Sammary-Bloth Week

Mr. White (Renfrew), introducing a Bill to amend the Consolidated Railway Act, explained that under the present law railway companies were not liable for cattle killed unless notice had been give then by adjoining proprietor to erect fences. This Bill would do away with the necessity of notice, and make the company liable in

any case. The Bill was read a first time.

Mr. McCarthy, introducing a Bill for constituting a Court of Railway Commis-sioners, explained the provisions of the Bill in a brief speech. After pointing out that there were to be three commissioners, holding office during good behavior, he went on: "One of the judges is to be a lawyer one a railway man, and the third, it is supposed and is to be hoped, will be a man of common serse," a remark which of course raised loud and long continued laughter. The powers of the court were very much they same, Mr. McCarthy explained, as in England, where a similar court had been established for years. In closing, he expressed the hope that the Bill would not this session be referred to a Special Committee, as otherwise its chance of get ting through would be but small.

Sir Charles Tupper, while not opposing the Bill, called attention to the importance of the question. He dwelt at some length on the fact that the people of the country had given one-third of the money invested in the lines constructed, which was evidence of the vast importance to the country of these roads. He alluded to the difficulties found in working the Railway Commission in England, and showed how much greater those difficulties must be in Canada, where through lines were in keen competition with lines across the border. The one man of common sense on the Commission would be depended upon to protect the railway interests, yet what a fearful loss to the country would result from any ill-judged decision of that one man. No capital invested in Canada had been of greater benefit to the people than that expended on the railways. The losses in railway investments showed that the reads had not fat thend at the public expense, but rather that the people had made money out of the foreign capitalists. The material progress of the country had been hampered by capitalists being frightened by these losses. Under these circumstance he warned Mr. McCarthy and the House against any hasty and ill-advised action calculated to embar-rass railway operations, particularly as any action by Parliament in this direction might be taken as a breach of faith with the capitalists who had invested money in Canadian railways, for the statute said these roads were to be called upon to submit to no interference with their rates until they had made 15 per cent. on the investment.
Mr. Sproule met Sir Charles Tupper's

argument about competing lines in the United States by showing that in the United States they had such Commissions, even in States bordering on Canada, and having competitors and connecting lines in Canada. It was suspected that Mr. Mc-Carthy's Bill was brought up year after year without any intention of being passed.
Mr. Cameron (Huron) warned Mr. Mc-Carthy that reference to the Railway Committee would mean putting it over for another session. He hoped that if it was referred at all to a committee it would be to a special committee. He appealed to the English experience to show that it was absolutely necessary in these cases to have a special court. Differential rates was a strong argument against the present sys-tem, but it was not the only one. The constitutional question raised by Sir Charles Tupper he met by claiming that while the Province might control the build ing of railways, yet the carrying business done by those companies was under the control of the Dominion Parliament. Mr. C. H. Tupper (member for Pictou, and son of Sir Charles) supported the position taken by the Minister of Railways, his special fear being that capital would be frightened out of railway enterprises if the commission were established, and so portions of the country sadly needing railways would find it difficult to secure them. Mr. Blake raised objections to the reference of

the question to the Railway Committee.

Mr. Mackenzie took the same, or rather stronger, ground than Sir Charles Tupper in his opinion that the interests to be dealt ere so conflicting. danger o frightening away capital was so great, that Bill such as that proposed could not meet the case. He referred to his experience as Minister of Public Works and Manager of the Intercolonial as justifying him in the belief that it was utterly impos sible for any road doing through business to avoid giving special rates. He quoted several cases of which he had learned to show that while special benefits were given to some in the way of rates, that did not necessarily mean that others were over-There was a large system of yet to develop in Canada, and nothing should be done to discourage the investment of capital in new enterprises of this kind. Rather than favor the Bill, which he regarded as unworkable, he would advocate an extension of powers of the Railway Committee of the Privy

Mr. Mitchell attacked the Grand Trunk in particular, and all Canadian roads in general, for the number of accidents which happened upon them, and thought "this annual slaughter," to quote his own words, called for some action on the part of the Government. While not prepared to go so far as to favor the bill, he would be glad to see it referred to a committee, with a view to having something done, so as to improve the management of the roads. Sir John Macdonald noticed that no member had objected decidedly to the second reading of the bill, which had been before the House for years, having been in charge of the late lamented Mr. Oliver, member for Oxford, in the last Parliament. That gentleman had repeatedly pressed it, the Premier at that time (Mr. Maskenzie) expressing the views upon it to which he had just given utterance. For his own part he recognized that there was a strong and growing feeling in the country in favor of the bill. Not being a railway expert, he could not presume to say that the bill embodied the best way of dealing with the question, but in view of the earnest desire of the people for some measure of this kind, he would be glad to see the best means of reaching the desired end. He recommended a reference to the Com mittee on Railways and Canals, and expressed the hope that Mr. McCarthy would accept that course.

