The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

VOL. XI FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1883 NO 6

ODDS AND ENDS.

Any girl will tell you that gold bangles are warmer than worsted wristlets

Precept is instruction written in sand, and washed away by the tide; example is instruction engraved on the rock.

A coat of arms with two wolves as supporters has been adopted by Lord Wolseley, showing the derivation of the name.

The man whose soul is in his work finds his best reward in the work itself. The joy of achievement is vastly beyond the joy of reward.

Paris has not yet wholly discarded oil-lamps. In her streets there are still more than four hundred lamps which burn petroleum and colza.

In the ten years from 1870 to 1880 the value of the silk-production of the United States rose from about £2 500,000 to nearly £7,000,000.

It is proposed to sever England from Scotland by means of a waterway from the Solway Firth to the river Tyne. The projected canal would be eighty miles long.

Russia's army and navy in 1881 absorbed no less than £24,500,000 sterling—an enormous burden for a country where 92 per cent. of the inhabitants are almost paupers.

Among the curiosities of the recently published "Indian Census" are the statements that in Oude and the North-West Provinces there are 1,100 actors, 3,000 ballad singers, 33 gamblers, 97 snake-charmers, 10,000 dancers, four story-tellers, four poets, and seven thieves.

As showing the wonderful increase of business of the Court of Chancery during the last 100 years, it is pointed out that in 1780 the funds in court amounted to about £7,500,000 only, the number of accounts being 2,385, whilst in 1880 the funds exceeded £75,000,000, the number of accounts being 35,545.

The father of the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, one of the most successful public men of England, now First Lord of the Admiralty, once kept a news stand in an obscure street, afterward established a newspaper booth at a railway station, soon after almost controlling the newspaper-selling business in London, and realizing a fortune of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year

To make oneself an unordered telephone from house to house is a breach of implied confidence and one of the smaller sins of disloyalty. No truly honorable person would ever go into a family as a friend, remain as a spy, and leave as a traitor, though the treachery and the spying be on unimportant matters involving no charge of misdoing and no breach of accepted confidence.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Pithy Paragraphs about Prominent People.

A bronze statue of the historian Edgar Quinet is being completed for the town of Bourg by Aime Millet.

Mrs. Samuel Bright, John Bright's sister-in-law, who is visiting in Washington, is as deaf as Harriet Martineau was.

A memorial tablet has been placed on the house occupied by Samuel F. B. Morse in 1830 by the municipality of Rome.

Caen Towers, Highgate, England, a fine mansion, with several acres of grounds, has been bought by Iswail, the ex-Khedive, for his home.

"The Star of the Sun," the order conferred on the Princess Bismarck by the Shah of Persia, is so large that it half covers the ball-room bodice.

Mrs. Gladstone has no knack at dressing. She usually wears a rusty black silk shapeless boots, and gloves *en suite*. She saves her money for the poor.

One of the most agreeable novels of Mrs. Oliphant is said to be *It was a Lover and his Lass*. Mrs. Oliphant was the intimate friend and confidante of Mrs. Thomas Carlyle.

Caspar Molnar, a Christian merchant, while the attacks upon the Jews of Hungary are at their height, has bequeathed his whole property to the Jewish school at Salnok.

The position of Professor of Arabic in Cambrige University, England, made vacant by the death of Professor Palmer, has been filled by Mr. Robertson Smith, the Biblical scholar.

Louis Blanc's cat, which awaited him every night on the stairs on his return from the Chamber of Deputies, died of grief a few days after his death, having refused to eat or drink.

On Washington's Birthday Mr. James Russell Lowell held a reception in London, and Miss Genevieve Ward, Right Hon. Lyon Playfair, and Rev. Newman Hall were among the guests.

Twelve years before his death, and when his English was imperfect, Doré told Edward King that he intended to go to America, and wanted to see the "Rock Mountains" before he died.

The first baptism in York minster since 1804 took place a week or two since. The daughter of Sir Walter Scott's friend, Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, was the last subject of baptism there.

The three-story house next to the old Charter burying ground, in Salem, mentioned in *Doctor Grimshawe's Secret*, is where Hawthorne made love to his wife, and probably where they were married.

The education of Wagner's son Siegfried has been undertaken by the King of Bavaria. He visited Wagner's tomb alone at midnight lately. He conducts himself sometimes in a similar vein to Wagner's heroes.

The young wife of Sir Julius Benedict, one of his finest pupils, has large liquid brown eyes, sweet manners, and delicate health. Sir Julius recently composed music for forty consecutive hours unrelieved by sleep or food.

Like any quiet gentleman in Rome, King Humbert goes about in a T-cart. Such was the simplicity of the equipage of the King and Queen that when they went to call on the Czar and his wife, when these worth es were last in Rome, they got through the guards with difficulty.

Singular Coincidence with a Dream.

