The Bloodhounds a Failure.

The attempt to make use of bloodhounds in tracking the Whitechapel murderer has been a conspicuous failure. The dogs employed seem to have come from a private kennel, those with which Sir Charles Warren has been experimenting having proved worth less in all the preliminary tests. The idea of using bloodhounds as trackers in the heart of a densely populated district was so preposterous that it is amazing that it should have been seriously entertained by the chief of the metropolitan police. The best-nosed dog ever known could not have followed the trail of his master over the streets of London with a stale scent crossed at every pace by a fresher one. How any experienced official could have imagined that a bloodhound could sucseed in tracking a stranger over ground where confused and unfamiliar scents were numerous passes comprehension. It is not probable that Sir Charles Warren ever believed that his desperate expedient was practicable. His idea must have been to impose upon the credulity of the people of London by encouraging them to think that the chief at Scotland Yard was an official of extraordinary resources and original power.

The fact has been established by experiments in the field that the scent which a good-nosed dog ordinarily follows is an emanation from shoe leather. An investigator, who made a number of striking tests with setters and hounds at a Scotch shooting box. discovered that he could invariably throw his dogs off the scent by changing his boots for a pair belonging to a companion or by running in stockings or barefoot. The the murder. As for the theory that bloodhounds could track him with the adventitious aid of the smell of blood on his clothes. it is untenable in this instance since he apparently is remarkably successful in escape irg blood stains, which, indeed, would inevitably lead to his detection in the streets. If such a murder were committed in the country, and the body were dragged any distance and concealed or buried, the dogs would easily succeed, ferret it out, and possibly in the open fields or roads be able to follow the murderer. In overcrowded London no such result could be hoped for with The facility with which the mur derer could throw the hounds off the track, and gain upon them even if the scent were hot, would inevitably baffle them. By taking a cab or the underground railway he could break the trail and in a short time place miles between him and his pursuers.

To Cure Nervous Horeses. Finely bred, intelligent horses are very often nervous They are quick to notice, quick to take alarm, quick to do what seems to them, in moments of sudden terror, necessary to escape from possible harm from something they do not understand. That is what makes them shy, bolt, and run away. We cannot tell what awful suggestions strange things offer to their minds. For aught we can tell a sheet of white paper in the road may seem to the nervous horse a yawning chasm, the open front of a baby carriage the jaws of a dragon ready to devour him, and a man en a bicycle some terrifying sort of a flying devil without wings. But we find that the moment be becomes familiar with those things or any other that affright him. and anows what they are, he grows indifferent to them. Taerefore when your horse shies at anything, make him familiar with it; let him smell it, touch it with its sensitive upper lip, and look closely at it. Remember, too, that you must familiarze both sides of him with the dreaded object. If he only examines it with the near nostril and eye, he will be very likely to scare at it when it appears at his off side. So then rattle your paper, beat your ass drum, flutter your umbrella, run your ... by carriage and your bicycle, fire your pistol, and clatter your tinware on both sides of him and all around him until he comes to regard the noise simply as a nuisance and the material objects as only trivial things liable to get hurt if they are in the way. He may not learn all that in one lesson, but continue the lessous and you will cure all his nervousness.

A Clever Rascal.

Some clever rascal in London advertised that he would on receipt of sixpence in stamps, return to the sender one shilling. The advertisement was published prominently enough to attract considerable attention, and it naturally excited remark. To most persons it seemed a very transparent humbug, too silly to be called a fraud, but there were a few curious individuals who determined to see whether the advertiser was a crank or had some game, so they sent on their sixpences. By return mail each one received the shilling. A few days after, the same advertisement again appeared in several of the newspapers, and every body who had tried it before told all of his friends about The result was that several hundred sixpences were received; and next day as many shillings went back. The third time the advertisement appeared the mail received by the clever sharper was simply enormous. Letters came from all parts of the kingdomand from all sorts of people, high and low, rich and poor. The rogue pocked several thousands of pounds, and, curiously enough, neglected to make any returns.

