Charles Dicken's Religion.

Dickens preached—not in a church nor from a pulpit, but a gospel which the people understood, the gospel of kindness, sympathy—in a word, humanity. His creed may be found in the beautiful extracts on the subject of death:

Even when the golden hair lay in a halo, on a pillow, round the worn face of a little boy, he said, with a radiant smile, "Dear papa and mamma, I am very sorry to leave my pretty sister, but I am called and I must go." Thus the rustling of an angel's wing got blended with the other echoes and had in them the breath of Heaven.—[Tale of Two Cities, book ii., chapter 21.

The dying look made no answer, I shall soon be there. He spoke of beautiful gardens stretched out before him, and which were filled with figures of men, and many children, all with light upon their faces; then whispered that it was Eden, and so died.—Nicholas Nickleby, chapter 58.

"It's turned very dark, sir. Is there any light a coming? The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end. I'm a gropin'—a gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand. Hallowed be Thy name."

Dead! my lords and gentlemen. Dead! men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And, dying thus around us every day.—[Bleak House, chapter 47.

He slowly laid his face down upon her bosom, drew his arms closer around her neck, and with one parting sob began the world. Not this world. Oh, not this! The world that sets this right.—[Ibid., chapter 65.

"If this is sleep, sit by me while I sleep. Turn me to you, for your face is going far off and I want it to be near." And she died like a child that had gone to sleep.—[David Copperfield, chapter 9.

"Don't cry. Is my chair there, in its old place?" * * * That face, so full of pity and grief that would appeal to me, that solemn hand upraised toward Heaven. It is over.—[Ibid., chapter 53.

One new mound was there, which had not been there last night. Time, burrowing like a mole below the ground, had marked his track by throwing up another heap of earth.—[Martin Chuzzlewit, chapter 19.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. She was past all help, or need of it. We will not wake her.—[Old Curiosity Shop, chapter 71.

The hand soon stopped in the midst of them; the light that had always been feeble and dim behind the weak transparency went out.—[Hard Times, chapter 9.

For a moment the close eyelids trembled, and the faintest shadow of a smile was seen. Thus clinging to a slight spar within her arms, the mother drifted out upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls round all the world.—[Dombey & Son, vol. I., chap. 1.

"It's very near the sea; I hear the waves! The light about the head is shining on me as I go!" The old, old fashion that came in with our garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. Oh! thank God for that older fashion yet of immortality! and look upon us, angels of young children, when the swift river bears us to the ocean.—[Ibid., chapter 17.

In this round world of many circles within circles do we make a weary journey from the high grade to the low to find at last that they lie close together, that the two extremes touch, and that our journey's end is but our starting-place?—[Ibid., chapter 34.

A cricket sings upon the hearth; a broken child's toy lies upon the ground and nothing else remains.—[Cricket on the Hearth, chapter 4.

"I am going to Heaven, the sweet is very near!" and the child who went to Heaven rose in the golden air and vanished.—[The Child's Story.

Love and Marriage.

Many girls when they marry know nothing at all about the science of love, or man's nature. They wish and expect to be everlastingly made love to and worshipped without being taught the way to command that love and worship, and, when they do not get it, they turn in bitter disappointment against their husband for not being what their childish fancy pictured them, blaming them instead of questioning their own common sense which would tell them that to *gain* love it must be won bravely and deservedly, won in the daily battle against self.

A MAN hunting near a stream saw his bird dog suddenly make a point from the bank directly into the water. He saw nothing but a large pickerel swimming leisurely away, which he concluded to shoot. The dog instantly retrieved it, and, on opening the fish, a fine woodcock was found inside.

A country doctor, being out for a day's shooting, took his errand boy to carry the game-bag. Entering a field of turnips, the dog pointed; and the boy, overjoyed at the prospect of his master's success, exclaimed, "Lor', master there's a covey; if you get near 'em, won't you physic 'em!" "Physic them, you young rascal! What do you mean?" said the doctor. "Why, kill 'em, to be sure," said the lad.

AFTER three years a gentleman residing in Europe visited the Zoological Gardens, Philadelphia, where a cockatoo that he had presented the society heard his voice. The bird flew about the cage in intense excitement, and when he caught sight of his old master he was frantic with joy. The door of the cage was opened, and the bird at once perched upon the visitor's shoulder and performed many tricks that he had learned in other days.

