

ON THE ROAD.

My route lies over the Credit Valley. I start out with a good impression of the road, as one still free from the claws of the monster Monopoly, which Grip pictures as a beast with the back of a turtle and the head of an elephant, with an excessively grand trunk. Further, I had understood that its officials were courteous, and anxious to maintain the confidence of the people, and its employees civil and intelligent. I must confess that my experience confirmed my anticipations on these points—in short, I found the line a well-managed one compared with other lines in Canada. The morning was bright when I left the Union Depot for Orangeville. Leaving behind me the already high-lifted curtain of smoke which hung over the metropolis, losing the brief glimpses afforded of the bay, with its bright sails and busy steamers; and passing through the sprightly suburb of Parkdale, now active with building operations, so numerous as to give it and Brockton the appearance of being just turned out to order from the hands of the contractor, we dash forward at a rapidly increasing rate through the cooling morning air amid scenes of suburban comfort, till

LAMBTON MILLS is reached, two or three of the proverbial tall chimneys standing over the opposite banks of a picturesque ravine, in the bottom of which runs the Humber. There are spots here well suited for picnics, provided the owners were agreeable, and the village itself seems capable of development, especially in mills or factories.

COOKSVILLE, a quiet, unpretentious little village in a fine farming district, is next passed, and we are soon brought to

STREETSVILLE, and Streetsville junction, whose stations are only two miles apart, but whose urban proximity is such that they may almost be said to be one village. Streetsville has now about 1,300 inhabitants, and has several dry-goods and general stores in which a brick trade is done. A newspaper and a branch bank are at present among the ambitions of Streetsville, and the latter at least is seriously needed. Brampton, twelve miles away, has close relations with the village. The River Credit runs near the village in the direction of Brampton, and so on north-westerly towards Orangeville, and from this river the railway takes its name, although this is now the least important part of the road. At Streetsville junction passengers change cars for Orangeville.

BRAMPTON, a town of between 3,000 and 4,000, looks flourishing, as well as pleasant, when viewed from the station. It has a large agricultural works, several factories, and is well advanced from a literary point of view, having three good papers—the *Conservator*, the *Times*, and the *Banner*.

The country hitherto passed has been level, with fields of ripened grain continually in prospect. Now, however, the monotony of the wide stretch—at least, it is monotonous from a mere artistic aspect—is gradually relieved by undulations which break into wild and picturesque hills when Riversdale is passed, and culminate in the charming mountain scenery of the now celebrated

FORKS OF THE CREDIT.

Here a considerable elevation has been reached by the train, which winds along the skirts of the mountain, with 500 feet of craggy heights to the left above, and 300 or 400 feet of bowery ravine to the right below. On all sides the fresh green mountain trees grow luxuriantly, and where the rocks are not hidden, by these they are embowered in thick bushes of raspberries, thimble berries, and blackberries, the ripened fruit sending forth a perfume so grateful that all car windows are opened and all hands protrude their heads (if such a bull can be used) to inhale the delightful breeze. Stoutly puffs the engine as the train creeps her devious way up the heights, showing bright patches of the river which winds below. At last, as we skirt round what seems to be the highest hill we come rumbling on a bridge which curves with a grand sweep across a gorge, and here, where the two mountain streams join, are the forks of the credit. A prettier sight could not be witnessed. The bridge is 1,400 feet long, and 86 feet above the bottom of the ravine. As the train rolls slowly over, the eye takes in the clear dashing water of the two streams, which meet, embrace, and become one as they flow in quiet depths through a broadening valley where nestle, in a sort of sleepy hollow, the rustic homes of a few residents; it takes in the blue perspective of part of the long valley up through which we have come; it takes in the sudden break in the range of hills across the valley, and the wild and rugged aspect of the steep heights above. The little patches of garden below, some enclosed in rude cribs by the streamside; the rustic log bridge spanning one of the streams where sit two or three holiday-makers in dreamy contemplation; the log and weather-board houses on the other side below the great bridge, where some girls are cooking the family meals in the open air; the thin funnels of smoke reaching from the depths below to the blue heights above bringing to mind the pictures of Fenimore Cooper, or the scenes in Hawthorne—all these details make up a spectacle enrapturing to any lover of mountain scenery, and charming even to those who can only see the picnic side of nature's beauties. All that has been said of this place as a picnic resort is fully justified, and in the future it is bound to become famous. A number of parties were camping out in various spots, and already quite a number of excursions had come from the city and other points. The spot has only lately been brought to the notice of excursionists, but in a few years it must become one of the most favorite resorts.