Irish agriculture continues to decline. Last year tillage decreased by 18 000 acres, and grass lands increased by 50,000 acres.

An ingenious inventor has devised a new screw-half-nail and half-screw; two blows of the hammer, two turns of the screwdriver and it is in. Its holding power in white pine is said to be 332 pounds against 298 pounds the holding power of the present screw.

A farmer in the neighbourhood of Lambourne, England has just lost a valuable cart colt from a very extraordinary cause. The colt had for a long time suffered very much from breathing, and had been attend ed by a veterinary surgeon who performed an operation on the throat to relieve the breathing, but all to no purpose, and the horse's suffering increased so much that it was pitiable to see it. The farmer determined therefore to put an end to its misery by having the animal shot, which was accordingly done. The carcase was cut up. and on severing the neck at the shoulders, to the astonishment of those present, a fairly sized toad was observed to crawl out from the opening in the windpipe, and the extraordinary cause of the poor animal's sufferings became at once apparent. The toad was almost red when extricated, but ater it assumed more of its natural colour.

An Impending Danger.

It is right and proper for the American editor to impart to the general public such items of news as may be conducive to its happiness.

The reader should be told when he may change his flannels without incurring the danger of having to don a subsequent sarcophagus. He should be warned in time not to inhale the loaded cucumber, which goeth about like a roaring lion seeking by whom it may be devoured.

It is to the newspaper that the public should look for advice for whom not to vote

and how often. It is the province of the newspaper to give the public reliable information at what drug store to procure the proper antidote, if he is suffering from a digrified liver.

dignified liver is one that has become hightoned and refuses to work. In a word, while there is no kind of useful information that should be withheld from the public, yet we do not think that

treated like an offensive partisan. For instance, articles have been going the rounds of the press to the effect that the earth is gradually becoming cooler, and that -including, of course the human racewould be destroyed by the cold. These predictions have often brought on the hottest kind of a summer, and the people have suffered from prickly heat and disappointment in consequence.

On other occasions, the press has warned the public that the planet was getting elude pursuit by changing his shoes after he hotter, and such predictions have usually exactly the reverse of all these things. If a had gone a short distance from the scene of | been followed by cold waves that made the | man be quick-tempered, if he give way to trade in summer clothing ..

This sort of thing destroys the confidence which the people reposes in the press, and is calculated to lessen its influence for good. People simply say that an editor is little better than a liar.

Just now, for instance, there is an tronomical article going the rounds of the press to the effect that the public should be ready to dodge, as a star known to the police by the name of Arcturus, is a bad Indian and is heading this way, and unless he is captured by the U. S. troops and put back on the reservation he will make it lively for everything that wears hair when he strikes the white settlements.

This is what Professor Proctor says: "The result of the observation these doings, recently, made at Greenwich observatory, numbering 200 and extending over a period of five months, is the clear establishment of the star's movement toward the earth head on at the rate 3,600 miles a minute, 180,000 miles an hour, and 4,320,000 miles a day.

As we have already intimated, we deprecate sensationalism. Prof. Proctor and all the other star inspectors may understand their business, but the public has been fooled so often that nobody is going to pay pew rent and lead an upright life on such encouragement as is contained in the above quoted paragraph.

May not Arcturus' high rate of speed be accounted for by the supposition that he is being pursued by a hornet, or a deputy sheriff, or Mrs. Arcturus? May he not be some celestial bank cashier who having heard about Canada. is anxious to join the American colony at Toronto?

We have casually examined Arcturus through a quart telescope with the stopper out, and can see no cause for alarm. We believe that as soon as Arcturus sees that we are not going to scare worth a cent, he will discover that his motion is orbital. For a time he will appear stationary, and then recede with his tail coiled up between his hind legs.

At any rate, we will not let Arcturus get Gaelic. the drop on the reading public. We shall continue our observations from time to time, with a telescope of increased magnitude, and if we see the but of a pistol protruding from beneath the horizontal coat tail of the heavenly visitor, we shall issue an extra in time for regular subscribers to load their shotguns.

