

Bare and sunbiny, bright and bleak,
Hounded cold as a dead maid's cheek,
Folded white as a sinner's shroud,
Or wandering angel's robes of cloud.
Well I know, well I know
Over the fields the path through the snow.

Narrow and rough it lies between
Wastes where the wind weeps, biting keen;
Every step of the slippery road
Marks where some weary foot has trod;
Who'll go, who'll go,
After the rest on the path through the snow?

They who would tread it, must walk alone
Steadfast and stout—only by one;
Dearest to dearest can only say,
"My heart will follow thee all the way,
As we go, as we go,
Each after each on this path through the snow."

Concentrate your Effort.

When Agassiz was asked to give his opinion on a question in chemistry, he persistently declined. "I am no chemist," was his only reply. This resolute concentration of his power in a few well defined channels was one of the secrets of his eminence. In this age, when knowledge goes on adding province after province to her vast empire, one can hope to explore but a little space. There are no longer any universal conquerors. Goethe and Humboldt have left no successors, and if they themselves were to return, they could not possibly take the positions they once held. Half the intellectual failures come from a lack of definite aim and an unfinching devotion to some special pursuit. When so many interesting fields of enquiry are open, it requires a Roman fortitude of mind to purposely give up all save one or two. But this is precisely what you must do if you mean to make your power tell in the world. To concentrate is to master something eventually, while to diffuse your time and energy is to acquire a great mass of imperfect knowledge, and to hold superficially a multitude of disconnected facts. There isn't a part of the human body, or a branch of any science, upon which one could not spend a lifetime of work, and yet leave much untouched. The Greek scholar who died lamenting that he had not confined his work to the definite article, instead of taking up in addition the indefinite, and so leaving both incomplete, is an example of what is demanded of one who means to master any one thing. Herbert Spencer is doing an immense work in the way of collecting facts that have a bearing upon each other in the various departments of science; but familiar as he is with all these subjects, he cannot do the work himself. Human life would not be long enough. Other brains and hands must serve him. And even when a scholar sets himself to do one thing, and nothing else, he finds himself unable to get everything at first hand. He is forced to take something from other workers in the same field. This is the experience of all life as well. You can do well only a few things, and the fewer they are the better you will do them. The Admirable Oriolion type of man is very interesting to read about, but in actual life he is likely to raise great hopes, be very entertaining, and die without doing anything. The man who concentrates must often admit his ignorance, and he need not be ashamed to do so, for he knows that on his own ground he can accept the challenge of every comer.—Christian at Work.

A QUEER MAN WHO HAUNTS THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.—Owing to the meeting of Parliament there has again appeared at Westminster a person who is well known to the frequenters of the Common Law Courts. He is a very short man, of about fifty years of age, with iron gray hair, and he generally wears a long shaggy brown overcoat and a thick muffler. He invariably carries a gouty-looking umbrella, which is usually tied round with a colored pocket-handkerchief. In regard to the Eastern question, he has strong opinions upon it, and "Dardanelles" is no doubt written upon his heart. When the Russians were near Adrianople, the number of times he sent the English fleet up the Dardanelles and recalled it only himself could tell. He was in the habit of making appointments with "my Lord Derby," and at twelve o'clock in the day, the time fixed, he has often been seen taking, in imagination, his lordship's arm and walking up and down Westminster Hall, vigorously discussing the Eastern question in all its bearings. His "despatches," which were voluminous, were written upon telegram forms at the Post office inside the hall. Some excitement has been caused among those to whom he is known by his appearance last week after being absent some time.—London World.

DIES WITH A PARDON IN HIS HANDS.—The Columbus, O., correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer says John Smith was pardoned by Gov. Bishop, on Friday. Smith came from Wood County three years ago with a sentence of fifteen years hanging to his neck, and a future dark with the gloom of despair and death staring at him from the portals of the prison. However common and vulgar his appellation would indicate him to be, the man's personal appearance was such as to impress all that he was one of many within the walls of the huge workshop who "had seen better days." During the past year he had suffered much from consumption, and it was for the reason that he had not long to live the Governor pardoned him. On Friday evening when Warden McWhorter handed the poor fellow his pardon, he read it, kissed it and then died, with a smile on his face and the long-looked for pardon clutched in his hand. Yesterday his body was put in a rough pine box and buried in the O. P. graveyard, with the coarse ribaldry of the guards for a burial service and but one mourner, Nature, who dropped sweet tears from heaven in a soft and gentle rain. Last evening a lady richly dressed and heavily veiled called at the prison, and exercising her right as the wife of the deceased convict, had the body disinterred and departed with it for her home in Wood County, where to-day the remains of the poor consumptive will probably be laid away in their last resting-place.

