Falls Gazet

ONTARIO, SATURDAY, FEB. 3, 1883.

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and before Clara
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he cats, are culpable. But why she
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ou'd not tell.

CHAPTER V.

The busy Fall was passing into Winter, the farmer's season of rest. Our meetings in the woods were more frequent, once we met in a two storey school house a quarter of a mile from Montgomery's farm, not afraid of treason because we knew our men and they each other. An appeal to arms had been resolved on, we had many sympathiser among those who stood well in Toronto society, the farmers thought the Country were to a great extent on our side. It is true the loyalists had every advantage, they were drilled into regiments, armed, and petted by government in every way. My own Company of Toronto Patriots numbered over a hundred, every man armed with a rifle and many with roughly made short swords which for street fighting would be better than bayonets.

Pikes were manufactured in numbers, the narrow spear points scientifically constructed under the able guidance of some of Emmett's quondam followers from the Green Isle. The royal Lieutenant Governor, (the office was then one of supreme power, not, as now, that of a harmless purveyor of free lunch to the flunkeyism of the city.)

Sir Addle Head was fool enough to send nearly all the troops out of the city. We should certainly have succeeded in capturing Toronto, the country farmers would have risen to support us, had we only marched down Yonge Street at the right moment. As Captain Cuttle says, "the point of which observation lies in the application of it;" and we did *not* march down Yonge Street at the right moment.

Mrs. Finch's spying expedition led to a highly colored report being given to her mistress, whom, like all the detestable race of domestic slaves, she fawned on and hated. Clara knew something was wrong by the lady's maid's toss of the head as she passed before her, a thing she always made a point of pressing forward to do, into the Colonel's house. Clara slept that night uneasily, the poor child dreaded a scolding, and confessed to a confidential friend soon afterwards that she was much comforted by lighting her lamp for a moment to look at her turquoise ring. How bright yellow the gold was! How the turquoise shone cheerful as bits of blue heaven, full of hope!

"What are you doing with a light at half-past ten, Miss Morris?" said Mrs. Stukely, as she passed up stairs. "I do not intend to permit it, especially in this rebellious Colony!"

"Very well, Mrs. Stukely, I shall ... member your wish in future. I did ... Canadians as the curfew was enforced ... yet."

"I do not ... replies," said the elder woman, who knew nothing of what was meant by "Curfew." "And I can tell you the Colonel has something serious to say to you to-morrow, before school hours." Here was a prospect, but youth is light-hearted, and the turquoise gems were bright and meant hope and constancy. Clara soon fell asleep.

"*But with the morning cool reflection came,*" or rather cool reflections on Clara's conduct by Colonel Stukely. "Tell Miss Morris I request her presence for a few moments in my office," was the Colonel's mandate conveyed by Mrs. Finch, and thus rendered by her as she opened Clara's door without knocking, "The Colonel says as how yer to go to his hoffice immediate." Clara told her quietly to close the door, she would be down presently. The interview was not, after all, so terrible, the Colonel said that he had heard she had been seen in the company of a young man who was strongly suspected of being a rebel; in England young women did not think it modest to be alone with young men. Clara explained her visit to Miss McMullen's. "Well, that is no affair of mine, only I think Canadian manners are rather free in these matters. But if you desire to remain in my service, a position of some safety and value in a place like Canada, you will not seek such company again. I cannot permit treasonable followers to one of my domestics."

Clara bowed and withdrew. "A domestic," "followers" "young woman," such were the taunts of this military "swell" to a lady as well born and better-bred than his purse-proud wife. But Clara had a high spirit, and did not mind it—much.

I heard the whole story. Miss McMullen sent a message by one of our boys the Monday after my company's drill night. She had gone to Bishop Strachan's Church for morning service; Clara was then alone. Mrs. Strachan at home nursing her young ones sick with a surfeit of their national plum-pudding. Mrs. Finch, engaged in gossip with her "Missus" about "those dreffful rebels, which a gallows is too good for sich," and Clara told all her story after church. During the bishop's sermon she wrote me a few kind words in pencil, "she would never forget me, she would keep her *dear* ring, *always*." But it was unsafe for me even to write to her, she would leave her present position soon. Meanwhile, if any danger came, any *defeat*, Miss McMullen would tie a ribbon which Clara gave her on a certain out-of-the-way-palisade of the outer fence. This Clara would look for every morning early.