Going Home From the Lecture.

Young Theologian-"Miss Buxon, are you not oppressed with a sense of your own insignificance when you gaze up into the blue vault above us, and think of the myriads of whirling worlds that encompass this little globe of ours? And when you dwell on the considerations of eternity, and the infinity of space, do you not experience an unaccountable yearning for more knowclearer comprehension of those sublime mysteries in the spiritual and material universe, which all our most earnest mental efforts so miserably fail to penetrate?"

Miss B.—" Well, no. Mr. Surplice. have not been oppressed with a sense of my own insignificance since I was weighed at Uncle Fred's store last month; and I never experience unconquerable yearnings except when dinner is late."

As Bad as a Phonograph.

"Matilda," fervently exclaimed the lovefate this night. For months I have carried your image in my heart. You have been first in my waking thoughts, last in the reveries that have filled my midnight vigils, and your lovely face has been ever present in my restless dreams when sleep has kindly sought to ease the burden that oppressed me. You have been the—the—"

"The lode star of your existence and the with a cigar of his own dedication. Ultima Thule of all your hopes, Mr. Clugstone," suggested Matilda, observing that

the young man hesitated. going to say he demanded in astonishment, chined pattern. It is made quite round. Jane Wheelhouse," replied Matilda; it's the three superposed collars or with a small same thing you said to them. I can repeat | hood. the whole speech, Mr. Clugstone."

Twas Hard Work.

lark, but returned after the session with discussed. rather a careworn expression of counten-

"I did not like it." " Why not?"

"Oh. I had to work awful hard."

"What did you have to do?" "I had to keep still like everything."- Quick Temper.

A matter not unworthy of remark is the most universal claim laid to that supposedto-be undesirable possession, quick temper. "I have a frightfully quick temper !" is an assertion often made without any sign of regret, rather with evident self-complacency. And how often, when, with the intention of saying something pleasing, we remark with saying something pleasing, we remark with the sweetness of a friend's disposition to the friend in person, as we are met with the reof Sundays. I jist sit here to home and ob a coon dis mornin' an' I'se got de maleria don't go nowhere nor see nobody to talk to; so bad dat yo'll recognize it soon's line. friend in person, as we are mes with the one don't go nowhere nor see nobody to talk to; so bad dat yo'll recognize it soon's de win't ply,." Oh, you're quite mistaken; I'm one don't go nowhere nor see nobody to talk to; so bad dat yo'll recognize it soon's de win't be but that don't make much difference, for I blows your way." of the quickest-tempered people in the world !" given in a tone that does not imply modest deprecation of a compliment, but a decided sense of unappreciated merit.

Now, this willingness—eagerness, it may even, without exaggeration, be called-to be convicted of what is acknowledged to be a fault, strikes one as a curious anomaly. No one would answer, if told, "You are very truthful," "Oh, no, I'm a constant. liar;" nor, if complimented upon consistent attention so her own business, would rethe editor should tamper with the planetary spond, "On the contrary, scandal-mongersystem and predict that the earth will be ing is my favorite occupation." At least, no one would give either of these answers in the serious way in which the claim to the possession of a hot temper is made. May there not be, underlying this inconin a short time all the lower brute creation sistency and explaining it, a misconception of the real meaning and source of a quick temper? To many minds this undesirable trait seems to be the outcome of many very admirable qualities. To be hottempered means, inferentially, in such mental vocabularies, to be generous, and largeminded, and unselfish, and, after a lapse of time, forgiving. But I maintain that it means readers howl with face ache, and ruined the anger quickly and unrighteously (for I leave out the question entirely that righteous wrath which rises for good reasons only, and is quite a different matter from temper), he is not genenous, for he shows no regard for the comfort of those around him; he is not unselfish, for it is safe to say that in nine cases out of ten, if not in ten out of ten, his fury is kindled by some fancied slight to himself and is allowed to blaze simply as an illumination in honor of his self-esteem; he is notfergiving, because, though he may recover quickly from his aberration, and soon be perfectly urbane to the whilom victim of it, the restoration is simply forgetfulness, and to forget the injury inflicted upon another by his own hasty words is by no means synony mous with forgiveness of injuries he himself may have received. Last of all, he is not large minded. I am convinced that a quick temper is an unfailing indication of a limited intelligence and a lack of mental quickness. If the mind were large enough to grasp the true relations of things, to see how small a of something more than 50 miles a second, point in the universe this temper-rousing episode occupied, and if it could see this quickly-in a flash of thought-the outburst would ed: "He is so absent-minded."

