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Novels. What we seek in novels is pleasure. If information or philosophy be found in them, their presence is incidental, if not accidental. If we are to find information or philosophy in a novel, we are sure to find out the nature of his pleasures.

Novels. Many who recede from association with vicious companions do not hesitate to read vicious books; but the book can do as much mischief as the companion, if not more. In intercourse with others we are active, and may influence them as much as they influence us; but we yield ourselves to the power of a book passively, especially when we read it for the very purpose of having our passions stirred.

Novels. A novel may do harm by being one-sided as well as by being radically bad. Dickens, with all his merits, is chargeable with this fault. He is a well-to-do, comfortable, and lawless and lustful hero of some French romances!

PETER S. GIBSON, CIVIL ENGINEER AND DRAUGHTSMAN. Office at WILLOWDALE, Yonge Street, in the Township of York. Jan'y 8, 1873. 755

J. H. SANDERSON, VETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of Toronto University College, corner of Yonge and Centre Sts. East, Richmond Hill, Ont. Consulting with H. Sanderson, of the same place, where they may be consulted personally or by letter, on all diseases of horses, cattle, &c. All orders from a distance promptly attended to, and medicine sent to any part of the Province. Horses examined as to soundness, and also bought and sold on commission. Richmond Hill, Jan. 26, 1876. 507

LESSONS OF THE FIELD. In the hills of the field, How their leaves instruction yield; How to Nature's lesson given By the sweetest birds of heaven.

A LITTLE GEM. There's not a heart, however mild, Not half so little flower— To brighten the world— As the little gem that lies in the soil.

A CANTICLE. Oh, Love is not a summer mood, Nor flying phantom of the brain, Nor rose that fades with the dawn, Nor dream, nor fate, nor circumstance.

Children's Nerves. On the street the other day we saw a fretful mother roughly shaking and chiding for "being so cross," a sensitive child, who shrank in nervous terror from the harsh blare of a trumpet, sounded in his ears by a jolly little devil, who evidently had intended to give pleasure, not pain.

Expenditure of the Sultan. From a French account of the Sultan of Turkey we learn that the Palace expenditure has been ten millions of dollars a year since his accession. His servants number 5,000—the kitchen employing 500, the stables 400, the menagerie 200, while there are 400 mutes, 1,200 inmates. There are 600 horses, and the stables cost \$200,000 a year.

The Standing Armies of the World. Just think of it! Three millions of men, or about three-quarters the population of Canada are maintained in the various standing armies of the world. All these are snatched away from useful industries, and condemned to idleness and a vicious life, while the laboring people are taxed for their support and for the costly armaments they require.

Utilization of Cobwebs. Cobwebs have been applied to various uses. The delicate cross-hairs in the telescopes of surveying instruments are fine webs taken from spiders, of species that is specifically selected for their production of an excellent quality of this material.

Save. If the present exigency in the monetary element would only lead to a wise economy, from spiders, of species that is specifically selected for their production of an excellent quality of this material.

How to Create Business. An old merchant, whose ample fortune was acquired by judicious advertising, says: It is thought absurd for a man to sit and wait for trade. Merchants in business do not, in fact, make large fortunes. "But," say some men, "I cannot leave my store to go about and stir up my trade."

PERSONAL. BISHOP HAVEN is a millionaire. MADAME DE ROTHSCHILD wears a fur cloak valued at \$20,000 in Paris. Snug. THE EMPRESS of Eugenie, desirous of consolidating her assets, has sold her diamonds to the Maharajah of Puteela.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS. The boy who doesn't care to have a sled lives in Huguenot street. He is sick, abed, however. The day for the manufacture of good resolutions and for the turning over of the new year approacheth.

PERSONAL. MARIJA DAVIS, charged with liguamy at the Old Bailey, London, was released because the first husband being totally blind, was unable to identify her. MUSIC, after all, is not so had a business. Carl Rosa has offered Zoro Thiberg \$60,000 and expenses, for four persons for a season in the United States.

ODE TO THE SEA. Interest has been excited by the discovery of a man who coincides between the well-known passage in Byron's "Childe Harold," beginning— "Roll on, thy deep and dark blue ocean, roll!"

ODE TO THE SEA. "Or, should he force his passage there, Thou rise, mocking his despair; The shipwreck humbles all his pride; He sinks within the darkness of the sea; The surge's vast unthoughted gloom Envelops him, and without a tomb."

ODE TO THE SEA. "The pomp of human things are changed and past, The pomp of human things are changed and past, The pomp of human things are changed and past, The pomp of human things are changed and past."

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PERSONAL. MISS HATTIE MANN, of Cincinnati, wedded a young man named Perry Woodruff because he fractured his promise, thereby showing himself to be the best man of the two; but we think such conduct as Hattie's would win any man's temper.

PERSONAL. MR. HOWLAND, an English artist, while sketching recently near Cambridge, in Dumfriesshire, discovered in an open drain the stone head of a Celtic battle-axe eleven inches and a half in thickness. This is said to be the largest Celtic battle-axe found in Great Britain.

PERSONAL. ANA PATTERSON, a young English lady, according to the Sheffield Independent, has a voice of extraordinary compass. At a recent concert she sustained with ease the D flat octave above the ordinary B flat, this being higher by three notes than has ever before been sung in England.

PERSONAL. GEORGE was once interrupted in a speech he was making from the tribune in the French Assembly. "Why are you?" he demanded. "I am Granier de Cassagnac," was the reply. "Oh, then, it's of no consequence," rejoined Guizot, with a dry, sarcastic smile.