Sunday night Mr. Jesse A. Beard, of this city, dreamed that his brother, Mr. T. J. Beard, of Chambers County, Ala., visited him, and upon being asked how things were at home told him that the family were all well, but that some thief had set fire to his out-houses, and everything on his premises was destroyed except the residence. Monday morning he received a letter from his brother which contained the exact information which he had dreamed that his brother told him in person. The smoke-house, stable, and barn had all been destroyed, together with considerable grain and provisions, and it was with difficulty that the residence was saved. The exact amount of the loss is not known, but Mr. Beard informs us that there was no insurance. —*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.*

A Pair of Vases that Cost $6,500.

A pair of Sevres vases, valued at $6,500, are exactly copied from a pair ordered for Queen Victoria's Birthday. They are mounted upon a pedestal of Mexican onyx, decorated in French bronze. The vases are surmounted by a crown of flowers in bronze, of rare workmanship, and have handles of the same rich material. Upon a ground of old blue enamel, the design represents upon the one Venus rising from the sea, and upon the other the fable of Europa.

Mr. Burnand, editor of *Punch*, and author of *Happy Thoughts*, is forty-six years old, below middle height, with regular features, dark blue eyes, overhanging brows, closely cropped hair, (getting gray), a beard and must che, genial expression, and rotund figure. He jests incessantly. He has been twice married, and has fourteen children. Thackeray was supposed to be the author of his first burlesque novel, *Mokanna*.

The carnival at Nice was attended by Mr. Gladstone, who sat in a balcony, and was pelted with confetti.

AUNT MARTHA'S VISIT.

A Novelette of Student Life.

BY DR. MULVANY.

Pale as students are wont to be after an unusual consumption of the midnight oil, James Ford sat in his room, No. 11, at the College of St. Athanasius, Toronto. To say the truth there had been somewhat excessive consumption not only of the midnight oil, but of other and stronger fluids, at Ford's room the evening before, a select party of students having gathered there to celebrate his return, victorious, from a visit, as member of the Canadian team, to the rifle shooting at Creedmore. Pale, besides his untasted breakfast, sat James Ford, meditating on the vanity of human joys, and especially the joys associated with the cup which cheers so little and inebriates so much, when his reverie was broken by the outer door of his room being kicked open, and the entrance of a gentleman in a velvet sack coat, very tight trousers, toothpick boots, and a College cap as dilapidated and shabby as the rest of his attire was showy and fashionable. Disregarding an invitation conveyed in pantomime to partake of some breakfast, Mr. Bob Hardy, such being the name of the new arrival, made his way to the cupboard, and extracted therefrom a tumbler, a corkscrew, and a pint bottle of O'Keefe's ale, from which he proceeded to help himself with much greed, and a dexterity which could only be the result of long practice. At las the removed, for the second time, from his lips a short briarroot pipe and spoke. "We are in a hole, old Chappie." "What on earth do you mean, surely nothing happened last night that the Dons could have got hold of? I know some of the fellows took too much of that Roman punch, confounded fraud the thing is, but surely nothing happened that Polly could have found out?" Now Polly was a pet name given by the students of that University to a veteran College dignitary, the feminine sweetness of whose manners was always most intense when he was about to inflict some unusually severe penalty on delinquent students. He was also called "the crocodile," from a tradition that he had once shed tears when sentencing to a year's banishment from Toronto and its environs a youth who had been concerned in a dynamite syndicate for the purpose of blowing up the Provost's letter-box.

"It's little Field," said Hardy, "he's given us dead away. His Aunt, the old one in Simcoe that has all the money, is expected to visit him to day; he is very seedy and thinks himself worse than he is. He says come what will he can't face her. I fear he will go off his head." "*D. T. fabulea narratur?*" quoted Ford from Horace. "Not so bad as that," Hardy replied, "but still he is excited enough to make a talk, and if Polly finds out our convivial proceedings of last night, you and I may whistle for our diplomas. I thought it best to lock him in his bedroom for fear of any harm, and sent the message boy for the doctor. You had better go over there in the meantime and see what you can do for him. Surely you must have picked up something in these beastly hospitals you are always frequenting. Bye bye, I am off to Hamilton by the 10 train. I want to get leave of absence from Polly before he becomes aware of our dissipation last night." So saying this elaborate specimen of academic *jeunesse doree* withdrew the light of his presence from his friend's room. Somewhat disgusted at the low estimate formed of his medical knowledge, James Ford, who was a student at the School of Medicine affiliated to St. Athanasius' College, slowly walked over to young Field's room. He felt angry and disgusted that a wine party at his room should have led to even the suspicion of such a result. He had not intended that there should have been any excess, those who attended the festive gathering were all gentlemen and he could not conceive that the amount of wine consumed would have seriously affected Field's health! so indeed he found it to be the case on reaching Field's room. "Its only a bad case of headache," said Travers, a friend who had assisted in the proceedings of the night before, "its just like Hardy, always making the worst of everything—and I declare he's carried off the key—Field is in there, in the bedroom asleep—he was very feverish and excited, and no wonder;—read this letter that he got from Simcoe this morning." Ford read the following:

"Simcoe, Saturday morning.