At a Fishing Village in Scotland.

Many fishermen with their bags were on their way to the station, for the fishing season as almost over. So they said. But were one thousand boats came in, and twenty thousand fisher-folk were that day in Fraserburgh, to us it looked little like the end. In all this busy place we heard no English. Only Gaelic was spoken, as if we were once more in the Western Islands.

It was the same in the streets. The day's work in the curing houses was just about to begin. Girls and women in groups of threes and fours were walking toward them. In the morning light we could see that the greater number were young. All were neat and clean, with hair carefully parted and well brushed, little shawls over their shoulders, but nothing on their heads. They carried their working clothes under their arms, and kept knitting as they walked. Like the men, they all talked

When they got to work we found that those strange stuffs which had glistened in the torch light were aprons and bibs smeared with scales and slime, that the white head-dresses were worn only for cleanliness, that the shining masses at their feet were but piles of herring. I have never seen women work so hard or so fast. Their arms, as they seized the fish, gutted them, threw them in the buckets, moved with the regularity and speed of machines. Indeed, there could not be a busier place than Fraserburgh. All day long the boats kept him." coming in, nets were emptied, fish carted away. The harbor, the streets, the fields beyond where nets were taken to dry, the curing-houses, were alike scenes of industry. If the women put down their knives it was fied..." only to take up their knitting. And yet these men and women, working incessantly tra. ledge, greater capacity of intellect, and a by day and by night, were almost all Western-Islanders, the people who, we are told, are so slovenly and so lazy! No one who comes with them to the east coast for the fishing season will ever again believe in the oft-repeated lies about their idleness. [Harper's Magazine.

The Governor's Only Joke.

"The only time," said Mr. Hamlin, "that Gov. Elward Kent was known to make a joke was one winter day, just as he was leaving Seavoy's Hotel, at Unity, in Waldo county. On getting into the sleigh he found he had forgotten to take a cigar, lorn youth, "I can no longer endure this and he called the bar boy and said : "Please suspense and uncertainty. I must know my get me a cigar." It was before the day of lucifer matches. The bar boy hurried away and pretty soon came back puffing a brand new cigar, and pulling it out of his mouth. handed it to Gov. Kent. "Well," said his Excellency. "I suppose I could stand that sasy enough before election, but it's a little too much after election." The boy went back, and finally the governor drove off page in San Francisco?" he ventured to

The Bonne femme or Bretonne cape is very useful as an autumn mantle in striped lim "Why how did you know what I was ousine or fancy cloth in a tiny check or "I got it from Lulu Bilderback and Mary | without sleeves, and finished at the top with

Power of Observation—The situation of this faculty is in the face just above the top of the nose, filling out the forehead to a level with the parts on each side of the Little Ina, nearly 5 years of age, set out nose. It is a faculty which enables one

The Emperor of Austria officially announ ance. When asked how she liked school, oes that he wants the anniversary of his accession to the throne to be commemorated only by acts of public charity. His first demand in this direction is a request that no addresses or deputations make him their victims. A discerning public in Austria and elsewhere will please take notice what constitutes real charity.

Her Sad Affliction.

"Is this the right road to Wheatville?" saked a man on horseback of a woman standing in the yard before a little log cabin on a Western prairie.