Mr. McCarthy accepted with apparent

reluctance the proposition of the Premier, expressing his fears that the Bill could not be got through if taken in hand by the com

The motion for the second reading passed, and the Bill was referred to the Committee on Railways, Canals and Tele-

graph Lines. THE BUDGET.

Mr. Blake asked when the Budget was to be expected.
Sir Leonard Tilley—I hope to be able to lay the Estimates on the table at the end of next week

Sessional Notes. Among the petitions presented to day P. E. Island, praying that the Orange Incorporation Bill soon to come before Parliament may be passed. Similar petitions were presented from the Grand Lodge of Eastern Ontario, Orange Association of British North America, and Grand Lodge of New Brunswick. The latter petition was presented by Mr. White, of Cardwell, and the others by Messrs. Tyrwhitt and Mr. Chariton's bill to punish seduction

adultery was thought to have beer sholved for the session by its reference to a special committee, but already it has been considered and ordered to be reported to the House. As it stands there are three offences named: 1st, seduction under promise of marriage; 2nd, seduction by teacher or marriage; 2nd, seduction by teacher or tutor of his pupil; 3rd, enticing into house of ill-fame or assignation for immoral pur-poses. The time for beginning prosecution is limited to one year from the time the offence is committed. The evidence of the woman who claims to be wronged is not to be held conclusive and the defendant is eligible as a witness in his own behalf. A true bill shall not be found by the grand jury unless the prosecutor has been bound to give evidence and the accused has been detained or bound over for trial, except in cases where an indictment is preferred by direction of the Attorney General or the judg court of competent jurisdiction. judge of a

provides for searching houses of ill-fame or assignation for a female believed to have been enticed thither. PRINCESS LOUISE'S PRESENT ARODE. The Climate of Bermuda-H. R. H. in

Calico.

punishment for any offence under the Bill

is limited to imprisonment not to exceed two years. A special clause of the Bill

Horace McGuire arrived home from his trip to the Bermudas, sun burnt and laden with trophies. To a Post-Express reporter be gave an entertaining account of his visit to the curious little islands which lie 710 miles due southeast from New York harbor and 640 miles from the nearest point of land—Cape Hatteras. There is no cable, no communication with the outer world, except by steamer, every two weeks The main island contains the English forti ied supply station, and is dotted with small villages, the chief one being Hamilton. Mr. McGuire, in speaking of the scenery, said: "We found the roses in full bloom, of gorgeous colors and large size, and large double scarlet geraniums growing wild. The oleander is used as a hedge to divide the farms, and is in constant bloom. Galla lilies are in full bloom in the gardens. The candytuft grows as a weed. The sky was blue and bright all the time, and no showers took place while we were there The temperature ranged from 72° to 75° in the shade—it does not vary more than five or six degrees from October to June. Many people were enjoying surf bathing. We arrived at Hamilton on Sunday, the 11th, after a three days voyage on the Orinoco. At Hamilton, the Princess Louise, wife of the Marquis of Lorne, is sojourning very quietly at the house of a merchant named Dillingham. She goes cut We arrived at Hamilton on Sunday, the shopping with her maid, attired in a neatly snopping with ner maid, attired in a nearly fitting calico dress, and puts on no airs which the Bermudans can discover. They speak of her as a very nice and sensible lady. The people of Bermuda are rather quiet. I talked with a gentleman, a member of the Colonial Council, who is over 50 years of age and has payer been off the years of age, and has never been off the island. He has never seen a railroad, for there is none on the island, which is but fifteen miles in length. We sailed homeward on Thursday last, and met with no adventures, the weather being pleasant. In crossing the gulf stream we were very comfortable, the temperature of the water being seventy-four degrees. North of the gulf stream, however, we struck a snow storm, which brought out overcoats and musslers."—Rochester Post-Express.

