable and genial, full of anecdotes and very quick-witted. It did not take him long to thaw-out the parson.

In the course of one of their conversations they spoke of the Baptist and in this connection alluded to the Tremont Temple fire. Mr. B. remarked incidentally that he settled the loss by that fire. The parson, who had understood Mr. B. to be in the marine insurance business, said: "Why, I thought you were in the marine department?"

"So I am," replied Mr. B. "Isn't that the marine department?"

When the point of this Baptist immersion joke hit the parson, he let out such a laugh as he perhaps had never had before.

The next Sunday Mr. B. attended church where the parson preached. Mr. B. and takes a nap on the train, in church, or any other convenient place. Retreating to the hotel together after service, Mr. B. said: "That was a very good sermon of yours this morning, parson, but there was one thing I missed."

"What was that?" asked the parson.

"I missed my nap," was the answer.

A CHANCEL WINDOW.

In a little country town was erected a small church with space for a chancel window, temperarily filled with plain glass. The rector of a wealthy city church came to this town to spend his summer holidays, and naturally visited the little church. The rector of the latter informed his city brother that he hoped some time to get in a suitable window of stained glass. The city rector informed him that at that particular time he was having a new window of elaborate design placed in his chancel replacing one which he would present to the little church if thought suitable. It was a rolled cathedral glass in gorgeous colors, thrown together with no expense to the artistic rector. The gift was accepted, and was soon placed in the country church chancel, the unbounded delight of the scores of rustic visitors who came to see, and remained to admire, the gorgeous coloring.

A year rolled by, and another rector of a fashionable church, and one of very artistic taste, visited that same town. The village rector called upon his city brother and took him to see that center of interest, the chancel window. The visitor, of course, scanned it very closely, and after praising it a good deal, but in a guarded way, said: "I don't see that it would be any harm to worship that window."

"Oh," said the country brother, "that is going too far."

"Do not misunderstand me," rejoined the other; "I meant to say that it would be no violation of the second commandment, which forbids the making of any graven image or the likeness of anything in heaven above or on the earth beneath." "Now," he continued, "in my heart of hearts

I do not believe that there is anything like that either in the heaven above or on the earth beneath."

HE WAS BORN IN IRELAND.

A very well-known clergyman in this city tells the following story, which, though not strictly a clerical story, may be included in this article. He was once induced by a friend to go to a court house where a celebrated case was being tried to listen to the closing arguments of eminent counsel to the jury. The counsel for the plaintiff asked the court's permission to put one additional witness upon the stand, calling attention to the fact that he had previously stated his desire to do so, but the witness was not then at hand. He had now arrived, and, though the evidence was supposed to be all in on both sides, the court gave the desired permission.

The witness was sworn, and he proceeded to testify. The point was in reference to the genuineness of a deed bearing the date 1847. When he got through the counsel for the defence proceeded with the cross-examination. In very deliberate tones he said: "Mr. A. B., I understood you to say, sir, in your direct examination, that you were born in anno domini 1841. Am I correct, sir?"

The witness replied: "The year is right, your honor, but I was born in Ireland."

"KNOCK OFF" BEFORE YE BEGIN.

This same clergyman, upon one occasion, entered a hall while a temperance meeting was in progress. A laboring man was on the floor at the time making a speech. As soon as the cleric entered, the chairman interrupted the speaker and sent the secretary to escort the clergyman to the platform. He introduced him to the meeting and called upon him for a speech. The clergyman returned thanks for the courtesy shown him, expressed his readiness to speak a few minutes later, but observed that, by his coming in, someone on the floor had been interrupted in his address. He hoped that this speaker would be allowed to finish his remarks first.

The speaker was then called upon to do so, which he did in the following fashion: "Mr. Chairman, when the reverend gentleman entered the room I was nearly through. I was just about to be either giving a rule for reclaiming the drunkard. I think it is a good one. Anyway, I have never seen a better. And if any of ye find a better one, I will thank ye to tell me. If ye will all observe my rule I'll promise ye will all become reformed men. My rule is to knock off the drink before ye begin."

HE WANTED MORE "WARM WATER."

Though peculiarly a doctor's story, a clergyman tells of the following:

A patient who was very ill and under the treatment of his medical adviser, was a strong temperance advocate and a total abstainer. His physician prescribed stimulants, which, on general principles, the patient refused to take, on the ground that the example would be very injurious to his servants and his attendants.

The physician said: "My dear sir, you must take the stimulants. You can ask the servant to bring you warm water to your room for shaving; you can have the other there."

The patient did so. Next morning, when the doctor called and inquired about his patient, the servant said: "Oh, doctor, I am so glad you have come; I am afraid the patient is going out of his mind. He keeps calling for warm water for shaving."

The Tongue in Influenza.

Falans recently made an interesting communication to the Societe Medicale des Hopitaux concerning the tongue in grip. Its special characteristic, says the "Medical Record," is an opaque tint of bluish white, sometimes uniformly distributed and again appearing in patches. This peculiar appearance of the tongue is often the first definite sign of grip, and accompanies the vague malaise that precedes the disease. It always appears during the first two or three days. As long as the condition is present the patient is by no means well, though recovery may be apparent. Complications may arise as long as the opaque tint remains. The tongue is not altered in form or dimensions, nor is it ever dry unless some phlegmoseous inflammation is imminent or has already begun. If there is a catarrh of the digestive tract, and the tongue becomes heavily coated, the epaline tint is still visible about the borders, and may show through the coating in places. Catarrhis may help clear up the furred tongue, but its characteristic porcelain effect remains. In pneumonia complicating grip the tongue dries up without effect upon the epaline tint upon its borders. In a case of supposed meningitis in a child, the peculiar appearance of the tongue served to establish the diagnosis of grip, a diagnosis verified by subsequent events. Sometimes there is ligular degeneration, as in scarlet fever.

The Bagpipes and the Fiddler.

An odd hitch has occurred in the management of the Dundee (Scotland) public schools. They have been teaching the violin under the sanction of the Board, but two Highland members, patriotic to the core, insist that bagpipe playing shall be taught at the same time, and there is a dead lock. It must be hard for the Board to get over the logic of those stalwarts, one of whom exclaimed while the matter was under discussion, "Only leon can play a bit fiddle, but the bagpipes, men, need science!"

An Old-Fashioned Family.

Samuel Jeffries and wife, each aged 76, reside at Hunterville, Ky. They had no children in the first seven years of their married life, but in the eleven months after that four were born, and in the next four years fifteen more were born. There are seven pairs of twins among the nineteen children.

It Won't Help in Cold Weather.

Somehow sitting up close to people you don't like very well never makes you any warmer.

Guest (angrily)—Say, boy, I've been waiting here an hour. Waiter—That's all right, boss. I've been waiting here five years.

The men in the Caucasian settlements in South Africa outnumber the women by ten to one, and spinsters are rare.

China is said to contain numberless small societies of unmarried women who have pledged themselves never to marry.

A woman usually likes flattery, even when she recognizes it.

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