POETRY.

The City Cat.

He is gaunt and thin, with a ragged coat,
A scraggy tail, and a hunted look;
No songs of melody burst from his throat
As he seeks repose in some quiet nook—
A safe retreat from this world of sin,
And all of its boots and stones and that—
For the life of a cat is a life of din,
If he is a city cat.

He is grumpy and stumpy and old and gray,
With a sleepy look in his lonely eye
(The other he lost at a matinee—
Knocked out by a boot from a window high);
Wherever he goes he never knows
Quarter or pause in the midnight spree—
For the life of a cat is a life of blows,
If he is a city cat.

He is pelted by boys if he stirs abroad,
He is chased by dogs if he dares to roam.
His grizzled bosom has never thawed
'Neath the kindly blare of the light of home.
His life's a perpetual warfare waged
On balcony, back yard fence, and flat;
For the life of a cat is a life outraged,
If he is a city cat.

The country cat is a different beast,
Petted, well housed, demure and sleek;
Three times a day he is called to feast,
And why should he not be quiet and meek?
No dreams of urchins, tin cans and war
Disturb his sensuous sleep on the mat.
Ah! cat life is a thing worth living for,
If he isn't a city cat.

And even when dead, the cat
With strident members uneasy lies
In some alleyway, and seems staring at
A coming foe with his wild, wide eyes;
Nobody owns him and nobody cares—
Another dead "Tom," and who mourns for that,
If he's only a city cat?

A Subject for a Subject.

So you wish a tiny sonnet,
Lady fair!—
Shall it be upon your bonnet,
This most complimented sonnet,
Or your captivating whirls and twirls of hair,
Lady fair?
Or your eyes of greyish-blue,
Or your little foot and shoe,
Or the airy, fairy dresses that you wear,
Lady fair?

Or shall my verses tether,
Lady fair?
Smock frock and maid together,
Happy lovers in the heather,
When the hot love sun of June is setting there,
Lady fair?
While, most kind of *chaperones*,
The calm cows rest their bones,
And the bees sing—"Love, Love, Love," through the air,
Lady fair?

Let him know your will and pleasure,
Lady fair,
And your rhymester's lazy leisure,
With no stint of toil or measure,
Shall be given day and night with ceaseless care,
Lady fair.
But a mouth like Cupid's bow,
With pearls set all a-row,
Or great eyes of greyish-blue,
Or a something that is *you*,
Lady fair.
Should you choose this for your sonnet,
He could write a book upon it,
Lady fair.

OUT OF LOVE AND OUT OF DEBT.

Of happy men, the happiest yet
Is he that's out of love and debt,
Who owes no kiss to womankind,
Who has no duns to craze his mind;
With heart and thought and conscience free.
Where is there man more blest than he?
"Out of love and out of debt,"
Motto none will e'er regret.

To all surroundings reconciled,
He sleeps as sweetly as a child;
By neither love nor debt distress'd,
His dreams but glorify his rest.
He never dreads the morn to see,
For days with days in peace agree,
"Out of love and out of debt,"
Motto none will e'er regret.

Who's had his share of debt and love
Knows what the peace they rob him of;
And, once relieved of love and debt,
His slavery never can forget,
No longer will he bend the knee,
But sing the pæans of the free.
"Out of love and out of debt,"
Motto none will e'er regret.

For all the bliss that love can give,
There's more of woe with love to live;
He plucks the perfect, thornless rose,
Who, honoring manhood, no man owes.
No love, no debt, ah! there's the key
Of life for him who'd happy be.
"Out of love and out of debt,"
Motto none will e'er regret.

Evidences of the Deluge.