PERSONAL. THE betrothal of Count Frederick Ollio, of Zulenburg, Lieutenant in the regiment of the Garde du Corps in Metz, to Anna Clara Henriette Jeanette Von Saffor-Volt, is officially pronounced in Berlin. This is the only betrothal given by the high-toned officers of the Prussian Guard since the outbreak that gave the bridegroom the "cut direct," although the lady is a favorite at court.

PERSONAL. MISSONER is building a palace in the fashionable quarter of Paris. The panes of one of the saloons will be decorated by himself. At Poissy, twenty miles from Paris, he owns a country-seat. The grounds are very extensive, and comprise a fine abbey and several pieces of land belonging to M. Messonier and his family. The wife was formerly the property of a rich aristocrat, where many ladies of rank sought a refuge from the pomp and vanity of the world.

PERSONAL. THE REPUBLICQUE FRANCAISE publishes some curious private letters from Prince Bismarck to his wife and sister, which it thinks place him as a great historic character. The letters, on a level with Lady Mary Wortley Montague and Madame de Sevigne. When, in 1855, the writer was sent to thank the Emperor Napoleon for admitting Prussia to the congress of Paris, he had written to his wife, in terms which must awaken remembrances in the minds of many tourists. "I inhabit a floor in a hotel where there are five fire-places, five I am always frozen. The five clocks on my mantel-piece tick continually, but they never show the right time. They never enable me to tie my cravat decently. This is France, which we have been taught to suppose the land of the march of civilization."

PERSONAL. A MARRIAGE in the very highest tier of social life has been the quiet sensation lately transpiring in Tahiti. On the 27th of October, Dorrance Atwater, United States Consul for the Society Islands, was united in the holy bonds of wedlock to the Princess Moetia, daughter of a chief of royal blood. The marriage was conducted by the civil authorities, Dr. Bonnet, Mayor of Papeete, officiating. No cards and no cake. The Princess Moetia is a very accomplished young lady, speaking English and French as fluently as her native language. She is besides wealthy in her own right, being owner of the historical palm groves of Iar and other lands. She is also the lessee of Scilly Island, valuable for its pearl fisheries. Her mother owns half the Island of Moorea (the paradise of Elmed, as old navigators call it) and extensive possessions on the Island of Tahiti. Moetia has three brothers, splendid specimens of South Sea chiefs. The youngest, Nari, is about nineteen years old, six feet two inches in height and weighs 200 pounds, and as straight as an arrow. They were educated in Europe, but like all South Sea chiefs, they believe in native customs and habits. Their mother has equal claims to wealth with Queen Poneare, but has never asserted her rights. The father of the family was an English Jew, named Salmon, a lawyer by profession, and a very able man. Soon after he arrived in Tahiti he married the Princess Moetia, and she has since become a wealthy chieftess mentioned. As to Mrs. Atwater, her many friends will wish her much joy. She has been fortunate in securing a young, gallant and intelligent husband, and he has been equally fortunate in capturing the hand and heart of the fairest girl in the South Sea Islands.

PERSONAL. THE Reason she Didn't Smoke. Old Mrs. Dindler stuck to a neighbor the other night, while comfortably sitting in front of the fire, that she "afers had a great notion to smoke," she did so. "I would have learned long ago, dear knows, but I've heard that a man had his tongue paralyzed by smoking, and that skered me out. Lord knows I wouldn't talk my tongue paralyzed, for I wouldn't talk none of it was." Here the old gentleman who had been silent for some time, drew a long sigh. "There's no tell what the old fellow was thinking about—no."

PERSONAL. THE Doctor Dimfounded. Two of our prominent citizens,—a doctor and a dry goods man,—happened to go to Chicago on the same train. The doctor, a gentleman and his wife stepped aboard. The dry goods man shook hands and spoke kindly, when the doctor did the same. After being seated the doctor asked the dry goods man who they were. He was told and the physician exclaimed, "O, yes, now I remember. I have prescribed for him and his family a number of times."

PERSONAL. The merchant answered, "I should think you would know them, then." "Well," replied the physician, "I prescribe for a great many whom I never see again." "Yes, Yes," rejoined the dry goods man, "and no one else ever sees them again, either." The doctor had no more to say, but joined in the laugh which the joke provoked.

PERSONAL. Tweeds Memory of Faces. The Boss never forgets a face. He had learned that men esteemed it a compliment to be remembered personally, and he practiced upon this information. Some years ago, at Albany, the writer had occasion to call upon Mr. Tweed, having met him frequently, and always found him ready to give any information that lay in his power. An acquaintance said he would go too, having only the Tammany Sachem once and being desirous of renewing the acquaintance. Tweed met the writer cordially and then turning to his companion called him by name and inquired after his little daughter. A flush of gratified delight spread over the gentleman's face, and afterwards expressed astonishment at the recollection. "What at the time they had first met the gentleman had his daughter with him and she attracted Tweed's notice and he spoke to her. The incident bore its fruit. Tweed gained a firm friendship by the power of his memory. This courtesy cost nothing, and in his rank proved to be very valuable.—Kniecherbocker, in Toledo Blade.

PERSONAL. A Model Student. The Rev. Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, though a very clever man, once met with his match. When examining a student as to the classes he had attended, he said: "And you attended the class for mathematics?" "Yes," "How?" "I attended the class for mathematics." "What are they?" "What a laugh in the court the student's answer produced when he said, 'I attended the class for mathematics'!" The next inquired, "And you attended the moral philosophy class, also?" "Yes." "Well, you ever hear lectures on various subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?" "Yes." "Does an effect ever go before a cause?" "Yes." "Give me an instance of a man wheeling a barrow." The doctor then sat down and proposed no more questions.

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