"YOU see that bay leader," said a Eureka (Nev.) stage driver: "he was put on the road six months ago, and was full of life and ambition, and it took two good men to hold him down before the start, and now he's as loggy as a dray horse. They all go that way. Horses get broken hearted. If you drive them twenty miles a day on all sorts of roads they will keep fat and die of old age, but put 'em on a fifteen-mile run where they've got to travel the same route each day and they'll die in two years with broken hearts. They can't stand the monotony."

THERE has been started in Boston a novel banking institution, designed for the swindling of women only, the privileges of which the gentler sex seem bound to enjoy. It is called "The Lady's Deposit," "a charitable institution for single ladies, old and young," and claims to pay interest at the rate of eight dollars per month on a hundred, which interest is paid every three months in advance, and both the principal and the interest can be withdrawn upon call, any day except Sunday. Of course, only amateur financiers can comprehend how a bank can pay 96 per cent. per annum on deposits, and many women, allured by so brilliant a prospect, have presented themselves to be swindled. It takes many people a long time to learn that a high rate of interest means poor security.

A LIONESS in the Royal Zoological Garden of Ireland encouraged the presence of rats in her cage, and they gnawed the bones off which the lioness had dined. The ungrateful rats, when the animal became sick, nibbled her toes. A tan terrier was placed in the cage, to save the lioness from this annoyance. She received him with a growl; but when the dog tackled the first rat, she coaxed him to her side, folded her paw around him, and kept him at her side every night.

THERE is some uncertainty as to how woodcock carry their young, both to the feeding grounds and from the presence of danger; but an old huntsman says that he saw a woodcock rising with a young bird in her feet, her long legs dangling and swinging with her little burden. She lighted at no great distance, but, as he at once came upon her, she started up, dropping the young bird in her hurry. She came to the ground almost as quick as the young one, and rose again with him in her claws.

The First Use of Ether.

In the *Journal of Science and the Arts*, published in 1816 at the Royal Institution, there is a short anonymous statement among the "Miscellanea," in which it is said: "When the vapor of ether mixed with common air is inhaled, it produces effects very similar to those occasioned by nitrous oxide." The method of inhaling and its effects are described, and then "it is necessary to use caution in making experiments of this kind. By the imprudent inspiration of ether a gentleman was thrown in a very lethargic state, which continued, with occasional periods of intermission, for more than 30 hours, and a great depression of spirit; for many days the pulse was so much lowered that considerable fears were entertained for his life." The statement of these facts has been ascribed to Faraday, under whose management the journal was at that time published. But, whoever wrote or whoever may have read the statement, it was for all useful purposes, as much neglected as was Davy's suggestion of the utility of the nitrous oxide. The last sentence quoted is it was by Pereira and others writing on the uses of ether, excited much more fear of death than hope of ease from ether inhalation. Such effects as are described in it are of exceeding rarity; their danger was greatly overestimated; but the account of them was enough to discourage all useful research. But, as the sulphuric ether would "produce effects very similar to those occasioned by nitrous oxide," and was much the more easy to procure, it came to be often inhaled, for amusement by chemists' lads and by pupils in the dispensaries of surgeons. It was often thus used by young people in many places in the United States. They had what they called 'ether frolics,' in which they inhaled ether till they became merry, or in some other way absurdly excited, or, sometimes, completely insensible. Among those who had joined in these ether frolics was Dr. Wilhite, of Anderson, S. C. In one of them, in 1839, when nearly all of the party had been inhaling and some had been laughing, some crying, some fighting—just as they might have done if they had had the nitrous oxide gas—Wilhite, then a lad of 17, saw a negro boy at the door and tried to persuade him to inhale. He refused and resisted all attempts to make him do it, till they seized him, held him down, and kept a handkerchief wet with ether close over his mouth. Presently his struggles ceased; he lay insensible, snoring past all arousing; he seemed to be dying. And thus he lay for an hour, till medical help came, and, with shaking, slapping, and cold splashing, he was awakened, and suffered no harm. The fright at having, it was supposed, so nearly killed the boy, put an end to ether frolics in that neighborhood: but in 1842 Wilhite had become a pupil of Dr. Crawford Long, practising at that time, at Jefferson, Jackson County, Ga. Here he and Dr. Long and three fellow-pupils often amused themselves with the ether inhalation, and Dr. Long observed that when he became furiously excited, as he often did, he was unconscious of the blows which he, by chance, received as he rushed or tumbled about. He observed the same in his pupils; and thinking over this, and emboldened by what Mr. Wilhite told him of the negro boy recovering after an hour's insensibility, he determined to try whether the ether inhalation would make any one insensible of the pain of an operation. So, in March, 1842, nearly three years before Wells's observations with the nitrous oxide, he induced a Mr. Venable, who had been very fond of inhaling ether, to inhale it till he was quite insensible. Then he dissected a tumor from his neck; no pain was felt, and no harm followed. Three months later, he similarly removed another tumor from him; and again, in 1842 and in 1845, he operated on three other patients, and none felt pain. His operations were known and talked of in his neighborhood; but the neighborhood was only that of an obscure little town; and he did not publish any of his observations. The record of his first operation was only entered in his ledger: "James Venable, 1842. Ether and excising tumor, $2."—*Sir James Paget, in Nineteenth Century.*

