

The citadel of Christianity is in the days besieged all round its circuit. The

sometimes semi-annual, celebration of Lodi's supper, or the initiatory rite of baptism, or both together. I remember that when, half a century ago, ships were despatched from Scottish ports to South Australia, then in its infancy, laden with well-organized companies of emigrants, I read in the published account of one of them that perfect religious toleration was established as the rule on board, but that with regard to

[illegible]

To remove stains caused by cod liver  
pour a little household ammonia into  
suds in which the woollens are  
washed.

WITH THEM.

Blackie and I discussed their years, as old men do. "Ah, yes," said Blackie, in his own delightful egotistic style, "there are three great men born in 1809—Blackie, Gladstone and Tennyson." A twinkling appeared in the old Parliamentary eye. "Ah, but," quoth the G.O.M., "Tennyson won't thank you for including him in our set. We are far too busy for him."

Professor Blackie had the contempt of

But for exciting legal reading, the book is not so good. St. Lewis too early takes first prize. Mr. Justice Lewis thus disports himself on the subject of restraining a widow from her dower: "The law is a little harsh," he says, "stands next in importance to its elder brother correlative, self-preservation, and is equally a fundamental principle of justice. It is a law which tempered with mercy the expression from Paradise. It was impressed on the human creature by a beneficent power, and it is the duty of the lawgiver and the magistrate to maintain it, and thus promote his own happiness and the happiness of his creatures. . . . On the lord of the forest to the monarch, the law is a law, and the monarch of serpent to the innocence of the dove, the law is a law, and the monarch of the elastic embrace of the mountain kaima to the descending fructification of the valley of the Nile, the law is a law, bowing submissively to this primal law. Even the flowers, which perfume

go to the fair with him. I was  
n't right enough, but all of a sudden  
I was right. I was right. I was  
I'll punch yer head if yer do, do  
and yehow, from then I felt gone on him,  
now, you see, we've got a show of  
OWLS."

**DENTISTRY.**

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**PERSONAL.**

CHARACTER AND HANDWRITING, HAVE  
you the qualities which command success  
in life or shame your family? Write  
to-day to J. W. Shaw, graphologist,  
Adeleide-street east.

London, March 11. — Never before were there so many disap-

celine, a trimming that gives the  
pearl fall to the soft drapery.  
bordered with gold or silver fringes,  
a particularly lovely one was hem-  
med with tiny, lily petals, clusters of  
trimming the train and the lace-  
neered dress.

Exactly exquisite were some of the  
trappings. One lovely creation was in  
carminations and lily of the valley;  
there was a mixture of mignonnet  
and, and was most refreshingly summer-  
like. Another, in shades of blue and  
green of summer, belmy air and gen-  
tepherys, is more than welcome just  
now.

Never was winter more wonder-  
ful than this. The season is a  
depressing maladies, and surely  
the dwellers in the Arctic regions  
sincerely long with a greater long-  
ing for the heat of the tropics than  
thousands of our countrymen and  
women.