"Wheatville?" replied the woman. "On Wheatville ain't but just a little ways | color line." from here. Going there on business, I from here. Going there on bushing it am de cotagion o' bad breff dat makes ain't no talker nowhow. My me n kin talk fer you. Better light off and come in and set till he comes and he-"

"Thank you, but I must go on, if you "He is a talker. I've often thought that if I only had his gift o' gab I'd be glad.

hate to be so tongue tied I can't say a few words now and then. That's a right neat nag you're a straddle of. 'Bout six year old, I reckon. I like to see a good hoss myself, and they ain't nothin'll ketch my old man's eye quicker'n a good hoss. He kin talk on the hoss subject, he kin. Wisht could talk 'bout anything; it ain't in me to, for-"

"Which road do I take?" "As I was sayin', talkin' ain't my fortey, but I like to pass the time of day or speak nivil to a stranger passin' by same as you You're a steanger in these parts reckon! Yes? I allowed you was soon as I clapped eyes on you. Where might you hail from?

"F.om Michigan, but I really must go on, "From Michigan? You don't say Well, well! I ain't no talker, as I say, but it sort o' gives me courage to try to open my mouth to hear any one say 'Michigan ; why, I was born back in old Michigan, and like as not you know lets of my folks. was a Spratt 'fore I married a Beelson-Hanner Spratt-and my Spratt kinfolks is scattered over the hull State o' Michigan.

Wisht I wasn't so tongue-tied, there's so many Michiganders I'd like to talk 'bout. Ever hear o' the Higginses, or the Pd grimses, or the Sampsonses, or the Harrises ! I knowed 'em all like a book, an' so'd my old man. If he was to home you'd have somebody you could talk to. He's glib enough, but I'm so tongue-tied I-You ain't going? Wait a minuit, I-say-well, if he ain't out o' sight 'fore I got a chance to open

Mere Absentmindedness.

blamed tongue-tied."

"Now, be sure not to forget," said lady, playfully shaking her finger at her escort as he arose to stretch his legs between acts, and, turning to a lady friend, explain-

"Does he forget your letters and er rands?"

"Oh, no, indeed! He is so absent mind ed I never intrust any to him. But he forgets me. Why, only last week he went out between acts and never returned. I went home alone and found him peacefully smoking his cigar before the open fire, quite | the responsibility of great present interests oblivious of myself and the theatre. very indignant, but when I began with tears in my eyes: "How could you go off and leave me so?" the whole occurrence seemed to flush upon him. He sprang to his feet declaring he had been worrying all the evening about something he had forgotten, and so overwhelmed me with loving protestations that I couldn't talk to him very ser-

"How sad! I wonder if all men are so afflicted? My husband is. Why, I remember once he arose from the dinner table, and, feeling a slight uneasiness in his eyes, began operations upon them with his toothpick, nearly destroying his sight." " How unfortunate!

"Yes and one night I asked him to re plenish the fuel in the grate, and in a fit of abstraction he brought in a hod of water and poured it on the fire, scalding himself and bringing ruin to everything."

"Oo-h, how perfectly awful! But hadn't begun to tell you the worst about my husband. Why, it was only a week after our marriage, while walking down Woodward avenue arm in arm, he so far forgot himself as to imagine he had an extremely burdensome bundle under his arm, and off ered a newsboy a quarter to carry it for

"But war's yer bundle, mister?" the little fellow inquired. And will you believe | which is far more important. it, my Benedict deliberately handed me ever to the small boy, and I was so morti-

Her voice was drowned by the orches-

Doing as Romans Do.

A friend went to call on two charming women from San Francisco stopping at . the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He found that they would enjoy being taken out to dinner. Had they any preference as to which place to dine, he asked. Oh, yes; and to his astonishment they expressed a desire to go to certain table d'hote place that was little off color, very good eating, but rather dubious in the triflag matter of patronage. They were asked if they would like claret or chianti, and they said they preferred champagne. At the close of the meal they had brandy burned in their coffee, and each lighted a cigarette. The city man, who was a stickler for all the proprieties, could scarcely believe his senses at what he saw them do. He knew that every other man in the restaurant, and everybody, too, must consider; them "fast," to say the least.