Shakespeare's Fools.

With reference to *Lear's Fool* words are more than ordinarily inadequate to express or realize our feelings. That from every point of view he is the greatest of Shakespeare's *Fools* both in conception and execution, all will admit. Here we reach the climax; to go further is impossible. Whether we consider his marked individuality, the pathetic yet tragic interest that clings to him throughout, or his position in and connection with the play, we are convinced that he has no equal. Mr. Hudson says that our estimate of the drama as a whole depends very much on the interest we take in the *Fool*, and this is scarcely an exaggeration; he is in great measure the key to the play. As with the play as a whole, so with this character, we feel the truth, the majesty, the terror of it all, but we fail in giving it expression. "The secrets of nature have not more gift of taciturnity." The *Fool* is no mere jester, no clown to make merry at another's bidding; he is a half-mad, half-inspired child of nature, giving up his heart, nay, his life itself, in a love that was very precious. The infinite tenderness of the *Fool* is, perhaps, his most marked characteristic; his whole being was centred in his master and in one of his mistresses, and with their loss he made a shipwreck of his life. In happier times he might have been as merry and light-hearted a jester as *Yorick*, and set the table in a roar with his jests and flashes of merriment; but it was not to be. The loss of his young mistress had chilled his heart—"Since my young lady's going into France, the *fool* hath much pined away;" and *Lear* loves him for this, though he will not have it named. Neither *Lear* nor the *Fool* ever name *Cordelia* to each other, and this shows that their hearts are too full for speech. There is a slight though subtle link between the *Fool* and his young mistress throughout, from this first introduction to the last despairing cry of *Lear*, "and my poor *fool* is hanged," as he holds in a last embrace the lifeless body of his daughter. But the *Fool* forgets for a time his sorrow in his endeavor to do something, however little, for his master. He rouses himself, tries by caustic sarcasm to rouse the *King* also; for from the first he seems to discover by instinct the incipient madness, and would fain charm it away, even by his very bitterness. "Faithful among the faithless," he clings to *Lear*, and can value fidelity in others, though he seems at times to scoff at it. His jests, his snatches of song, his every word, have a pathos that is most painful, and amid the dark scenes of the play are like "rockets in a midnight sky."—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

An Amusing Scene.

At a prayer meeting in one of the leading churches a few evenings since, a gentleman, well known as an active and earnest church member, whose remarks are always listened to with great interest, was making a most impressive appeal to his auditors. He was just proceeding to enforce a point by illustration, when a gentleman a few seats in front rose to his feet, and remarking that no one was occupying the attention of the meeting, asked that they join with him in prayer. The first gentleman thus summarily taken off his feet, abruptly subsided: the second gentleman prayed fervently, and though the grave face of the pastor was not illumined with a smile, the auditors could with difficulty refrain from laughter. Both gentlemen who were the innocent means of producing the amusing scene, were very deaf; the second one is also short sighted, and, sitting in front of the brother who was speaking, was wholly unaware that any one was occupying the attention of the meeting. The first gentleman, though deaf, is not blind, and the facility with which he sought his seat when his discourse was interrupted, was not the least amusing part of the scene.

