

The Free-Lunch Raven.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary. Over many an unpaid bill within the drawer, While I added, and grew mad, did suddenly there come a tapping.

FORECASTING DISEASES—A NEW SCHEME

In the Canada Lancet for the present month there is an interesting article on the great benefits to be derived from a systematic registration of the prevalence of disease. Hitherto, the records of the vicissitudes of diseases, the localities in which they break out and their relative fatality, have been gained from the mortality returns alone.

THE AFGHAN CAMPAIGN.

CALCUTTA, Nov. 17.—The Cabul and Jellalabad columns effected a junction on Thursday with the English troops, and are housed in Bhispur Cantonments. The winter is setting in early. It has been discovered that the night before the battle of Charasiah Yakob Khan was visited by Naisab Mahomed, who commanded the enemy the next day; also that a stated plan for his escape from our camp has been found out.

Why People go to Sleep in Church.

A medical man writes—About this time the church sexton becomes specially vigorous in building fires. The weather is not cold enough to need a very hot fire; but the sexton has not been working at the furnace for some months past, and he now takes hold of it with all the pleasure that attends the doing of a new task which has not yet become monotonous.

A GALT VERNON'S PREDICTIONS.—Moses Oates, Galt, prognosticates as follows for the coming winter and spring: November will be slightly colder than usual, but nevertheless a fine month with several uncommonly warm days for the season.

THE HAVERG OF DIPHTHERIA AND TYPHOID FEVER.

The alarming prevalence of diphtheria in its most virulent form in various parts of the country should stir up every one interested in the public health to slacken no endeavors which may have a tendency to prevent the spread of the disease. It is to be regretted that sanitary laws—from the breach of which so many fevers and other diseases are propagated—are not more generally observed.

The Coal Trade.

Coal was first mined in 1820 in the Lehigh region, when 355 tons was the total output. In 1830 the production was 174,734; in 1840, 864,379 tons. The next tenth year the production was 3,358,899 tons. In 1860 it was 8,513,123; in 1870 it was 16,182,191; and if the demand is as great next year as it has been this, with new markets constantly developing, it will not be an anomalous condition of affairs if the production is 30,000,000 tons.

The Irish Anti-Rent Movement.

Another land meeting was held to-day (Oct 19) within a few miles of the place where Lord Sligo's agent was waylaid a short time ago, and where young Mr. Smith made such a gallant stand against his assailant. The fact that Michael Davitt, the released Fenian convict, who first raised the "No rent" cry some six months ago in the same country, was to be the central figure, gave additional interest to the gathering.

Brevities.

Mrs. Langtry's husband has a red moustache, slight side whiskers, and dresses very plainly. Snow shovelling is very good exercise—if you can't prevail on the cook or kitchen maid to engage in the business.

Mr. Gladstone is expected to publish in the University Magazine a series of papers conveying his impressions and experiences in Italy. It is asserted by one to whom the Premier has sketched his idea that the series will embrace the religious, political and social aspects of United Italy.

Mrs. Mix, who has a Connecticut reputation for working miracles, travels through that State professing to cure diseases by the laying on of hands, and crowds seek her wherever she goes. The most wonderful stories are told of her powers.

An Italian soldier, named Mariotti, had recently to be taken to an hospital in Florence for sickness, and was discovered to be a woman. She entered the army at the beginning of the struggle with Austria, in 1866, to save her brother, a married man with six children, and had served ever since, receiving a medal for bravery in the Austrian war.

They intend making travelling more convenient on the continent of Europe by adopting our system of railway carriages. Little Belgium is wide awake in matters of business and is setting the first example. The International Company of Sleeping Cars has submitted a project to the Government of Brussels for organizing a great express train between Ostend, Cologne, Berlin and the Russian frontier.

Tobacco has some distinguished female devotees in Europe. Emily Faithfull, it is declared, smokes like a Michigan tugboat; the Duchess of Edinburgh takes a quiet puff now and then, and the Princess of Wales keeps a little cigarette-case which she hides profoundly from the smoke-abhorring nose of her royal mother-in-law, while the list might be extended by naming Elizabeth Thompson, the artist, Mme. Ratazzi, of Italy, and others.

