

He leads us on.
He leads us on
By paths we did not know,
Upward he leads us, though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter by the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day.
Yet, when the clouds are gone,
We know He leads us on.
He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and fears,
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze,
Of sin, of sorrow, and of clouded days,
We know His will is done;
And still He leads us on.
And He at last,
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life—
After the dreariness, the aching pain—
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,
After the tolls are past—
Will give us rest at last.

TO HIS OWN DESTRUCTION.

Reader, follow us into a small apartment on the fifth storey, situated in one of the side streets near the Luxembourg. It is fatiguing to mount so many stone stairs, but we reach our destination at last, and, without waiting to be announced, let us enter.

It is a small apartment, consisting of three pieces—a salon, a bed room, a kitchen and offices. The bed-room is to the left of the salon, the kitchen opposite. It is a compact little apartment, neatly furnished and well cared for. The rooms are not too small for health, and large enough for the comfort of two occupants. In the salon one or two cabinets show an attempt at elegance. Books abound all over the room—hidden away here under tables, there standing erect on bookshelves; but the most distinctive feature is an escritoire covered with papers, books and writing materials. In the centre stands a large round table, covered with a tapestry cloth. It is here the meals are served when Monsieur and Madame receive company, otherwise they use the kitchen to dine in every day. As they employ no regular servant, Madame finds this much more convenient in every respect. It is a neat little kitchen, with a table in the middle, large enough for their wants when alone. The rest of the apartment is resplendent with shining pots and pans and all culinary requisites.

But to return to the salon and its occupants. Monsieur and Madame are both in there at present. He is seated at his escritoire, thinking deeply, it seems; he holds his pen poised in one hand, while his head is supported, with its weight of thought, on the other. Madame is sitting by the window working. They have their backs to each other. It is four o'clock in the afternoon; a September sun is lighting up the room with oblique rays, casting a cheerful glow athwart this silent couple, as if charged with a daily entreaty that they would be sociable. But they heed not the message. Morning, noon and night they spend in the close companionship of husband and wife, and yet heaven and earth are not further apart! The relationship under these circumstances is terrible, to one of them at least; and Monsieur, there, leaning his head on his hand, is meditating on it silently, acutely.

When he rises from his desk, which he does presently, we see him. He is about thirty eight years old; tall, dark, handsome, spectacled and mustached. As difficult a man to understand as to live happily with, we should say; so cold and taciturn, always buried in thought more or less; and Madame, sitting at the window, makes no sign of complaint. She is accustomed to the silence, and cares not to speak, except to ask him indifferently, as he takes his hat and some books, before going out, "when he will return."

"At the usual hour," is his laconic reply; and he leaves the room.
Her face wears no aspect of regret after he has gone; she does not seem to mind his coldness, but continues her work with a stolid indifference. She is a large woman, ten years her husband's senior, and might pass for his mother. Although in her youth she was not ill-looking by any means, she has now but few remains of beauty left. She is stout and elderly, and wears the matter-of-fact look suggested by a stone that, to our minds, never seems to have asked a question of any power in nature as to why it is where it is. It is a stone, and there it lies without even desiring to be kicked on a little further. So it seems with Madame. She is there; a part of her apartment. She has been married to Monsieur fifteen years. Once she had been young, but that was so long ago! She has forgotten all about it, and there are no children about her to renew the recollection. She had brought Monsieur a very fair dot. He was only a poor student when she married him. Their parents had arranged the marriage, and they had acquiesced. Monsieur is now a Professor, and a great student, living wholly in his books; Madame, in her home and her economies, like the good wife that she is. They visit, and are visited in return. They have walked together, eaten together, dwelt together for years in an indissoluble companionship, and yet—as we have before remarked—heaven and earth were not further apart.

"Grand Dieu! Insupportable!" now exclaims one of them.
It is Monsieur, who on his way downstairs allows this groan to escape him.
But, ungrateful man that he is, what possible fault can he have to find with Madame, his good wife? Does she not sew for him, cook for him, economize for him? His home is well cared for, his substance is not wasted. Is she not virtuous and respectable herself?
Yes, she is all this, he must own. And yet, mon Dieu! how insupportable is life with her!