Bonanza King's Palace.

The Gorgeous California Establishment of Jim the Barkeeper.

(From the Cincinnati Commercial.)

James C. Flood, one of the famous Bonanza quartet, and said to be the prospective father-in-law of the son of the man who longeth with a great longing after a third term, has nearly completed his palatial summer residence at Menlo Park, which is situated in the valley stretching along by the bay, between San Francisco and San Jose.

Most of us rejoice if we can pay for twenty-five feet front. This Flood has covered land enough to give thousands of us our four feet and a garden patch besides.

He used to keep a little grocery down near the city front, he and Billy O'Brien, the Bonanza jewel, which was taken to its final setting more than a year ago. The little shop was a favorite place with miners, and as the chain lightning he furnished slipped down their throats their tongues were loosened, and carefully guarded secrets crept out from their hiding places, and seeing their opportunity, slipped off the miners' tongues, taking refuge in the generous ears which the Isle of Erin had furnished to Jim Flood, for he was only Jim, the barkeeper, then. And so he gathered the valuable bits of information which they dropped, along with the other "bits" which rapidly filled his till.

By and by Jimmey Flood and Billy O'Brien "caught the fever," and manifested more interest in the mines of Nevada than they did in the little grog shop in town. And they bought odd claims from men who had become discouraged and lost their grip, adding to them other claims owned by men who were glad to shift to some other quarter. The people talked and said they were a choice pair of fools; that the savings of the little barroom would vanish long before they could strike ore; that the claims would not pan out well; and so on to the end of the chapter. But those two Irishmen shovelled and blasted until one day the world knew that, in spite of the croakers, they had struck it rich and were the owners of the large slice of what the world knows as the "famous Comstock Lode." The stock of their mines went up like a shooting star, changing from a few dollars to near hundreds in two or three days. Californians were nearly driven crazy over the sudden stroke of fortune and gambling in the shares of those mines made fortunes for a few, and made beggars and suicides of many.

At some point of their adventures James Fair and John W. Mackay were added to the firm, which waxed rich with marvellous rapidity.

How many millions are they worth? I dinna know, nor do I think they can just tell themselves. Probably a good many when there are marriage settlements to make, but only a few when the tax-gatherer passes by. They own a bank with a paid-up capital of between ten and twelve millions; they own a controlling interest in several mines; they own individually large sums in Government securities (Flood's interest from four per cents. amounting to $160,000 per annum): they own in Nevada water works, mills, timber lands—everything under heaven they can make a monopoly and make money out of. They are building a narrow-gauge railroad down the coast, and a good one, too; they are erecting palatial residences in and out of town. The fact is, they own—well, a good deal; among other things, the reputation of making beggars of more men, women, and children, through bulling and bearing the stock market through carefully managed misrepresentation and distortion of facts than all other causes in California.

During the excitement over the Sierra Nevada mining stocks, which in a few days rose from $4 to near $300 a share, and then dropped to $50, beggaring many who had staked their all and were carrying on a margin, perhaps, James Flood looked back to the rollicking barroom days and thought them his happiest; for an indignant public felt its fingers itching to grasp the throat of the man who, because he could not rule, had determined to ruin.

Mr. Flood has broad, liberal ideas—when "me or my folks" are concerned; he doesn't like his plebeian neighbors to come too near him: he doesn't want curious passers-by staring him out of countenance; he hasn't forgotten the "owld ancestral hall in me native land," when there was—

> Parlour and kitchen and pantry
> And pig sty—all in one.

And so be-builded with a due regard for his elevation from Jim Flood, B. K. (which the same means barkeeper), to James C. Flood, Esq., Bonanza King—alles same B. K.; you sabe?

He has a house and lot, the latter containing a trifle over 15,000 acres; quite a slick little garden patch, you see, where he can raise sass and things. But it isn't garden seed he's planting—it's money. So he is not leaving nature unadorned, but is just slinging slathers of pretty things all over his lot—artificial lakes, serpentine walks, drives which wind about here and there and everywhere, game, preserves, labyrinths, fountains, terrace walks, bronzes, statuary, and flower gardens fit for fairies to dwell in.