"Do you always burn brandy in your coffee and smoke cigarettes and take cham-

"Oh, mercy, no!" the elder lady replied. "Such a thing would be monstrous there; quite a number of the other States and provinces now but here, where it is the proper thing, we in attendance. Write for rather enjoy it. It was a little difficult to fall into your naughty New York ways, at first, but we are getting on slowly." "Great heavens! I should say you were, the city man whispered under his breath.

What He Lived On.

Paterfamilias (at the supper table to Mr. Thomas Catch, Susie's beau)-"It is said that a Spaniard can live upon an onion and to visit school the other day, as gay as a concentrate the mind upon the subject being a few olives a day. It seems surprising to us, does it not?"

"Susie's Little Brother-" Mr. Catch, I know what you live on." Mr. Catch-" What, Tommy ?" Little Brother-"On your aunt; pa said

Young Man-" Will you give assent to my marriage with your daughter, sir ? Old Man (grmly) -" No, sir ; not a cent.

so."-[Yankee Blade.

The Wrong Kind of Coon.

"Been out hunting, Uncle Zeke!" "Dat I has, sah,"

Well, come over here and tell me that you got. Don't stand away over there will you felt I was an advocate of drawing the

Taint so much de color line, bon, a

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient" Catarrh is not simply an inconvenience unpleasant to the sufferer and disgusting to others—it is an advanced outpost of ap proaching disease of worse type. Do not neglect its warning; it brings deadly evils in its train. Before it is too late, use Dr Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It reaches the seat of the ailment, and is the only thin that will. You may dose yourself with quack medicines 'till it is too late-'till the streamlet becomes a resistless torrent. It is the matured invention of a scientific physician. "A word to the wise is sufficient,"

Trust not the world, for it never payeth what it promiseth.

Rattiesnakes as Food.

It was said of a strong political partition that he would swallow rattlesnakes if party interests demanded it. It is only men of this sort who, without protest, swallow the large, old-fashioned pills. Sensible people requiring medicine to cleanse their systems invariably use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pelleta They are unrivaled in all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

People are never so fortunate, or so un. fortunate, as they suppose themselves to be

The most fashionable color, at present is the hue of health, and it will never go out of style. Its shades and tints are various, but all of them are exceedingly becoming. It is perfectly astonishing whata change is being daily wrought by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the looks of sickly women. Sufferers from any sort of "female weakness" or irregularity, backache or nervous prostration should give it trial. All druggists.

The great succeases of the world have been my mouth! That's what comes o' bein' so affairs of a second, a third, nay, a fiftieth

California.

Ask for tickets via the old-established and favorite overland route comprising the Chicago & North Western and Union & Southern Pacific R'y's. Two fast trains leave Chicago daily with unrivalled accommodations for first and second-class passengers. Rates no higher than by other lines. Baggage checked through. Full information, covering rates, etc., with time table and maps, given by J. H. MORLEY, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69 Yonge st., Toronto, Ont.

Politics is but another name for God's way of teaching the masses ethics, under

Coff No More.

Watson s cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T. W. are stamped on each drop.

Immense round lace collarettes fluted a la Pierrot are in great vogue, not only for children, but also for young ladies, who also wear them of coloured crape to match the

A GOOD LIGHT is indespensible to the comfort of a family during the long winter even-Poor coal oil in a house is next thing to bad bread. Housekeepers whe cannot have gas should use Carbon Safety Oil. Sold by dealers everywhere.

There are souls in this world that have the gift of finding joy everywhere.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS - Moisture : intense itching and stinging most at night : worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S CINTHENT Stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and is many cases removes the tumours. It is equally em cacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swarm's Out. MENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for

I have boundless faith in "time and light." I shall see what is the truth some day, and if I do not, some one else will,

A Cure for Brunkenness.

The opium habit, depeomania, the morphine nervous prostration caused by the use of to acco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening o the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength from any cause whatever. Men-young, old or middle-aged-who are broken down from any of the your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of Diseases of Man. Books sent scaled and secure from observation. Address L. V. LUBON 47 Wellington street East. Toronto, Out.

