SIX HUNDRED HORSESHOES A MINUTE.

An Inventor Claims That He Can Turn Out That Number in That Time.

A Troy, N. Y., despatch says: Edwin Firth, of this place, returned last week from Washington, where he had been to make application for a patent on a horseshoe-making machine of his invention. The idea of most of the present machines is this: The passing of a bar of heated iron back and forth through the machine, dropping off into horseshoes; that is, the horseshoes are made one at a time. By Mr. Firth's plan, it is claimed, forty, fifty, or even sixty horseshoes can be made at the same time, it taking just four seconds to make one horseshoe or forty horseshoes. The machine consists of sections, each section making a shoe and as many sections as needed may be used. The process in brief is as follows: A bar or bloom of iron heated to a plastic heat in the usual manner is passed through the rolls just as in the old process. It is then placed in the machine and cut into pieces by saws placed between the sections, which can be regulated so that horseshoes of any desired size can be made. By other motions of the machine the short pieces of iron are bent, punched and swaged. In the old process the shoes are punched and swaged after being bent in the machine, thus making three distinct processes. By Mr. Firth's contrivance all three processes are performed by the same machine. Mr. Firth has nine patents already on file, and has invented more than one hundred contrivances within the past twenty-four months. Among other inventions is that of a cannon which it is claimed will drive a ball with the precision of a rifled gun, but much farther.

BAD RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

Serious Disaster to a Passenger Train Near Olean, New York—A Score of People Badly Injured—Several Deaths Probable.

A last (Saturday) night's Olean, N. Y., despatch says: This morning the passenger train on the Western New York & Pennsylvania Railroad, running between Emporium and Buffalo, was wrecked near Whitehouse, ten miles east of this city. A relief train carrying physicians and the ambulance corps of the 43rd separate company was at once sent to the scene from here. The wrecked train consisted of the engine, mail and baggage car, and three coaches. The mail and baggage cars and two coaches, one the smoker, were thrown from the track and rolled down an embankment into a ditch containing several feet of water. The cause of the accident was the spreading of the rails. The cars were but slightly damaged, although the train was running thirty miles an hour when the accident occurred. The track was torn up for many feet. It is a miracle that no one was killed instantly, as the cars which rolled down the twenty foot bank contained nearly forty passengers.

The injured are Captain C. G. Thyng, Olean, badly bruised and injured internally; J. J. Smith, Bath, badly cut and spine injured, recovery doubtful; Mrs. O. W. Wheaton, Alleghany, injured internally, recovery doubtful; Mrs. Goodsell, Condersport, Pa., internal injuries and head cut, may not recover; George Stevens, South Wales, arm broken; Kate Smith, Port Alleghany, Pa., head and back injured seriously; Ella Adams, Duke Centre, Pa., head and side badly cut and bruised; Mary Dorick, Smithport, Pa., injured on head and side; Mrs. B. Jacharien, Emporium, Pa., head and limbs seriously cut; John Keefe, Buffalo, shoulder broken; William Wasson, Buffalo, badly cut about head and arms; Mrs. O'Hara, Colegrove, Pa., internal injuries, recovery doubtful; her husband and child were seriously bruised and cut; Postal Clerk Charles Keenan, of this city, sustained a broken arm; Kern Covill, H. Hutchinson, Eugene Dean and D. McGinnis, of this city, were slightly injured.

MORE ABOUT THE NORTHWEST.

The Vast Metaliferous Districts of the Dominion—A Fine Pastoral Area.

An Ottawa despatch says: Dr. Dawson, of the Geological Survey, gave an elaborate batch of evidence before Senator Schultz's Mackenzie River Committee this morning. Some of the doctor's points that were not brought out by other witnesses were that the metaliferous districts of British North America on the west coast, including the upper waters of the Laird and Peace Rivers, are at least 1,800 miles long and average 500 miles broad, and that this area is greater than the metaliferous area of the whole of the United States.

On the plateau of the upper waters of the Yukon and the upper waters of the Laird River there exists a fine pastoral area of great extent where the growth of the hardy cereals could always be depended upon. The district in the valley of the Dwina River in Northern Russia, which flows into the White Sea at Archangel in latitude 65°, supported a large population. The Mackenzie River district seemed equally well adapted for a large population. If it should be found that shipments could be made from the mouth of the Mackenzie as they are made from the mouth of the Dwina it would become a very valuable country.