Hurry, Worry and Waste.

The London Lancet utters its protest from a medical point of view against overwork and worry. We have, it says, too many irons in the fire, too much business on hand at the same instant, and are far too energetic in our endeavors. With deliberation, calmness and such reserve of strength as result from perfect restraint, a man may do an infinity of work without either trouble or injury. Breathless haste, eager anxiety and an excessive expenditure of energy are the outcome of modern activity, whether in this country or on the activity, whether in this country or on the continent. The system of "quick returns" has been the bane of literature, almost extinguishing it and substituting in its place "journalism." The same system has revolutionized thought and science, and it is rapidly undermining the human constitution. Statesmen and politicians are kept on the strain of sustained attentheir brains are for many in the twenty-four, whether in or out of Parliament, in a condition of ferment. The brains of speculators on the Stock Exchange, and even the brains of merchants in their private rooms are equally taxed and in the same way. All classes of the community share the turmoil. The period is one of brain wearing impetuosity, of hurry, worry and waste—the waste of cerebral energy and nerve force. The only marvel is that, looking to the utterly unphysiological character of our mental and nervous habits of work, the number of sudden failures is not greater than it is and that we have not a larger percentage of

brain mortality to deplore. Mamma's Use For It. A few days since a number of ladies visited an infant school and one of them thought she would question the "tots,"

and see how much they knew about th What were the eyes for ?"

"For seeing."
"Yes; and what would be the result if we had no eyes?" She asked the little ones to shut their eyes tight. Yes, they

"And then the ears—what are they for?"

"Hearing."
"Yes; and now stop your ears as tightly as you can. Ah, what a sad thing it would be to have no ears! We should never hear the birds sing any more, and never more hear mamma's voice." And then came the nose. "What was

that for ?" Somehow the little ones seemed puzzled at this point. About the eyes and ears there had been no question—but the nose? They looked up into the lady's face curiously, evidently with an answer ready but not quite sure of being right. Finally the questioner saw an intelligent smile upon one chubby little face—one of the 4 year-olds, and she said to the child:

"Ah, Dot, you can tell me what the nose is for, can't you? Come now, speak up. Don't be afraid. What is it?" A few twists and puckers, and then, with a wondrous sparkle of the great brown eyes. "Please it's for mamma to take hold of to pull!"

That closed the examination for the day.

Price of Wheat in Great Britain. The London Times publishes the follow ing figures on the imperial average price of wheat from 1858 to 1882 : " The average rice per quarter for the past 25 years was 50s. 1d. The greatest extreme or range of fluctuation was 25s. 2d. in 1868, and the smallest 6s. 3d. in 1864. The highest annual average in the past 25 years was 64s. 5d. in 1867, and the lowest 40s. 3d. in 1864. The highest weekly average was 74s. 7d on the 9th May, 1868, and the lowest weekly average 37s. 7d. on the 22nd February, 1879; that of the 24th December, 1864, was very close to the latter, being

37s. 10d. Lady Albertha and Lady Maud Hamilton were married in Westminster Abbey at the same time to Lord Blandford and Lord Lansdowne. While the former match has terminated, after years of misery, in a divorce, the latter has proved exceptionally happy. The failure of his Irish rente has happy. The failure of his Irish rente has obliged Lord Lansdowne to live in a very different style to that in which he began to live after his marriage, and to let his town house to Lord Rosebery. But these are not troubles which mar a happy marriage. THE PRECKLED-PACED GIRT.

Haw She Entertained a Visitor While Her Ma Was Bressing.

" Ma's up stairs changing her dress, said the freckled-faced little girl, tying her doll's bonnet strings and casting her eye about for a tidy large enough to serve as a shawl for that double-jointed young

Oh, your mother needn't dress up for me," replied the female agent of the missionary society, taking a self-satisfied view of herself in the mirror. "Run up and tell her to come down just as she is in her every day clothes, and not stand on

ceremony."
"O, but she hasn't got on her every day clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new brown silk dress, 'cause she expected Miss Dimmond to-day. Miss Dimmond always somes over here to show off her nice things and ma doesn't mean to get left. When ma saw you coming she said, 'the Dickens!' and I guess she was mad about something Ma said if you saw her new dress she'd have to hear all about the poor heathen, who den't have silk, and you'd ask her for more money to buy hymn-books to send 'em. Say, do the nigger ladies use hymn-book leaves to do their hair up on and make it frizzy? Ma says she guesses that's all the good the books do 'em, and if they ever get any books. I wish my doll was a heather."