Leaving the lot just as electric light changes the whole scene into fairy land, we will examine the house thereon. It is of irregular proportions, the facades being 129 and 130 feet respectively, with an observatory 150 feet high. There are turrets and towers, bay windows and oriel windows, a fine *port cochere*, a grand and still a grander entrance, verandahs 25 feet wide—in fact, everything which artists could suggest to contribute to the grandeur of the building.

Examining the interior arrangements, they prove as excellent as those of the exterior, and on the same grand scale. The basement floor is divided into wine cellars, larders, fuel rooms, and has also the heating and ventilating apparatus. The ground floor contains the grand halls and staircases, the library, dining and billiard rooms, conservatory of music, dancing rooms, reception and drawing rooms, smoking rooms, a butler's pantry twenty feet square, smaller pantries, servants' offices, &c. When, on fete nights, the entire floor is thrown into one room (as, with the exception of pantries and servants' offices, it can be) the spectacle will be magnificent indeed.

The picture gallery is on the second floor. This room is lighted by handsomely-designed ceiling lights of stained glass. The remainder of the second floor is divided into boudoirs, guest chambers, family rooms, dressing apartments, and bath rooms, where one may luxuriate in the Turkish or Russian process.

The third floor is designed to furnish room for the small army of servants necessary to keep the wheels of this fine establishment greased and in running order.

Slowly descending from the heights, the mosaic work of the floors, the mantels of various colored marbles, inlaid with onyx, malachite and other costly stones; the frescoing of the ceilings, the variety of the woods used, the handsome carving and artistic finish of the entire building, is noted. Passing out through the kitchen, which is formed in one lofty story, open to and ventilated at the roof, the magnificent conservatory is next visited. This is on as grand a scale as the house, and will always furnish choice flowers in sufficient quantities to decorate all the apartments of the mansion. The rarest plants will be cultivated, with blossoms dainty enough to adorn either a bride or a B. K.

Crossing a lawn to some distance in the rear, and, to the right of the house, the stables appear. They might be mistaken for the residences of some of the people a trifle less favored than has been James C. Flood, Esq., B. K., but they are occupied by aristocratic horses, which would sniff the air contemptuously at sight of the steady-going family horse which goes regularly to mill on week days and to meeting on Sunday. There are sixteen boxes and stalls, with all the modern appliances for the comfort of the occupants.

Private gas and water works supply the entire establishment, and every detail has been carefully looked after, making this one of the most elegant private residences in the world.

STRAY SHOT.

A man's whistle is often cooked (tin-

An old march—The march of time.

A COLD SNAP—An icy answer.

WHEN a man proposes he makes his maiden effort.

THE last match in the box is most loth to go.

LEAP year doesn't amount to much—the man are so coy.

MANY a mortgagor, though poor in money, is rich in deed.

IT certainly shows public spirit in the man who contracts a disease that is spreading.

It's meat and drink that is depriving many a family of food.

UNEASY lies the face that wears a frown.

THE music of the bell is not in its tongue. Belles should remember this.

SOME students think it necessary to be behind in their lessons in order to pursue their studies.

"LOVE laughs at locksmiths," and yet there isn't anything funny about a locksmith.

No kissing by telephone for us. We prefer to take the electricity direct from the battery.

ONE of the comical sights of leap year will be a girl whispering a tale of love into the ear of a deaf man.

A POOR man was run over by a city omnibus, and the coroner's jury brought in the technical verdict—Stage-struck.

THE kind wife who has a smile for her husband when he comes into the house will not drive him to a saloon to get one.

IF they are going to rebuild the bridge of Tay, as expected, wouldn't it be a good idea to use something stronger—coffee, for instance?

JONES says it isn't the colour of her hair that troubles him in choosing a helpmate. The colour of her money is what interests him vastly more.

IT need not be inferred that railway companies are scared because they have been making tracks so rapidly.

A SAILOR is not a sailor when he is a board; a sailor is not a sailor when he is a shore; but he must be either ashore or aboard; therefore, a sailor is not a sailor.

A LITTLE snow, a little breeze, a little thaw, a little freeze, a little draft, and then —ker-ch-ch-o-o—a great big sneeze.