"Dear Thomas,

"I hope your tutor is satisfied with your application to your lessons. I intend, D.V., to visit Toronto on Tuesday next and stay long enough to hear dear Dr. Wild preach some of his sweetly intellectual sermons about the Gipsy tooth-puller and Wiggins' storm. We had a sweet discourse from precious Mr. F. Lapdoodle last Sunday, all about the Jews. Your cousin Priscilla will accompany me.

"Your affectionate Aunt,

"Martha Tompkins."

"This letter Tom Field found in his room when he returned from your party last night. He says he couldn't sleep a bit all night thinking of it; luckily he has dropped off into a doze, and may feel better when he wakes. But I say, now that Hardy has carried off the key, how are we to manage about the doctor?"

"We have another difficulty to manage first," Ford observed, pointing to the carriage drive leading to that part of the College, "If I am not mistaken yonder comes the aunt and cousin. It will never do to let them in, so we must sport the oak." "And provision for a siege," said Travers' as from a recess in a corner of the room he produced two tumblers and a bottle of lager. He, and Ford lighted their pipes and proceeded to await the development of events. A cab drove rapidly up to the door, when the cabman, wheeling round his vehicle after the manner of an artilleryman with his gun, discharged therefrom two ladies, an elder and a younger one, the latter a plainly dressed but exceedingly graceful girl of sixteen, in a black polonaise, lit up by a cardinal ribbon; the skirt of her dress as she stepped from the carriage, revealing a glimpse of bronze bottines, and stockings ringed with broad stripes, after the manner of some dangerous serpent. The elder lady, after a controversy with the cabman about his fare, in which he seemed to get the worst of it, ascended the stairs and knocked several times at the outer door and no response coming from within, apparently sat down on the stairs outside. "The old girl is determined to carry out the siege idea," said Travers, as he poured out the remaining lager. "But I say, what is she doing now? By jove! she's trying to pick the lock with her parasol!" But no such thing; it was Field's servant who had another key to the room, and who entered with a pail of water, followed by the ladies. "Drinking and smoking in my nephew's room," exclaimed the old lady, "may I beg to be informed where Thomas is?"

"He is just gone out to call on Dr. Wild, and find out about Wiggins' storm," said Travers, who was the more unabashed of the two, as they made their way in some confusion from the room. The ladies did not stay long, and Ford and Travers soon had the satisfaction of witnessing their departure from the College premises. But soon another carriage drove up to Field's room; it was that of Dr. Caccophonous, who had been summoned to attend the case, and whom Ford hastened to greet with all the veneration due from a medical student to a successful practitioner, "What's the matter with your patient," asked the docter, a choleric little man with a red face and very brusque manner.

"I have not seen him, Doctor, as yet."

"Not seen him! then what's the matter?"

"By accident he's got locked up in the bedroom, doctor."

"Locked up in the bedroom! Well, well. What are the symptoms, and don't keep me all day."

"And I thought perhaps you would diagnose the case through the key-hole," said Ford, humbly. This suggestion put the choleric doctor into an absolute fury. "Diagnose a case through a keyhole, sir. What do you mean by playing off your practical jokes on me, sir? I'll let the Provost know of your conduct, sir." And so saying the doctor marched out of the room and down stairs to his carriage. The noise he made had wakened up Field, who fortunately had a second key to the room, and who hastened to meet at their hotel his aunt and cousin, with whom he now felt confident he could make his peace. And it was then and there resolved that at any College parties for the future there should be a great deal less wine, and none of any compound into which alcohol enters as a ingredient.

FARMER WILLIAMS' BAG OF GOLD.

Where it Went after the Farmer Stepped Out to Drink with a Stranger.

Jesse Williams, an old farmer, met an affable person in the Broad street depot, at Philadelphia, recently, who asked him to take a drink. Mr. Williams accepted the invitation, and went with his acquaintance to a saloon, leaving a valise containing $7,000 in gold on a seat in an out-bound train. When he returned his valise was gone. The person who had taken it, however, left in its stead an old bank note directory bearing the name, "Carrie Affleck, 608 East Fourteenth street, New York." The fact was telegraphed to Inspector Byrnes, and on enquiry he was further informed by the Cashier of the Union Dime Savings Bank that a woman giving the name of Affleck had deposited $500 in gold there the previous day.

The Inspector, who knew the woman to be the wife of a confidence operator, ordered Detective Gerow to watch the rear tenement in Fourteenth street, where she lived, and sent Detectives McGuire and Farley to look out for her at the bank. The two latter caught her in the act of trying to draw out her deposit in the form of bills, while two men, whom they recognized as her husband and a companion criminal were evidently waiting for her outside. Affleck's companion who was James Dunn, known also as "Pop White" and "Old Dr. Long," presently joined Mrs. Affleck, and then the detectives, with the aid of Capt. Williams, who happened to be passing, arrested the three.