New Gloves.—New kid gloves for full-dress occasions reach almost to the elbow, are buttoned by nine buttons and have three rows of inch-wide Valenciennes inserted around the arm between kid bands of the same width; the top of the glove is then finished with a knife-pleated frill of lace. The finest white undressed kid gloves are trimmed in this way, and are considered quite as elegant as the most valuable point lace mitts; they cost \$15 a pair. Black kid gloves have also insertions of Valenciennes, and are adopted with full-dress toilettes of the lightest colors. These black gloves are considered especially stylish for the opera, and are thought to make the hand look small.—N.Y. Post.

The story of Edison's courtship, while it lacks this rosy tinge of romance, illustrates the man's faculty for going to the heart of things with the smallest possible amount of circumlocution. When he was experimenting, some years ago, with the little automatic telegraph system, he perfected a contrivance for producing perforations in paper by means of a key-board. Among the young women whom he employed to manipulate these machines, with a view to testing their capacity for speed, was a rather demure young person who attended to her work and never raised her eyes to the incipient genius. One day Edison stood observing her as she drove down one key after another with her plump fingers until, growing nervous under his prolonged stare, she dropped her hands idly in her lap and looked up helplessly into his face. A genial smile, such as irreverent paragraphists have referred to as "the Edison grin," overspread Edison's face, and he presently enquired rather abruptly:

"What do you think of me, little girl? Do you like me?"

"Why, Mr. Edison, you frighten me. I—that is—"

"Don't be in a hurry about telling me. It doesn't matter much, unless you would like to marry me."

The young woman was disposed to laugh, but Edison went on:

"Oh, I mean it. Don't be in a rush, though. Think it over, talk to your mother about it, and let me know soon as convenient—Tuesday, say. How will Tuesday suit you—Tuesday next week, I mean?"

Edison's shop was at Newark in those days, and one night a friend of his, employed in the main office of the Western Union Telegraph Co., in New York, returning home by the last train, saw a light in Edison's private laboratory, and climbed the dingy stairs to find his friend in one of his characteristic stupors, half awake and half dozing over some intricate point in electrical science which was baffling him.

"Hello, Tom!" cried the visitor cheerily; what are you doing here this late? Aren't you going home?"

"What time is it?" enquired Edison, sleepily rubbing his eyes and stretching like a lion suddenly roused.

"Midnight, easy enough. Come along."

"Is that so?" returned Edison in a dreamy sort of way. "By George, I must go home, then. I was married to-day."

Marriage was an old story with him—he had been wedded to electrical hobbies for years. But, in spite of his seeming indifference on "the most eventful day" in his life, he makes a good husband, and the demure little woman of the perforating machine smilingly rules domestic destinies at Menlo Park, and proudly looks across the fields where the chimneys rise and her husband still works on the problems that made him a truant on his wedding day. A swarm of children pluck her gown to share their mother's smile, and lay in wait to climb into their father's lap and muss his hair with as great a relish as if he were not the greatest genius of his time.

She Wouldn't, Yet.

A day or two ago when a servant girl opened the side door of a house on Sibley street, in response to a tramp's knock, her face looked so kind and benevolent that the hungry man had no doubt that a good dinner awaited him. He had, however, laid out a certain programme, and he therefore began:

"My dear woman, I haven't had anything to eat for two days, and I wanted to ask if you would spare me one of these icicles which has fallen from the eaves?"

"Well, I dunno," she slowly replied, as she looked out. "I suppose we might spare you one, if you are really suffering, but of course you won't take the largest and best?"

He stepped down and selected an icicle about two feet long, and in a hesitating manner enquired:

"If you would only sprinkle a little pepper on this I would be forever grateful."

"It's rather bold in you to ask it, but I suppose I can sprinkle on a little—a very little," she replied, and she got the pepper and dusted his "luncheon" very sparingly.

He started to move away, but seeming to recollect something he turned and said:

"You seem so benevolent I'll ask you to sprinkle on a little salt as well. I like my icicles seasoned up pretty high."