There is a mountain in North Wales called Moel Tryfan, which is part of the Snowdon range, and upon which there is a very valuable slate quarry at a height of 1,390 feet above the present level of the sea. In opening that quarry an immense bed of gravel was found upon the top. This gravel could not have been formed by mere disintegration of the soil, because it is full of sea shells as perfect as they can be found on the sea shore, dead shells, that is, not shells which apparently ever lived there, but shells both of the shore and the deep sea, which had been drifted there in the middle gravel. These shells are heaped pell mell on the gravel on the top of this mountain, and I believe that every geologist admits that this is marine gravel. I take it that it is quite a sound conclusion that the sea had been up to the top of that mountain in very recent times, or that the mountain had been down to the level of the sea. I draw a second conclusion from this fact; That the sea was not a permanent sea. It was not the case that the mountain formed the bottom of the ocean for many years because we should then have had deposits with shells living and dying, as in the case of the sea terraces described by Mr. Smith, of Jordanhill. The sea has been essentially transitory in its operation. The second of the conditions of the Deluge is in this way fulfilled. Thirdly, it was tumultuous. It has no marks of quiet bedding. These being the facts, what are the conclusions that follow? It it probable that the mountains of Wales alone were 1,400 feet lower than they are now? There might be very local, very partial submergence of volcanic mountains under the sea. But what I have described happened not in a volcanic district, and Moel Tryfan is not a volcanic mountain. But we are not left altogether to presumptive evidence upon this subject. We have similar gravels all over the counties of Lancashire, Cheshire, Staffordshire and Worcestershire. In Cheshire they are found near the towns of Macclesfield at 1,200 feet above the level of the sea, and very much under the same conditions. I think, therefore, that there is fair evidence that the submergence of the land, which in North Wales amounted to about 1,400 feet, extended over the whole of the British Islands.—*Duke of Argyll in Good Words.*

In a sparring match at Winnipeg on Saturday Johnston faced Prof. Donaldson, and after receiving severe punishment clinched the professor, who choked him off, and he was led from the stage completely used up.

ENGLISH GOSSIP BY CABLE.

Professor Bain is preparing a volume of essays with letters.

George Augustus Sala has arranged a lecturing tour next autumn in the United States.

Frank Hugh O'Donnell, M.P., begins a series of lectures upon social subjects at Boston at the end of the Parliamentary session.

A wife-murderer released after twenty years' penal servitude met with an enthusiastic reception from thousands at Birmingham, and the *St. James' Gazette* suggests, by way of showing our advance in leniency to assailants of women, that the ex-convict should receive a pair of silver hob-nail boots with a suitable inscription.

Catholic circles are excited by the report that Dr. Herbert Vaughan, Bishop of Salford, has been appointed coadjutor to Cardinal Manning with right of succession. The appointment meets with general approval among the Catholic clergy of England and Ireland.

The King of Bavaria is in trouble with his Ministers, who cannot give him any more money, and the workmen have had to be discharged from the Alpine Verailles, which was his latest craze.

Cremation reappears as a topic for discussion. Its advocates are fortified by the opinion of Justice Stephen that it is legally permissible. The *Times* urges that it is desirable to try the experiment.

Strong efforts are being made in the press and elsewhere to secure the restoration of Baker Pasha to his rank in the English army. Success is impossible unless the Queen, who insisted on the forfeiture of his commission, is converted.

The fierce passions excited by the Conservative *regime* in Spain has led to violent personal attacks on the King, against which Castellar is vigorously protesting.

All Europe has been busy with the contending claims of the world and the Church in the Lenten season. The carnival has been a miserable failure in nearly all the Continental capitals. Social London has made a fool of itself by trying to give birth on English soil to an institution which is in the throes of death in its native land.

The masked ball was an abject piece of dullness, though the Prince of Wales gave it countenance. There was but one lady to three gentlemen, and the chroniclers observe that the only attempt at a graceful observance of the masked ball ceremonial was by some daughters of America.

The violent searches after novelty give point to an article in a Conservative magazine by Lady John Manners, the wife of a leading Conservative statesman, on the prodigality of the rich, in which an appalling picture is given of the amount eaten and drank by the upper classes.

The Duke of Marlboro' has withdrawn from candidature for admission to the Carlton Club under the advice that many of the members of the club did not want him.

It has been discovered that Prince Albert, besides his income of £30 000, drew £1,100 yearly as Governor of Windsor Castle to the day of his death.

Not Lost, but Gone Before.

