Now I See.

"One thing I know; that whereas I was blind, now I see."—St. John ix. 25.

I know not much of law or lore,
I'm but a simple youth,
Master of mystery no more
Than treasurer of truth.
But one thing's plain and clear to me,
I once was blind and now I see.

The Scribes and Pharisees, no doubt,
Are wise and mighty men,
Prepared the Sadducees to rout
With either tongue or pen.
But matters move that even they
Can neither see nor sound to-day.

It hath been written: there are things
From wisest men concealed,
Which by the Sovereign King of Kings
To infants are revealed.
And "Mercy upon whom I will!"
Remains on so emn record still.

So in His everlasting love
He hath revealed to me
What angels round His throne above
Desire and long to see.
"Unto the poor He'll honor pay;
The rich He empty sends away."

I see, and, blessed be His name,
Not only with the eye
That glorifies my mortal frame,
But that which cannot die,
The luminary of the soul
Which through eternity shall roll,

And by that inward light I scan
In Him who placed it there
The Sun of Righteousness, the Man
Who carries all my care—
My Guide and Comforter, with whom
I see no terror in the tomb.

—WILLIAM MURRAY.

Hamilton, Oct. 26th, 1888.

To-day's Church News.

Rev. J. F. B. Tinling, East Finchley, England, devotes ten minutes of each Sunday evening service to missionary news. He covers one portion of the mission field before he proceeds to another. Africa is the subject at present. He is arranging to have a large missionary map of the world hung up close to the pulpit.

Mrs. Taylor, a believer in faith healing at Bristol, fractured her arm about a month since; but she declined to call in medical assistance, declaring that she had been cured of erysipelas and other ailments by faith. Instead of healing, the fractured limb grew worse, and when a doctor was at length summoned it was too late.

The annual report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada just issued shows that the total income for the year amounts to $219,480, being an increase of $19,278 06 over the previous year. There has been an aggregate gain of 10,000 in the membership of the Church during the year. In the last fifteen years the income of the society has risen from $108,000 to $220,000.

Rev. Robert W. Rayson, late acting minister at St. Paul's, Kingston, has been appointed to the mission of Lombardy, near Smith's Falls.

The rumor that Dr. Cameron Lees was to ask the Queen to inaugurate the memorial of Montrose in St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh, is contradicted.

Bishop Ryle thinks the Whitechapel murders will do good in the long run, for people need to be roused to see what man is capable of when left alone.

Mr. W. E. L Hunter, who was elected President of the Carlton Street (Toronto) Young People's Association a few evenings ago, is the son of Rev. Dr. W. J. Hunter.

The Whyte Brothers are assisting Rev. Dr. Hunter, pastor of Carlton Street Methodist Church, Toronto, in a series of special revival services to be continued for four weeks.

There are nine Presbyterian Churches in Cleveland, Ohio. The First Church is building a large stone church at a cost of $75,000 on Euclid avenue. It has a membership of 1,024

The vegetarians now include Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. He finds himself all the better without supplies from the butcher, but does not think he is any more a saint because of his diet. He finds the new method a pleasure, not a hardship.

Rev. S. G. Bland was about to leave the Kingston Hospital when it was found that the pressure of the artificial limb upon the nerve near the knee caused him pain, and another operation has been performed, which will detain him for a week.

Daniel Hand, an aged and wealthy resident of Guilford, Conn., has given to the American Missionary Association of New York $1,000,000 to be held in trust by the association, the interest to be devoted to the education of colored people in the South.

The parish of Spencerville and Troupetown, Frontenac, to which Father McGrath has been appointed, is the eleventh formed by Bishop Cleary. The Diocese of Kingston has now the same number of parishes that it had before the Diocese of Peterboro' was formed from it.

The obsequies of the Right Rev. Bishop Welles, of the Episcopal Diocese of Milwaukee, took place yesterday afternoon in Milwaukee. The services at the cathedral were very impressive and the cortege, preceded by a procession of priests behind a cross-bearer, attracted much attention as it slowly proceeded through the city to Forest Home Cemetery.