Brave Mollie Green.

A Nashville, Tenn., despatch says: A mad dog ran into the school-house at Cypress Creek yesterday and made toward one of the children. Miss Mollie Green, the teacher, sprang between the dog and the child. She kicked at the animal, her skirts protecting her, and by the aid of a heavy ruler kept it at bay until all the children had fled. The infuriated animal repeatedly sprang at her throat, but she was agile and resolutely stood her ground. When all the little ones were gone she desperately fought off the dog until she reached the door, which she pulled to after her and fell fainting outside. The children ran to the nearest houses and gave the alarm. Two men soon came and killed the dog which had been terrorizing the neighborhood for two days. The parents of the children gave the young woman a fine horse as a present. Her clothes were torn to ribbons during the encounter.

A St. Louis chiropodist has a queer sign hanging in front of his office. The letters are made from corns which he has extracted from his patrons, and every period is indicated by an enormous bunion.

A WINDSOR ROMANCE,

In Which a Former Hamiltonian is Mixed Up.

A despatch from Windsor says: Francis Riley is a well known character of Windsor and Petite Cote. He formerly ran a steamboat on the Mississippi River and during the war amassed a fortune. Sarah Rogers, an Irish girl, came to this country in 1846, and after marrying George Edward Hume located in Hamilton, Ont., where Harry D. Hume was born 41 years ago. Mrs. Hume went out to work in a hotel, and there made the acquaintance of an engineer's family named Sadler. They took a fancy to baby Harry and wanted to adopt him. Mrs. Hume allowed the child to accompany them, and then lost sight of the Sadlers and the Sadlers of her. When the lad grew up he undertook to find his mother. He found that her husband had been killed in an accident, and she had married Francis Riley, a widower. Harry Sadler, as he is called, has been for twenty years on the New York *Herald*. From the time of first meeting his mother in 1870 till last June, the two corresponded regularly, when the mother ceased to write. A week ago he was shocked to learn from the *Herald's* news column that Mrs. Riley, his mother, had been dead three months, and that Riley was a defendant in the Probate Court here in an action instituted by his daughter, Mrs. Sullivan, to have a guardian appointed to take charge of his property. As Mrs. Riley had some property and Mr. Sadler had not been notified of his mother's death, he wrote a lawyer here and learned that a year ago Riley sold thirty acres of land near Sandwich for $7,000 and took back on it a mortgage to Mrs. Riley for $5,000, Riley's name not being mentioned in the mortgage. As this mortgage was Mrs. Riley's, it belonged to her natural heir, Mr. Sadler. He was surprised to learn that Riley, acting as administrator, had discharged the mortgage. He arrived here to-day, and a brief investigation has already convinced him that he is entitled to considerable property from the estate. There are some curious features, as, for instance, Riley swore that his wife left an estate valued at only $75. Riley is the man who had the trouble recently with Mr. Sol. White. The latter now has a complaint against Mr. Riley for perjury in an assault case.

The Prairie Province.

The Legislature has appointed a committee to inquire into the necessity of legislation for the protection of game, particularly to prevent the depletion of the waters of Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba.

Mr. Smart, Minister of Public Works, is lying seriously ill at the hospital.

Nine hundred and twelve emigrants will arrive here on Saturday or Sunday.

A farmer named Edy has eloped from Austin with a Mrs. Orchard, the wife of a respectable resident of that place. Mrs. Orchard walked thirteen miles to the station to meet her lover. She leaves two small children at home. Edy's wife is visiting friends in Montreal.

The water at Selkirk is still rising. The railway track has been badly smashed up. The steamer Marquette has been split in two by the ice. An Icelandic family had a narrow escape from drowning. A great quantity of lumber along the flats has been carried away. There is an ice jam in the Assiniboine above the city. Work on the Red River Valley Railway bridges is suspended owing to the high water.

The *Northwest Review* urges the election of a Catholic member for one of the three Winnipeg seats in the Legislature.

Wesley College, the new Methodist educational institution, will be opened in this city on September 1st.

Mr. Norquay declares he has no intention of retiring from public life, and says he will again lead the party in the approaching election contest.

The constituencies under the new Redistribution Act, now before the Provincial Legislature, average about 2,500 votes each. The arrangement has been so equitably made that little exception is taken, even by members of the Opposition.