This is a very common expression, and yet its true source has been almost wholly overlooked. It has figured as an epitaph upon gravestones, and has been utilised by the poets and other writers. No doubt everybody is acquainted with it, and it may therefore be worth while to point out where it in all probability comes from. The writer of an interesting article in a recent number of the *Bazar* gives various instances of its occurrence, and concludes as follows: "The thought is indeed a Christian thought, but the words are the words of a pagan. It was the stoic Seneca who said, 'Not lost, but gone before;' *Non amittuntur, sed præmittuntur.*" No reference to any place in Seneca is given, and it may fairly be questioned whether that author uses the actual words ascribed to him. There is in his 36th Epistle a remarkable sentence in which we read, "Death which we dread and shun interrupts life, does not take it away; the day will come again which shall restore us to the light, and which many would shun unless it brought back those who are forgotten." The meaning of this is not that of the Christian, and nothing else in Seneca, so far as we can discover, can be compared with the phrase under consideration. But Cyprian, the martyr, who wrote in the third century, supplies us with something very definite. In his discourse "On Mortality," Cyprian speaks in this language: "Our brethren should not be bewailed when by the summons of the Lord they are delivered from this world; for I know that they are not lost but sent before (*non eos amitti, sed præmitti*), that when they retire they precede (or, go before), so that they ought to be longed after as those who go on a journey or a voyage, and not lamented." He adds what might serve as a motto for the Funeral Reform Association, "that black garments should not be put on here when they already put on white robes there." It will be seen at a glance that our common saying is almost an exact rendering of the words of Cyprian, and to him we should not hesitate to ascribe the expression.

A Northwest Girl.

Miss Palmer, a courageous and self reliant young lady, has a tree claim and homestead near White Lake. The Mitchell *Mail* says that last week she paid the commutation fee to the United States, $200, and it left her penniless. That means everything cruel on the cold prairies in winter. It means no fire, no soup bones in the cupboard, no light, no warmth, no life. So she climbed on her pony and cantered off to Mitchell to obtain employment. Once there she had no difficulty in finding work. The self-denial and banishment of Miss Palmer are well rewarded with $2,000 worth of farming land.—*St. Paul Globe.*

A white marble tablet over the door of a cottage at Clifton, S. I., inscribed, "Here lived in exile, from 1851 to 1853, the hero of two worlds, Guiseppe Garibaldi," was unveiled yesterday by a deputation of Italians from New York.

The passage in Queen Victoria's book respecting Dr. Norman Macleod's sermon on the war in October, 1870, when he obliquely applied to France the denunciations of Isaiah, is not pleasing to French readers. One Paris newspaper says: "Her Most Gracious Majesty has revealed her political sympathies, and shown that she is still a German by birth and breeding."

WHAT GAS COSTS.

Statement Regarding the Supply of Canadian Towns and Cities.

The Kingston Gas Company, at their recent meeting, submitted an interesting report giving the price of gas in the several cities and towns of the Province, quantity produced, etc. It is as follows:

Kingston.—Last year the cost of manufacture was $1.62 per thousand, and by the time the gas reached the metres of the consumers, leakages, etc., had increased that figure to $2. The gas supplied in Kingston is away above the Government standard, which is 12 candle power. Kingston gas is 22 candle power, and therefore just as cheap at $3 per thousand as the 12 candle power is at $1.50.

In Belleville the price of gas is $2.50 per thousand, and the city pays $20 each for 158 lamps; 6,500,000 feet per year is made.

Brantford, $2.50; $20 each for 101 lamps; quantity made, 8,000,000 feet.

Brockville, $3; $24 each for 90 lamps quantity, 4,000,000 feet.

Dundas, $2 50 to $3; $20 each for 30 lamps; quantity, 2,500,000 feet.

Guelph, $3; $22 each for 105 lamps; quantity, 5,000,000 feet.

Hamilton, $1.87½; for stoves, $1.50; $18 each for 430 lamps; quantity, 30,000,000 feet.

Ingersoll, $3; $22 50 each for 35 lamps; quantity, 2,000,000 feet.

Kingston, $3; $13 each for 122 lamps till 12 o'clock; quantity, 6,000,000 feet.

Listowell, $2 50, same for lamps; quantity, 1,000,000 feet.

Napanee, $3; $600 per year for 30 lamps; quantity, 2 000,000 feet.

Ottawa, $3; $22 each for 353 lamps; quantity, 25,000,000 feet.

Port Hope, $3.50; $20 each for 65 lamps; quantity, 2,500,000 feet.

St. Catharines, $2 50; $22 50 each for 170 lamps; quantity, 10,000,000 feet.

Stratford, $2.50; same for lamps; quantity, 4,000,000 feet.

Toronto, $1.50 to $1.75; $22 75 each for 2,198 lamps; quantity, 175,000,000 feet.

Montreal, $1.50; $22 each for 1,700 lamps quantity, 180,000 000.

Windsor, $2 25; $15 each for 75 lamps; quantity, 4,000,000 feet.

Woodstock, $2 50; $23 each for 33 lamps; quantity, 3,000,000 feet.