"Why, you wicked little girl, what do you want of a heathen doll?" inquired the missionary lady, making a mental inven-tory of the new things in the parlor to get material for a homily on worldly extrava-

gance.
"So folks would send her lots of nice things to wear and feel sorry to have her going about naked. Then she'd have hair to frizz, and I want a doll with truly hair and eyes that roll up like Deacon Slider-back's when he says amen on Sunday. I ain't a wicked girl, either, 'cuse Uncle Dick —you know Uncle Dick, he's been out West and swears awful and smokes in the house —he says I'm a holy terror, and he hopes
I'll be a angel pretty soon. Ma'll be down
in a minute, so you needn't take your cloak
off. She said she'd box my ears if I asked
you to. Ma's putting on that old dress she had last year, 'cause she said she didn't want you to think she was able to give much this time, and she needed a new muff worse than the queen of the cannon ball islands needed religion. Uncle Dick says you oughter go to the islands, 'cause you'd be safe there, and the natifa'd be sorry they was such sinners any-body would send you to 'em. He says he never seen a heathen hungry enough to eat you, 'less 'twas a blind one, an' you'd set a blind pagan's teeth on edge so he'd never hanker after any more missionary. Uncle Dick's awful funny, and makes pa and ma die laughing; some-

"Your Uncle Richard is a bad, deprayed wretch, and ought to have remained out West, where his style is appreciated. He sets a horrid example for little girls like

"Oh | I think he's nice. He showed me

how to slide down the bannisters, and he's teaching me to whistle when ma ain't teaching me to whistle when ma ain't round. That's a pretty cloak you've got, ain't it? Do you buy all your good clothes with missionary money? Ma says you do."
Just then the freckle-faced little girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the missionary lady on the cheek and said she was delighted to see her, and they proceeded to have a real sociable chat. The little girl's me can't understand why. little girl's ma can't understand why a person who professes to be so charitable as the missionary agent does should go right over to Miss Dimmond's and say such ill-natured things as she did, and she thinks the missionary is a double-faced gossip.-

Fearful Death of Eronauts

A New York despatch says: Information has just been received in this city, via Havana, of the frightful death of two over-daring eronauts in Madrid. Captain Margit and his assistant ascended in a balloon at that city before an immense concourse of people on January 28th. When the balloon was 1,000 feet up Captain Margit got out upon a trapeze suspended from the basket and began his perform-ances. Suddenly cries of horror were The trapeze rope was seen to part. heard. and the intrepid captain fell from the fear-ful height, turning over and over till he struck the stone pavement. A moment later another shout went up from the people when the balloon containing the people when the bandon containing the other occupant was seen descending with meteoric rapidity. It crashed against the projecting eave of a house, hurling its occupant to the ground, and he died in a few moments. Both these persons were under engagement to Barnum, and were to have appeared in this city on March 26th.

The Passion Play Man.

Mr. Salmi Morse, of Passion Play notoriety, is said to be an extraordinary man. He has spent \$150,000 cash in trying to produce his play, and says he will persevere until his last dollar is gone. He is of Jewish descent, and made his money keeping a monster hotel in Melbourne, Australia He fought in the Crimea, and for his services has a pension, which he states is amply sufficient to keep him for the rest of his life. Now he does not need it, and gives it to his relatives. As for his capital, he says it has not nearly all gone yet. He is a man of very plain living. A correspondent who interviewed him in New York says: "I parted from him with the conviction that I ad, seen a very extraordinary man, of whom our police captains and judges, and especially the police authorities who have started the mad-dog cry against him, have not the remotest glimmer of a comprehen-

Gladstone and the Workingman.