The flood at Selkirk has almost completely subsided. The water is falling rapidly, and no further danger is apprehended. The ice in the Assiniboine near this city still continues badly jammed, and the C. P. R. have had a large force of men employed in strengthening the St. James and Osborne street bridges. In the Red River the water is falling rapidly.

Cameron, the absconding Union Bank teller, is now in Minneapolis. He has instituted an action for $10,000 damages against the Sheriff of Pembina County for false detention. He also charges the Sheriff with retaining money taken from his person, amounting to upwards of $400.

In the Legislature this afternoon the final reading of the Redistribution Bill was carried. Speaker Glass moved for the retention of St. Clements constituency, but this was voted down. Mr. Norquay's motion for a separate division for Gimli was also defeated. The Bills providing for the construction of the Red River Valley Railway and authorizing a Provincial loan of $150,000 were read the third time. The House sat till 7 o'clock and adjourned until Monday.

The Traffic Over Brooklyn Bridge.

On the great Brooklyn bridge the cars begin to run at 6 a.m. Even before that hour the promenade has echoed with hurrying feet. Seventy-five thousand New Yorkers use Brooklyn as a bed chamber, and they get back early to the work-a-day world. By half-past 7 a.m. 200 persons a minute are passing through the gate bars and dropping tickets in the glass boxes. These are busy times for the gatekeepers, the train hands, the switchmen and the policemen. Three cars start every minute and a half, and in that time are packed with the tons of humanity, and this is kept up for two solid hours. After half-past 9 a.m. the volume of car travel falls from 12,000 to 6,000 an hour. It holds this average until 4 p.m., when the tide flows backward. And the crush at night is greater than the crush in the morning. The daily average on the Bridge road is 90,060 passengers. Its yearly receipts are $769,000. But there are hundreds of thousands who use the promenade.

An examination of the proposed site of the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal is being made by direction of the Provincial Board of Health to ascertain whether its proximity to the city reservoirs will endanger the purity of the water.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A Young Girl to Marry a Man Jilted by Her Mother Years Ago.

An Atlanta (Ga) despatch says: Miss Mary Jameson, a pretty 18-year-old girl, whose home is in Clayton county, Georgia, departed for Waco, Texas, where she will become the wife of Mr. Simpson Mann, one of the wealthiest planters of that section. In 1868 Mann was one of the most popular young farmers in the county. He was engaged to be married to the daughter of a neighbor, whose hand was sought by many others. The day for the marriage was set and the guests invited. Unfortunately for him, Mann espoused the Republican party, which was in much odium at the time. Not only did the lady's father object to the marriage of his daughter with a Republican, but the young lady herself declared her purpose never to wed one whose sympathies could be with the party in power. When the wedding day came it was a rival—Henry Jameson, and not Mann, who stood up as the groom. The rejected suitor sold out his possessions and moved to Texas, where he has grown rich, while the lady who was to have been his bride has become the mother of an interesting family, the eldest of whom is Miss Mary. A year ago Mann revisited the old scene, still single and with a heart susceptible to love. He saw in Mary the image of her mother when he lost her in 1868. He conceived the singular idea of having his old sweetheart for a mother-in-law. The daughter consented and the marriage was to take place this week. A telegram from Texas told of a serious accident to her lover which prevented his coming to Georgia, and asked her to go there. The brave girl at once decided to go, and is now on her way.

Latest Scottish News.

The new Assembly Hall in Inverness has been finished.

W. Jenkins, Ayr, has been fined for ringing the bell of "Alloway's auld haunted kirk."

Mr. William Arrol, builder of the Forth Bridge, has purchased the estate of Seafield, Ayr.

Her Majesty's Jubilee presents have been lent to the Glasgow International Exhibition, and have arrived in that city.

The late Dr. J. H. Stoddart, formerly editor of the Glasgow *Herald*, was a native of Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire, and 56 years of age.

On the night of the 30th of March Wm. Thomson, Strathmiglo, went and drowned himself rather than be married that night as arranged.

The death was announced on the 10th April of Captain Robert Campbell, one of the most popular of the Clyde steamboat masters. He was in his 59th year.

Mr. C. W. Methven, Chief Engineer to the Greenock Harbor Trust, has been appointed Chief Engineer to the Natal Harbor Board, at a salary of £1,000 per annum.

The gold casket voted, together with the freedom of the city of London, to Mr. H. M. Stanley, the explorer, is to be placed within the Glasgow International Exhibition.