Fifteen years had he borne it; silently, uncomplainingly, a dead life of unsympathetic routine with a woman against whom no one could justly bring a single charge of neglected duty. When he was sick did she not nurse him night and day? Did she not give her money to aid in his support? Did she not, when he was only a poor student marry him? and what return had he made for all this? acceptance and resignation, hitherto. But now there was an upheaval of feeling at work within him that portended a volcanic issue. Slow, silent natures that never seem to endure intensely up to a certain point; but when the fire of necessity asserts itself in them, it bursts forth into flames that lay all around in ruins.

He runs down the stairs rapidly, as if anxious to gain time, and is soon in the hands of the Luxembourg, gay at this time with troops of children and pedestrians, recently his own, and his pace

quickens as he catches sight of a young widow lady holding a little boy by the hand. The child is entreating his mother to stop that he may watch a man who is feeding a multitude of sparrows, which he has drilled to come at his call.

She yields readily, and it is while standing there among a group of lookers on that Monsieur joins her.

She greets him with a smile and a look that tell their own tale, and bring the quick color to his pale, care-worn cheeks. Ah, yes, she loves him—he feels it; he knows it; and she is a widow—and free! while he is still in the grip of a bondage worse to him than death.

Poor Marie, standing there with her little boy watching the sparrows; she, too, has had her tragedy. With what filial obedience did she marry the wealthy old man her parents sold her to as soon as she left school, where she had first known Monsieur, who had been her Professor. "And now she is free. Free to love as nature and her heart dictate. It is pleasant to see Monsieur every day. She has known him for so long! It has been such an old affair between them—when she was a girl and he her Professor. He was not indifferent to her then, she thinks, and he loves her now!" With love's unfailing instinct, she knows he does—and she—how she loves him! And why not? She is free. Selfish egotist! She forgets poor Madame yonder, sitting calmly at her work by the window. What avails her freedom while Madame exists?

"Grand Dieu! Insupportable!" again groans Monsieur as he approaches her. Not even the joy of seeing her can make him forget his chains; it renders them all the more felt. While the old man, her husband, was living he had borne the burden in silence, and the pain grew dull unenriched by her presence; life became mechanical at last; but when the old man died his torments awoke, and the whole burden of his pain found constant outlet in that one cry of "Grand Dieu! Insupportable!"

He remains talking to Marie for a quarter of an hour. It seems hard to recognize in this passionate voluble speaker the cold and silent man of the apartment. There he was dead; here he is alive with the whole force of his being. It is the absence and the presence of love in either case that has wrought the miracle.

And Marie, how tender and bewitching she looks, as she listens to him! She thinks she is doing no wrong, for she calls him *Mon Ami*, that refuge of so many wrecked hearts, who fly to the harbor of "friendship" to shelter their love-laden argosies. And to do Marie justice, she is sincere. She has no wish to wrong any one; her affection never steps across the threshold of impropriety; never for an instant; he is her old friend. She dresses up her love in the garb of friendship, and embraces it as *Mon Ami*. She even shows it to her confessor in that dress, and is satisfied because he blesses it also.

And he listens to her sweet *Mon Ami* uttered in a voice so tender and penetrating that it maddens him. "How little it would take to convert the word into one far dearer," he thinks.

"Adieu, Marie," and he shakes her hand quickly, passionately, leaving her abruptly as she thought crosses him.

"*Mon Ami*, why do you go so soon?" she asks pleadingly.

"Adieu, adieu!" is all he can reply, for devils are pursuing him, as he repeats the word. For a moment he listens to their tempting suggestions. Let us, too, mark what they are saying as they riot through his blood and brain.
"Life is insupportable," they whisper; "why should it be so when a little—so very little—can alter everything? Marie loves you. Ought you to allow her to suffer? Were it only yourself what would it matter? you are man and must endure; besides, have you not already proved yourself? Have you not borne calmly and honestly the weight of the dreadful years that are gone, when the old man was her husband, and she was lost to you? But now she is free, and although for a little while she will bear up bravely, still life cannot go on from day to day without bringing to her some agony born of sad separation; why let her suffer this when a little—so very little—can save her?"

"Heaven have mercy on me!" cries the distracted man, aghast at the suggestion which he strives to repel; but thoughts once born into life battle stoutly for existence, and grapple fiercely with heart and brain until they gain recognition, if not acceptance.

"So little—so very little," they whisper, "and skillfully managed; then Marie would be yours, and if you do risk anything, you will feel, at least, that you have earned and proved your love by sacrificing your soul to save her from a life of pain and dishonor."
—Belgravia.

Death of a Pioneer.