The affection and respect with which England's Premier is regarded among his Midlothian constituents is picturesquely shown by the following conversation, which took place during the notable campaign of 1880 between a Dalkeith minister and a workingman. Said the latter: "Do ye see that hand?" "Yes; it seems to be a hard working hand."
"Ay, but that's no what I mean. Do ye see that hand?" "Yes." "That hand see that hand " Yes." "That hand shook Mr. Gledstane's hand the day!"
"Yes?" "Aye, that hand shook Mr. Gledstane's hand the day, and what's mair, that hand shook Mrs. Gledstane's hand the day; aye, and what's nair, that hand shook Miss Gledstane's hand the day!" Then looking at the brawny member with undisguised admiration, d'ye think I should wash it?"

"Kavanagh, the cab-driver and informer who has given evidence for the Crown against the men accused of the murder of Lord F. Cavendish and Secretary Burke in Dublin," says the Troy Press, "is a former Trojan. About eight years ago he left Troy to return to Ireland. While here he was a hack-driver in the employ of Patrick McKeon and of the late Rodney Hickey, and was well known. Before entering the employ of the livery stable keepers he drove the team of the Ranken steamer for some time. left Troy to return to Ireland. While here Engineer Bailey has a photograph of the Irish informer, and is certain that he is the same man who worked for the department. Previous to Kavanagh's leaving Troy he said to some friends that he had saved \$900, and was going back to Dublin to purchase a cab and remain there during the remainder of his life."

"Ma, what is hush?" asked a little boy Why, my dear, do you ask?" "Becaus I asked sister Jane what made her new at him abstractedly, as if he had not dress stick out so behind, and she said prehended the meaning of his words.

Beetleaven and the Blind Girl.

Some months ago I was at Boon, the rthplace of Reethoven. I mat there an ld musician who had known the illustri ous composer intimately; and from him received the following anecdote:
You know, said he, that Beethoven was

borg in a house in the Rhein Strasse (Rhine street); but at the time I became acquainted with him he lodged over an hum ble little shop in Reomerplatz. He was then very poor, so poor that he only went out to walk at night because of the dilapi-

dated state of his clothing.

Nevertheless, he had a piano, pens, paper. ink and books; and, notwithstanding his privations, he passed some happy moments there. He was not yet deaf, and could enjoy the harmony of his own compositions. In later years even this consolation was

denied him. One winter evening I called upon him, hoping to persuade him to take a walk and return with me to supper. I found him sitting at the window in the moonlight, without fire or candle, his face concealed in his hands, and his whole frame shiver-ing with cold, for it was freezing hard. I drew him from his lethargy, persuaded him to accompany me, and exhorted him to shake off his sadness. He came out with me, but was dark and despairing on that evening and refused all consolation. "I hate the world," said he, with pas-

sion. "I hate myself. No one understands me or cares about me; I have a genius and am treated like a pariah; I have a heart, and no one to love. I am completely miserable.

I made no reply. It was useless to dis-pute with Beethoven, and I let him continue in the same strain. He did not cease till we re-entered the city, and then he relapsed into a sad silence. We crossed a dark, narrow street, near

the gate of Coblentz. All at once he stopped.

'Hush!" said her "what is that noise? I listened, and heard the faint tones of an old piano issuing from some house at a little distance. It was a plaintive melody in triple time, and, notwith-standing the poverty of the instrument the performer gave to this piece great tenderness of expression.

Beethoven looked at me with sparkling

eyes.
"It is taken from my symphony in F;"
said he; "here is the house. Listen! how The house was poor and humble, and a

light glimmered through the chinks of the shutter. He stopped to listen. In the middle of the finale there was a sudden interruption, silence for a moment, then a

stifled voice was heard.
"I cannot go on," said a temale voice.
"I can go no further this evening."

"Why, sister?"
"I scarcely know, unless it is because the composition is so beautiful that I feel incapable of doing justice to it. I am so fond of music. Oh! what would I not fond of music. Oh! what would I not give to hear that piece played by some who could do it justice."

"Ah, dear sister," said Frederick, sigh-

ing, "one must be rich to procure that enjoyment. What is the use of regretting when there is no help for it? We can scarcely pay our rent; why think of things far beyond our reach?"

"You are right, Frederick; and yet when I am playing, I long once in my life to hear good music well executed. But it useless—it is useless !"
There was something singularly touching

n the tone and repetition of the last words Beethoven looked at me.

"Let us enter," said he, abruptly.

"Enter!" said I; "why should we

"I will play to her," replied he, with vivacity. "She has feeling, genius, intelli-gence; I will play to her, and she will appreciate me."