Mr. Simon Campbell, one of the leaders of "The Men," and a cathechist who took an active part in the stirring events of the Disruption, died at Kilmorack Braes recently in his 70th year.

Mr. John Grant, Marchmont Herald, died in Edinburgh on the 11th inst. He was the second son of Captain John Grant, 92nd Highlanders, and brother of James Grant, the well known novelist.

At a sacred concert given in the Mission Church, Langholm, lately, the programme closed with the singing of "Green Grow the Rashes, O!" and some worthies there are furious at such conduct in a kirk in the "muckle toun."

Mr. Hutchison, R.S.A., has received a commission to execute a bust in marble of Her Majesty, to be placed in the new Victoria Art Galleries, Dundee. The bust, it is understood, is the gift of a well-known citizen of that town.

In Edinburgh, on the 10th of April, a woman and her five children narrowly escaped being poisoned by eating sausages made of unsound meat. Four of the children were thrown into convulsions, and for a long time suffered dreadfully.

A series of festivities took place recently on Lord Lothian's extensive estates in Mid-Lothian and Roxburgh to celebrate the coming of age of Lord Ancrum. The ancient Abbey of Jedburgh was brilliantly illuminated one night, and the effect was picturesque and imposing.

The first ascent of Ben Nevis since the autumn was made on the 12th April. On the summit the snow gauge indicated a depth of sixteen feet. The visitors received a hearty welcome from Mr. Omond and the Observatory staff, who had seen nothing of the outer world for the last five months.

David Ballingall, gamekeeper on the estate of Balbirnie, in Fifeshire, was found on the morning of Sunday, the 8th April, lying on the road near Kettle in an unconscious condition, with a severe wound on the head. He never recovered consciousness, and died in the course of the evening. It is suspected that he has been the victim of foul play, and the police are making investigations into the case, and have apprehended a police constable and a gamekeeper for the murder. The deceased, who was 40 years of age, was a native of the West of Scotland.

The announcement of the death of Rev. Dr. Begg, the parish minister at Falkirk, Stirlingshire, will be read with deep regret by a large circle of friends in Canada. Dr. Begg was a son of the Rev. James Begg, D. D., parish minister, New Monkland, and brother of the late Dr. Begg, Edinburgh. He was born in 1815, and was licensed by the Presbytery of Hamilton in 1836. In 1840 the Crown, in virtue of its rights of patronage, presented him to Falkirk parish, where he has continued to labor ever since. Last year Dr. Begg attained the jubilee of his ministry, and was presented with many tokens of regard.

A lady in La Grange, Ga., wrote to Thos. A. Edison requesting him to invent an ear-trumpet that would enable her husband to hear. The wizard in reply wrote the lady to wait just a few months and that husband of hers would think he heard the stars falling.

Large purchases of Canadian horses for British army remounts are to be made this summer.

BRAVE MRS. MUNSON.

Charging Trespassing Cow Tagging Officials With a Pitchfork.

There is a great stir among the owners of cows in Queen's County. Under the Act of Congress, adopted by the Legislature of this State in 1887, Inspector Law, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, is making things lively. One case has just occurred which will bring up the question of the constitutionality of the law under which cows are "tagged," as it is termed.

Jake Munson is a well-known resident of Maspeth and keeps a cow or two. Sub-Inspectors Smith and Crown went to Jake's place to tag the cows. The tag consists of a piece of brass containing a number. Through the brass a copper wire is run The inspector carries a pair of nippers like shoemakers use to punch holes in leather with these nippers a hole is punched in the ear of the cow and through it the copper wire is passed, the ends of it then being twisted so as to hold the tag fast. The object of the tag is to identify the cow wherever it may go, so that the spread of pleuro-pneumonia may be prevented.

When the inspectors reached Jake's dwelling he was absent. But Mrs. Munson was very much there, too much, as it turned out, for the inspectors. As soon as the lady knew the object of the visit she placed herself in front of the cow stable like Ajax defying the lightning, and said:

"Look a here! You can't come inside this stable without tackling me."

The inspectors pulled out a circular two feet long and read it at the defender of her cows, but it didn't make her quake a bit and she told them they might bring a hundred yards of the same sort of rigmarole and she wouldn't care a snap for it or them.