Meanwhile drill went on. I missed sadly my evenings with Clara, I went once to hear Dr. Strachan at St James'. No Clara in the place, and I listened disconsolate to an hour's discourse against a sin called "Schism," or as the preacher pronounced it, "Skism."

My Company's duty on the night of the outbreak was to cut down the bridge at the Don, and stop the Kingston mail coach. Afterwards we march by the North Eastern Roads to join Mackenzie on Yonge Street. And Sir Addle Head reviewed his loyal volunteers, who had no uniforms and looked no better than we did, and he went about armed with two swell rifles for his own especial shooting.

I now look back on these days of fiery zeal with the cooler criticism of old age. The Government of the family compact, had indeed many faults, but armed rebellion was not justifiable. It was not England to whom we were really hostile, and England in the end granted freely all we asked and more. The "State Church," against whom we were so bitter, is all the better for being no longer "State." She is now one of the ...t, most cultured, and benificent of our Canadian Churches.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

...t his way,
...found those tea... of a newer light,
...he heard with patience all he had to say,
And then dismissed him with a cold "Good Night."

...t ere he went one whispered in his ear,
"If Truth indeed so fully dwell in thee,
...seek our Senators, for much I fear
They need thy presence, stranger, more than we."

But scarcely was his voice a moment heard
In mild rebuke upon the Senate's floor,
Than men grew wrathful at each gracious word,
And rough hands hustled him without the door.

Then scorned the spirit the unhallowed ground,
And from its tainted surface heavenward leapt;
There, as celestial hearers gathered round,
He told his story, and the angels wept.

Out With Mackenzie in 1837.

Or Scenes in the Life of a Canadian Gil Blas.

BY FLORENCE FAIRFAX.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a time of much excitement; all my past training and experience disposed me to sympathise warmly with the liberal movement which I soon discovered that Mr. Makenzie was urging onward by other means than his editorials in the *Colonial Advocate*. Some of my writings, ardent as they were in the Patriot cause, attracted his attention; I saw much of this remarkable man whose undeniable eloquence and singleness of purpose drew me strongly towards him. He on the other hand seemed pleased with my boyish enthusiasm, and often chose me for his companion in long rides to the country north of Toronto, as well as to other parts of Upper Canada. Many a meeting have I attended, held by light of blazing pine trunk fires amid some clearing in the woods. Those who met were mostly farmers, many of U. E. Loyalist belongings, disgusted with the arrogance of the small family clique which governed us, with the injustice shown to Robert Gourley and all who exhibited the slightest leanings to popular claims, above all at the greed of the States Church and "Old Jock Bishop Strachan," as they had the irreverence to name "My Lord." The ... a sturdy Dutchman from the Northern States. As it became evident that no fair play could be got from those in power, Mr. Makenzie's speeches assumed a sterner and more determined tone; how often have I seen the eager ... of some two hundred backwoods men as they listened. The homelessness of the situation seemed to give freedom and fire to the leader's speeches, and to inspire in him and his hearers a firm resolve to resist to the bitter end.

But I am not writing Canadian History, a thing nobody has done as yet, but the history of one St. George Rogers, compositor and journalist. I was able to correspond freely with Clara Morris. I sent my letters *not* to the Artillery Barracks, where Colonel Stukely resided; no! you may guess! I sent them care of Miss McMullen, a maiden lady who had been a shining light and leading singer in the choir at Father Caird's church near which she lived; it had been unused since the soldiers' raid on my guardian's house, and the poor old church windows were all broken by loyalist stone throwing. Time here dealt more gently with good Miss MacMullen, the roses had indeed quitted her face, leaving a few thorns about her chin and upper lip. Like most who had loved Father Caird's teaching, the little old lady was stout for Canadian Nationalism and I had won her heart by sending her every week the *Advocate*. We met now and then at Miss McMullen's house, for I was becoming too deeply compromised to wish Clara to be remarked as being my friend. Our good friend always invented some transparently ingenious reason for leaving us alone till tea, that delightful tea, which partaken of by those who love and trust each other in secrecy and danger, was conveyed into the parlor from the inner regions, hot biscuits, fresh cool butter, and, you may be sure, plenty of our hostess' best preserves. The old house has long vanished; a monster brewery covers its site, but never did that brewery manufacture a beverage so exhilarating as I used to find those cups of tea!

