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**ADVERTISING** For transient advertisements 8 cents per line for the first insertion; 3 cents per line each subsequent insertion—minimum measure. Professional cards, not exceeding one inch, \$4.00 per annum. Advertisements without special directions will be published till notified and charged accordingly. Transient notices—“Lost,” “Found,” “For Sale,” etc.—50 cents for first insertion, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements ordered by strangers must be paid for in advance. Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application to the office. All advertisements to be inserted in current week, should be brought in not later than Tuesday morning.

**THE JOB :** Is completely stocked with **DEPARTMENT** all NEW TYPE, first-class printing facilities for turning out best-class work.

**W. IRWIN,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

**Standard Bank of Canada**

Head Office, Toronto.  
G. P. REID,  
Manager.

Capital Authorized \$2,000,000  
Paid Up 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund 600,000

Agencies in all principal points in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, United States and England.

**Durham Agency.**

A general banking business transacted. Drafts issued and collections made on all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.

**SAVINGS BANK.**

Interest allowed on Savings Bank deposits of \$1 and upwards. Prompt attention and every facility afforded customers living at a distance. J. KELLY, Agent.

**Medical Directory.**

**DR. JAMIESON,** Durham.  
Office and Residence a short distance east of Knapp's Hotel, Lambton Street, Lower Town. Office hours from 12 to 2 o'clock.

**DENTIST.**

**DR. T. G. HOLT, L. D. S.**  
Office—First door east of the Durham Pharmacy, Calder's Block.  
Residence—First door west of the Post Office, Durham.

**Legal Directory.**

**J. P. TELFORD.**  
BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. Office over Gordons' new jewellery store, Lower Town. Any amount of money to loan at 5 per cent. on farm property.

**G. LEFROY McCAUL,**  
BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. McIntyre Block, Lower Town. Collection and Agency promptly attended to. Searches made at the Registry Office.

**Miscellaneous.**

**JAMES BROWN,** Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Durham Ont.

**HUGH MacKAY,** Durham, Land Valuator and Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to and notes cashed.

**JAMES CARSON,** Durham, Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Land Valuator, Bailiff of the 2nd Division Court Sales and all other matters promptly attended to—highest references furnished if required.

**FURNITURE UNDERTAKING**  
Prices Out.

A FIRST CLASS HEARSE IN CONNECTION  
Embalming a specialty.

**JACOB KRESS.**

— TO —  
**Farmers, Threshers and Millmen**

**AT THE BRICK FOUNDRY — WE MAKE —**

Furnace Kettles, Power Straw Cutters, Hot Air Furnaces, Shingle Machinery, Band Saws, Emery Machines, hand or power; Cresting, Farmers Kettles, Columns, Church Seat Ends, Bed Fasteners, Fencing, Pump-Makers' Supplies, School Desks, Fanning Mill Castings, Light Castings and Builders' Supplies, Sole Plates and points for the different ploughs in use. Casting repairs for Flour and Saw Mills.

**— WE REPAIR —**

Steam Engines, Horse Powers, Separators, Mowers, Reapers, Circular and Cross-Cut Saws Gunned, Filed and Set.

I am prepared to fill orders for good shingles.  
**CHARTER SMITH,**  
BRICK FOUNDRYMAN