ORANGEVILLE.

On arriving in Orangeville I found quite a crowd about the station, and the town manifested considerable interest although the day was rainy. An excursion party had come up from Toronto intending to spend a day at the Forks of the Credit; but a rain came on and the railway officials considerably showed the party to change their programme and go on to Orangeville. Arrived here the civic authorities courteously allowed them the free use of the town hall which they had their luncheon and a dance in the afternoon—all of which was much appreciated by the Torontoians

and will doubtless redound to the benefit of the town some day, as acts of public hospitality try always do. A comfortable dinner at that comfortable hotel, the Paisley House was an agreeable prelude to the despatch of business, which appeared to be good in all branches in Orangeville, from conversations with some of the firms. Several excursion parties had visited the town this year chiefly from Toronto. The Orangevillians, however, when they do not go to the metropolis to repair, when they want an outing, to the picturesque wilds of the Forks or to the charming shores of the Caledon or Mulmur Lakes—breery, clear and pleasant fresh water sheets of 300 to 600 acres in extent, in which fish and game abound to the delight of the local sportsmen. Returning from Orangeville in the afternoon my route lay over the Elora and Fergus branch of the Credit Valley which is some 27 miles in extent from the junction at

CHURCH'S FALLS.

This place takes its name on the principle on which a good many American localities receive their patronyms—because there is neither a church nor a falls to be seen. There is a small cataract, however, where runs a romantic mill and the surroundings of the place are very beautiful from a scenic point of view. The up train was somewhat late and while we waited to connect with it, the passengers wandered forth along the quiet mountain sides where raspberries were to be had in plenty for the picking. A shrill whistle echoing through the glades brought us back again and we were soon rattling through the twilight air at the rate of 35 or 40 miles an hour. Only one car combination carriage, which serves as a passenger car and baggage car, is used on this branch, but the freight business is good and is fast developing. It was quite dark when we arrived at

ELORA.

and the town, true to the best business habits, had closed its work for the day and scarcely a place, except the hotels, was to be found open. Elora is prettily situated at the junction of the Irvine and Grand Rivers, whose rocky and tortuous banks afford some lovely scenery. Just below one of the bridges is a romantic spot where a cool spring of the clearest water flows from the rock, and at the confluence of the rivers there are several caves, the well-beaten paths to which show them to be an object of considerable curiosity to visitors and villagers. Among the industries of Elora is a carpet factory which has been running with excellent success for the past year or so. They run by steam and water power and keep 15 or 20 looms in operation. The fabrics made are a kind of kidderminster, known as two ply ingrain, of which three varieties are made and about thirty different patterns turned out. They manufacture expressly for the Canadian trade, which is reached largely through John Macdonald & Co. of Toronto. Leaving Elora early in the morning I reach

FERGUS

which is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Grand River only four miles distant, Fergus and Elora are considered pretty well matched, each having its weekly newspaper, which cover about the same field as far as country circulation goes; and each having about the same population. Like Elora, Fergus is built nearly altogether of light colored stone, and has several mills and factories on the banks of the river. For some reason, however, the three or four tanneries of the town have been idle for nearly a year and the sewing machine factory has not been in operation for some time past. Building operations, notwithstanding this, are going on and a large new hotel is nearly completed.

DOWN THE LINE.

from Fergus to the main line we pass part of the rich grazing country for which the country of Wellington is famous and two or three stations, such as Douglas, Garafaxa, Hillsburg and Erin, are rising in importance.

Ambidextrous Men.

One of the New York papers not long ago had an article on right and left-handed people, or ambidextrous, in which several remarkable instances of persons possessing this faculty were given. Strange to say, however, no mention was made of Ben Luby or George Tiffany. Luby is famous as the country over, and is known as the lightning ticket seller. He travelled for many years with the largest circuses, and received almost fabulous pay, being as great a curiosity as anything to be seen in the tents. He used both hands in selling tickets, taking in money, handing out tickets and making change more rapidly with each than an ordinary ticket seller could with both. It was no unusual thing to see him select six or eight full-price children's tickets, receive a \$10 or \$20 bill, and pick out and return the change with one hand, while he was selling one or two tickets at a time and making change at the same time with the other hand.