Then a quarter of an hour's talk alone in the twilight before parting. Our love had long ago been avowed and pledged, Clara knew—what did she not know about me!—that I was an officer, holding rank as Captain and Aid-de-camp to our leader, that my company was and is the best armed and most intelligent, made up mainly of the young men of that very neighborhood who had been my school-mates, and amongst whom, greatly from Father Caird's teaching, Patriot sympathies were strong.

Clara was heart and soul with us! "You know I sympathise with the patriot cause, St George," she said to me in one of those fifteen minutes of *tete-a-tete*; "I hope," she wou'd add, "that I know my own heart aright in assuring myself that I am in no way influenced by any slight or insult offered to our Country and the Patriots in the family where I live; I hear enough of them from maid and mistress." "Nay, said I, stopping her lips by a method not perhaps original, but very effective; "there is a third alternative in warfare besides *conquering* or *dying*. And you must not report what is said in the enemy's parlor or servants-hall to a rebel officer!" "I am glad to think you have such free provision for shelter in case you run away, she said, laughing. As she spoke a shadow passed the window; it was that of a woman who seemed to pause and listen; she could see our two figures reflected on the blind. "*I must run away*," she said, "or I shall get scolded. Mrs. Finch,

AMERICAN FABLES.

In the beginning of a certain New Year motherly old Goose felt it her bounden duty to do something for the betterment of the World. She therefore took a stroll down to the Swamp and sought an interview with the Fox.

"Well, what's on hand this morning?" asked Reynard as he came to the front.

"To-day is New Year's, if you remember?"

"Oh, certainly."

"It is the day on which all Fowls and Beasts should solemnly resolve to break off some bad habit. I have appointed myself a committee of one to wait on you and ask if you could not make ... good resolution ... sixty seconds, dated in three hours from ... Reyn... ...ied Rey... ...ce. What ... will you make?"

"Oh! I'll let up on the Hares this coming year and go for the Geese!"

And he ate her on the half shell.

MORAL.

Don't ask a man to stop chewing tobacco and become a drunkard.

PLAYING THE HOG.

A Wolf and a Fox were travelling across the country in company and then they discovered a piece of meat attac... ...claimed the Fox. "My nose is the best ... you before you could ..." replied the Wolf.

"Well, we'll ... even up."

"Not ... my friend, I have the longest stomach, and must therefore have the largest share. I will eat what I want and what is left will be sufficient for you."

The Fox being the weaker party had to sit and lick his chops while the wolf devoured every ounce of the meat and sighed for more. He was sighing with satisfaction when a sudden pain reached his body, and in a moment more he knew that he had been poisoned.

"Well, well," mused the Fox as he saw the other struggling with death; "one doesn't always miss a Good Thing by letting some one else gobble up his Dinner."

THE CLIPPED HORSE.

...ed a fine Horse had him ...r, and the shivering gui... ...d asked him: "...ive me of my coat in ...r?" "...a to make a daisy of you," was the ...

As soon as the Horse was attached to the cutter he began kicking, and did not stop until he had demolished the outfit.

"What on earth possessed you to do that?" asked the owner.

"Because a daisy of a Horse would look bad before a cheap Cutter," was the reply. "And I may as well smash that; if you are going in for looks you'd better get your Hostler to hold the reins behind me.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Titled Kleptomaniacs.

In an interesting book on the "Grands Magasins de Paris," M. Pierre Giffard gives some curious information about the ladies who are tempted and who fall during their shopping expeditions. He says that no fewer than four thousand women are caught every year stealing before the counter. The number of titled ladies seized with kleptomania while examining the fashions is most considerable. Among the most recent celebrities were a Russian princess, a French countess, an English duchess, and the natural daughter of a reigning sovereign. As a rule, these more distinguished offenders are let off on the payment of a round sum for the relief of the poor; and when the shoplifter is known to be rich the sum exacted rises to as much as 10,000 francs. The police authorities consent to this sort of condonation.

A very serious encounter arising out of a snowball fight, lately took place between two regiments at Canterbury, England.

I regard compulsory and penal provisions, such as those of the Vaccination Act, with mistrust and misgiving, and we I engaged on ... I should require very clear ... necessity before giving them ... *The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.*

Christianity.