**CLIMBING UP THE ROCKS**

**Persecution Stirs the Blood for Magnificent Battle.**

A despatch from Washington says—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "There was a sharp rock on the one side, and there was a sharp rock on the other side."—1 Sam. xiv. 4.  
My friends, you have been or are now, some of you, in this crisis of the text. If a man meet one trouble, he can go through it. He gathers all his energies, concentrates them upon one point, and in the strength of God, or by his own natural determination, goes through it. But the man who has trouble to the right of him and trouble to the left of him, is to be pitted. Did either trouble come alone, he might endure it, but two troubles, two disasters, two overshadowing misfortunes are Bozoz and Seneh. God pity him! "There is a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."  
In this crisis of the text is that man whose fortune and health fail at the same time. Ninetenths of all our merchants capsize in business before they come to forty-five years of age. There is some collision in commercial circles and they stop payment. It seems as if every man must put his name on the back of a note before he learns what a fool a man is who risks all his own property on the prospect that some man will tell the truth. It seems as if a man must have a large amount of unsalable goods on his own shelf before he learns how much easier it is to buy than to sell. It seems as if every man must be completely burned out, before he learns the importance of always keeping fully insured. It seems as if every man must be wrecked in a financial tempest before he learns to keep things snug in case of a sudden euroclydon. When the calamity does come, it is awful. The man goes home in despair and he tells his family: "We'll have to go to the poor house." He takes a dolorous view of everything. It seems as if he never could rise. But a little time passes and he says: "Why, I am not so badly off after all. I have my family left. Before the Lord, I turned Adam out of Paradise, he gave him Eve; so that when he lost Paradise he could stand it! Permit one who has never read but three or four novels in all his life and, who has not a great deal of romance in his composition, to say that if, when a man's fortunes fail, he has a good wife, a good, Christian wife, he ought not to be despondent. "Oh," you say, "that only increases the embarrassment, since you have her also to take care of." You are an ingrate; for a woman as often supports a man, as the man supports the woman. The man may bring all the dollars, but the woman generally brings the courage and the faith in God. Well, this man of whom I am speaking, looks around and he finds his family is left, and he rallies, and the light comes to his eyes, and the smile to his face, and the courage to his heart. In two years he is all over it. He makes his financial calamity the first chapter in a

**NEW ERA OF PROSPERITY.**  
He met that one trouble—conquered it. He sat down for a little while under the grim shadow of the rock Bozoz, yet he soon rose and began like Jonathan to climb.  
I suppose that those overhanging rocks only made Jonathan scrabble the harder and the faster to get up and out into the sunlight; and this combined shadow of invalidism and financial embarrassment has often lifted a man up the quicker into the sunlight of God's favor, and the noonday of his glorious promise. It is a difficult thing for a man to feel his dependence upon God when he has ten thousand dollars in the bank and fifty thousand dollars in government securities, and a block of stores and three ships. "Well," the man says to himself, "it is silly for me to pray. Give me this day my daily bread," when my pantry is full, and the canal from the great sea is crowded with bread-stuffs destined for my storehouses." Oh, my friends, if the combined misfortunes and disasters of life have made you climb up into the arms of a sympathetic and compassionate God, through all eternity you will bless him that in this world "There was a sharp rock on one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."  
Again: that man is in the crisis of the text who has had home troubles and outside persecution at the same time. The world treats a man well just as long as it pays best to treat him well. As long as it can manufacture success out of his bone and brain and muscle, it favours him. The world fattens the horse it wants to drive. But let a man see it is his duty to cross the track of the world, then every bush is full of horns and tusks thrust at him. They will belittle him; they will caricature him; they will call his generosity self-aggrandizement, and his piety sanctimoniousness. They will come upon him from those who profess to be Christians on the principle that religious wars are the most bitter wars. Now the world sometimes takes after him, the newspapers take after him, public opinion takes after him, and he is lied about until the dictionary of Certainties is exhausted in lying about him. A certain amount of persecution is a