The prisoners were searched on being taken to the Central Office. Each of the men had a ticket form Philadelphia to Baltimore, dated March 5th, and bearing the mark made by a gateman's punch. A bank note directory similar to that found in the Broad street depot, and also marked with his wife's name, was found on Affleck, and he, as well as Long, carried bogus gold coin, and blank checks on different banks. Long had $124.

Mrs. Affleck said that her husband had come home late on Monday night and given her $1000 in gold, of which she deposited half in the Dime Savings Bank, and half in another bank. Both deposits were attached. Both Affleck and Long were identified by persons who had seen them in Williams' company. Affleck is in the Rogues' Gallery under the name of George Davis. Long, who is also in the gallery, bears the reputation of being the oldest confidence man in America. He is 70 years old. The two were taken to Philadelphia. Mrs. Affleck will be discharged. Another who was concerned in the robbery of Mr. Williams has been arrested by the Philadelphia police.

A Bashful Pastor.

The Rev. M.——was one of the most bashful men in the profession, and was constantly getting into scrapes through his nervous mistakes. At one time he rose in his pulpit to give out the hymn "This world is but a fleeting show," and after clearing his throat he struck a high pitch of voice and began solemnly:

"This world is all a fleeting shoe."

Everybody smiled except the deacons, and the minister was covered with confusion as he began again:

"This world is all a shouting flow."

This only made matters worse, and the unhappy man cleared his throat with tremendous force, and began once again:

"This world is all a floating she."

Then he slammed the hymn book down, and wiping his clammy brow, said:

"Brethren, for some reason I cannot read that hymn as it should be read. We will omit it, and the choir will please sing the grand old lines beginning:

"Just as I am, without one plea."—*The Drummer.*

The Man who Struck Billy Patterson.

I gave you in one of my letters the fact that Georgia contributed the word "bogus" to our language. Georgia has a more illustrious distinction yet. She originated the famous phrase "Who struck Billy Patterson?" Thereby hangs a tale. William Patterson, a rich Baltimorean, owned land in Franklin County, Ga. In 1783 he visited Franklin, and in one of the sporadic rows indigenous to frontier towns in early days he received a rousing blow from an unknown party. The striker was a George W. Tillerton. Patterson inquired so hotly as to who struck him that a national saying therefrom crept into existence. In his will the inquisitive and dying Patterson left $10,000 to whoever should name the man that struck him. Just 100 years after Mrs. Jennie G Covely, the daughter of Tillerton, of Athol, New York, applies for the legacy. Her father told her of the fight and the blow, which disabled his hand. The discovery destroys the phrase but makes a most curious little incident.—*Atlanta Correspondence of the Augusta Chronicle.*

A blind mendicant in Paris wears this inscription round his neck—"Don't be ashamed to give only a sou. I can't see."

Another professional beauty, Mrs Cornwallis West, is to favor America with the light of her countenance at the British Legation in Washington.

Arabi and his fellow-exiles wish that their daughters should enjoy the same advantages as their sons, and are quite willing that they should be instructed in Christianity, believing them already too well versed in the Koran to change their religion. Arabi himself learns English in order to read the newspapers.

The Irish Peasantry.

There are about 1,500 families, on a rough calculation, depending on the daily earnings of agricultural labor in one small county. Where a laborer is engaged in constant work on a farm, I believe 7s. per week is above, rather than below, the average of his pay. Six shillings a week for half the year and 5s. a week for the other half is generally the rate of wages. When men are not kept in regular and constant work the average pay would be 9s. a week for about nine months out of the twelve, and it commonly happens that they are unable to get work during the other three months. Out of this sum the laborer has, of course, to keep himself and his family. He often has to pay from 30s. to £2 a year for his little cabin, and perhaps a miserable patch of ground around it, on which he painfully toils—when he is lucky enough to have it—to grow potatoes. In many cases a man pays as much as £4 a year for his cabin. In a considerable number of instances the laborer who is in constant employment engages to give a day's work in each week as the rent of his house. This arrangement sometimes acts harshly against him. The farmer who has let him his hut does not, perhaps, want his labor during a considerable part of the year, and does not want it at spring time and at harvest, when wages are at their highest. The laborer has to turn out then and give his work without reference to the increased rate of wages, and thus has virtually to pay a genuine rack-rent for his miserable homestead. A very miserable place it truly is. Anybody who has been in Ireland at all must have some knowledge of the outside of a laborer's cabin. It is a small, lop-sided wigwam, built of stones and mud, with a thatched roof, and with three holes left in the front wall to act the part of door and windows. The traveller who stops to look into one of these huts seems at first to see nothing but darkness visible. When his eyes gets used to the lack of light he sees a hovel almost absolutely devoid of furniture, and very often consisting of only one room for the family, however numerous, to live in. The mud villages in which the fellaheen of Egypt live contain few hovels so hopelessly grim and comfortless as those that may be seen in many parts of Ireland, and the Egyptian peasant has a climate around him which allows him if he chooses, to pass his whole life in the open air, while in Ireland the rain comes down often for days and days together without stint. Into that castle of the Irish peasant truly the wind may enter. On wet nights the drenching showers soak through the ill-thatched roof and come dripping down on the beds of the sleepers. I used the word "bed" in order to convey the idea of a place where the inmates sleep rather than that of any article of furniture constructed for the purpose of being slept on. In many cases the bed and bedding consists only of straw and some old sacks that once held Indian-meal or guano. A cabin with a second room in it is a somewhat exceptional possession with the Irish laborer of the poorest class. The food of the laborer consists principally of potatoes, or else of Indian-meal mixed with flour and soda. Tea of the thinnest and poorest kind, oftener without milk than with it, is the enjoyment of the laborer and his family. It is the drink they would have at all times if they only get it. I suppose there still are persons in this country who think of the Irish agricultural laborer as a man going about perpetually with a bottle of whiskey in his hand and ready at every opportunity to lift the mouth of the bottle to his lips. I wonder whether such persons ever considered what the price of a bottle of whiskey—even of the rawest and vilest whiskey—would be, and how many such bottles the Irish peasant could treat himself to in the course of a year out of the surplus of his wages? The truth is that the laborer of this class very seldom drinks spirits or porter unless somebody better off than himself is generous enough to stand him treat. Nor can he easily keep himself warm by less dangerous means than the swallowing of strong drinks. For more than half the year in some places he finds it very hard to get fuel for his poor little household fire, and is often depending on the brushwood or the rotten sticks which his wife and his daughter may gather from the roadside or the ditches. —*Justin McCarthy, in Longman's Magazine.*