What constraining power is to take the place of this strange love of Christ which for centuries has been doing so much? There is none whatever. It is all fudge to say that "it is best" and "most useful" to be kind, benevolent charitable, and so forth; for the answer will always be ready and is unanswerable, "That may be your opinion but it isn't mine, and my word is quite as good as yours." Why should a man who believes neither in God nor in morality have any regard for honesty, truth, uprightness, or honor? There is no reason, and if he is passably honest or true or upright he is so not because of what he holds, but in spite of it. People sometimes speak of an honest dog, but they never get the length of a "decent" cow or a conscientious calf. And why then a "decent" woman or an honorable upright man? It would be difficult to say except that the permeating influence of Christianity and of Christian teaching has been such that men are better and more elevated iff mind and heart, than they ever either could or would have been but for the presence of that which they defame and the transforming influence of that which they repudiate. It would be a strange portent, almost upon the realm of miracle, to hear of the organization of an atheistic benevolent association or a missionary society in order to send negations to the heathen. That would be too absurd. So with anything of a really ameliorating character that could be mentioned. Let Christianity sicken and die in any quarter, and good works and benevolent enterprises very speedily take their departure. No wonder. They have then no efficient motive power to give them either consistency or power, and the result is seen in degraded morals and dishonorable lives. We do not preach, and is not at all blind to the weaknesses, the foibles, the follies and the sins of many who call themselves Christians, but it must all the same be true to its name on all subjects, and must be allowed to wonder sometimes what sort of a place this Canada of ours would be if Christianity were as dead as some few foolish talkers say it is, and if the new fangled "doctrine of dirt" were practically as much in the ascendant as it is actually the reverse. Come now, you good master wisdom-mongers of the "advanced thinking" order of architecture, Why are you honest, and upright, and truthful, and chaste, and what not? Perhaps, however, you *are* not, and little wonder if such is the fact, for with no moral standard, and no constraining motive to self-restraint and honorable conduct, except their supposed usefulness, or the reverse, it is not surprising if many conclude that it is *most useful* to be base, and that the man who does not take all the pleasure, and of the grossest kind, he can get, even though at his neighbors' expense, is a mighty silly fellow, if not an absolute fool.

SCIENTIFIC.

Good yeast can be kept in excellent condition if it is twice well washed and with ice-cold hard spring water and then dried and well pressed. This mass is afterward to be well mixed with malt dust and stored in closed jars in ice cellars.

In cold weather the air contains more moisture, than in hot. In fact no amount of warmth in the atmosphere will dispel its moisture, and the simplest way to obtain dry air is by means of cold. The moisture can be entirely frozen out of the atmosphere, and that is the only way it can be fully removed.

Straw to be bleached must be soaked in a solution of soda and moved about in a bath containing two ounces of permanganate of potassium to one gallon of water. When the straw has acquired a light brown color, it is washed first in water and then in a solution of bisulphate of sodium.

Great disinfectant and antiseptic action is said to result from the proper use of copper. M. Burcq recommends treatment of infectious diseases with salts of copper, the injection of the wood of nuts with copper sulphate, and the application of copper to infected furniture, clothing, and other suspected articles.

The following compound for general use as a grease eradicator is recommended by the *Chemist and Druggist*—Castile soap, in shavings, four ounces; carbonate of sodium two ounces; borax, one ounce; aqua ammonia, seven ounces; alcohol, three ounces; sulphuric ether, two ounces. Soft water enough to make one gallon. Boil the soap in the water until it is dissolved, and then add the other ingredients.

Paper in a variety of forms, which shall be both luminous and proof against damp, is made up of the following substances: Water, ten parts; paper pulp, forty parts; phosphorescent powder—by preference slaked for twenty-four hours—twenty parts; gelatine, one part, and saturated solution of bi-chromate of potash, one part. The gelatine resists the damp and the phosphorescent powder secures luminosity.

TAR AND FEATHERS.

Some of the Discomforts that Attend the Wearing of this Sort of Dress.