"Why, it's an Act of Congress, signed by the President of the United States and approved by the Legislature of this State and Governor Hill," said Inspector Jim Smith.

"If it was George Washington's cocked hat, I wouldn't give a darn for it," was the reply.

"Well, ma'am," said the inspector, "we don't want to hurt you——"

"Hurt me!" exclaimed the lady seizing a pitchfork; "I'd like to see the likes o you attempt to hurt me. I'd make holes in you worse 'an ye ever made in the ear of a poor harmless cow."

"Let me expostulate, Mrs. Munson, said the inspector.

"'Postulate off'n the premises in quick sticks," said Mrs. Munson, "or it'll be worse for you."

The inspectors thought it safest to retire, and they went to Al Pettit's saloon to inquire after some Dutch courage. Presently Jake came along and the inspectors told him that they had been to his place to tag the cows, but that his wife had refused to allow them to enter the stable, and they had refrained from using violence out of regard for his wife.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Jake, "that's a good 'un. I'll go and cheer up the old woman."

The inspectors followed Jake and again attempted to enter the stable. Mr. Munson seized the ready pitchfork and charged upon them, and they fled ignominiously. The inspectors got out a warrant against Munson and his wife for interfering with them in the discharge of their duties as officers of the State, and the matter is to come up before Justice McKenna at Newtown. Lawyer William E. Slocum, for the defendants, will raise the question whether the inspectors can, under the law, exercise the right to enter upon private property and mutilate the chattels of a citizen.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

A Dog Who Stole Newspapers.

"A paper carrier came to me one day and told me that somebody was stealing his papers left on a certain doorstep every morning before the subscriber got a chance to see them," said a policeman the other day. "The gentleman living in the house had, it appeared, hauled the carrier over the coals and accused him of not giving him his paper. I concluded to watch the house and see who it was that was stealing the papers, for I was satisfied that the carrier was telling the truth. The next morning I saw the carrier throw the paper in the yard, and I concealed myself on the opposite side of the street to await developments. In a few minutes I saw a big black Newfoundland dog climb over the fence from the adjoining yard and pick up the paper in his mouth. He then jumped over the same fence and ran through to the back yard. The next morning I waited for the canine thief and gave him a reprimand with my club, and ever after that he let the papers alone."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Where Boots Are Not Cleaned.

If you come out on a ranch you must not expect to be valeted and put to bed, and dressed and shaved, and your boots polished, and your clothes brushed, and so on, in the morning. One fellow came to stay with me out there under something of that impression, and the first evening he put out his boots. In the morning he came down in his stockings—by-the-bye, he had seemed much surprised over night to hear there was no regulation hour for breakfast—and asked about his boots. I called Ah Sin. He had not seen them, he said at first, but at last a happy idea struck him. "Me sabee. Me see little dog—him ketch heapy boot in him mouth." The fact was that one of my young dogs had run away with the boots to play with them, and we never recovered anything but the heel of one of them—we were not sure which! My guest had expected a knock at his door: "Hot water, sir! Boots, sir!"—*Murray's Magazine.*

Masonic.

It will be learned with exceeding pleasure that the Grand Lodge of New South Wales, and which has never been recognized in the United States on account of its formation by a minority only of the lodges in the colony, had adjusted its relations with the other lodges not heretofore acknowledging its sway, and that Lord Carrington, a past grand officer of the Grand Lodge of England, is to be the Grand Master of the united body.

Edgar Slade, aged 75, and Wm. McLellan, his grandson, aged 3½ years, were burned to death Friday evening. They lived on a farm about three miles from Chatham, and it is supposed they were out burning brush, but how the accident happened will never be known.

SHE DEFIES FLAMES.

A Spiritualistic Medium who Stood the Fire Test.