"You are a bold man, sir, and it's plain that you have the appetite of a glutton, but I'll give you a bit of salt and then you must be gone," she replied.

When the icicle had been duly salted the man expressed his thanks, but didn't move away. His game wasn't working to suit him. Some folks wouldn't have stood there and seen him bite off the end of a big icicle, but the girl did. And farther, when he hesitated to go, she indignantly called out:

"I know what you want. You now want me to warm the icicle in the oven for you and then put on some mustard, but I'll never, never do it!"

The man moved slowly out of the gate, and as he threw his icicle at a passing dog he gave utterance to his disgust in language punctuated entirely with slung-shots.—Detroit Free Press.

Adventure with a Bear.

Mr. Donald McKellar, late proprietor of the McKellar House, Glencoe, Ont., who has recently removed to Sarnia Co., Michigan, while in his bush was confronted by a huge bear on the evening of the 20th inst. Bruin being taken completely by surprise, prepared for an attack without hesitation. Rising immediately on his hind legs, he steadily approached his enemy with a dauntless eye, which apparently emitted flashes of fire. His appearance was awful in the extreme. But courage and presence of mind greatly qualified the brave Canadian for the coming struggle. Quick as thought he drew his "pruning knife" which was then his only weapon of defense and maintained his position in front of bruin most fearlessly, notwithstanding his threatening aspect. No words of ours can fully describe the fury of the short conflict that ensued. The stern backwoodsman retained his position till the inhabitant of the forest was within a few paces from him, then made a sudden bound at him, seized him by the throat, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in inflicting a fatal wound. The unfortunate animal, which became exhausted from the blood that flowed from his deep and dangerous wounds, soon rolled over on his side and laid an inanimate mass on the ground. McKellar immediately went to work and soon stripped his victim of his coat, then returned home, believing that "to the victor belongs the spoils." The bear weighed 263 lbs.

Better than Hartington's Half-and-half—Whitbread's Entire.

New Proposals are Made in the South-west.

(From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)
He sat on the side of the room, in a big white-oak rocking chair. A long-eared deer-hound snapping at flies was by his side; a basket of sewing by hers. Both rocked incessantly—that is, the young people—not the dog or basket. He sighs heavily and looks out of the west window at a crumpled myrtle tree; she sighs lightly and gazes out of the east window—at a turnip patch. At last he remarks:

"This is mighty good weather to pick cotton."

"'Tis that—if we only had any to pick." The rocking continues.

"What's your dog's name?"
"Coony."

Another sigh-broken stillness.
"What is he good for?"
"What is who good for?" said he, abstractedly.

"Your dog Coony."
"Fur ketobin possums."
Silence for half an hour.

"He looks like a deer dog."
"Who looks like a deer dog?"
"Coony."

"He is—but he's kinder bellowed, and gettin' old an' slow now. An' he ain't no 'count on a cold trail."
"Your ma raisin' many chickens?"
"Forty odd."

Then more rocking, and somehow, after awhile, the big rocking chair and the little rocking chair were jammed side by side. I don't know how it happened. After awhile the conversation was resumed.

"How many has your ma got?"
"How many what?"
"Chickens."
"Nigh on to a hundred."

By this time the chairs were so close together that rocking was impossible.

"The mink has eat most of ours."
More silence; when he says:
"Do you like cabbage?"
"I do that."

Presently his hand is accidentally placed on hers. She does not know it—at least, does not seem to be aware of it. Then, after a half-hour spent in sighing, coughing and clearing of throats, he says:

"I've a great mind to bite you."
"What you great a mind to bite me far?"
"Kase you won't have me."
"Kase you ain't axed me."
"Well, now I ax you."
"Then, now I has you."

Then Coony dreams he hears a sound of kissing.

Then the next day the young man goes to Tigerville after a marriage license. Wednesday the following week. No cards.

Hints to those Calling upon the Sic

1. Offer your help in the name of the Church, saying, "Can our church do anything for you?" and be ready either to watch yourself, or furnish some one, if watchers are needed.
2. Only call at the door, unless you are sure your friend is able to see you without harm.
3. Enter and leave the house, and move about the room, quietly.
4. Carry a cheerful face, and speak cheerful words.
5. In order to cheer, you need tell no lies.
6. If your friend is very sick, do not fall into gay and careless talk in the attempt to be cheerful.
7. Don't ask questions, and thus oblige your friend to talk.
8. Talk about something outside, and not about the disease and circumstances of the patient.
9. Tell the news, but not the list of the sick and dying.
10. If possible carry something with you to please the eye and relieve the monotony of the sick-room; a flower or even a picture which you can loan for a few days.
11. If desirable, some little delicacy to tempt the appetite will be best bestowed.
12. The perfume of some flowers is poisonous, and these should never be carried into the sick-room. Especially is this true of the tuberose, oleander, heliotrope, hyacinth, orange, lilac, syringa and lilies.
13. Stay only a moment, or a few minutes at the longest, unless you can be of some help.