"Most people," said a prominent Renoite to a *Chronicle* reporter to-day, "don't know what a terrible punishment tarring and feathering really is. They suppose that it is nothing more than a badge of infamy, rather uncomfortable, perhaps, but not painful unless it gets into the eyes. This is a great mistake. I helped to daub Jones. He was a disgrace to humanity, and deserved all he got. But I had no idea till I saw that fellow plastered what a tough deal it was. We painted him all over pretty thick with a broom, and some enthusiastic vigilante poured a few gallons af tar over his head. Then the feathers, taken from a big pillow, were dusted over him, and he stood out, white and fluffy, in his starlight, like some huge and grotesque-looking bird. He had to put his clothes on over the whole mess, and then he was ridden on a rail for fifty yards or so, and we put him on the west-bound train at midnight with instructions not to come back on pain of being hanged.

I saw him on the train. He was sitting with his head on his arms on the back of the seat in front of him. The tar was so thick on his head that it covered the hair out of sight, and his poll shone in the light of the car lamps like a black rubber ball just dipped in the water. The poor fellow was groaning, and I couldn't help feeling mean at having taken a hand in the job. You see the body is covered with short hairs and when the tar hardens a little the slightest movement causes acute pain, as if one's beard was being pulled out with pinchers, hair by hair. Then there is the stoppage of perspiration, which would soon kill a man if he didn't make lively time in getting scrubbed.

Besides the smell of the tar turns the stomach, and about half-an-hour after a man has been coated he must feel mighty sorry he wasn't hanged. Then comes the scrubbing with oil. It took two Chinamen and a day three days in Truckee to reduce Jones to a mild brown. The scrubbing makes the skin tender, and the body must be sore for weeks."

You Won't be Missed.

Is there anybody so great that the world sensibly misses him after he is away? The answer to such a question is very humbling to human pride. The mighty forest does not miss the falling leaf;

The snowflake in the river,
A moment white, then gone for ever,

does not cause a great sensation when it disappears. And the biggest man is not much more. "Get along without him!" We would just smile! Tennyson says that if the best loved man, or, perhaps, the greatest, were coming back from the grave, he would in all likelihood be looked on as quite *de trop*, even by those who had mourned for him most sincerely, and had most acutely missed his presence and his love. Of course, that would not have been the case with the poet himself, had his youthful friend again re-visited the pale glimpses of the moon. At least, so the survivor says. But who knows? It is just as well in such cases not to be too sure. Lincoln had not been in his grave a year, nor Garfield either, till—till what? Till a great many of the loudest ranters about the Ices were not slow in both thinking and saying, "Well! Perhaps it was all for the best." A few may cry out, "Oh, for an hour of Oliver," or for the wise thought and guiding hand of this one and that, but the great majority neither know nor care who comes or who goes after the funeral rites have been duly celebrated and the last echoes of the funeral orations have died into silence.

'Marchioness the word of a gentleman is as good as his bond."

Although I consider the discovery of Vaccination to be of the very greatest importance, yet I cannot imagine any circumstances whatever that would induce me to follow up the most favorable report of its infallibility with any measure for its compulsory infliction.—*The Right Hon. George Canning in 1808.*

Fifty years ago there was scarcely a cathedral in England not more or less out of repair. Some, notably Ely, were in half ruinous plight. Now there is scarcely one, including Ely, not in perfect order.

Adulterations of Glycerine. — Sugar, glucose, dextrine, and gum are often used as intentional adulterations of glycerine.

PE...

Gossipy I... People W...

The wif... Blunt, is...

All the ... berlain a... six Cambr...

Miss Tre... ter of the L... of Millais's "...

For twelve ... just succeeded ... with his wife, su...

Mary Cowden ... Vincent Novello, ... of Clara Novello, ...

Lord Houghton is interested in sugar planting in Jamaica, and his Florida estate contains sixty thousand acres in oranges.

Carlos De Mesquita, the pianist, receives an allowance from the private purse of the Emperor of Brazil, that he may make his musical studies in Europe.

Some poems in the Magyar tongue have been written by the Austrian Archduchess Valerie, who is only fourteen years old, and is now engaged with a drama.

Professor Palmieri, who has lived in an observatory built on the edge of the crater of Mount Vesuvius for twenty-eight years, giving his time to the study of the mountain, has just died there.

The Earl of Dudley is in a mental state nearly akin to imbecility, while his income in good years sometimes approaches five millions, as he derives more from minerals than any other man in England.

Captain Mayne Reid's farm of sixty acres in Herefordshire is his hobby, and gives him a fine living; he still receives an income from his boys' books. Owing to the re-opening of a wound received in Mexico, he is obliged to walk on crutches.