The death is announced of Mr. John Henderson, one of the oldest settlers in the County of Halton. Deceased was a native of Roxburghshire, Scotland, and emigrated to this country in the year 1831, when he purchased and settled on "Springfield Farm," in the Township of Nelson, where he lived continuously for about forty-eight years, and from which he retired to the Town of Milton only a few months before his death. He was (says the *Champion*) one of the earliest settlers in that part of the Township, and was also one of the last survivors of the early pioneers of the section in which he spent the greater part of his life. He never actively engaged in any public duty, being naturally of a somewhat reserved manner; but by perseverance and frugality, amidst the privations and hardships incidental to early Canadian life, secured a competence for himself and family. Christmas of the current year would have witnessed the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding day. His partner in life, as well as his family of five sons and four daughters, all survive him, and were all present on Monday last to pay a last tribute of respect to him who always evinced the liveliest interest in their welfare.

An unusual scene for Europe—that of the sun not setting, but shining through the whole night—is to be witnessed from the summit of Mount Aavax, in Finland, near Torneo, at 66° northern latitude. Every year, on June 23, a multitude of people of different nations visit that mountain to witness the interesting spectacle. According to the reports of the Finn journals, this year there were on Mount Aavax about 300 travellers; three of these were Englishmen, two Frenchmen, one was a Russian; there were several Germans, Danes, and Swedes, and the rest were Finns. The Government of Finland is now erecting on Mount Aavax a hotel for the accommodation of travellers.

Western Ontario Currency.

Mr. Wiley, License Inspector for Lincoln, travelled 320 miles recently to serve a summons on the Captain of the Empire of India for infraction of the license law.

At Guelph, George Warren was committed to the Central Prison for eight months, on the charge of shooting at Morriston. The matter arose out of a row among the Credit Valley Railway navvies.

A married woman named Tracy, who resides a short distance southeast of Lynnville, in the Township of Windham, attempted to do away with herself on Thursday evening last by taking a dose of strychnine, but, fortunately, medical assistance was shortly at hand, and the woman is now recovering.

In the latter part of his discourse on Sunday evening, Rev. W. J. Taylor, of Alvinston, said that if the Churchwardens saw any person at any future service chewing tobacco and expectorating promiscuously right and left, such persons was to be politely requested to leave the building.

Three weeks ago J. H. Harper, a well-known attorney of Grand Rapids, Mich., started from that place in response to a telegram announcing the serious illness of his mother at St. Thomas, Ont., since which time nothing has been heard of him. He had considerable money on his person, and it is feared he has met with foul play.

The "hired man" has again turned up as the disturber of domestic felicity. This time his name is John Joseph Moneghan, and he now enjoys the seclusion of St. Thomas Jail for having used threatening language to the injured husband, Mr. Wm. Michael, of the Township of Yarmouth. John Joseph was surrounded in Michael's house and dragged from underneath Mrs. M.'s bed by the enraged neighbors, who came to the assistance of the unfortunate husband.

On Wednesday evening Capt. Thomas Hogan, of Navy Island, with his wife and three children, embarked in a small row boat at Port Day en route for home. Before the boat had cleared the basin it sank, and the occupants were left floundering in the water. Assistance was fortunately at hand in the persons of Messrs. Irish, Walsh and Flynn. The mother and children were reached and taken into boats, and Capt. Hogan, after seeing his family safe, easily rescued himself. It was rather a close call.

TALMAGE STILL IN TRIBULATION.

It will be rather disheartening intelligence for Talmage, who has had such a hearty reception in England, to learn that the fates are rapidly going against him on this side of the Atlantic, and that he is likely to be plunged into a perfect cauldron of hot water immediately on his arrival home. Early in October, the Synod of Long Island will take up the appeal in the charges of falsehood and deceit, thrown out by the Presbytery by a majority of 24 to 20. The brethren are working with a will to get an order from the Synod setting aside the judgment of the Presbytery, on the ground that it was not in harmony with the facts, and was brought about by undue influence. It is claimed by those who have been counting noses that, on a reference back to the Presbytery—which is more than probable—the majority of the Presbytery would vote either for censuring or suspending the Brooklyn Boanerges. If, however, the Synod does not take the latter up, the case will be brought before the General Assembly.

The Consolidated Bank.