Colorado has uncommonly big avalanches this winter, and one of them covered a house with so much snow that the men inside were ten hours digging their way out.

A SMITE Philadelphia paper says: "A Chicago man has a woman's tooth grafted into his jaw, and now every time he passes a millinery store that tooth fairly aches to draw him up to the window.

A LIFE SAVING patrolman of New York city walked on a railroad track and was rescued by a stranger, but not till the patrolman had his leg broken and his head badly cut.

THE man who drinks continually at your expense is a mean man; the man who drinks more expensive drinks than yourself at your expense is a dangerous man; the man who drinks with you at your expense and then goes off and talks about you is the base snide.

THINGS have got to such a pass in New York that the *Telegram* says: "The decision is plain that no man can leave his home in the morning feeling perfectly sure that he will not be unjustly accused of crime and taken before a police justice ere night."

A YOUNG man winked at a woman in a street car. The girl worth half a million to whom he was engaged saw the wink and severed the silver cord right away. Don't wink when there is anything to lose.

Prussia has been less than nine years at peace, but already the stagnation of army promotion is beginning to excite serious uneasiness. During the last twenty years a comparatively rapid flow has been maintained by the successive large increases of the military forces of the country, and by the losses suffered in two great campaigns; but now fears are entertained that the old state of things, when subalterns were often gray-headed men, must return. Only 23 per cent of the major-generals now in the army can become lieutenant-generals, 69 per cent only of the colonels can become major-generals, 60 per cent only of the field officers of the army can become colonels, 52 per cent. only of the captains can become field officers; while only 70 per cent. of the subalterns can get their companies. In other words, of every 100 lieutenants who receive their commissions 70 may become captains, 36 field-officers, 21 colonels, 14 major-generals, and 3 lieutenant-generals; while, even if lucky enough to arrive at this last rank, an officer will have to serve 16 years as a subaltern, 12 as a captain, 7 as a field officer, 5½ years as a colonel, and the same period as a major-general. Assuming, therefore, that an officer enters the army even at the early age of 18, he will be 65 years old before he becomes a lieutenant-general; 60 when he attains the rank of major-general, 54 of colonel, 46 before he becomes a field-officer, and 34 before he gets his company.

How Royalty amuses Itself at Ottawa, Canada.

But the tobogganing was the real fun of the evening, and a pretty sight the great towering slide made with its rows of Chinese lanterns extending down, down a quarter of a mile into the trees, with the red glare of the bonfire to light up the cargoes of much compressed but laughing humanity, as one after the other they dashed with thirty-mile-an-hour speed down the slope with a swish and a crunch and a growl, which is the peculiar and most jolly language of the most captivating of winter sports. Now and again, but rarely, for the fates were kind last night, a load would sway wildly from side to side for a moment in its course, the steersman would give an unfortunate touch too much to right or left, and presto! all the king's horses and all the king's men could not prevent a plunge in the snow or a free-and-easy roll down the slippery path. But no one was hurt, and if there is one thing more than another which tends to make things pleasant on these occasions it is the bon camaradie engendered by a good upset.

Lord Lorne opened the ball with a "grand descent" on a much laden toboggan carrying a flaming torch of the inner rind of the birch bark. This is a paper and full of resin, it flares up with a fierce glare, and with an unearthly yell of warning down rushes the first toboggan, the flaming portions of the torch falling on all sides into the smooth white snow. Mr. Harbord and Mr. Bagot, the two aides-de-camp, and Maj. de Winton, the Governor-General's Secretary, were devoted to the sport, and the two former, with Lord Grosvenor who is now on a visit to Lord Lorne, presented appearances more remarkable for sound practical common sense than for any delicate grace of outline. For the benefit of tobogganers it may be hinted that if you take a body of average rotundity, the osseous framework being first liberally covered with a comfortable padding of softer tissue, and in addition to its ordinary raiment put on it a heavy fisherman's guernsey; draw over its legs, carefully tucking in its every-day garments, a pair of thick woollen stockings or socks; pull down over its eyes a red woollen cap and pop its hands into a pair of very extra thick mitts—you will have the last creation of man's inventive genius—the scientific tobogganer. Mrs. Russell Stephenson, sister to Lady Dufferin, and Mrs. Ruthven, who is also visiting at Rideau, ventured down under the care of Mr. Harbord, who with wonderful self-abnegation devotes himself to the service of this Moloch of a pastime. About 11 o'clock his Excellency moved toward the house, where an elaborate supper was laid in the ball-room, and where, without the ceremony of taking off wraps, his numerous guests found satisfactory means of assuring themselves that tobogganing and skating, to say nothing of curling, are excellent incentives to appetite.—*New York World.*

Kettledrums.