A PLUCKY PROVIDENCE GIRL.—A young lady, well-known in Providence, R. I., and a prominent singer in one of our churches, was returning to her home on Main street on Friday evening, when she was rudely accosted by a fellow between Park and Union streets.

This being the fourth time she had been addressed in a like manner of late, and at about the same place, her indignation was aroused to the fighting point, and she dealt the fellow a vigorous blow on the nose with her fist, as her black and blue and swollen hand testified next morning. "What do you mean?" said the fellow, somewhat astonished at the reply he got to his mild "good evening."

"I mean," said the lady, "I'll see if I cannot walk down Main street, if I choose, at nine o'clock at night unmolested."

"I'll have you arrested," the chap retorted. "Very well," she replied, "you'll find a policeman not ten yards away," and she walked on, inwardly rejoicing that she had had the courage to give one fool his deserts. And now she goes armed with a revolver.—Providence Journal.

CANADIAN CHEESE.—Most people have heard the story of the English gentleman who was praising his much loved Stilton to a Canadian, and trying to make him believe that Canada could produce nothing like it, when the Canadian had the satisfaction of proving to him that it was a Canadian Stilton he was eating and praising so unstintedly. On Xmas Eve a gentleman was discussing the respective merits of Canadian and English cheese with a grocer, and considered himself a competent judge, but when the two samples were placed before him, he selected the Canadian for the English. He bought the Canadian article at once, and, no doubt, his guests will take for English Stilton what was, in fact, manufactured in the County of Brant.

LONGWOOD OMELET.—Beat the yolks of three eggs, add one teaspoonful of melted butter, two-thirds of a spoonful of flour, two-thirds of a cup of milk, a little salt and pepper. Beat the whites very stiff; pour the mixture over. Do not stir, but only break up the froth slightly. Butter a heated fry-pan, put in three spoonfuls of the mixture, slipping from the top to the bottom. As it browns on the under side, roll it over and over, and place on a hot dish to serve. This is a good breakfast dish.

PROTECTING THE EMPEROR.

St. PETERSBURG, Dec. 7.—Every precaution is being taken in connection with the return of the Emperor to this capital. The garrison has been increased by the arrival of the choicest troops from the south and various concessions have been made by the Guards to stimulate their loyalty. At the Fortress of St. Peter and Paul stringent regulations have been posted up, forbidding people to appear within a certain distance of the defences after nightfall, and the orderlies placed on duty at various points in the neighborhood of the fortifications have received instructions to arrest any suspicious individuals who may be seen prowling about. The police stationed near the Winter Palace have been armed and armed with revolvers. One of the buildings near the Palace has been specially fitted up for the reception of a Sotnia of Cossacks, who will remain, out of sight, continually on duty, and in readiness for any attack upon the Imperial residence similar to that which occurred in the Emperor Nicholas's reign. Finally, the Czar's private apartments will be placed under a guard of veterans, respecting whose loyalty there exists no doubt.

CONVEYANCE OF TROOPS.

The South Russian railways have received orders to keep in constant readiness for the conveyance of troops, and to be able at a moment's notice to resume the train service that was customary during the late war. The artillery, brought from Turkey are to be parked at Odessa, Sebastopol and Kishineff, at which latter place a reserve of 300 Krupp guns is being established.

Firms at Odessa have received orders to prepare a vast quantity of war materiel to be stored at various points along the Black Sea coast, and contracts have been entered into adding a large number of steamers to the transport service. The evacuation of Turkey, which is in progress, is simply the shipping of the Russian base to healthier quarters. The troops and stores removed to Russia are not dispersed, but kept on hand at the leading ports. The former profit by the transfer, as the soldiers at Bourgas sicken of typhus fever at the rate of 100 per diem; while, as regards the latter, the war materiel sent to Turkey during the late campaign was so vile that it requires a thorough overhaul before it can be used by the army.