Brave Women.

A life-saving crew off the coast of Wales recently had their boat smashed by being dashed against the bark they went out to rescue. The coxswain succeeded in gaining the shore, and turning saw two men struggling in the surf. He implored three soldiers standing by to help the men. They gave no assistance and he cried to them: "Save the men; for shame! Don't let the men drown before your eyes." But two brave women rushed forward—the daughters of Mr. Ace, the lighthouse-keeper. "Come back! Come back! You'll lose your lives!" shouted Ace. "I'll lose my life before I'll let these men drown," was Maggie's answer; and tearing off their shawls the women knotted them together, and wading into the furious surf until the swell of the surges sometimes rose to the height of their armpits, and one holding bravely to the other to support themselves against the tearing recoil of the sweeping water, they threw the end of the shawls toward the outstretched arms of the perishing men, and dragged them both on to the rocks. The men saved were about three yards from shore. The soldiers threw something into the water resembling a clothesline, but they did not go near enough to allow the line to reach the men. Military bravery is not the only kind of courage.

"A Perfect Woman, Nobly Planned."

Kate Field says she honors journalists. Kate, by way, is the young lady who is continually taken for Mrs. Langtry.—*Boston Star.* In personal appearance, yes. But as a writer she is very much like George Eliot—rather superior, in fact.—*Rochester Express.* Authorship and beauty are well enough; but you should hear Kate sing. Then is when people pity Patti and get sorry for Nilsson.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.* Nothing shews Miss Field's versatility so much as her great works in the domains of art. Rosa Bonheur is great in a limited field—say of animals—but the pencil of Miss Field takes in the whole realm of painting —*Detroit Free Press.* And you should see the artistic and satisfactory manner in which Kate sews on a suspender button and broils a No. 2 mackerel. A button sewed on by this gifted woman could'nt be pulled off by a yoke of oxen, while her broiled mackerel tastes like quail on toast. She is talented, and no mistake.—*Norristown Herald.* Beauty, art, literature, musical and domestic talents are very good in their way, but what we most admire about Kate is her fresh, charming, rosebud youth. One would never suppose from her sweet girlishness that she is almost eighteen years old.—*Philadelphia News.*—Now then, Kate, which of your journalistic admirers are you going to marry?—*Toronto Truth.*

Mrs. Anthony Trollope has gone to Italy, and her adopted daughter, of whom Mr. Trollope was very fond, is visiting in England.

Miscellaneous.

The French Republic seems to have got over its difficulty, at least in the meantime. Every day's maintenance of the present state of things is a gain, and renders the prospect of the different pretenders less and less hopeful

There is every prospect of a great amount of building and other public works going on in Toronto during the coming season. If the half that is promised shall be realized there will be a good time and no mistake. We sincerely hope that it will be on as sound a basis as could be desired. Toronto is bound to go ahead, whatever winds may blow.

There is some likelihood of another attempt being made to exclude the Chinese from British Columbia, if not from the whole Dominion. It may be safely said beforehand that the attempt won't succeed. There is, at any rate, at present too much need for their work in that western land to make it at all likely that the natives of the Flowery land will get their walking-ticket.

So Alexander Stephens has gone over to the majority, and great lamentation has been made over him. The man who before the war said that the South would welcome the Northerners "with bloody hands to hospitable graves," did duty as orator for the occasion. Six ex-governers were among the pall-bearers. Whatever people may say to the contrary, the great question in that "unpleasantness" was not State rights, but slavery. Now, when the latter is out of the way, they can fight if they please with greater freedom for the former.