At its closing session at Montreal the Evangelical Alliance passed resolutions that the Society of Jesus is at variance with the principles of religious freedom and empowering the Executive Committee to take such steps as to the estates as they think proper. In the evening Senator Macdonald presided. An address was given by Mr. S. McPherson, of Chicago, on "Home Mission Work." Rev. Mr. Burgess, of India, made a very eloquent address on "Foreign Mission Work," after which the Convention adjourned.

Sticking to Facts.

New tenant (in a towering rage)—"See here, sir; before renting that house for a year I asked you if any of the neighbors were musicians, and you said they were not. Sir, that's the noisiest neighborhood I ever got into. Every house on the street has a piano or cabinet organ, to say nothing of fiddles, flutes, cornets and banjos."

Real estate agent (calmly)—"My dear sir, none of your neighbors are musicians. They only think they are."

Rev. A. T. Donald presided at a largely attended flower mission service in the hall of St. Vincent Church, Glasgow, designed to attract the non-churchgoing in the parish. Each person on retiring was presented with a bouquet of flowers with Scripture text-card attached.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

A Variety of Jottings That Will Interest the Fair Sex.

SOMETHING ABOUT WINTER FASHIONS.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

Patti is singing at concerts in Wales for the benefit of the poor.

A real, live princess keeps a millinery store on Fifth avenue, New York.

Sealskin jackets, by all accounts, are to have a run greater than last winter.

Lizard skin is the fashionable material for portfolios and other articles of the kind.

Corduroy suits are to be fashionable this season in all the new colors and shades.

Hats are almost universal, but the bonnets will soon come back in great elegance.

The fur muff is to be very large and something like the ones our grandmothers carried.

A black silk underskirt embroidered in red with all the chess figures is a new and startling thing.

Umbrella handles of silver are almost as big as a muskmelon, but dudes do not find them as palatable.

The general opinion seems to be that marriage is a failure because people are not a success—*New York Herald*

Some advance girls of the period are wearing the real Scotch cap, after the manner of Roys and McGregors.

Mr. Du Maurier uses his two pretty daughters as models for his witty "society sketches" in *Punch*.—*Roseleaf.*

Jet and beaded capes are already out again, and in the sun or gaslight just as brilliant a shoulder cover as ever.

Furriers say the boa is to continue in fashion, but this may be because they have, perhaps, a large stock of them on hand.

Women's visiting cards are to continue square in shape and men's very small. This is the edict from those who deal in pasteboard.

Verigris is a new shade of greenish gray which is seen in some of the new imported models. It is very ugly in itself, but combines well with bright colors.

A curious local name for a plant is "John-go-to-bed-at-noon," applied in England to the yellow goat's beard, which opens at 4 and closes just before 12 o'clock.

One of the most desirable plots of land at Bar Harbor is owned by an Irish woman, who lives on it in a small hut. She has had offers of $150,000 for the land, but refuses to sell.

Mrs. Lizzie Hay, who, single-handed, lately gave his quietus to a Texas terror who had been in the habit of holding up stages full of men, is described as under 20, auburn-hair, and as lithe as a panther.

Black is worn in some part of the costume and helps to satisfactorily subdue the brilliancy of color which is everywhere and on every occasion so manifest. A black hat of the startling proportions of the Empire is the chic thing to wear with a bright toilet and renders it more picturesque.

"To keep a baby quiet who has passed the age when everything goes into the mouth," says the pitiless Warwick Valley *Dispatch*, "touch the tips of the thumbs and forefingers with dissolved gelatine and give him a downy feather to play with. He will spend half an hour picking it from one adherent finger to another, and so back again."

The black satin large cloak or Douillette of Louis XVI. is a very effective garment, which is more effective still when worn with the large, graceful round hat of black. It is shirred on the shoulders and falls to the bottom of the dress, a flounce of lace making the finish or in its stead sometimes a heavy ruching of pinked out satin is set about the edge all around.

The round neck takes the place of the heart shape and is becoming to women with pretty throats. One sees this on the corsages of any house gown, be it a matinee or tea gown. The Empire models have low-necked effects on garments for the street, but these pneumonia coats and wraps will be seen chiefly on the stage, as no climate such as ours can be tampered with in any such dangerous fashion.