Kettledrums, as afternoon parties are called, are again in vogue this season, having been socially prevalent for some three years past. The name, borrowed from our British cousins, originated among the officers in India, who, with their wives, kindred and friends, gave entertainments in camp, and having no regular furniture, were obliged to use the heads of kettledrums to set cups of tea on. The name has been transferred to pacific circles and the drawing-room, though the kettle (of tea) and the drum (represented by many persons pressed together, as in a drum of figs), continue to be fitting enough. Kettledrums were introduced here after the financial reaction of 1873 as a social economy, many persons still wishing to give parties, but not feeling that they could afford the expensive evening entertainments they had been in the habit of giving. At the kettledrums only tea and coffee were served, with some light refreshments; persons were invited from 3 to 6 p. m.; ladies came in street or walking costume, keeping on their hats, and gentlemen were permitted to appear in morning or even business suits. The occasions were necessarily informal, at least much less formal than the afternoon receptions or companies. Those features of the kettledrum are still preserved, although the simple tablefare at many houses has expanded in to a luxurious board, which is out of place and needless, because nobody has, or can have, any appetite after luncheon, and appetite would be destroyed by eating anything of consequence just before dinner. At first, few gentlemen attended kettledrums; but more of them attend now, for they are generally on Saturday afternoons, when business is early at an end, and they can drop in, without any additional preparation, on their way up town. It is very questionable, however, if these parties are much liked. They are ordinarily inconvenient. Men do not go very much, and women do not care to go where men are not; and, moreover, they know that they do not look so well by daylight, and they have less excuse for setting off their charms by elaborate dress. Night appears to be the proper time for sociability, and it is not likely that afternoon parties, however designated will take the place of the time-honoured evening assemblies. Night, as has been said, shows stars and women in a better light.

Carrier Pigeons at Great Altitudes

Experiments were recently made in Switzerland to ascertain whether carrier pigeons would start at great altitudes, and would find their way from summits covered with snow as well as from less heights. Two pigeons were set at liberty on the Bergli, at a height of 8,600 feet. After perching for a few minutes on a neighboring rock, they took flight in the direction of the Eiger; but soon after they returned to the hut whence they had been liberated. They did not start again for some time, when they took the route for their cot, although, surrounded by mountains, they had not seen the country. Of these two, one did not reach its destination till seven days after; the other failed to appear. Neither (it should be said) had been accustomed to be set at liberty at a great distance from its cot. Another experiment consisted in letting off two pigeons (one of which had not been trained for great distances) about 9.30 A.M., at a point 50 feet under the highest point of the Jungfrau, or 13,750 feet above the sea level. They immediately rose, described several large circles, and took their flight down the valley of Lauterbrunnen, in the direction of Schilthorn and Schwalveren. One these pigeons reached its cot at Thun at three o'clock next day (eight hours after starting). The other did not turn up. The result of these observations is the more interesting, because in several instances pigeons let off from balloons high up in the air have seemed incapable of sustaining themselves, and have fallen to earth like an inert mass.

A College Wag.

In a certain college under Presbyterian auspices, not a hundred miles from New York, it is a rule that the students shall attend church at least once each Sunday, either in the college chapel or some church in town which they shall designate, and for non-attendance satisfactory reasons must be given. Of course on Monday mornings, when those reasons are called for, much ingenuity and some fun are brought out. In one of these interviews Prof. L—— asked a student, "Mr. C——, where did you attend church yesterday?"

"Mr. C—— replied, "The First Church, Sir."

The professor, looking a little surprised, said, "Are you not aware, Mr. C——, that there was no service at the First Church yesterday?"