George Tiffany, who had always had a large acquaintance with theatrical and show people, and who was a friend of Luby's, possessed the same faculty to a considerable extent, and on several occasions gave exhibitions to his friends of his ability to imitate Luby, having probably practised under his direction. He was scarcely a fourth as rapid as Luby, but was acknowledged "in the profession" to be, with the exception of Luby, the only two-handed ticket-seller in the world. Between the men, there was a marked contrast in appearance. Tiffany was very short, very stout, very jovial, and easy-going and slow in speech at nearly all times, always ready for a joke, and generally liked by his acquaintances, while Luby, when not at his post, appeared rather taciturn and gloomy, and even among the most intimate friends rarely appeared amused at anything, and seldom laughed or smiled. Both were particular in dress, but while Tiffany's appearance was unassuming in the ticket office, Luby's was the same place was metamorphosed. His hair was combed and waxed up, his eyes were darkened and his face generally followed his eyes seemed to look back in his head and bright besetting spots, appeared on his cheeks which looked drawn and sunken. At those times he was a curious study to the medical men who saw him at his busiest moments, and more than one expressed the opinion that he could not

The Hay Field.

Instances of people who write and make figures with both hands are by no means rare. In the old St. Louis *Democrat* office, before the partnership was dissolved, two accountants were employed who, in posting the books, generally made figures with one hand and posted the items with the right. A bookkeeper in one and a cashier in another large wholesale house in St. Louis now work in the same way, and a reporter on a morning paper writes with either hand, and it is impossible to distinguish any difference in the formation of the letters.

A more remarkable instance of dual faculties than any mentioned is that of a gentleman well known in St. Louis, Mr. E. C. Lackland. Mr. Lackland was for some time Treasurer of the Fair Association, and excited no little attention and remark among those who saw him using alternately either hand in writing letters or messages. The on-lookers were, however, still more astonished to see him when in a hurry grasp a pen or pencil and write rapidly with both hands, and would have been yet more amazed had they known that the messages he was at work on at the same time were addressed to different people and entirely different in character. When not busy enough to employ both hands, he generally uses the left, but the character of the chirography is the same, and it is doubtful if he himself knows

the difference. He does not seem to consider himself possessed of an unusual gift or talent, and would, no doubt, have been much amused had he heard the remark made by an acquaintance, who, after seeing him write two letters at once, confidentially informed a friend that he must have his brains parted in the middle or be possessed of two sets. The science of medicine teaches that unusual mental strain or activity correspondingly depresses the system physically, but the rule evidently does not apply to Mr. Lackland.

The Rescue of Niagara Falls.

More than once we have spoken of the fatal injury done to the State of New York and to the national character itself, by the desecration of Niagara Falls. In the letters of correspondents during this summer we have observed a complaint of the diminishing public interest in the Falls as a resort, and of the great falling off in the number of visitors. This is due to the total want of care in preserving the attractive character of the neighborhood. Every kind of disagreeable object is huddled along the shore, until the complete vulgarization of all the approaches and points of vantage, the nuisance of encroaching buildings and hackmen and Indian shops, and a multitude of petty annoyances, fairly repel the visitor, and give a worst of reputations for comfort and agreeability to a resort which should be among the most delightful in the country. When the immediate neighborhood of Niagara is covered with factories and tenement-houses and their dependencies, the sublime spectacle, one of the true wonders of the world, will be effectually and forever lost as an influence of moral elevation and happiness. And this fate is already impending. One of the islands has been already ruined as a part of the landscape; others are threatened. The bank all along the American rapids has been shorn of foliage, of trees and vines, and covered with mills, barns, sheds, and unsightly structures. In two years the youngest heir of the Goat Island estate will come of age, and the island will be then sold and covered with factories. This is the time for action to save Niagara Falls. A few months later, even, will be too late. Is it worth while to preserve this natural wonder for the delight of the world? If it is, what shall be done?

Niagara is a great water-power, and there is no need of losing it as such. But that is not the question. It is not whether Niagara is more valuable as factory power or as beauty and sublimity, but how it shall best serve both us and beauty. The answer is simple, for the situation is obvious. The river above the Falls lies high over the lower country. Its power is available everywhere. By drawing it off above the cataract, and reserving a little space of shore, bank, and island all around the Falls, the problem is solved: the factories are built below; the cataract is saved. A strip of land broadening from a hundred feet at the end to eight hundred or a thousand feet above the Falls, inclosing the cataract and its immediate neighborhood, and capable of such landscape treatment as to plant out every unsightly object, is all that is necessary. Such a plan was suggested four or five years ago, and was most urgently commended by leading men on both sides of the river. But it was a general proposition, evidently most proper and desirable, but involving expense and trouble. It was nobody's business in particular, and after an admirable report from Mr. Olmsted, and some attempts to arouse public interest, the subject dropped.