Some fifty or sixty of the lady shareholders of the Consolidated Bank resident in Montreal held an indignation meeting last Wednesday in the Natural History Society's rooms, at which many of them took occasion to ventilate pretty freely their pent-up wrath and their opinion of the "monsters" who had been entrusted with the care of their property, who, instead of making it increase and multiply, dealt it out with lavish hands to whosoever asked with brazen front. A series of resolutions were passed, to the effect that some action be taken to urge upon some of the gentlemen shareholders to institute criminal proceedings against the management, the president and directors, but that they (the ladies) were on no account to be called upon to contribute towards any expenses that may be incurred by such action. It is to be hoped that each of the gentlemen composing the directorate, as well as the manager, will prove himself a *preux* chevalier, and fork out of his own means wherewithal to save these poor women from indignance and want brought about by their liberal mode of bank management. We learn that a gentleman of this city, whose sisters on his advice invested each some \$30,000 in Consolidated stock some years ago, has recently paid them out of his own pocket \$60,000, the amount they lost through his investment for them.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Uropoda Americana is the name of the parasite that is expected to destroy the Colorado beetle with a neatness, accuracy and dispatch unparalleled by the best efforts of Paris green. Professor Riley, the entomologist, is the inventor, and describes his invention as a mite not larger than the head of a small pin, of oval shape and a yellowish brown color. What is to be done to get rid of the *Uropoda* after he has destroyed the potato bug, the Professor has not yet decided. Perhaps it is not important that there should be any immediate decision on this point.

The Toronto Police Magistrate has given an important decision in reference to the right of barbers to work on Sunday. His Worship holds that shaving comes under the head of a work of necessity, and that, therefore, it is not a profanation of the Sabbath for barbers to ply their vocation on that day. The catalogue of works of necessity is evidently on the increase. Such an easy process as a shave can be undertaken as easily on Saturday night as on Sunday, and with much better grace.

"You'll catch your death of cold," said a friend to a French actress who started for the seaside late in the fall. "No I shan't; I've had all my bathing-dresses trimmed with fur, so I shall be nice and comfortable," was her confident response.

A sobbing English lady, who had just lost her husband, asked the clergyman of her parish whether relatives are able to find one another readily in the next world. He said emphatically that they will be reunited at once. "Then," said she, "his first wife has got him by this time."

The bad weather in England is accounted for by a lately mooted theory that the British Islands are so situated as to be the battleground for the polar and equatorial currents.

AN UNDUTIFUL SON.

He Forsakes the Corpse of His Mother for Strong Drink.

The other day Mrs. Walker died at Morriston. Her dying request to her son, a young man, was that he would take her body and bury it beside the husband of her youth, whose remains were interred some years ago at Barrie. The son faithfully promised to do as she requested, and, accordingly he and two comrades brought the dead body of his mother to Guelph and, placing it on a G. T. B. car, the coffin with the body of the dead woman, the son, and one comrade were soon in Georgetown. At this place they expected to get the casket which held all the dear remains of a mother on the H. & N. W. Railway for Barrie. But they were disappointed. The authorities of that line refused to take the corpse unless there was a doctor's certificate. As the young men had not this in their possession the train left before they could procure one. Finally, the body was brought back to Guelph, and then the disgraceful proceeding on the part of this unfeeling son occurred. He got drunk—so drunk as to leave the corpse of his mother, which should have been sacred in his eyes, to the care of a railway company's officials. The comrade failed to find Walker, and he requested the police to bury the remains. This was refused so long as they remained in the care of the railway authorities. But afterwards one of the fathers at the Church of Our Lady was informed of the circumstances and he caused the body to be decently interred. The conduct of the young man has been the subject of much severe criticism.

The German newspapers are advocating the celebration on Oct. 15 of the fiftieth birthday of the railway system. They point out that on Oct. 15, 1829, Geo. Stephenson's locomotive ran on iron rails. Next year the first railway in the world, that between Liverpool and Manchester, was opened; and in 1878 Europe had already 154,523 kilometers (96,577 miles) of railroads at work. Among the interesting statistical details connected with railways which have been lately published in Germany, it appears that Germany itself holds the first place in Europe in the quantity of its railway communications, possessing a network of 30,464 kilometers. Next come England with 27,540 kilometers; then France with 23,883 kilometers; and Russia with 21,687 kilometers. Austria-Hungary has only 17,997 kilometers, and Italy 8,213 kilometers. The railway mileage of the United States amounts to more than five-sixths of the total mileage of Europe, being 127,470 kilometers. The other States of America have altogether only 19,000 kilometers of railways. Asia has 14,000 kilometers, Australia 4,000 kilometers, and Africa only 2,900 kilometers.