The *Decorator and Furnisher* talks sensibly about taste: Don't put your initials or your name over everything you possess, so that people who pick up a fork or look at a pillow sham will read "John Brown, my property." It's all right to mark things of use in some such a way, but not things of beauty, and if you must so mark them make the letters small and put them on the back of the object, not on the front. The woman who wears her initials in diamonds on a brooch is vulgar. The man who prints his monogram on his china does a useless thing, for nobody is going to run away with his dishes. Don't assert too much at the table. Don't be too showy and complex. Don't make your napkin rings too emphatic and obtrusive. Put flowers on the table, but place them loosely or in glass, for if you put them in china or any other opaque substance you conceal half their beauty—namely, their stems. Don't entirely cover your wall with pictures, and when you have a picture don't let the shopkeeper kill it with a big gold frame. Try bronze or something that will relate to the picture on the wall, and not make it stand out like a big shiny spot of color and gilt gingerbread.

Thinness is Sinful.

Mr. Taplin, a missionary to whom we are indebted for an excellent account of the natives of Australia, tells a curious story against himself. "When," he says, "I asked the word for sin, they gave me one for 'thin,' and so I was led into representing that it was hateful to God for man to be thin; and that they would be condemned for it. So they came to the conclusion that it was pleasing to God for people to be fat. In fact, I had been telling them that all lean people went to hell, and fat people to heaven."

The British Company in Zanzibar has been successfully started and has conciliated all classes of natives. Dr. Meyer and Mr. Baumann have arrived safely from Pangani, where they were chained, stripped and flogged and made to work as slaves till British Indians ransomed them.

"WHAT MY LOVER SAID."

The Old Poem that is Creating a Literary Sensation all Over the Country.

Almost as interesting as the question, "Who wrote 'Beautiful Snow?'" or its predecessor, "Who Struck Billy Patterson?" is the problem just sprung upon the country by the claim of Mrs. O. C. Jones, of Vermillion Parish, La., that she is the author of the beautiful poem once attributed to Horace Greeley—"What My Lover Said." The poem is one of the gems of American literature and if a list of fifty or a dozen perfect poems by American authors were made out, it would be entitled to a place. The lines are given below. Mrs. Jones' claim has set going a controversy which promises to bring out a good deal of interesting reading. The hitherto accepted history of the poem is that it was written some thirty years ago by Homer Green, one of the editors of the New York *Evening Post*, and published in that paper modestly signed with his initials. The "H. G." was taken by many for Horace Greeley's initials, and brought out a disclaimer from him and the discovery of the real author. The *Journal of Commerce*, one of the best literary authorities in the country, published this explanation when the question was raised in 1876. Some papers are now attributing the poem to Richard Realf, but on what grounds does not appear. The Boston *Globe* publishes the verses as the work of Homer Green, whose title has not hitherto been questioned. Following is the text of the poem:

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me—
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room;
Oh! I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand, as he whispering said—
How the clover lifted its pink, sweet head,
To listen to all that my lover said!
Oh! the clover in bloom—I love it!

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low, wet leaves hurry over;
But I could not pass on either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover;
And he held me there and he raised my head
While he closed the path before me;
And he looked down into mine eyes and said—
How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead
To listen to all that my lover said.
Oh! the leaves hanging lowly o'er me

Had he moved aside but a little way
I could surely then have passed him;
And he knew I could never wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was a most dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us;
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
How the pure, sweet wind grew still instead,
To listen to all that my lover said.
Oh! the whispering wind around us!

I am sure that he knew when he held me fast
That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and would have passed,
As the night was come with its dew at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling;
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story;
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
How the stars crept out when the white moon led,
To listen to all that my lover said,
Oh! the moon and stars in glory!

I know that the grass and leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry his secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the eager lips of my lover
And the moon and stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the chill,
In the path through the dew-laden clover;
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell,
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

Why the Dog is No Longer Bathed.

"If I can't feed Jim I won't wash him," was the startling announcement which a parlor-maid hurled at the fair president of a fashionable establishment in this city yesterday. Jim is a white, curly-headed dog, whom the maid in question had hitherto kept in a state of surprising cleanness.