The representations now made, however, show that without prompt action Niagara is lost, except as a water-power. The rescue of the cataract, its proper preservation, and the permanent maintenance of its immediate vicinity as a public park, is a duty which the State of New York may wisely undertake. It is one of the public works for a high public purpose, like the gift of statues of eminent New Yorkers to the Capitol of Washington, which public opinion would undoubtedly authorize. There is no doubt that if a few active, intelligent, and interested men in the State should take the project in hand upon the general basis of Mr. Olmsted's report, inviting him to make such further suggestions as might occur, the work would be done. Suitable representatives to the Governor and unquestionably in the press would unquestionably procure a recommendation to the Legislature, which would find when a responsive public spirit, so that it would be soon sown in a fruitful soil. Let New York spare herself the shame of the pathetic oblation of Niagara Falls.—*Harper's Weekly*.

A street railway has been laid between Athens and the Piræus, which serves the whole city, passing by the Parthenon and the Acropolis. But what's prosaic, everyday sort of age this is when such things can be as horse-cars in the land of the ancient Greeks.

Why should we squander the hours in sighing?

That the dancing grasses so soon are dying? Let us be merry amid the hay. There is time enough for the coming sorrow. There is wealth of beauty around us yet; Let us use to-day and leave to-morrow, No God forgets.

Blue and bright is the sky above us, Sweet with flowers is the scented air; All things whisper that God doth love us, All sounds woo us to happy prayer; The forest glades are with joyous songs ringing, From morn to night of the happy day; Let human voices be Him be singing From fields of hay.

Nothing is coming that need oppress us; The time of the festive, sweet hay-making; God is our Father, and He will bless us, His love makes summer the whole year long. Though skies should darken and flowers be falling, Though life be stormy and days grow dim, God's power and mercy are eys prevailing; We trust in Him.

MARIANNE PARINGHAM.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

How the Children Raised Money for Charity.

Many years ago in a little village among the hills, lived some children whose names you would know very well if you saw them here; but it would not do to make them public, for, to tell the truth, some of them have not grown any older yet in heart, although their merry faces are wrinkled with the smiles of age, and the tops of their heads resemble snow-drifts. As they lived long before the iron horse had dug through the mountain barriers, only one of them had ever seen a city. He had made a trip to Boston on the stage, starting before daylight, and riding all the next day and night over the route now travelled by the express train in a few hours. The hero of this remarkable expedition was named Joseph, and, like the "dunces who have been to Rome," he seldom failed to allude in every possible manner to his adventures abroad. So, when the children met to discuss the project of giving a theatrical performance in order to raise money enough to buy a Thanksgiving turkey for a poor widow, Joseph was, of course, chosen manager, because he had seen a real play at the Museum.

"My friends," said the oracle, in his opening speech "you will need a curtain, and a place in which to hang it." "My father will let us use the mill-chamber," said blue-eyed Katy, the miller's daughter; "for the stream is so low that he will not work there for a month, and there are lots of boards which we can use if we do not spoil them." "Very well," said Joseph; "to-morrow will be Saturday, and we will meet at the mill to build the stage and cast our plays; so let us all bring any pieces of cloth we can borrow, and as many play books as possible."

So that bright afternoon sun, as it shone cheerily through the chimneys and cracks of the mill-garret, lit up the bright faces of the children who were preparing for the opening of their theatre. The boys first brought up the boards and carefully piled them at the western end of the room, until they had formed a platform three feet high across one end of the chamber, while the girls sewed and mended the motley strips of cloth or rag-bags—the odd combinations of materials and shades thus obtained producing an effect very much like some of the grotesque draperies which the modern art-lovers profess to admire. The most showy piece was chosen for the central curtain, upon the edge of which brass rings were sewed. The boys next stretched a wire across the room at just the same distance from the stage as the height of the curtain, on which the girls had strung the rings before it was fastened in place. A post was then put up at each side of the curtain and securely nailed to the stage and at the top beams of the room, and the two other pieces of cloth tacked, one on each side, to the post and to the sides of the room. Two other curtains were made, large enough to fill the spaces from the posts to the back of the room, thus forming a dressing-room on each side of the stage, the entrances to which were made by pulling away the curtains at the front and rear corners, as required. The only change of scene from interior to exterior was made by pine-trees fastened in various positions, which could be placed in the completed stage, and the busy children grouped themselves in restless attitudes upon it, to select and cast the play. "Linnæus's works had, at that time, little place among the libraries of the simple farm-folk, who were content with 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Fox's Martyrs,' and the weekly visits of the *Laughman*. But the lawyer's daughter, Annie, had brought a volume of Shakespeare's plays, and golden-haired Mabel had her 'Mother Goose,' the best and only play-book she had ever known.