The Blake law against carrying deadly weapons is still on the statute book, but it is to be feared it is fast becoming practically obsolete. With so many burglaries, assaults, and so forth going on, it is very natural that people still like to have a revolver or some other weapon handy, especially in lonely country places, or in lonely, little frequented roads. The tramp species abounds, and most of its members are not very particular as to what they do or what they take. No doubt the law ought to be sufficiently strong to afford ample protection. But when it is not, what then?

How Wiggins is going to get along after the fiasco connected with his late prophesying does not appear. He had better climb a tree or make himself scarce some way or other. The marvel is how such charlatans still get so many to attach the slightest importance to anything they either do or say. It is one thing to do what "Old Probs" has done so long and so well and quite another to work in the Wiggins and Vennor style. No doubt people with almanacs must do something to make them sell, but it is too much of a good thing when their vagaries drive people half crazy and cause the loss of thousands of dollars.

Libertinism is sometimes, we are glad to think, a rather risky business, though not so often as it ought to be. Not a word is to be said in favor of Judge Lynch and his doings, but if law does not provide something like an adequate remedy for every wrong the result will be that Lynch will put in an appearance, and the most of folks will be able to say but little in his condemnation. The Ohio people seem to have rather a rough way of settling accounts with such rakes and libertines, at least those in Clearport have, but a little righteous indignation of the kind is sometimes necessary when the law is powerless, and the offence is flagrant.

Now, when are newspapers going to be done with those long columns of reports on sporting matters, and especially on pugilistic encounters? Can they think that in this way they are improving either the public taste or the public morals? A more miserable set of fellows than the ordinary members and heroes of the prize ring does not exist. Yet what are called respectable newspapers devote column after column to their special benefit, with all the slang that is peculiar to the "fancy," and all the brutality characteristic of its doings. Round first, second, and so on are given with sickening particularity, and then it is thought strange if ordinarily careful fathers with growing sons think it best to "stop the paper."

The stock gambling is still being denounced and is still practised. When once the gambling spirit has got possession of a man it is more difficult to deal with than either whiskey or opium. At the present time there is not one in ten of the professed sales of stock that is honest, and the man is a fool who would touch them for honest investment. They are no more to be looked on as legitimate means of traffic than are the three cards, or the three peas. It would seem as if the genuine and honorable commercial spirit were disappearing, and the demon of gambling in one way or other taking its place. Well, the storm will burst some of these days, and that of Wiggins, even at its worst, will not be a circumstance to the result.

The Methodist Union is practically a thing accomplished, and every true friend of the good cause will rejoice that it is so. Some have argued that divisions among Christians are really beneficial, as they promote activity and guard against error. If such were the case it would be a pity. But it isn't. There is no reason why a large body should become inert, inactive, or indifferent. Not the slightest reason why, if the love of Christ pervades it, it should draw the curtains and retire to sleep. All the Church Unions lately effected have resulted exactly in the opposite way. There have thereby been developed to a greater activity, more zeal, more liberality, and a correspondingly increased amount of solid and satisfactory success. Every true friend of Canada will rejoice if this should be still more the case with the body of Canadian Methodists, now to all intents and purposes one.

It is very curious, as some of the religious papers notice, that churches take so different a view of the value of age and experience in their ministers, from what is usually done with other educated professional men. An old doctor is prized all the more on account of his age and wide experience. So are the lawyers. So are statesmen, especially in Britain, and even in Canada. But as to preachers of the gospel it is very different. Gladstone rules Britain at 75. Sir John Macdonald Canada at 68, and Oliver Mowat Ontario at 63. But what chance would any preacher out of a congregation have of even a hearing after he was turned of 60? Scarcely any. People are chary about trusting their bodies in the hands of a young medico. But as to their souls it is quite different. If they can't get a "young lad" they will rather go without. Such is the usual estimate of the relative value of the two component parts that make up the man.

We are a great advocate of Woman's Rights, if these could only be fully ascertained, and reasonably and intelligibly stated. Every human being, whether man or woman, ought to be put in immediate and absolute possession of what is his or her *right*, and most of the struggles and discussions of the past have been professedly with this object in view. It is very likely that women have not got such an ample share of the rights that have been going as the wrongs. We more than suspect that such has been the fact. It is, therefore, time that the balance was being adjusted, and it will be, some of these days, and no mistake. It is all very well to represent the supposed advocate of Woman's Rights as a slim, sharp nosed, aged spinster with a blue cotton umbrella, goggle spectacles and a coal scuttle bonnet. But the fun implied with the representation has ceased to be funny and the caricature at once of the claims and the claimants is felt to be too transparent for anything.