THE WIMBLEDON TEAM.—The Wimbledon team is now completed by the addition of two names from British Columbia. The list of members from the older provinces has already been published. The two British Columbian names are Sergt. Kennedy, who at the Provincial match scored 116 and takes the third place on the team, and Private F. Sargeon, who scored 107 and takes the sixteenth place on the team.

TO MAIDENS OF UNCERTAIN AGE. When lovely maidens, gay and jolly, Find that their hair is turning gray, They never should be melancholy, But live in hopes—and wait—and pray.

Their surest way to catch a lover And hide old age from every eye, Is when they do gray hair discover, Then to the bath's go and—dye.

MILITARY.—It is reported that an application has been forwarded to the Department of Militia for leave to organize an additional company to the 7th Battalion (London), to be known as No. 8. The officers are to be Capt. John Taylor and Lieut. Thomas Beattie. It is intended that the company shall be composed of law students and merchant clerks.

The ring round the moon is caused by the reflection of rays of the moonlight from particles of condensed vapor, and is similar in its origin to a rainbow. It shows the air to be saturated with moisture, and to that extent it is a sign of rain. The superstitious notion about the number of stars within the circle is, of course, an absurdity.

Sir George Buckley-Matthew, who had many years ago occupied diplomatic posts in the United States, and who was from 1807 until the present year British Minister in Brazil, has just died. His third wife and widow was Miss Gerard, the daughter of Mr. J. W. Gerard, of New York.

Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, the woman lawyer of Washington, is conducting a case in Baltimore, where she was on Monday admitted as an attorney of the United States Circuit Court. While in Court she removed her dark felt and feathered hat and placed it on the table with the hats of the other counsel.

Mr. Jerrold Dixon, the son of Hepworth Dixon, who has just died suddenly, was an admirable young man of literary proclivities. Strangely enough, he was found dead in his bed holding a novel which bore the title "Taken at the Flood."

London Truth of Oct. 16 devotes about four pages to abusing the Daily Telegraph and the Levy-Lawsons. Evidently attacks, whether on the street or in the courts, are not the way to shut M. Labouchere up.

Now the aged liar is happy again. He can sit in the corner grocery, whistle the sugar and salt barrel and lie about the heavy snow storms they used to have early in August when he was a boy.

An embarrassed actor bounded on the stage of a San Francisco theatre, in a scene depicting a robbery in a hotel office, and shouted, "Gag the safe, while I blow open the night clerk."

CANADA PACIFIC EXPRESS COMPANY.—Application has been made for the incorporation of the Canada Pacific Express Company, to carry freight, etc., over the Canada Pacific Railway; capital, \$50,000.

CATTLE STEALERS SENTENCED.—At the Brant Assizes, Francis Davis, for cattle stealing, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to nine months in the Central Prison.

The Virtues of Mustard.

I have heard that the European custom of eating mustard with sausages dates back to remote antiquity. Edward IV., brother-in-law to the Duke of Burgundy, replied in 1475 to the citizens of a town which they besought him to spare, that war could not be conducted without burnings any more than sausage could be eaten without mustard.

THE INDIANS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA STARVING.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 17.—The Indians at Williams' Lake, British Columbia, are reported to be starving. Their Chief publishes a patriotic appeal to Her Majesty, reciting that they have been deprived of the means of livelihood by the whites, and asks relief, saying that the young men will not starve in peace.

At a distance, people are apt to miscalculate as to the extent of the foreign goods Australia is capable of absorbing. Even now, it is found that there is a tendency to flood the markets of these colonies, as will be seen from the following extract from a late issue of the Sydney Morning Herald:

The Exhibition has attracted here a large number of agents from Europe and America, anxious to do business for manufacturing houses. There seems to be a wrong impression abroad as to the consuming power of Australasia, and this may have arisen from the lavish expenditure in gold-digging times. Things are changed now, and daily settling down to their normal condition. At best there are only the wants of less than three millions of people to supply at present, and to attempt to force trade must only

If there is one thing more than another that will make a young man in a big button-hole bouquet, light gloves, and hair parted in the middle, come down to hard pan and as near common sense as he can get without previous preparation or adaptability, it is to have a woman tell him he ought to have been born a girl.