A HANDSOME NEW G.W.R. STATION.—The new G.W.R. Station at Chatham, which has just been completed, is one of the handsomest on the line of the Great Western. The contractors, Messrs. Ball & Sherwood, of Woodstock, have just completed their contract which gave every satisfaction to the Inspector. The building is a storey and a half in height, and is built of red brick with out stone trimmings, the roof being slated. The entire building is 110 feet long and 15 feet deep, and is divided into a large general waiting-room, a ladies' waiting-room, the station master's office and offices for the American Express Company and Custom House. Besides this there is a telegraph and booking office, a large baggage-room and a porter's office. The building will have the newest facilities for heating and will be supplied with gas, and water from the tank. The station master is going to considerable trouble in fitting up the grounds in a becoming manner, by preparing them for a flower garden and fountain. The estimated cost is \$7,000.

BIG LUMBERING OPERATIONS.—John Mather, managing director of the Keswaidin Lumbering Co., arrived in the city on Friday, and is staying at the Pacific Hotel. He will leave in a few days for Rat Portage, to superintend the erection of a mill for his Company. It is the intention to build near the westerly outlet of Lake of the Woods, with capacity to turn out from eight to ten millions feet of lumber a year. The Company has about 100 square miles of limits, on the islands and shores of the lake. The members of the Company are John Dennis, of Weston; Richard Fuller, of Hamilton; W. H. Brouse, of Prescott; John and Robert A. Mather, of Ottawa. The Company is incorporated with a capital of \$160,000, and is authorized to conduct a general lumbering and manufacturing business, to operate grist and flour mills, deal in grain, etc.—*Winnipeg Times.*

A certain non-tariff insurance company at Manchester recently received an order from Wales for a policy as follows: In equal proportions on the buildings of a dwelling-house at Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogeriwrindrobwll-dilliliogogoch; a shop and cottage at Llanfihangelaberbyrhyssychioncochion; a farmhouse at Hwobgochaewchobherchillicochnobach; and a cottage at Llanfairmathathelrhithaf. The policy- clerk states that he never had a more difficult job. We believe him.—*London Review.*

Queen Victoria is apparently anxious to heal the wounds of war. It is related that some one lately passing in Windsor Great Park the Cenotaph monument raised by the Duke of Cumberland, was greatly struck by the splendid growth of ivy round the base of the column. A remark upon its beauty called out the reply: "Yes, that is by the Queen's orders, in order that the ivy may hide the inscription recording the defeat of the Highlanders."

The son of the late Charles Fechter is said to be a clever young man who is devoting himself to the law instead of the stage. His sister, Miss Marie Fechter, the *prima donna*, is described as an excellent young woman, who has been carefully brought up by her mother, and who has many dramatic gifts. She is pretty, slender and graceful, with sparkling black eyes and delicate features.

Maryland mosquitoes have killed little Timmy Stewart near Hilly' o' Neck. The boy had been sent out to keep up a fire in the field to drive away the mosquitoes from cattle. The insects surrounded the boy like a cloud and literally bit him to death. They then assaulted the cattle with such ferocity that they drove them into the river, where many of them were drowned.

A RIFE OLD AGE.—Wm. Gooderham, senior, yesterday entered his ninety-ninth year, forty-seven of which he has passed in this city. On his arrival in "Muddy Little York," in the year 1832, the population of the place was only 4,000. Mr. Gooderham has over eighty descendants, the majority of whom reside in the city.—*Mail.*

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

Extraordinary Suicide of Two Boys.