It is a very difficult thing to say how begging imposters are to be found out and exposed. They are generally so astute at work, and have learned their lesson so thoroughly that it is scarcely to be wondered at that the kind-hearted who listen to their stories are regularly done for. It is, perhaps, hard to say, but still it is to be feared that it is the truth, that not one half of what is given in charity in Toronto is bestowed on deserving objects. The impudent, plausible, vicious impostor, seems always to come in for the lion's share, and the quiet and deserving are left in the lurch. One thing, at any rate, is settled as beyond all question, and that is, that no charity of any kind should be given at one's own door, without a very stringent preliminary investigation into the whole circumstances. With scarcely an exception, those who perambulate the city with baskets and a most wo-begone whine, are frauds who will likely throw the food they get away or sell it for pig's meat in order to get whiskey with the proceeds. We have known cases of poor, deserving, industrious women buying those scraps from those inveterate beggars in order to feed their children. Everybody ought to be acquainted with some few deserving poor who can be helped without being hurt by the kind attentions of their better-off neighbors. Regularly every winter strong young men who have been roaming the country during the summer months, come into Toronto and other cities for the season to rut along in some measure without even looking for work, by the help of the various public charities, and by the undiscriminating bounty of individuals.

St. Patrick.

Where St. Patrick was born and when, are matters about which there is little certainty. Some think he was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and most believe that his birthplace was near Dumbarton on the Frith of Clyde in Scotland. It is usually understood that he flourished about the first half of the fifth century. His father was a deacon of the village church and gave him a careful education. When he was 16 years of age, he was, with many others of his countymen seized by Scottish pirates and carried off to Ireland. He was then sold to a petty chief, in whose services he remained for six years. During the most of that time he was set to take care of sheep, and necessarily spent much of his time in the open air. Of that period of his life, St. Patrick writes thus: "I was sixteen years old, and I knew not the true God; but, in a strange land, the Lord brought me to a sense of my unbelief, so that, although late, I minded me of my sins and turned with my whole heart to the Lord my God, who looked down on my lowliness, had pity on my youth and my ignorance, who preserved me ere I knew him, and who protected and comforted me, as a father does his son ere I knew how to distinguish good and evil." When he had been six years in captivity, St. Patrick dreamed twice that he heard a voice telling him to flee in a certain direction and he would find a ship ready to take him and bring him back to his own country. He made the attempt, and after many adventures at last got back in safety to his friends. He might now have lived quietly at home, but he felt within him an irrepressible desire to carry the blessings of the Gospel to those Pagans among whom he had spent so much of his youth. He thought he was called upon by nightly visions to go to Ireland, and all the remonstrances of his friends could not prevent his obeying what he believed to be a heavenly vision and a direct call of God. In order the better to fit himself for the work, he went first to France and studied in the society of pious monks and clergymen. The legend tells that in A.D. 431, he made a journey to Rome to receive full powers and consecration from the Pope of the day who designated him to missionary work in Ireland. It is but right to say, however, that while this is tradition, it is rather opposed to what is contained in St. Patrick's Confessions, the only work of his that is still extant. This seems rather to favor the idea that he was ordained and consecrated to the Episcopal office in Britain, and never saw the Pope. Be this however, as it may, it is undoubted that he had marvellous success in preaching the Gospel in all parts of Ireland, and succeeded in establishing Christianity over most of the country. According to some of his biographers he founded 365 churches, and baptized 12,000 persons. After he had been engaged in missionary work for about twenty years, he is said to have fixed his see at Armagh about the year A.D. 454. He died at a place called Saul, near Downpatrick, and his relics were preserved at the latter place till the time of the Reformation. There is as much diversity of opinion about the date of his death as his birth—some placing it so early as A.D. 460, and others thinking it did not take place till A.D. 493.

After a long residence among the people in whom he took so keen and fatherly an interest, St. Patrick expresses himself in the following terms: "I pray God that he would grant me perseverance to enable me to approve myself a faithful witness for the sake of my God to the end. And if I have ever labored to accomplish anything good for the sake of my God, whom I love, may He grant that, with those captives and converts of mine, I may pour out my blood for his name."

A Remarkable Circular Saw Accident.

The premises at Nos. 9, 11, and 13 York Street, New York, are used for an extensive packing box factory, conducted by George Blair. About forty men are employed there. In the rear of No. 13 is a long, low shed, which covers a portion of the machinery. Directly under a skylight in the centre of the shed is a table used for "ripping" planks. A circular saw projects above the centre of the table about six inches. One afternoon, Caroline Bernheimer, a washerwoman, had been hanging out clothes to dry on a line that was stretched on the shed roof. Shortly after 5 p.m., a workman, who was engaged at the "ripping" table, heard a sound of crashing glass, and the body of the unfortunate washerwoman was precipitated through the skylight. She fell squarely across the jagged teeth of the saw, which was whirling at its full speed. The poor woman had evidently stumbled and lost her balance, and she did not utter a sound when she fell. Death was instantaneous. The horrified workman stopped the machinery, and then lifted the bleeding corpse from the saw. Some of the workmen ran for a physician, and Dr. Gulick, who lives a few doors away in Beech Street, hastily responded. The saw had buried itself into the victim's back, severing the spinal cord and cutting her heart in twain. Mrs. Bernheimer was thirty-five years old. She was a widow, with one daughter, and lived at No. 338 Hudson Street.