Quebec, $2; for cooking $1 50; $20 for 335 lamps; quantity, 30,000,000 feet.

The Millionaire.

Who is this hard-working man? This is the millionaire, the man who wanted to be rich and has got rich, and is getting richer every day. Is he the happier for it? Happy? Bless your soul, he's more miserable, fuller of cares and anxieties and harder work than ever. He is the veriest slave of them all. He is pushed with business and business is pushing him. He has so many irons in the fire that some of them are burning his fingers while others are getting cold. His present life is a rush from the meeting of this board to that board and thence to some other board. He is director of this company and trustee in that and silent partner in another, world without end, and more coming. He hasn't time to eat and hardly to sleep, and when he does lay his poor head on the pillow he can't stop business plans and schemes, hopes and fears from whirling and whirring through it. He can't take a day to spend in quiet out of town, and if he could he would take all of his business with him into the woods. He is a slave and a victim. His millions in bank don't bring him so much enjoyment as does a new ten-cent piece given to a boy 10 years old. He's infected with the mania for getting and the more he gets the more he wants. If you could see him just as he is and where he is inevitably going, and how he is going there, you would only pity him. He is one of the coming victims of damentia paralytica, the prevalent ailment among so many Wall street men.—*Graphic.*

"Queer Ducks."

"Newspaper men are queer ducks," said a local politician, who was one of the Committee of Arrangements for the National Republican Convention in 1880, as we turned and walked out of the theatre. "They remember well when they want to and are close as oysters when they don't want to remember. There is one of them in town who played a trick on our committee in 1880 that upsets me whenever I think of it. Tickets, you know, were very scarce, and we were driven nearly crazy by persistent applications from distinguished visitors. The man I speak of made no application for tickets. He went to a regalia store and purchased the most striking and elaborate badge he could find. He took this to a printing office and printed on it 'Grand Marshal of the Convention,' and with that worn conspicuously on his coat he sailed by the door-keepers without being challenged, and passed and repassed, receiving from ushers, detectives and guards the most respectful consideration. He grew bolder the second day and passed in probably a dozen people. The next day he took in twice as many, and in the end passed in to the exposition building probably a hundred people. All this was done with the flourish of certainty, courage and conviction, and the fun of the thing was that none of the committee thought at the time of inquiring into the matter."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Cattle Kings.

There arrived in Chicago yesterday three representatives of a cattle company which, if not the largest in the United States, is at least the largest in the northern half of this country. These gentlemen are A. H. Swan, Henry Swan and Joseph Swan, of Cheyenne, W. T. They are members of the Swan Land & Cattle Company, the General Manager of which is Mr. A. H. Swan, whose arrival is here noted. Started in 1879, the company has grown and passed through numerous changes until now the capital employed is $3,000 000. Mr. Swan is on his way to Edinburgh, Scotland, with Henry Swan, to attend the annual meeting of the Board of Directors, when the advisability will be considered of increasing the capital to £1,000,000. The number of cattle now owned by the company is 115,000; length of range, 150 miles, with average width of 50, making about 35,000 acres of cattle lands; 8,000 to 10,000 beeves are shipped annually.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Mr. Matthew Arnold sailed from New York Saturday on his return to Europe.

GORDON'S FRUGALITY.

The Tamer of the Soudan's Disregard of Filthy Lucre.

When the letter of the King of the Belgians reached Gordon, inviting him to take charge of the Upper Congo and to endeavor to extirpate slavery there, the General was living on the Mount of Olives, studying day by day the topography of the Holy Sepulchre. People may wonder how, having made preparations for his Western African expedition, and being on the point of starting for the Congo, he could so suddenly alter his plans and set forth for the Nile. The fact is that Gordon despises "preparations" and dispenses with them. When, being returned to London from Brussels, he had an interview before departing for Egypt with a friend interested in his mission, a conversation of the following nature—if not in these precise words—took place:

"Have you got your kit ready, General?"

"I have got what I always have. This hat is good enough, and so are these clothes." I shall start as I am; my boots are quite strong."

"And how are you off for cash? You must have some ready money."

"Ah! I forgot it. Yes. I forgot that! I had to borrow five and twenty pounds, by the by, from the King of the Belgians, to get over here. Of course I must pay this, and I shall want a little more."

"How much? Would one or two thousand pounds do, in notes and bills?"