**WEeping AND WATCHING.**  
she goes forth—a grave, a hearse, a coffin behind her—to contend for her existence and the existence of her children. When I see such a battle as that open, I shut my eyes at the ghastliness of the spectacle. Men sit with embroidered slippers and write heartless essays about woman's wages, but that question is made up of tears and blood, and there is more blood than tears. Oh, give woman free access to all the realms where she can get a livelihood, from the telegraph office to the pulpit. Let man's wages be cut down before hers are cut down. Men have iron in their souls and can stand it. Make the way free to her of the broken heart. O ye sewing women on starving wages—O ye widows turned out from the once bountiful home—O ye female teachers, kept on zig-zagging stipend—O ye women of weak nerves and aching side, and broken heart, you need something more than human sympathy, you need the sympathy of God. Climb up into his arms. He knows it all and he loves you more than father or mother or husband, ever could or ever did, and instead of sitting down wringing your hands in despair, you had better begin to climb. There are heights of consolation for you, though now "There is a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."  
Again: that man is in the crisis of the text who has a wasted life on the one side and an unutilized eternity on the other. Though a man may all his life have cultivated deliberation and self-poise, if he gets in that position, all his possession is gone. There are all the wrong thoughts of his existence, all the wrong deeds, all the wrong words—scattered above strata, granitic, ponderous, overshadowing. The rock I call Bozoz. On the other side are all the tribulations of the future, the throes of judgment, the eternal ages with his long defiance; piled upon concentrated, accumulated wrath, that rock I will call Seneh. Climb up that way of the cross. Have your wasted life forgiven. Have your eternal life secured. This morning just take one look to the past and see what it has been, and take one look to the future, and see what it threatens to be. You can afford to lose your health, you can afford to lose your property, you can afford to lose your reputation; but you cannot afford to lose your soul. That bright, gleaming, glorious, precious, eternal possession you must carry aloft in the day when the earth rocks down and the heavens burst. O God, help that man to save his soul. Like Jonathan, then, climb with all your might, instead of sitting down to wring your hands in the shadow and in the darkness, a sharp rock on this side, and a sharp rock on the other side.

**TONIC AND AN INSPIRATION;**  
but too much of it, and too long continued becomes the rock Bozoz, throwing a dark shadow over a man's life. What is he to do then? Good advice that is just the place for a man to go

**SHOP-ASSISTANTS IN AUSTRALIA.**  
Shop-assistants in Australia work only fifty hours per week. In Ballarat, every shop, except those of tobacconists, fishmongers and hairdressers, closes at 6 p.m. for the first four days of the week, on Friday at 1 p.m., and on Saturday at 10 p.m. The majority open at 8 a.m., to be swept and dusted by errand-boys, the assistants arriving at 8.30 a.m. An hour is allowed for dinner and on Saturday an hour for tea. The total being about fifty hours' labour per week. There are also eight or ten whole holidays in the year.

**A COOK AND A HOUSEMAID** had a little difficulty in the kitchen the other day, and presently matters became so quiet that you could hear a rolling-pin drop.

**The Missing Madonna**

**I.**

Somebody discovered it in a muddy picture-gallery in Germany, and Mr. Hezekiah Hobbes, the multi-millionaire, who had amassed his fortune out of the proceeds of tinned fish, purchased it for a mere song.  
It made him famous and gave him a place in society which even his millions could not buy.  
After all, anybody might be a millionaire, if he had the chance; but to secure an undoubted Raphael, painted in that prince of artists' best manner, is a distinction indeed.

About a dozen of the guests at Bramley Castle were in the picture-gallery admiring it.  
To Crawford Rivers, the rising young artist, who was said, by the way, to be wildly in love with Margaret Hobbes, the picture was an inexhaustible subject of study.  
"It's a poem," he muttered, in his enthusiasm—"a poem without words or music—a poem in colour."  
"Yes, it's a very pretty picture," said the Duchess of Sussex, looking at the wrong one through her lorgnettes. She possessed a picture gallery of her own, which was crowded with the duke's ugly ancestors, and she had no intention of waxing enthusiastic over anything Mr. Hobbes possessed. "I believe Mr. Hobbes refused fifty thousand for it, did he not?" she inquired of Margaret.