Don Carlos, for so long a pretender to the Spanish throne, is a man of towering statue and soldierly bearing; he has large, dark, sympathetic eyes, speaks with a great deal of gesture, and is decidedly a leader of men. His wife, Doña Margerita is a mistress of English.

A coffin was discovered, while some excavations in the nave of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, were being made, containing a box which held the skulls of Dean Swift and Stella, and a glass bottle in which a manuscript was sealed, which it is thought may contain something of interest.

The diminutive size of the late Louis Blanc, who was once mistaken for a page, and once for Tom Thumb, was accounted for by his brother Charles, who used to say that it was caused when they were at school together at Rodez, by Louis sacrificing to himself, his younger brother, half of his own small rations of beans and boiled beef.

Reading.

Let it never be forgotten that reading is a great and most beneficent factor in modern civilization. To be sure, some of those who pose as Liberals, "advanced thinkers," and what not, are rather dubious about letting everybody have the power of becoming acquainted with what is in books. Like a good many blatant talkers about the rights of man, and the glories of freedom, who have flourished in the past, they would confine all such accomplishments to the chosen few who have leisure and who affect culture. Reading, in the estimation of such, rather spoils good servants. They have, for instance, a distinct remembrance of the fact that the best and most faithful coachmen they ever had could not have read a verse in the Bible to have saved their lives; while their most accomplished cooks were guiltless of any acquaintance with even the first of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet. In spite o all such nonsense, not entirely gone dumb even in this same Ontario of our and even in the Queen city of the West, all people of sense are pretty much agreed on the conviction that it is an immense advantage for all to have the power of reading, and, that it is a wise and prudent thing to provide good and whole some books for those who have the faculty and the sense to make use of them. It is all very easy to say that the great mass of those who read, give themselves so up to the perusal of novels, and these of the poorest and worst kind, that their intellects are weakened and their hearts polluted in the process. In the first place, it is not the fact and then, secondly, though it were, is it not possible that those who read even the cheap novel might have been worse employed had they been deprived of that amusement? Besides, the remedy lies not in refusing to let the lower and laboring orders learn to read, but will be found in supplying them with better books than they have been accustomed to. A young man who has contracted a taste for reading, will in that have a very strong safeguard against the temptations of the tavern. He very speedily forms habits of thought which render him uncomfortable in the dram shop. The dull gossip, the brutal horseplay, the unmitigated animalism of such places, have no power to charm one who has a liking for the silent companionship of the printed book. He finds himself more and more out of place in such resorts. Indeed he would nearly as soon think of getting down on all fours and taking a spell at grazing *a la* Nebuchadnezzar.

FLASHES OF FUN.

When a lady who has been taking music lessons for the past eight years hangs back and blushes and says she really can't play, don't insist on it. The chances are that she can't.

"He cometh not," she said, and she was quite right; he didn't arrive. His intentions were all right; but they failed to successfully combat the bull-dog that was screened in the moon-kissed shrubbery.

Parson (to ne'er-do-well)—"What's this I hear, Giles—that your wife has left you! Ah! this is what I—" Giles —"She might do worse than that, sir." Parson (shocked)—"Worse!" Giles—"She might come back again!"

"If you would be truly happy, my dear," said one New York lady to another, "you will have neither eyes nor ears when your husband comes home late from the club." "Yes, I know," answered the other wearily, "but what am I to do with my nose?"

A Boston woman received a telegram, and her face blanched and her hand trembled as she held it unopened before her. Giving it to her daughter, she said: "Read it." The girl obeyed. "Papa has broken his leg and gone to the hospital," she said. The mother's face brightened, "Thank heaven it is no worse," she said: "I feared he might be going to bring somebody to dinner!"

A gentleman who had been in town only three days, but who had been paying attention to a prominent belle, wanted to propose, but was afraid he would be too hasty. He delicately broached the subject as follows: "If I were to speak to you of marriage, after having only made your acquaintance three days ago, ly may you say to it?" "Well, I should say never put off till to-morrow that which you should have done day before yesterday."

mai... not like... the changes an... years. The popu... becomes the object ... that it is just as we ... should not occupy ... tion.

The Duke of Manchest... is being defended with mor... but not with a great amoun... is all very well to say th... ing its lands at the high... may be very true, and th... all reasons that they can... But is that any justifica... have handed over large tr... districts of the North-West t... control of those who hold the... rise," and have neither done nor ... to do anything to increase their va... to make those who purchase from t... feel that they are getting full value fo... enhanced prices demanded?