"Shakespeare," said Joseph, "is a good writer, for I saw one of his plays myself. 'Hamlet,' for I know how to act." The children, of course, agreed, and each accepted the part which the manager assigned to him or her. Maggie was to be the Queen, because she was so tall, and Dick was unanimously chosen for the Ghost, because he was so thin. Bill Jones was offered the part of Polonius, because he liked to use big words; and sweet Mabel Drake took Ophelia, because she had lovely long hair and a brand-new white dress. Leetie was given to Sam Williams, because he was a good singer; for they thought to have the combat with fists, as swords were very dangerous,

even if they could get any, which they could not. The only sword in the village was somewhat damaged through long use, and was poked by old Squire Hawks, who was when he was not chosen captain of the militia. The minor parts of the play were given out by lot, and thus some of the girls had two or three each, as there were many, and all were told again to come Wednesday, ready for rehearsal.

When Wednesday afternoon came, they did not know their parts, for the words were so long and hard they could not remember them, and it seemed impossible even to the energetic Joseph to have "Hamlet" acted by Saturday afternoon, the day announced for the opening of the show. So Stephen spoke was given up, and little Mabel ventured to say that he was not half as good as Mother Goose. Struck with this idea, the children gave up their search for the play, known, and wisely resolved to content themselves with something less ambitious. Mabel Drake, in full costume copied from a picture, read the rhymes as they were written with spirit by those who knew and loved them. Joseph resigned the part of Hamlet for that of *Bobby Shaftoe*, and sweet Mabel Jones brought tears to the eyes of all as she knelt at the flax-wheel in grief for the drowned sailor, who returned triumphant in the next scene, in a neat sailor-suit, which seemed to have passed through the storm and wreck unharmed. Maggie looked and acted the tall daughter to perfection, and little Mabel was lovely as the bride, in pink bonnet, as she rode proudly in the white barrow, the chosen bride of little Eddie, who preferred her to the short, the greedy, the progressive girl of the period. The children of the delighted parents of the children on that memorable Saturday, at the entrance fee of ten cents each gave to Widow Simpkins such a Thanksgiving dinner as she had never had before.—*6, 1 Bartlett, in St. NICHOLAS for September.*

MORSELS FOR SUNDAY CONTEMPLATION.

Hope is a fatigue ending in a decepcion. Man pardons and forgets; woman pardons only. Merit is born with men; happy those with whom it dies. Love comes when we expect it the least and dreads it the most. The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness. To be faithful without loving is to hate the patriotism of virtue. Every one of our actions is rewarded or punished, only we do not admit it. Women love themselves as much as the men; men as much as they wish to. Hate enters sometimes into great souls envy comes only from little minds. Where there is much pretension much has been borrowed; nature never pretends. There are few people more often in the wrong than those who cannot endure to be so. We should not measure the excellence of our work by the trouble it has cost us to produce it. Human nature is so constituted that all see and all judge better in the affairs of other men than in their own.

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first; because one cannot hold out that proportion. To pretend to have many good friends is a sweet illusion of people who believe that they merit the affection of others. All the while that thou livest ill thou hast the trouble, distractions, inconveniences of life, but not the sweets and true use of it. We ought in humanity no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. There is no secret in the heart which our actions do not disclose. The most consummate hypocrite cannot at all times conceal the workings of the mind. Our affections are like our teeth; they make us suffer while they are coming, after they have come, and when we lose them. They are not less the smile of our life. In youth, grief is a tempest which makes you ill; in old age it is only a cold wind, which adds one more wrinkle to your face and one more white lock to the others. The best rules to form a young man are to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions and value others that deserve it.

It is a secret known to but few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation the first thing you should consider is whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. What makes us like new acquaintances is not so much any weariness of our old one, or the pleasure of change, as disgust at not being sufficiently admired by those who know us too well, and the hope of being more so by those who do not know so much of us. Allow no man to be so free with you as to praise you to your face. Your vanity by this means will want food. At the same time your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified; men will praise you in their actions; where you now receive one compliment you will then receive twenty civilities.