And before I could prevent him, his hand was on the door. It was not locked, and opened immediately. I followed him across a dark corridor, toward a half open door at the right. He pushed it, and we found ourselves in a poor, destitute room, with a little stove at one end, and some coarse furniture. A pale young man was seated at a table, working at a shoe. Near him, bending in a manner over an old piano, was a young girl. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed; they rose an turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, some what embarrassed—"pardon me, but heard music, and was tempted to enter. I

The girl blushed, and the young man assumed a grave, almost severe manner.

"I heard also some of your words,"
continued my friend. "You wish to hear —that is, you would like—in short, would you like me to play to you?"

There was something so strange, so abrupt, so comical in the whole affair, and something so agreeable and eccentric in the manners of him who had spoken, that the ice was broken in an instant, and all involuntarily smiled.

"Thank you," said the young shoemaker; but our piano is bad, and then we have no music. "No music!" repeated my friend; "how

then did mademoiselle — He stopped and colored; for the young girl had just turned toward him, and by her sad veiled eyes he saw that she was

blind.
"I—I entreat you to pardon me," stammered be; "but I did not remark at first.
You play from memory?"
"Entirely."

"And where have you heard this music "I heard a lady, who was a neighbor at Bruhl, two years ago. During the summer evenings her window was always open, and walked before the house to hear And you have never heard any other

musio? "Never, excepting the music in the street.'

She seemed frightened; so Beethove did not add another word, but quietly seated himself at the instrument and com menced to play. He had not touched many notes when I guessed what would follow

and how sublime he would be that evening, and I was not deceived.

Never, never, during the many years I knew him, did I hear him play as on this day for the young blind girl and her brother. Never did I hear such energy, such passionate tenderness, such gradations of melody and modulation. From the moment his fingers commenced to move over the piano, the tones of the instrument seemed to soften and become more equal. We remained sitting, listening to him

breathlessly. The brother and sister were dumb with astonishment, as if paralyzed. The former had laid aside his work; the latter, her head slightly inclined, had approached the instrument, her hands were clasped on her breast, as if she feared the beating of her heart might interrupt those accents of magic sweetness. It seemed as if we were the subjects of a strange dream, and our only fear was to wake too soon.

Suddenly the flame of the solitary candle flickered, the wick, consumed to the end, fell, and was extinguished. Beethoven stopped; I opened the shutters to let in the rays of the moon. It became almost as light as before in the room, and the radiance fell more strongly on the musician and the instrument.

But this incident seemed to have broken the chain of Beethoven's ideas. His head dropped on his breast, his hands rested on his knees, he appeared plunged into a profound meditatio He remained so for some time. At las

the young shoemaker rese, approached him, and said, in a low, respectful voice: him, and said, in a low, respectful voice:
"Wonderful man, who are you then?"
Beethoven raised his head and looked at him abstractedly, as if he had not com-The young man repeated the question.

The composer smiled as only he could nile-such sweetness and kingly benevo

And he played the first prevenant in the

A cry of joy escaped from the lips of the brother and sister. They recognized him and cried with emotion:

'You are, then, Beethoven!"

He rose to go, but our entreaties succeeded in detaining him. "Play us once more—just once more."
He allowed himself to be led to the instrument. The brilliant light of the moon entered the curtainless window and lighted up his expansive, earnest forehead. "I am going to improvise a sonata to e moonlight," said he, playfully.

He contemplated for some minutes the sky sprinkled with stars; then his fingers rested on the piano, and he commenced to play with a low, sad, but wondrously sweet strain. The harmony issued from the instrument, sweet and even as the rays of the moon spread over the shadows on the ground. The delicious courture was fol-lowed by a piece in triple time, lively, light, capricious, a sort of intermediate bur-lesque, like a dance of fairies at midnight on the grass. Then came a rapid agitate finale—a breathless movement, trembling, hurrying, describing flight and uncertainty, inspiring vague and instinctive terror, which bore us onward on its shuddering wings, and left us at last quite agitated with surprise and moved to tears "Adieu," said Beethoven, abruptly pushing back his chair, and advancing toward

the door—"adieu!"
"You will come again?" asked both at the same time.