"What's the matter, Mary?" asked her mistress.

"Well, you see, mum, Jim don't like bein' washed, and Eliza she allers wants to feed him. Jim, he's gettin' to hate me, 'cause I wash him, and never get a chance to give him nuthin' to eat. Now, I don't want no dog, no nobody, to hate me and look at me suspicious-like: so if I can't feed him, Jim won't get washed by me no more."

And the latest intelligence from the seat of war indicates that Jim's white coat will shortly be black, for Eliza maintains her monopoly of feeding him and Mary as steadfastly declines to incur canine odium as the reward of a tedious and trying task.

A Curious Funeral Ceremony.

One curious ceremony still survives and has puzzled the learned. When a Parsee dies, a dog (originally a fox-eyed dog was demanded, but now a yellow dog with white ears is orthodox) is brought in and made to look upon the body. What the significance of this is the modern Parsis cannot explain, or rather they offer contradictory explanations. Perhaps it is connected with the Parsee tradition of the dogs of Yima, the lord of death, who has two hounds which go through the earth scenting out those who are marked for the grave, and afterward escort their souls to the place of judgment, guarding them on the way from the evil spirits. Possibly the bringing in of the dog to look at the corpse had its origin in the idea of securing the attention of the dogs of Yima to the just departed spirit and so insuring the due protection of the latter on its last perilous journey.—*New York Tribune Book Review.*

On Sunday evening Victor Hill took a buggy and drove two miles east to the house of his father-in-law, Z. Moffett, at Winchester, Ind., where his wife was staying. He entered the house, asked his wife to let him see their baby, and when she refused he drew a pistol and shot Zimi Moffett in the back as the latter was leaving the room, inflicting a slight wound. He then shot at Mrs. Warren Harper, his sister-in-law, but her corsets saved her except from a slight contusion. Then he shot his wife through the heart, killing her instantly. Armed men are pursuing him through the woods.

Dried grapes, a cheap substitute for raisins, are making their first effort for a place in the market.

A lady in Atlanta, Ga., lost her only child just one year ago, and not a day has since passed that she has not gone to the cemetery and knelt in prayer beside his grave.

DO DREAMS LAST LONG?

Some Expansive Visions During Sleep Are of But a Minute's Duration.

This interesting question has been recently discussed in Germany, among others by Dr. F. Scholz, who has given some striking examples from his own experience and observation. It is not possible to give a definite answer, and probably dreams vary much in point of duration, just as they vary in force and vividness. At one time the figures of a dream, whether they emerge from the horn or the ivory gate are as real as in life; the sorrow is even more intense, the happiness more realistic. At another time they seem to live only in a pale moonlight, and we watch the scenes rather than participate in them. It is very certain, however, that the majority of dreams are only of momentary duration, though extended occasionally to the length of a minute. In proof of this, Dr. Scholz tells the following story from his experience: "After excessive bodily fatigue and a day of mental strain, of a not disagreeable kind, I betook myself to bed after I had wound up my watch and placed it on the night-table. Then I lay down beside a burning lamp. Soon I found myself on the high sea on board a well known ship. I was again young, and stood on the look-out. I heard the roar of the water, and golden clouds floated around me. How long I so stood I did not know, but it seemed a very long time. Then the scene changed. I was in the country, and my long-dead parents came to greet me; they took me to church, where the loud organ sounded. I was delighted, but at the same time wondered to see my wife and children there. The priest mounted the pulpit and preached, but I could not understand what he said for the sound of the organ, which continued to play. I took my son by the hand, with him ascended the church tower—but again the scene was changed. Instead of being near my son I stood near an early-known but long-dead officer—I ought to explain that I was an army surgeon during the manœuvers. I was wondering why the major should look so young, when quite close in my years an unexpected cannon sounded. Terrified, I was hurrying off, when I woke up and noticed that the supposed cannon shot had its cause in the opening of the bed room door through some one entering. It was as if I had lived through an eternity in my dream, but when I looked at my watch I saw that since I had fallen asleep not more than one minute had elapsed—a much shorter time than it takes to relate the occurrence." Dr. Scholz has collected many other examples of a similar kind.—*London Globe.*

SHAM RUSTICITY.