RUSSIANS ON BRITISH TERRITORY.

There is a report current here that General Abramoff, Governor of the Ferghanah Territory and the commandant of the third Russian column that was projected last summer to operate against India, is still encamped in force in the Pamir. Several parties of engineers, accompanied by strong Cossack escorts, have been reconnoitering the country in advance of his entrenchments and in some instances have penetrated to within 100 miles of British territory, while one instance is known where they have actually installed themselves within the English lines. In official circles it is stated that the detachment commanded by General Abramoff will not retire permanently from the districts that have already been occupied, but that the northern slope of the Pamir will either be incorporated with Ferghanah or formed into a semi-feudatory province.

RUSSIAN STATISTICS.

The value of Russian statistics may be illustrated by the following, which took place during their collection in Timoshuis. The Secretary of the Community sat at the table of the tribunal with the elders of the place, and before him stood some of the oldest men in the village. "Which of you," enquired the Secretary, "is the oldest man in the village?" "Me," answered one of the peasants. "How many hogs are there in your village?" "God only knows. I haven't counted them," was the rejoinder. Upon further questions being put, similar answers were given. At last the man of office lost his temper, and more in anger than discretion enquired, "How can you give me such answers? Do you know that, in accord with the statute, you have to be posted on all these matters?" The peasant was in great distress, and looked toward the Secretary in a most penitent manner. The official, however, returned his gaze by an angry scowl, and at last said, "Will you get me a bottle of brandy and I'll fill up the various items for you." The spirits were given, the official taking a deep draught and filled up the various spaces with his own ideas and estimate.

INCREASE OF POLICE.

Almost one of the first acts of General Kozloff, the new Prefect of Police, has been to intimate to the authorities that the police force must be increased immediately over 1,000 men.

TALK TALK.—VIOLATION OF THE NEUTRALITY OF THE BLACK SEA.

The tall talk in the Golas about the violation of the neutrality of the Black Sea by England, and the desire of Beaconsfield for war, is about the merest clap-net one could possibly imagine. I would point out that in October last information reached Constantinople that there were some suspicious movements among the Russians at Bourgas. Whatever the Russians were engaged in at Bourgas it is evident they thought themselves secure from British supervision, and resented being watched or even looked at by one of Her Majesty's ships. The indignation felt was made known to the correspondent of the Golas, who wrote one of the strongest articles on English policy possibly ever penned. But as regards the so-called violation of neutrality of the Black Sea, such violation has its existence only in the heated imagination of the Golas correspondent, and the author of the article.

THE VIOLATION.

At the moment when the Candor, a small English gunboat, was sent into the Black Sea, the only other vessel in these waters was the little wooden gun vessel Cockatrice, her duty and that of a similar craft—which has been the same for the last twenty years—was to stay at Sulina, or to navigate the waters of the Danube as far as Galatz, to see that the river was free to commerce. For this protection of British interests two vessels—generally the most rotten tubs in the English navy—are allowed to be stationed in the Black Sea, so that the Candor's visit to Bourgas furnished little cause for the declaration of the Russian journal, that a violation of the treaty obligations has been made by England. The only other British vessel nearer to the Black Sea than Arkiak was the Antelope, another insignificant—one

always stationed to do duty as a yacht to British Embassy. It will appear very strange, I trust, that all this bluster about our violation of the Black Sea Treaty is but the verbal storm in a tea-cup.

TRAINING SUBJECT FOR NURSES.

Toronto General Hospital.

The Trustees of the Toronto General Hospital have made arrangements for giving at the Hospital, two years training to w desirable of becoming professional nurses. Candidates must be over twenty and under thirty five years of age. They must be sound health and must present, on application, a certificate from some responsible person as to their good character. Application will be received one month on probation. Vacation of two weeks is allowed each year. Pupils are required to wear the dress prescribed by the institution, and be provided with two dresses each year and with caps and aprons. They will reside at the Hospital and serve in the wards. In sickness, all pupils will be cared for gratuitously. The Medical Superintendent may send any pupil to nurse in any place in the province, but pupil shall be required to be absent from Hospital more than three months in a year.