He stopped and regarded the young blind

girl with an air of compassion.
"Yes," said he, hurriedly. "I will come again and give some lessons to mademoiselle. Farewell: I will soon come again. They followed us to the door in silence more expressive than words, and remained standing on the threshold till we were out of sight.

sight. "Let us hasten home," said Beethoven to me in the street. "Let us hasten, that I may note down this sonata while it is in my memory."

He entered his room and he wrote till

nearly daybreak. I still sat in a listening attitude after the

old musician ceased speaking.

"And did Beethoven give lessons afterward to the blind girl?" asked I, at length.

He smiled and shook his head. "Beethoven never entered that humble ouse again. With the excitement of the house again. moment his interest in the blind girl also passed away; and though the brother and rister long and patiently waited his coming, he thought no more of them.'

And is it not too often so in life? THE GREAT FLOODS.

Cerrible Plight of the Residents Along

the Mississippi-Dying of Starvation. HELENA, March 9 .- A steamer reports that only a few specks of ground are visible between here and Memphis. Scores of the best farms are ruined and abandoned. In many places the cattle are standing in the water overflowing flat farms. Almost every gin house is filled with colored people. At Harbut's Landing eighteen egroes were in boats, moored to a tree on he flooded bank, waiting for a steamboat to take them away. There is not a foot of dry land in forty miles. Skiff leads of colored people and household goods were seen at various points seeking for ground. At Sterling, colored people, horses and cattle are indiscriminately huddled in the upper storey of the only store there. Most of the fences and houses along the bank are still intact. Star Landing the dwellings are full of negroes. The prospects are in favor of a big rise below here. The bridge and trestle works over Casados lake, on the Iron Mountain Railroad, are afloat. This will cut Helena from railroad communication.
The river is falling to night. Several hun-

dred negroes south of here are reported as being out of provisions. AN ÆRIALIST.

Loeber, of air-ship fame, has arrived from New York. Mr. Loeber went to New York a year ago to finish his experiments and build his ship. He says he has completed his work and elaborated his systems of sustentation and propulsion, including stearing. He New York New York in June, and expects to make the initial trip, with Buffalo as his objective point. The boat will be worked by hand power. One object of Mr. Loeber's visit is to recruit a crew of a dozen persons whom he will invite to accompany him on his very novel journey. He is thoroughly confident of a successful trip, and leaving He is thoroughly New York in the morning he expects to reach this city in time for dinner. He feels assured of his ability to make 100 miles an hour.

DECEASED WIVES SISTERS. ord Dalhousie Seeking Statistics in

Michigan. A Detroit despatch says: Governor Begole has just received a letter from Lord Dalhousie, an English peer, inquiring as to the effects of occasional marriages with the sisters of deceased wives permitted in this and other States of the Union. Lord Dalhousie intends to introduce another bill in the House of Lords to permit such marriages in the United Kingdom, and desires facts to support him in his plan. Secretary Stevenson is now engaged upon the draft of a letter in reply, assuring him of the pro-priety of said marriages and denying certain reports as to their baneful influence

A Detroit despatch says: Wm. Savage a thief well known in Detroit police circles who married a pretty girl of this city some years since, escaped on Saturday evening from the St. Louis (Mo.) workhouse, and has not been recaptured. His wife recently procured a divorce from him in the Omaha courts. Her beauty so attracted one of the spectators that he proposed marriage and was accepted. Notice of her intended marriage reached Savage in his confinement, and a few days since he announced his intended marriage reached savage in his confinement, and a few days since he announced his intention of burning the beauty off her face with vitriol as soon as he obtained his liberty. It is believed that since his escape he has gone to Omaha to watch for an opportunity to put his threat into execution.

A Brantford Extradition Case.

A Brantford telegram says: Frank Miller, a farmer living below Cainsville, was tried at the Police Court to-day for having in his possesion money he knew to be stolen. The evidence was not sufficient to convict Miller, and he was liberated to appear when called upon. Frank Miller is a brother of L. G. Miller, who was tried at the Police Court yesterday for embezzling money from Murphy & Dole, of Kansas, and bringing it to Canada. It was supposed that the money Frank Miller had in his possession was part of what his brother had brought to Canada.

A pompous fellow was dining with a country family, when the lady of the house desired the servant to take away the dish containing fowl, which word she pronounced fool, as is not uncommon to Scotland. "I presume, madam, you mean fowl," said the prig, in a reproving tone. "Very well," said the lady, a little nettled, "be it so. Take away the fowl and let the fool remain."