Crazy Idea of a Prominent Society Woman at Newport.

A unique cottage entertainment was given on Monday night by a prominent society lady of Newport, R. I., Miss Gertrude Gilbert. It was termed an "autumnal oyster roast." At 11 o'clock the fifty guests were ushered into the servants' hall, which was artistically decorated. Pumpkins made into "jack o' lanterns" hung from the ceiling, and bunches of red berries, together with branches of evergreens, ears of corn, wheat, red peppers, apples and other autumnal products covered the walls and gave a warm and rural appearance. The guests then seated themselves at long tables, at each cover being a tin plate, on which were a coarse napkin, a bottle of beer and a large mug, and underneath the table a wooden pail, in which the oyster shells were to be thrown. For those who did not care for oysters, salads and pates were served. The scene was a novel one, the evening dresses of the ladies being in great contrast to the perfect simplicity of the entertainment. After enjoying the "roast" the guests proceeded to the drawing-room, and several new dances were participated in, known as "Dancing in the Barn," the Highland Schottische and "The Muffin Man," which were danced with vigor until long after midnight.

The Funniest Thing.

Mrs. Sniverly is the wife of the captain of a volunteer company. She attended a review at which her husband was commanding officer. Mrs. Sniverly laughed all the time, and when she was asked what was the cause of her merriment, she replied: "It was the funniest thing in the world to see my husband, who never dared open his mouth at home, ordering all those men about, and they doing just what he told them. Why doesn't he try that game on me?"

A 10-Year-Old Drunk in Montreal.

A very sad case of drunkenness in a minor came up before the Montreal Recorder yesterday. Tommy Nichols, the accused, when called appeared in the dock, that is, the top of a head was seen moving towards the three-feet high gate of the dock. The boy is an orphan, and was found on the street in a beastly state of intoxication. He was sent to the Reformatory for five years.

A despatch from Potenza says that there were 400 passengers on the train which was crushed by a land slide a few days ago. One hundred and fifty dead and wounded have been identified. Many of the victims are unknown. Scores continue to be unearthed. Soldiers are working hard at the wreck. The work is impeded by cold and snow. An entire theatrical company was killed. Several headless and armless corpses have been found in the neighboring river. A mother who had been driven mad by the catastrophe refused to release from her embrace two dead children. A young priest was buried for two hours, and when extricated it was found that his hair had turned white. An entire family, consisting of six persons, was killed.

Capt. R. Powell and a young man named Warfield, while engaged at Cambridge, Md., on Monday, in friendly wrestling on an oyster boat, fell overboard and were drowned.

The other day at Kearney, N. J., a fifty-foot flag-staff on one of the cupolas of the Clark Thread Mill was splintered by lightning and the building set on fire. Fifty yards distant stood the tallest chimney in the country, 335 feet high, and surmounted by a cast-iron cap weighing 16 tons, yet the electric fluid sought the flag-staff rather than the lofty chimney.

A United States guard still keeps guard over General John A. Logan's tomb at Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington.

A STORY OF PATTI.

It Took Two Hundred Pounds to Get Her Shoes On.

Of course, Col. Mapleson's book would be incomplete without some stories of Patti. On one occasion, at Boston, he tells us, when he was only able to offer the famous prima donna £800 instead of £1,000, which he had engaged to pay her beforehand for each performance, she was unwilling to receive the money.

The agent declined the money and formally announced to me that my contract with Mme. Patti was at an end. I accepted the inevitable, consoling myself with the reflection that, besides other good artists in my company, I had now £800 to go on with.

Two hours afterwards Signor Franchi reappeared.