"Oh, dear, no! A hundred pounds apiece for myself and Stewart will be enough. What on earth do we want more for?" Thus the frugal hero departed, we believe, with no more than £400 in ready money, but meeting an old and valued Soudanese acquaintance in Cairo, who was very poorly off, Gordon could not resist the claims of "auld lang syne"—even when played on the black keys—and lent or gave his old African friend the greater part of his travelling money. He has always shown a similar contempt for that which is the object of so many desires. At one time in his chequered life he possessed, we believe, a sum of £8,000, and an intimate friend pressed him to place it in safety at proper interest. Gordon replied he himself could take all due care of it, but the sum became reduced to £2,000 by secret charities and benefactions within a year, and six months after that his friend discovered that only £30 remained of the original amount. The rest had gone to "the poor and him that hath no helper."

It might be thought that this generous nature had for its background of support a robust and almost rude good health. The contrary is strangely the case. Gen. Gordon is a martyr to some obscure form of heart disease, which has compelled him to relinquish the solace of smoking, and ofttimes almost prostrates him.—*London Telegraph.*

A Lordly Mimic.

The Earl of Abingdon, who has just died, was in his youth a wonderful mimic, and could personate Dr. Keate, the head master of Eton, in a marvellous manner. He did this on one occasion when at school, summoning the boys at a tutor's house to prayers, having first donned a master's gown, and in the dusk of a summer evening his identity was not discovered. Once in the House of Commons, a member could not find some papers to which he wished to refer, and kept on fumbling among a mass of them. The House grew a little impatient, and suddenly a voice in Keate's tones—well known at that date to half the House—was heard to say, "Never mind, stay afterward," which was Keate's way of intimating to a delinquent that he would be flogged for ignorance or carelessness. Once at Nuneham, Lord Abingdon was dressed up as a girl, and made desperate love to an elderly gentleman, who genuinely reciprocated, and wanted to follow up his suit with a view to matrimony. The thing was for some time kept going by letter, and the would-be suitor was terribly chagrined when he learned the truth

Two Great Shaving Cities.

A barber is so distinctly a luxury that a pair of cities which boast of 4,000 barbers must be very luxurious indeed. New York has 2,500 shavers and Brooklyn 1,500. They are an army in themselves sufficient, if armed with nothing but their own razors, to overawe all the negroes in the South in case of a colored revolt. To live, these 4,000 must shave 100,000 men a day. Leaving out, therefore, the beardless, who long for the snowy brush, and the full-bearded, who laugh lather to scorn, it follows that one shaveable person in every three is the slave of the barber's chair. The influence of the barber is tremendous. The man who is being shaved must listen. Into his ear political doctrine may be poured that he abhors. To listen is often to be convinced. Hence it becomes a grave question for the ambitious in public life to know who controls the greatest number of barbers. They are a power, and nothing but their native modesty keeps them from ruling the cities that they shave.—*New York Journal.*

Not Quite Fresh!

It is a remarkable characteristic of the waiters in Paris restaurants that no matter what you may ask for, even if it be a fried piece of the moon, they will invariably reply "Yes," and either bring it to you, or, on returning, assert with sorrow that unfortunately there is no more left. It is told of Mery, the author, that by way of trying this as a joke, he peremptorily ordered of the waiter a Sphinx, *a la Marengo.* "I am sorry to say we have no more," replied the waiter. "What, no more Sphinx?" exclaimed Mery, feigning astonishment. The waiter lowered his voice and murmured in a confidential whisper: "We have some more, monsieur, but the truth is, I would not care to give them to you, as they are not quite fresh."

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

Matrimonial difficulties of a peculiar kind have been attracting the attention of the London Police Courts. One bigamist gave as his apology that his first marriage was illegal because performed with a brass ring, while a Polish Jew who was sought by two contending ladies asked a magistrate if he could not marry both.

There are 90 English electric light companies, with a total capital of $26,000,000.

AFTER A MISER'S MONEY.

The Romantic Youth and Grasping Life of a Young Scotchman.

(N. Y. World.)