This was a poser, but was coolly met by, "I mean, professor, *the first church I came to.*"

A general laugh followed, and somehow the young gentleman got rescued.

A Fable Remodelled.

Figaro has a new version of the fable of the dog who saw his visage reflected in the brook which is more applicable to modern life than the original. A dog carrying a stolen beef-steak in his mouth, comes to a limpid stream which reflects surrounding objects as clearly as a mirror. Perceiving the reflected image of himself, he thinks of seizing the piece of meat it holds, which he supposes to be real, but concludes that it would be more prudent first to devour his own piece. Then he looks again in the stream. The reflected dog has nothing in his teeth, and expresses the satisfaction of a contented stomach. "Ha!" says the dog, "that fellow had the same idea I had." And he runs away laughing.

If the storm of adversity whistles around you whistle as bravely yourself; perhaps the two whistles may make melody. If you feel an indisposition to exertion, weak nerves, pain in the back, etc., or are afflicted with any affection of the secretory organs, use Victoria Buchu and Uva Ursi. It improves the digestive powers and strengthens the weakened and debilitated secretory organs. For sale by all dealers. $1 per bottle.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam has a tonic effect on the stomach and the digestive organs, without any injurious effect on the system. It allays irritation of the bronchial tubes and stomach, removing the phlegm from the air cells to the lungs at the same time healing the inflamed or irritated parts. We have never known it to fail in giving satisfaction, when used according to directions, for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, or any other affection of the throat or lungs leading to Consumption. For sale by all dealers at 25 cts. per bottle.

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The loss of memory, the nerve and exhausted feeling, the dissatisfaction with the results of one's labours, the dull, unrefreshed sleep, the want of appetite, and neuralgia, are simply the brain and nerves calling for their necessary food. Victoria Hypophosphites restore lost energy in all weaknesses of mind or body, relieve debility and nervousness, and prevent consumption. Physicians have prescribed and recommend it. For sale by dealers.

A bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil is worth more to the sufferer than the $40,000 pearl that Cleopatra drank. It proves a sure remedy in soreness of a part, or muscular pain, Stiff Joints, Contraction of the Muscles, outward Tumours, Swelled Neck, Enlarged Glands, etc. and is unsurpassed as a remedy for Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, etc. For sale by all dealers, at 25 cts. per bottle.

Good Advice.

Now is the time of the year for Pneumonia, Lung Fever, &c. Every family should have a bottle of BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP. Don't allow for one moment *that* cough to take hold of your child, your family or yourself. Consumption, Asthma, Pneumonia, Croup, Hemorrhages, and other fatal diseases may set in. Although it is true GERMAN SYRUP is curing thousands of these dreaded diseases, yet it is much better to have it at hand when three doses will cure you. One bottle will last your whole family a winter and keep you safe from danger. If you are in consumption, do not rest until you have tried this remedy. Sample bottles 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents. Sold by your Druggist.

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All tobaccos except the finest Virginia have a pungent effect upon the tongue and will smart it if the smoking is long continued. Some of them even will blister it, or at least destroy its out raking at the point where the smoke impinges upon it. The "Myrtle Navy" is entirely free from this defect, which, together with its fine full flavour makes it a great favourite with smokers.

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TORONTO.

Brush Manufacturer.
Machine Brushes, Jas. Wilson, 64 Sherbourne st.

Barristers & Attorneys.
Watson & Haggart, 30 Adelaide East.

File Manufacturer.
Files Recut. Thos. Graham, 85 Sherbourne.

Furniture.
Oshawa Cabinet Co., 97 Yonge street.

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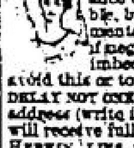
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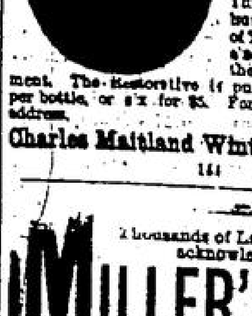

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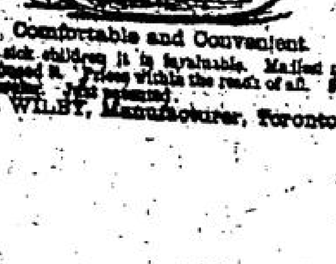

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