"I cannot understand," he said, "how it is you get on so well with prime donne, and especially with Mme. Patti. You are a marvellous man, and a fortunate one, too, I may add. Mme. Patti does not wish to break her engagement with you, as she certainly would have done with any one else under the circumstances. Give me the £800 and she will make every preparation for going on to the stage. She empowers me to tell you that she will be at the theatre in good time for the beginning of the opera, and that she will be ready dressed in the costume of Violetta, with the exception only of the shoes. You can let her have the balance when the doors open and the money comes in from the outside public, and directly she receives it she will put her shoes on and at the proper moment make her appearance on the stage." I therefore handed him £800 I had already in hand as the result of subscriptions in advance. "I congratulate you on your good luck," said Sig. Franchi, as he departed with the money in his pocket.

After the opening of the doors I had another visit from Sig. Franchi. By this time an extra sum of £160 had come in. I handed it to my benevolent friend and begged him to carry it without delay to the obliging prima donna, who, having received £960, might, I thought, be induced to complete her toilet pending the arrival of the £40 balance.

Nor was I altogether wrong in my hopeful anticipations. With a beaming face Sig. Franchi came back and communicated the joyful intelligence that Mme. Patti had got one shoe on. "Send her the £40," he added, "and she will put on the other."

Ultimately the other shoe was got on; but not, of course, until the last £40 had been paid. Then Mme. Patti, her face radiant with benignant smiles, went on to the stage, and the opera, already begun, was continued brilliantly until the end.—*New York Sun.*

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

During a fight at New York between two colored women, Mary Slater and her sister, Sarah Thompson, Mrs. Slater threw Mrs. Thompson downstairs and killed her. Mrs. Slater was arrested.

In the suit at Lowell, Mass., of Mrs. Myra Beals against Dr. Augustine Thompson, of Moxie nerve tonic fame, for $50 000 for having alienated her husband's affections, the jury awarded the plaintiff $30,000.

The odor of gas on the top floor of the Eagle Hotel, of Hoboken, N. J., at noon yesterday caused the housekeeper to make an investigation. All the rooms were open except No. 14, which had been rented to a couple who registered as Mr. and Mrs. Stone Saturday night. The door was forced open and both were found lying on the bed dead.

Two ladies from Pennsylvania, who were visiting their brother, a Mr. McKinley, near West Liberty, Iowa, were killed on Friday night by a Burlington & Cedar Rapids passenger train. Their death was the result of the stubbornness of a boy, who persisted in driving them across the track when the engine was almost upon them. The lad paid the penalty of his folly with his life.

Jas. Clark, of Ludington, Mich., while crazed with liquor, attacked his mother with a large knife, and cut her throat and head in a horrible manner. The knife nearly severed her windpipe. The doctors say the woman cannot recover. Sheriff Darr was called. Upon his arrival Clark met him in the yard with a club, and a desperate struggle ensued. Clark finally dropped his club and sprang into the house, where he picked up an axe. Sheriff Darr sprang after him and shut the door from the outside. By this time City Marshal Kennedy arrived, and Clark was arrested and placed in jail.

David Sellers and his wife, living near Mount Gilead, Ohio, were murdered on Thursday night, and their farm-house was fired by the perpetrators of the crime. Their daughter and hired man, who slept upstairs, were awakened about 2 o'clock in the morning by smoke before the flames had gained much headway. They escaped, and finally succeeded in getting the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Sellers out. Both were dead. The man's head had been burned off and the woman's skull had been crushed and her jaw broken. Sellers was very wealthy, and was in the habit of keeping money in the house. It is therefore supposed the murder was committed by burglars.

He Resolved to "Foller."

"Say, boy, if you foller me any further I'll black your eye." "Will you?" "You bet!" "Real black?" "Awful black!" "Then I'll foller. If I can get a black eye I won't have to go to school for a week!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Grub Expert.

Mushrooms are nice to eat, unless they are toadstools.—*Buffalo Times.*

Jay Gould is one of the hardest men in New York to interview. It is almost impossible for a reporter who has no personal acquaintance with him to get in sight of him, either at his office or in his home.

Mrs. John A. Markle, of Fond du Lac, Wis., who has not spoken above a whisper in twelve years, was examining some goods at a bargain counter the other day, and was surprised to find that her voice had returned in full tone.

City Treasurer Harman, of Toronto, tendered his resignation on Saturday to the Executive Committee. It was accepted, and Assistant-Treasurer Coady appointed to the vacancy.