"I really don't know," said Miss Hobbes, laughing, "but I almost wish he had sold it. Every day brings a letter from some one imploring him to name a price. One old gentleman fairly wept, he was so overcome, because he couldn't buy it; and I firmly believe it will be stolen some day."  
"Imagine an art-collector organizing a burglary expedition to rob Bramley Castle of its 'Madonna'! What fun it would be!" continued she. "You could scarcely give a nice-looking, white-haired old gentleman—they all have white hair, you know—in charge to the police. We should have to ask the burglar to dinner, and then drive him down to the police-station in the brougham."

Later in the day Margaret happened to be in the picture-gallery alone, and by one of those remarkable coincidences which occasionally happen when people are in love, Crawford found her there.  
"Do you know," he said, "that the 'Madonna' is very like you?"  
"Is it really?" she answered. "But I'm sure I'm not half so good-looking."  
"No, of course not," he said absently, for he was studying the picture intently.  
"Really, Crawford, you are too candid for anything."  
"I beg your pardon," he answered, in confusion, delighted at being called "Crawford," and annoyed with himself for having blundered. "I spoke as an artist, not as a—as anything else."  
She smiled demurely, and perhaps wished he had finished the sentence with the word "lover," as he had evidently intended.

"There never was a woman as lovely as she is," he continued. "Look, at the shading of the eyes, and the sweet trembling little mouth, almost ready to speak, or perhaps to pray. Then see the hands. Did you ever see a woman of the nineteenth century fold her hands in that restful way?"  
But further conversation was prevented by the arrival of Mr. Hobbes.  
"Why, Rivers, my boy," he began, in his dry, energetic way, "enjoying the 'Madonna'! You are the identical man I want to talk to. Maggie, go downstairs, my honey, and look after the stiches. That's the worst having a real live duchess on the premises, you must always be trotting about after her."  
Margaret left them, and for half an hour the two men walked up and down the picture-gallery, talking earnestly, sometimes stopping in front of the "Madonna," only to renew the conversation more energetically still. But nobody was told the result of their deliberations.

The next week slipped away pleasantly enough. The love-making went on merrily, though to be sure, not a word of love was spoken on either side; for, if a young man whose income is about £200 a year, has any decent feeling, he must find it embarrassing to make love to a girl whose father's income is nearly a hundred times as great.

But every day Margaret became more attached to him. He was a different type of man from any she had met. He had the breeding and independence of an English aristocrat, without his vices and insolence, and he had the quick, impulsive sympathy of the artist, without the artist's waywardness and indolence. Indeed, his way was the joke of the house. In every spare moment he was making studies of the "Madonna," and his ideal of happiness seemed to be working at his art, with Margaret by his side to talk to. Thanks to her thoughtfulness a dressing-room and a bedroom had been allotted to him, which led out of the picture-gallery, and it was currently reported that he commenced working at six o'clock every morning. At any rate, his room was littered with studies, and the servants had strict orders to touch nothing.

One night, instead of going to bed like two respectable old politicians, Lord Whitstable and Sir Richard Buxton, two of the guests, sat up gossiping in the billiard-room.  
They had switched off the electric light, and were sitting in the dark, smoking. It was three o'clock in the morning. Mr. Hobbes had been summoned to town the previous day, and, excepting these two old gentlemen, no