William Mackie, a Scotch lad, hired a small room in a house on Nostrand avenue, Brooklyn, about 50 years ago. He was about 20 years old and a good mason. He was a saving and industrious youth and made no acquaintances except in his business. After five years of residence in Kings county Mackie went to New Jersey and boarded with Hezekiah Trimmer, a farmer. There he studied civil engineering and in a short time became one of the most reliable builders of railroads in the State. For 19 years he lived with the Jersey farmer, adding to his money day by day, and upon his departure to the West, about 25 years ago, he was reputed to be worth $50,000. Mackie went into the mining business, and subsequently made the acquaintance of Sidney Dillon and other gentlemen. His whole life was bound up in the one purpose of making and saving money. Two years ago the proprietor of a frontier hotel received Mackie as a guest of the house. The Scotch lad had turned into a gray-headed, shrivelled old man, wearing ragged clothes and denying himself the necessaries of life. He lived alone in his room and, though possessed of $150,000, starved himself to death. But one executor to the estate could be found, Julius Davenport, of Brooklyn. The particulars of the death of Mackie were published in English and Scotch papers, and Mr. Davenport finally went to Scotland to look up the heirs. He travelled through Wigtonshire, Scotland, and there heard a romantic tale of the Mackie family. An old woman, with eyes almost dim and hair perfectly white, wept when she heard how Mackie had died. She asked for some souvenir by which to remember him, but the executor had none, and then she said she would go to America and see his grave. The people of the village said that half a century before Mackie and the white-headed old woman were lovers, and she had refused all offers of marriage through her life, hoping for the return of Mackie. When the news, however, had become fully known that there were $150,000 to be divided among the heirs, then every hamlet in the country gave birth to an heir, and Surrogate Bergen, of Brooklyn, who has control of the estate, has received hundreds of questions in regard to it. Hezekiah Trimmer, the Jersey farmer, sent in a bill of $10,000 for boarding Mackie for nineteen years. He said he had lived along for twenty years in the hope that Mackie would remember him in his will. Mackie did not, however, but divided his estate between his brother Alexander and Mary, his niece. The former cannot be found, and the girl Mary is said to be an illegitimate child. The nearest relative, according to the laws of this State, who can inherit, is a maternal cousin, a man ninety years old named Andrew Gordon, a farmer of Wigtonshire. Messrs. Alexander & Green have been retained by a dozen other heirs, who claim that Mackie had an intention to return to Scotland again, and hence the personal property must be placed in the Scottish courts, which would give the dozen other heirs a chance. Farmer Trimmer says that Mackie promised to buy him a farm for $7,000 and to stock it with horses and cows. The Court awarded him $4,500, and the executor of the estate has carried the case to the General Term. People are also coming from the west, and it is said a woman claims that she was married to Mackie twenty years ago, and that he deserted her because of the expense of the domestic establishment. The executor feels certain, however, that all such claims will be set aside and the old man Gordon will alone inherit.

Paper Soap.

A man in a hurry, who slipped on a muddy crossing on upper Sixth avenue yesterday, and soiled his hands in saving himself from sprawling full length on the roadway, went into a drug store to wash his hands.

"Got any spare soap?" he asked.

The druggist drew a tiny book from his coat pocket, and, tearing out a sheet of paper about three inches square, handed it to the man. The latter wet his hands, and, rubbing them with the paper, found, to his surprise, that the paper made a fine lather and thoroughly cleaned his hands.

"Paper soap," said the druggist with a laugh; "a novelty mainly intended for the use of travellers. The paper is coated with soap and is just as good as the regular article, in addition to being much handier. There are fifty soap sheets in one of these books. They cost about as much as an ordinary cake of soap."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Getting Sick of It.

Rev. W. S. Rainsford, the revivalist, preached on "Signs of the Times in Unfashionable Life," in St. George's Church, New York, on Sunday. He said: "People are getting sick of the Christianity that shuts up the manufactory and throws 50 hungry souls, or thrice that number, into the streets without work, because the balance in the ledger foots up on the wrong side this year instead of showing the big profit of the year before. I don't pretend to suggest the absolute remedy for this condition. The crisis demands something more than the best preaching and open churches, for our best preachers do not reach the people, and many pewholders merely struggle for the possession of pews for the social caste it gives them."

The U. S. National Horse Show is to be held at Madison Square Garden, New York, on May 27th to 31st. The regular premium list foots up $17,450, as against the $10,470 of last year's show, and the trotters are well provided for this time, a grand prize of $500 being offered for the best stallion over 15 years of age, the speed of his get, their number and records being considered in deciding the prize. Entries will close on May 1st.

Other than strictly business ideas sometimes control the actions of even a business man. A mill man recently said he did not use an inserted tooth saw because it went through the log with such a dull sound. When he followed the occupation of a sawyer the ring of the solid saw was cheering to him, and up to date a saw mill is not much of a place for him unless he can hear the old-time music.