The instruction includes:—The dressing, blisters, etc. The preparation and application of fomentations, etc. Application of leeches and subsequent treatment. Administration of enemata. Use of female catheter. The method of friction to the body and extremities. Management of helpless patients. Moving, changing, giving baths in bed, preventing bed-sores and managing positions. Bandaging, making bandages and rollers, and lining splints. Making beds and changing sheets while the patient is in bed. That no of the Hospital is clean if it can be made clean. The pupils are taught to prepare food, gether with drinks and stimulants for the sick; to understand the art of ventilating without chilling the patient, both in private houses and hospital wards, and all that pertains to night, in distinction from day nursing. The pupils will pass through the different wards, serving and being taught, for a year. They will be supplied with board and lodging and will be paid \$6 per month. Their sum, with their education, is considered full equivalent for their services. At the expiration of one year, they will be promoted to such positions as they may be found capable of holding and will be paid \$9 per month. Arrangements will be made for pupils who may desire a special course instruction in midwifery to attend the Barnside Lying-in Hospital after their first year of pupillage. When the full term of two years is completed, the nurses thus trained after passing a final examination, will receive diplomas certifying to their knowledge of nursing, their ability and good character, and will then be in a position to choose their own field of labor either in hospitals, private families, or public institutions.

Domestic Matters.

BREAKFAST CAKE.—Two eggs, two cups sugar, two dessert spoons of butter, beat well; add one cup of sweet milk, four teaspoonfuls cream tartar and two teaspoonfuls soda mixed with five cups of flour and salt.

MARBLE CAKE.—White cake.—Half of butter, one and a half cups of white sugar, two and a half cups of flour, quarter of a cup of sweet milk, quarter of a teaspoonful of soda and whites of four eggs. Flavor with lemon.

NUT CAKE.—Whites of five eggs; sugar two cups; butter, one cup; sweet milk, one cup; flour, three cups; baking powder, three teaspoonfuls; one cup of hickory nuts as one cup of black walnut meats chopped fine.

FOR CHEESE SANDWICHES.—Take two ounces each of grated cheese and pound ham, a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, a very small quantity of cayenne pepper and salt mix altogether with the beaten up yolk of an egg. Spread the mixture between thin slices of bread and fry in boiling lard or butter.

MILDEW AND BLANKETS.—Having repeatedly seen enquiries asking how to remove mildew from white cloth, I will send my way of fixing it. Wet the spots well with butter milk, rub salt on, then lay in the sun and dry. To the lady who wishes to wash white blankets: I put a piece of borax the size of a hickory nut in the water, make a suds—not rub soap on the blankets, rinse in water, adding more borax.

A COMMON HASH OF COLD BEEF OR MUTTON.

—Take the meat from the bones, slice small, trim off the brown edges, and steam down the trimming with the bones well broken, an onion, a bunch of thyme or parsley, a carrot cut into thick slices, a few pepper corns, four cloves, some salt, and a pint and a half of water. When this is reduced little more than three quarters of a pint, strain it, clear it from the fat, thicken it with large dessert spoonful of rice flour, or rather less of arrowroot, add salt and pepper needed, boil the whole for a few minutes then lay in the meat and heat it well. Boiled potatoes are sometimes sliced hot in a very common hash.

A curious fact in the history of the Colorado potato beetle has been lately developed in Kansas. It was originally a parasite of the wild potato of the West, known as the bull-nettle, or the Santa Fe bur, and exercised an important part in checking the ravage of what is considered a very noxious weed. After it transferred its affection to the cultivated potato, another species of solanum the wild plant experienced a very considerable development in consequence of its neglect by the beetle. It is now announced that the former action has been reversed and that the beetle is again turning its attention to the bull-nettle, with a very marked influence upon its extension. It is believed also that it is abandoning the cultivated potato, much to the satisfaction of the farmer.

CHANGES IN THE CANADA SOUTHERN OFFICIALS.

—We understand the resignation of Mr. W. K. Muir, General Manager of the Canada Southern Railway, has been accepted, to take effect on Wednesday of next week. It is stated that no successor to Mr. Muir will be appointed, but that the road will be managed hereafter by President J. Tillinghast and Mr. W. H. Perry, the efficient general freight agent of the road is to be made traffic manager. Mr. J. W. Fortune, who has acted as private secretary to Mr. Muir, has been promoted to the position of secretary and assistant to the President, and will be moved to Buffalo on the 1st January, as will also the clerks heretofore employed in the General Manager's office in this town.—St. Thomas Times.

A GOOD REASON (by a Miso-Russ).—Why must Russia keep her word? Because no one will take it.