On a recent evening, in Cincinnati, Mrs. Isa Wilson Porter gave what is known among her spiritualistic brethren as "the fire test," at Greenwood Hall, before an audience of about 300 people. A committee, consisting of Dr. W. F. Work, Col. J. W. Andrews, Dr. S. E. Hyndham, Prof. Edgar Beall and Dr. L. A. Querner, were chosen to go upon the stage and inspect the lady and report upon the result of her performances. The members of the committee took chairs around the table and the lady walked forward, taking a position behind it. First she washed her hands in a bowl of ice water. Then she reached out her two pulses, which were grasped and felt carefully by two committeemen on either side of her. This over, the lady sat down and began to toy with two lighted lamps, talking in some unknown gibberish. A lady beside the reporter said it was the lingo of the ancent fire-worshippers, but it sounded very much like the language used by nurses "just landed" when talking to babies not old enough to announce their vernacular. Mrs. Porter handled the red-hot lamp chimneys, passed her hands and arms slowly over the flames of the lamps and finally took the hand of her little daughter and held that limb over the blaze for quite a while, the child evincing no sign of discomfort. She passed cards, black and white paper, a celluloid collar and other articles of a perishable nature through the devouring flames, which did not devour worth a cent, and brought the articles out all right without a singe or a bruise, admid the claps of the audience and the smiles of the committee. She filled a dish with alcohol and lighted it, and talking Sanscrit at a high rate basked her tender wrists and rotund arms in the red-hot flames, and showed up without a scar or even a pimple. The committee told the audience it was wonderful. One of them said that her arms showed an excitation of 78 and 98 degrees—quite an irregularity—before the test commenced. It must not be forgotten that Mrs. Porter during her experiments held a lamp chimney, in which an inch and a half flame flared almost to the top against her cheek for fully two minutes without singeing a hair. None of the committee were prepared to tell whether Mrs. Porter used antidotal chemicals on her limbs to guard against being burned.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Watch Dials Made by Photography.

Watch dials are now made by photography at a mere fraction of their former cost. They all used to be painted by hand. Now a hundred are made in the time formerly required to produce one, and each of the hundred is better than the one would have been. The dial is copper, covered with enamel. Upon that they lay a sensitized coating of albumen and bichromate of potash. A large drawing, say twelve inches in diameter, of the design, figures and dots that it is desired to put upon the dial is photographed down to the required size, which makes it so fine that whatever inaccuracies may have been in the drawing are almost beyond discovery by the microscope. The negative thus made is exposed to the light in contact with the gelatine coated watch dial for from three to five minutes. Electric light is just as good as sunlight. Where the light has acted the gelatine is made insoluble. The dial is now inked over with common lithographic transfer ink. Next, with a clean sponge moistened with a little gum water, the ink and gelatine are wiped off the dial from all parts except where the light has acted, and to those it adheres, leaving the designs in clear black upon the enameled plate. But that design would easily blur and rub off by wear. Another process is necessary to make it permanent. A metallic enamel powder of any color desired—black, blue, red, green, or purple—is dusted upon the dial. It sticks to the inked portions, but nowhere else. Then the dial is put in the muffle and fired. The enamel powder melts into the white enamel base, and the work is complete. The Waltham Watch Company paid $2,000 for that process. By it they can turn out for 10 cents each dials that in the old way of making would have cost $1 apiece.—*New York Sun.*

What a Jungle Really Is.

By the way, we have now been the whole length of India, from Calcutta to Peshawan, and back to Bombay, on the other side of the land, and, except at the foot of the Himalayas, have not seen a single forest or indeed what we would call a wood. Trees there are everywhere along the roads—along the hedgerows, scattered about the fields and plains and dotted over the hills and mountains, but nothing like what the most of us at home have supposed to constitute an Indian jungle. All uncultivated or waste lands are called "jungles." "Out in the jungle" means about the same thing here as with us to say "out on the prairies"—that is, on the unenclosed lands, whether bare or in heavy grass. The "mountain jungles," where the tiger has his home and from which he comes down to carry off people or domestic animals, have no trees other than low, scattered bushes. On these no native thinks of going alone at night or even by day in some of them.—*Carter Harrison in Chicago Mail.*

A Salvation Army Romance.

The Port Hope *Guide* relates the following: "The bartender of the Queen's Hotel, Millbrook, was love-struck on a cadet of the Salvation Army, but said cadet would have none of him unless he joined the Army. So on Sunday night last the liquor-mixer went forward as a seeker, and professed conversion. This was enough, for on Monday morning the whiskey-slinger and his lady lover left for parts unknown."

An Uulucky Expression.

She—How do you like my new shoes, Adolph?

He, dreamily—They are simply immense.

Edgar Fawcett is said to have received $3,000 for his serial story, "Olivia Delaplaine," now appearing in the "American Magazine."

The congregation of Chalmers' Church, Kingston, has decided to proceed with the erection of a $25,000 church on the grove opposite the Collegiate Institute.

The Governor-General is in Montreal.