The Brandon *Sun* is now printed by steam power on a Millar & Richard Wharfdale.

PARAGRAPHS OF INTEREST.

London is enormous, but the statement that it contains 5,000,000 people is apt to mislead. What is called the Metropolitan area, consisting of land within a radius of fifteen miles of Charing Cross, does contain very nearly that number; but estimating in this manner from the City Hall, the New York metropolitan area would probably include 3,000,000. To talk therefore, of London having 5,000,000 people is delusive.

An artificial wood for various ornamental purposes has lately been introduced in Germany with very satisfactory results. The crude mass from which the articles thus produced are pressed consists chiefly of cellulose mixed with any sort of starch. That is, the ordinary commercial cellulose, which is to be had in any quantity in the form of paper, is softened in water and thoroughly disintegrated, then put in a fine meshed sieve and the water drained off; it is now mixed with about three parts, by weight, of dry starch, made from wheat, rye, potatoes, Indian corn, etc., as well as two parts of rye or wheat flour, or corn meal, or any other flour that contains gluten, and very intimately mixed.

Capt. Mayet, a celebrated Spanish aeronaut, was recently killed by falling from a balloon in Madrid. He made an ascension accompanied by another person. Suddenly the balloon descended rapidly. His companion was at the time in the basket, while he was doing monkey business on a trapeze swinging beneath. The person in the basket had not sufficient presence of mind to throw out some ballast, and before Mayet could climb up to do so he was violently dashed against the roof of a house. The trapeze was turned loose by the blow, and he plunged headlong into the street, striking upon a third floor balcony in his descent, bounding from it to another lower down, and landing on the sidewalk. He was horribly mutilated, but lived for several hours, without, however, regaining consciousness.

An epidemic seems to have raged among the leading statesmen of Europe. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Childers, and Sir Stafford Northcote have been on the sick list, which also includes the late and the actual French Prime Minister, MM. Duclerc and Fallieries, and M. Tissot, the French Ambassador in London, Prince Bismarck in Germany, Ignatieff in Russia, King Leopold of Belgium, and M. Coumoundoros. They all suffer from overwork, save Sir S. Northcotte, for whose breakdown Lord Randolph Churchill is responsible. Unfortunately Lord Randolph has in the effort injured his own constitution more seriously than that of his chief, and unless he takes care of himself and pays another visit out here he will be hardly strong enough for the Irish Chief Secretaryship in the next Tory government, the position to which he aspires.

The perpetual pensions received by the Dukes of Marlborough, Grafton, and Richmond have lately been the subject of much unfavorable criticism in England. The pensions granted by Charles II. to the Duke of Richmond were redeemed early in the present century by a payment of nearly half a million, and those of the Duke of Grafton have been bought up at various times for about £330,000, except one of £900 a year, compensation for an office which was abolished in the reign of Charles II! The Duke of Marlborough, however, continues to receives £4,000 a year, and the Duke of Wellington has the same amount. Nobody knows to what extent the first Duke of Marlborough plundered the country, but nearly £500,000 was paid by Parliament for Blenheim, and an even larger sum was voted to purchase and lay out Strathfieldsaye and its estate for the Duke of Wellington. The Duke of St. Albans receives £1,200 a year as hereditary Grand Falconer, but this is paid by the sovereign.

Official life in England is very poorly rewarded, as compared with legal, both in salary and pension. An Ambassador of the first rank, such as the late Lord Stratford de Redcliffe or Lord Lyons, after a life of exile, traught at times with intense labor and anxiety, can only receive $10,000 pension a year, while the highest Consular pension is $5,500. Lord Hammond, after fifty years' service in the Foreign Office, retired on $10,000, and no civil service official gets more. On the other hand, a Judge of the Supreme Court receives a pension of $17,500, and a Lord Chancellor, if in office a month only, $25,000, whereas other Cabinet Ministerr can never command more than $10,000, must have served years before they are entitled to that, and are not expected to take it unless really in very moderate circumstances. A Chancellor, however, takes it entirely as a matter of course. The only non-legal functionary splendidly provided for is the Speaker of the House of Commons, who receives a Viscounty and a pension of $20,000, which is continued to his successor in the peerage. The last Speaker, Denison, being rich and childless, refused a pension. One ex-Speaker, (Shaw-Lefevre), aged 89, enjoys it now, but has no son, and only one ex-Chancellor draws a pension, although at one time there were five of the latter taking their $25,000 a year.

Mystorious Number One.

A dilapitated figure stealthily approached a reporter waiting for a night car and a voice husky with persistent intemperance whispered, "An' have yez foive cents wid yez, sorr?

"I have," said the reporter, carefully buttoning his pocket.

"Shure, an' av course, a foine gintleman loike yesilf wud niver be widout a small coin to