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"ROUGHING

CHAPTER XV .- OUR LOGGING There was a man in our town,

In our town, in our town-There was a man in our town, He made a logging bee : And he bought lots of whiskey,

To make the loggers frisky-To make the loggers frisky At his logging bee,

The Devil sat on a log heap, A log heap, a log heap-A red hot burning log heap-A-grinning at the bee;

And there was lots of swearing. Of boasting and of daring, Ot fighting and of tearing, At that logging bee.

logging bee followed the burning llow as a matter of course. In th hen hands are few, and labour co enormous rate of wages, those ga considered indispensable, and m en said in their praise; but to resent the most disgusting pictu sh life. They are noisy, riotious, meetings, often terminating in arrels, and sometimes even in hl ccidents of the most serious nati cur, and very little work is do consider the number of hands the great consumption of

I am certain, in our case, had ith the money expended in provi e bee, two or three industrion orking men, we should have got vice as much work, and have it de nd have been the gainers in the en People in the woods have a craze g and going to bees, and to run ith as much eagerness as a peasan race-course or a fair ; plenty rink and excitement making the action of the bee. In raising a house or barn, a be oked upon as a necessary evil,

derly manner than those for loggi hands are required; and they a ly under the control of the carpe ats up the frame, and if they g bring the raising they are liable ith very serious accidents. Thirty-two men, gentle and sim wited to our bee, and the maid an gaged for two days preceding th ant one, in baking and cooking etertainment of our guests. When the quantity of food we had pr cought that it never could be en by thirty-two men. It was

therings are generally conducted

ot day towards the end of July, ad "ha!" to encourage the oxen r every side. Theer was my brother S---sank English face, a host in himse enant --- in his blouse, wi cousers, and red sash, his broad a hading a dark manly face that we een a splendid property for a ban he four gay, reckless idle sons o amous at any spree, but incapab ast mental or physical exertion, dered hunting and fishing as the

and object of life. These young ered very little assistance themse heir example deterred others who ined to work. There were the two R ---- 's, v work and to make others work wrother-in law, who had volunteen the Grog Boss, and a host of other ong whom I recognized Moodie uaintance, Dan Simpson, with his sair, and long freckled face; the he hunters, with their round, bla leads and rich Irish brogue : poor with his long, spare, consumpti

and thin, sickly face. Poor fellow ong since been gathered to his rea There was the ruffi an squatter om Clear Lake,—the dread of en; the brutal M---, who tr s if they had been logs, by bea with handspikes; and there was O with his low forehead and long no ritness of the truth of phrenological arge organ of acquisitiveness and of conscientiousness could be tak ence. Yet in spite of his derelie onesty, he was a hard-working, d man, who, if he cheated you in r took away some useful article

rom your homestead, never w mployer in his day's work. He was a curious sample of co implicity—quite a character in and the largest eater I ever chance from this ravenous propensity, is food like a famished wolf, he d his singular name of "Wittals During the first year of his se he bush, with a very large famil or, he had been often in want of ay he came to my brother, with

"Mr. S____ I'm no beggar, bliged to you for a loaf of bread o you on my honour that I have of wittals to dewour for He came to the right person w

Mr. S -- with a liber.

neved his wants, but he entailed the name of "Old Wittals," a His daughter, who was a very had stolen a march upon him in with a lad whom he by no mea with a favorable eye. When

the old man confronted her an with this threat, which I suppo ered "the most awful" punishing could devise. "March into the house, (Maria) : and if ever I catch yo comp again, I'll tie you up to y, and give you noo wittals."

I was greatly amused by o his youngest sons, a sharp Yan the remaining orb looked as if all ways at once.

"I say, Bel, how came you reation tearing lie to Mr. S-Didn't you expect that the bad habit in a boy." father, that worn't THE CHE COWS WOTH't Nor more she wor : she was in

"But the was in the peas al