It is an old saying that charity begins at home; but this is no reason it should not go abroad; a man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he might have a preference for the particular quarter or square, or even alley in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.

These are sensible remarks. A pastor's business is with the souls of his flock, not with the fashion of their dress or the style of their hair. A girl who "bangs" her hair may be a very pious and modest young girl; while she who prefers her's straight without, is just as likely to be everything that she should not be. There is no saving power in bangs, but a girl's chances of salvation are not heightened by denying herself "bangs and buttons." And besides, the girls won't mind, any way, so where's the use of anathematizing them?

The following item is given in consideration of those of our readers in search of just such an article as is to be found in the following statement of A. Clark, a well-known lady of mines:—"I cannot refrain," said she, "from bearing testimony to the effects produced by the use of the remedy in the world, St. Jacob's rheumatism. I had rheumatism and did not walk a step for five years; but this is no reason it should not go abroad; a man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he might have a preference for the particular quarter or square, or even alley in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole."

MINUTES SELECT READINGS

Foreign, Domestic and News—Comise, Fitzay and Pointe DOMESTIC.

How J. A. Chapleau has gone to E. The new Steamboat Inspection Act. How J. A. Stephenson, Inspector of Coal, has gone to the North-west. Church, Montreal, has been a number of Jews, and will now be a theatre to a synagogue. Stirling, recently, Albert Tuck, a piece out of the n. A valuable Clydesdale horse a Montreal recently by the steamer for Messrs. Jeffrey Bros., of W. The arbitration of the press has for Dominion Government to grant vessel relief they asked in the ma. Joseph Ostrog, of Rednersville, from a wagon in Ameliabur, in his head, producing concussion.

In the absence of Col. Gzowski, the mitchell will be fired under the direction of Lieut.-Col. Kirkpatrick, of the Council of the Dominion Association. The first sod of the Murray Canal was turned Thursday last by Mrs. widow of the late Mr. Joseph Keele, in the presence of an enthusiastic gathering of about 6,000 persons. Two men in removing a dumb canister from a blasting in Lacey city's mine near Sydenham, caused an explosion, which seriously injured the miner as she had never had before.—*6, 1 Bartlett, in St. NICHOLAS for September.*

The Texas cattle fever has spread to New Jersey. The Dakota farmers have petitioned the free entry of steam ploughs to their farms. The Lake Superior iron ore into the iron manufacturers in a United States Tariff Commission for. Farmers in New York State, who cattle fever ravages have caused are anxiously awaiting action by authorities. The Citizens' Committee of York South Carolina, have notified two missionaries to leave, with the al of hanging. At Philadelphia recently a mort recorded for \$160,000,000, executed Philadelphia and Reading Coal Philadelphia and Reading Coal Company.

The New York Central Railway contemplate building a fifth track from New York, to be devoted exclusively to the important and constantly increasing cattle trade. The Hungarian harvest is an one. Johann Hallig, the celebrated pianist, is dead. The first Chilean Minister to Mexico presented his credentials. President Grevy has gone to Jun remain away from Paris a month. Upward of 500 natives were killed by cholera in one of the Philippine on two recent days. Sara Bernhardt, after performing for, Eng., was seized with a stroke of blood. The net debt of the city of France last was 96,503,000 francs, a 1,896,000 compared with the same year.

At a meeting of 300 Dublin patriots were passed expressing their disapproval of a grant similar received by the constabulary. The Irish constabulary at Corraduated the manifesto demanding of discharged constables. Fredrick Godfrey, the well-known musician, is dead. He had master of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues) and he was a brother of the band-master of the Guards. There is no truth in the report that Barry has entered into an engagement with Mrs. Verhoff, of the German New York, for a professional United States.

The performance of Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," the leader of the Birmingham festival, called for a Thursday last. An audience of nearly 3,000 people, Cardinal Newman and many leaders and celebrated musicians. Gounod led the performance. The following item is given in consideration of those of our readers in search of just such an article as is to be found in the following statement of A. Clark, a well-known lady of mines:—"I cannot refrain," said she, "from bearing testimony to the effects produced by the use of the remedy in the world, St. Jacob's rheumatism. I had rheumatism and did not walk a step for five years; but this is no reason it should not go abroad; a man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he might have a preference for the particular quarter or square, or even alley in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole."

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