An extraordinary tragedy was enacted a few days ago at Schwelm, in Prussian Westphalia. Two lads of thirteen and sixteen, whose father and mother had died a few months since, and who after their bereavement had lived with their maternal grandfather, were found, on the 30th of July, dead and horribly mutilated in their bed room. From the text of a written declaration, found on a table in the room and signed by the elder boy, it appeared that both lads had resolved to die, finding life unendurable without their parents, and had concerted the means of their death, after having set down upon paper their wishes with respect to the disposal of their clothes, books and playthings. The elder boy had shattered his brother's head with a hammer, using such force that the unfortunate child's skull was beaten in and his brains scattered over the floor. After deliberately slaughtering his brother, the youthful murderer took poison, opened the veins in his left wrist with a razor, and discharged a bullet into his forehead from a revolver. The grandfather of these wretched lads was absent from home upon a business trip at the time of the catastrophe, and the elder boy had sent all the servants out of the house before commencing his deadly operations. Consequently the deed was not even suspected until next morning, when the housekeeper, knocking at the door of the room in which the brothers slept together, and obtaining no answer to her summons, fetched a locksmith to pick the lock, and upon obtaining access to the bed-room found her young masters dead and cold, weltering in their own blood. Had they lived to years of discretion they would both have become possessed of ample means; and, oddly enough, though they had taken extraordinary pains to dispose of their childish belongings, no mention was made by either of them in the document found upon their table of the considerable inheritance to which they would have been entitled upon coming of age. It appears that they were exceptionally amiable children, doted upon by their old grandfather, and extremely popular among their schoolmates.

KILLED BY A TRAIN.—On Wednesday afternoon the up train on the Toronto, Grey & Bruce ran over a man named George McDermott, between Harriston and Mount Forest, severing the head from the body. As far as can be learned the accident happened in a curve where the engineer could only see a few rods ahead. When first seen McDermott was lying across the track. The engineer did all in his power to stop his train in time, but was unable to do so or rouse the unfortunate man.

It is reported that Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt (who has given such hard-burns to some of her rival comediennes) was to receive \$400,000 for a two years' engagement in America. Mr. Smalley says that though not strictly accurate, it is somewhat near the proposition made to her, which was that she should receive \$600 for each representation, and \$20 a day in addition for expenses.

An old man creaked into the office of a Philadelphia iron foundry, a few days ago, opened a drawer with a skeleton key, stole \$55, and was caught. This was Charles Langheimer, the convict made famous by Dickens as an illustration of the horrors of solitary confinement. He has served several terms in prison since Dickens saw and pitied him.

It was M. Paul de Cassagnac who advised the Bonapartists not to celebrate the Imperial fete on the 15th of August, for, he said, "The Emperor is dead, the Prince Imperial is dead and the Empress mourns. In these circumstances how can any one think of festivities?" Prince Napoleon was not mentioned.

A bronze coinage for Cyprus has been struck, comprising 650,000 pieces of the nominal value of £2,291, and has just arrived in the island. The coins bear the effigy of Her Majesty and the date on the one side, and on the reverse the figure and the word "one piastre," "half-piastre," or "quarter-piastre."

It is useless to try to get rest in vacation unless you are happy. Worry, anxiety, fretfulness, destroy the benefit of attempts at recruiting health and strength. Somebody has given three rules which may help some people to be happy: Try to make others happy; be content with little; look on the sunny side of things.

Charlotte Cushman's villa at Newport is full of curious antique furniture which she collected in Europe, and which was never unpacked in America until long after her death. It is beautiful and quaint, but it is continually falling to pieces, and it creaks and cracks as if a thousand ghosts were in it.

Mr. James MacPherson arrived here from Europe this morning. He was a passenger on the steamship *Adriatic*, of the White Star Line. Mr. MacPherson has a very healthy, rugged appearance after his tour, which comprised visits to Scotland, England, France, Italy and Switzerland.

Rev. Dr. Lachin Taylor has been for the past five weeks in New York, under medical treatment for his eyes. He has lost the sight of one eye entirely, but it is thought the other one will be saved. The Doctor returned to Cobourg a few days ago and is the guest of Dr. Burwash.

ASTRONOMERS.—Augustus and Maud linger long on these clear cool evenings, and drink in deep draughts of astronomy—that is, they attentively and persistently study the reflected stars in each other's eyes, while they take particular notice of Mars' movements.

This is how a French priest recently gave out an announcement of a procession to take place next day: "If it rains in the morning, the procession will take place in the afternoon; and if it rains in the afternoon, the procession will take place in the morning."

Miss Annie Bunster, daughter of the Hon. A. Bunster, M.P., was married at San Francisco on the 2nd instant, to Captain J. E. Lennan, a prominent citizen of San Francisco. The bride's father was present at the nuptials and gave away the bride.

Belleville has a girl who possesses a beautiful and youthful face, is only 13 years of age, and turns the scales at over 200 pounds. She is about 4 ft. 10 inches in height, and is the daughter of Charles Fox, living in the Township of Madoc.
A druggist attributes the great prevalence of Bright's disease in this country to the immoderate use of lead drinks. Before he came into regular household use he asserts that the malady was scarcely known.