A retired naval officer writes from Plymouth:—"I am happy to say that I have never been vaccinated myself, nor have any of my children—four in number, the eldest being now nearly fourteen years old. I have no fear of them catching small pox—or, indeed, any other disease—as long as they get a judicious amount of good food and plenty of fresh air. I have paid much attention to diseases in all parts of the world, and I have always found they have a cause, and that until the cause is removed it is in vain to potter over effects. It is amusing to hear doctors talking of stamping out London small pox by vaccination, when they know as well as I do that there are streets in London crowded with inmates in rooms almost as fetid as the Black Hole of Calcutta. How is it possible to stamp out small pox so long as such quarters exist? *We know* it cannot be done, and *the doctors know* it cannot be done; and further, they know and we know that if it were possible to provide w... well drained and well v... Londoners, not only ... disappear from amo... ...are group ... which small pox is a member. ...bers of

The Milwaukee horror may well make the authorities of every city on the continent bestir themselves, for there is not a single place of any size from this to the gulf of Mexico which has not some such mantraps as that which has secured in its ashes such a painful notoriety. How many of the hotels in Canada of any size would do much better than the one in Milwaukee if a fire once got head way? Not so very many as some would imagine. How many factories? Any one who has gone up the miserable contracted stair-ways that lead to the working places of hundreds can tell. How many churches even could give a good account of their means of exit supposing a panic were to arise? How many schools, especially Sunday ones! We do not say that things are as bad as they were with the six story coffin of Milwaukee, but they are bad enough in all conscience and if a movement in the way of remedy be not speedily set about some will be grievously to blame. Surely a word to the wise is enough. Yes, but the misery is that so many are *not* wise, and that so many more are so short-sightedly selfish, that a great deal more than a word is necessary to make them move in any scheme which involves more or less of personal expense.

The 25th of January is at hand, when the memory of the great national bard of Scotland will, of course, be toasted in potations pottle deep as usual. A light ... not be an improvement to give the weary world a rest from the shrill screamel-piping which on that day has to such an extent to pass muster for eloquence? The way poor Burns is every year be-drivelled and be-drunken is enough to make his bones stir in the grave. Or, if the bones themselves have disappeared, it is enough to make his very dust rise in solemn protest. Every poor thirsty soul who has a taste for, and is so far a judge of good whiskey toddy, has on that great natal day a chance of getting a goodly allowance of the barley brees, and at the same time get credit for literary taste and for a profound admiration of all that is best in Scottish genius, and all that is loftiest in Scottish character. It gives a good rousing debauch quite an aroma of respectability to have it associated with some great occasion, some popular saint or some undoubted genius, and no mistake. Many will on the 25th that is coming, as on many that have passed, comfort themselves with the idea, that Robert Burns liked the toddy, and so do they, and, therefore, that they may clearly conclude that the... kindred spirits with the mighty peasant bard. If they could only be honest for once and say, "We want a good guzzle, and don't care a brass farthing either for Robert Burns or for the Cotter's Saturday Night," it would be a change, at any rate, and might be looked on as quite refreshing from its frankness, if from nothing ...

The vexed question about ... taxation, for this, that, or ... will soon be set at rest till ... themselves disappear. An... they? There is no possi... such things which will ... consideration; they are ... continually. They be... least defensible kind ... make those who are ... and most offensive ... the impudence of ... comes something ... the poor man pay the ... clergymen? Men with three ... five thousand dollars a year boldly ... as by law they are entitled, to have ... of all municipal conveniences, for which ... body has to pay, without money and ... out price. The whole system in every ... tail is a rotten one. It is based on falsehood, and carried out in every case with high-handed injustice. The history of those exemptions is a very significant one, and in the end has resulted not in the interest of the exempted. In the meantime, TRUTH cannot but specially remark on the matchless effrontery of those who call themselves ministers of Christ forcing poor ... industrious mechanics to pay, not only ... own taxes, but a share of those of ... people as well. They might as well ... that the city should supply them with ... and tea for nothing, as that it should ... them the use of the streets and the ... tion of the police without their be... to pay their fair share of the out... whole thing, in short, *is a piece ... godliness, unchristian injustice as ... unrighteous.*