"What is the difference between the article a woman has in her hand and the woman herself as she steps on a peach paring while chasing her undutiful son around the corner?" was the very simple question he asked. "It's easy; the one is a slapping slipper, and the other a slipping slapper," was his voluntary answer, accompanied by the sickliest grin we ever witnessed.

They were meandering arm in arm up the street, and a short distance ahead of them walked a young lady very handsomely attired. The sun was about setting and its light was throwing a beautiful crimson glow all over the earth. "How beautiful! perfectly grand!" etc. "Well, I don't know," was the response from the fair one by his side, "I don't admire her style, and the dress is a mighty poor fit." He weakened, and the sunset interested him no more.

At a soiree—"Ah, Miss Fitzjoy," said Mr. Toplofty, with a smile that nearly twisted his eyeglass from its socket, "didn't I observe you, aw, this afternoon, widing down the avahntue, aw?" "Oh, indeed, Mr. Toplofty, did you see me? Yes, pa has a now span, and he was just speeding them a little. Do you know that when I saw you on the sidewalk I thought you must be one of those ground swells we read so much about; now I did really." "Weally, ah?" and he "wasmed" off to seek more "agreeable company."

A CONGRUITY TO CANADIAN CATHOLIC STUDENTS.—Writing from Lourdes to Rev. Father Rooney, of Toronto, Archbishop Lynch says—"We left Pisa at eleven o'clock a. m. and arrived at Genoa at about seven o'clock. I went straight to the College for foreign missions, kept by priests of the mission, my old confreres. I here obtained the great favor of sending three students to the college free; even they will be provided with clothes and all other necessaries. The only expense will be their journey there and return. Five years is their course of theology, canon laws, Scripture, Church history, sermons, etc., etc. This is a great favor. I believe that I can increase the number and procure some free places for my friends."

The old trick of getting up a sham fight in the gallery of a theatre, and then throwing the stuffed figure of a man over the railing, was successfully played at Leadville. The excitement in the lower part of the house caused a panic, and an actress fainted on the stage.

His Lordship the Bishop of Niagara held Confirmation services in St. Nicholas' Church, last night.

WIG AND GOWN.

A Scotch advocate writes a pleasant letter to a New York journal concerning the peculiarities and traditions of his profession. "I find," he said, "that nothing interests an American so much as my wig. I only wish the person who thus derives amusement from the fashion had to experience its inconvenience. To begin with, they are by no means cheap. A horsehair wig costs about \$50, and an ordinary one—they are now all made out of whalebone shavings—about \$30. They very soon get dirty, and to powder them as some men used to do, only makes one's coat perpetually greasy. Then in summer they are hot and tight on the head. Yet we all wear them. We are not compelled to do so. We must wear a gown; that is our mandate. The abolition of the gown I should regret. Its several parts involve not a little curious history. For instance, we carry at the back of the gown a little pocket which, though still worn, is now sewn up. That appendage takes you back more than 300 years, to the days before the Reformation, when the advocates were churchmen. No churchman was allowed to accept a regular payment for his services. But, if he was prohibited from handling the money, that was no reason why you, if you wanted your case particularly well attended to, should not put a couple of gold pieces into the bag which he carried at his back. So you see we have still some relics of the past surviving in this reforming age. Many of our names, even, strike a stranger as peculiar. The official head of the bar is called 'The Dean of Faculty.' 'Ah,' said Sydney Smith, when he heard the title for the first time, 'that's very odd now. With us in England our deans have no faculties!' Absurd as these old customs and names may be, it cannot be denied that the country has reason to be proud of her judicial arrangements, not merely in the Supreme Court, but down to the humblest judiciary."

A Mother's Sacrifice.

Mother—"My darling daughter, you ought to go into a convent and be a nun. That is more pleasing to God than anything else you can do."

Daughter—"But, mother, why didn't you go into a convent and be a nun?"

Mother—"How can you ask such silly questions? I sacrificed everything out of love for thee."—Galveston (Tex.) News.