There is a man at work on one of the railroads in Detroit for \$2 per day, who, within the past six years, failed in business in Indianapolis, liabilities \$225,000 and assets \$25,000 less.



WHAT PHYSICIANS SAY.

San Leandro, Cal. Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir,—I have employed your "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" in my practice for the last four years. I now use no other altera-tive or cathartic medicines in all chronic derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. I know of nothing that equals them. J. A. MILLER, M.D.

There was a fall of crimson snow at the hand of Big Laramie, Col., recently, which covered the ground to the depth of half an inch. When melted the water was as red as blood.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York city, save baggage expressage and carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and cleavated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel n the city. notel n the city.

A woman has sharper eyes than a man Any little love passages that may be going about her a woman will detect in an instant. With a man it is different. He will not perceive a kiss unless it is brough under his nose.

CONSTITUTIONS BROKEN DOWN with with fatty degeneration of the heart, liver, and kidneys, from the use of alcohol, exhaustion of the vital forces, from the use of tobocco; irritability and restless ness of the nervous system, from the effect of strychnine; impaired nutrition and loss of energy, from the use of opium; and nervous and physical prostration from any form of intemperance, have a physiological restorative in WHEELER'S PHOSPHATES and CALISAYA that will repair the wasted tissues and maintain the functional activity of the vital organs.

A lady school teacher of New Troy, Mich., propelled herself four miles on hand car and then walked three miles or the snow crust to attend a teachers' insti tute, only to find two others present and yet she was not discouraged

Childhood's Memories

Come back laden with the joys and pleasures of that dream time of life when swee anticipation garnished with brightest hues the future as it stretched out before us Only the pleasures stored up for us entered the heart then. But as we grow older, to one and another comes the awakening. If you should be troubled, not in heart, but in feet, with corns, and they make life miserable, go to the nearest drug store and buy a bottle of Putnam's Corn Extractor the "sure, safe and painless corn cure, and you will be quickly relieved, and hap piness will ever after brighten your path N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, props.

He who imitates what is evil always goes beyond the example that is set; or the contrary, he who imitates what is good always falls short.

Young Men suffering from early indiscre tions, lack of brain and nerve force, Mack's Magnetic Medicine, advertised in another column, supplies this want and thus cure when all other preparations fail.

"It is the little bits ov things that fret and worry us," says Josh Billings; "we can dodge an elephant, but we can't a fly." Dr. Pierce's " Golden Medical Discovery

has become so thoroughly established in public favor that were it not for the forget-fulness of people it would not be necessary

people are always to be found in church.

HOW WOMEN WOULD VOTE. Were women allowed to vote, every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would vote it to be an unfailing remedy for the disease peculiar to her sex. By druggists.

The King of the Sandwich Islands lock himself in when he gets drunk. This i why you never hear of his being sent up.

THE SUN EVERYBODY LIKES IT. THE SUN'S first aim is to be truthful and use ful; its second, to write an entertaining history of the times in which we live. It prints, on an average, more than a million copies a week. Its circulation is now larger than ever before. Subscription: DAILY, (4 pages), by mail, 55c. a month, or \$6.50 a year; SUNDAY (8 pages), \$1 per year. I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher, New York City.

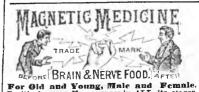


Every young man should have a thorough know ledge of Shorthand and every young lady should consider a knowledge of the "winged art" a do-s rable accomp ishment, especially when a com-pleta set of books for self-instruction is sent to one dollar by McNABB

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IT/IS A SURE CURE aptain H. Sutherland Writes to His Brother Concerning the Great Suc-

cess of Rhenmutine in England. "I have cured our cousin, Dr. Maitland Cofflu and he is now using the remedy successfully among his patients in London. I have also cuted Dr. Baird, of the Charing Cross Hospital, and be is also using it on his patients. I have also in-numerable testimonials from first-class people, ladies and gentlemon, whose word bears weight, and are well-known among the English public."

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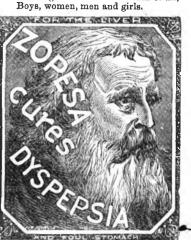
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