everybody in the house was asleep, or at any rate, should have been. Sir Richard was in the middle of an anecdote about an extraordinary adventure of his at Etoa, in which he performed prodigies of valour; and Lord Whitstable, who had heard the tale at least twenty times, was thinking about something else.  
"Why, bless my soul!" said Lord Whitstable suddenly, "There's some one walking about. There! Can't you see him? He's creeping along the path between the lawn and that third buttress. Wait a minute. He'll have to cross that patch of moonlight directly, then we shall be able to see him better."  
A moment later the figure of a man dressed in a long coat crossed the end of the lawn, as if he were going to the stables.  
"Well, I'll be hanged, if it isn't young Rivers!" said Sir Richard, "remember that queer macintosh of his. He wore it the other day at the picnic."  
"What ever is he doing at this time of night?"  
"Going for a walk, I suppose. Perhaps he can't sleep. Been thinking too much about that confounded 'Madonna.' All these artists are more or less mad, you know."  
"It's very queer," said Lord Whitstable gravely.  
"I suppose he has as much right to go for a walk at night, as we have to sit up and smoke."  
Half an hour later they saw the man in the macintosh return.  
"Next morning the whole house was thrown into consternation by the news that the 'Madonna' had been stolen. The picture had been cut from the frame with a penknife.  
Everybody was horror-stricken, and at Lord Whitstable's suggestion, a telegram was sent to Mr. Hobbes, calling him to the castle at once.  
Whitstable and Sir Richard Buxton had seen Crawford in the grounds at three o'clock in the morning, but no one had the courage to speak to him about it.  
At luncheon, when the whole party met together for the first time, the "Madonna" was, of course, the subject of conversation.  
"This is no ordinary robbery," said Lord Whitstable, "the picture is so well known that no dealer would give a thief half its value for it. I don't believe it has been taken for its pecuniary value. It has been taken by someone who has an interest in the picture itself—a collector, or—or—" He was going to say "an artist."  
Crawford looked across at the speaker, with flashing eyes, and turned pale; then he said, in an odd, constrained voice:  
"I had half a mind to go up to town and meet Mr. Hobbes. Perhaps—"

But Lord Whitstable interrupted him, sternly.  
"I think, sir," he said, "that under the circumstances, nobody, not even a guest, ought to leave the house."  
There was a little hum of approval all round the table, and Crawford's lips went together tightly. Margaret was as white as a sheet, and she trembled from head to foot, but she soon recovered her self-control.  
"Oh, please don't let us worry about the wretched picture," she said, trying to speak naturally. "I'm not going to. I shall play tennis. Mr. Rivers, will you let me try to beat you this afternoon?"  
At five o'clock Mr. Hobbes arrived at Bramley Station, and Lord Whitstable and Sir Richard Buxton drove out to meet him, and tell him what had happened. In the meantime, Crawford and Margaret had been having a long conversation.  
When Mr. Hobbes arrived, he went straight up-stairs, and ordered one of the servants, to ask Mr. Rivers to come to his private study.  
Everybody tried to behave with the utmost indifference, but curiosity ran high, and a great excitement was expressed when somebody announced that Crawford had gone to Mr. Hobbes's study accompanied by Margaret. Half an hour later news was brought that the butler had been sent privately for a constable.

At last, the dinner bell rang, and, to everybody's surprise, Crawford appeared in his usual place, though his face was pale and set.  
Margaret looked unmistakably angry.  
"He has made a fool of that poor girl," said the duchess to Sir Richard, "and she can't forgive him."  
"No allusion to the lost 'Madonna' was made, during dinner, but a hint was passed round that Mr. Hobbes would like everybody to assemble in the drawing-room afterwards.  
It was a curious one which followed, and one not to be forgotten by those who took part in it.  
Mr. Hobbes entered the room, followed closely by Margaret and Crawford. He carried a picture.  
"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, speaking even more energetically than usual, you will be glad to know that the 'Madonna' is quite safe. Here she is."  
He held the picture up. It was in a common little oak frame.  
Everyone looked puzzled, and Mr. Hobbes smiled sarcastically.  
"I think I owe you an explanation," he went on. "Of course, an old man of business like me, wasn't such a fool as to buy a valuable picture and not take care of it. A few days ago I asked Mr. Rivers if he would make a copy of this picture. He made one for me privately; and when it was done I can assure you that, if it hadn't been for the frame I couldn't tell the difference between them, until Mr. Rivers made me study them through a glass. The real 'Madonna' was then put in this frame, and locked up in my safe, and for the last few days, ladies and gentlemen, I am very sorry to say, you have been admiring the wrong one."  
Here Mr. Hobbes grinned, and the Duchess of Sussex showed signs of fainting, and sat volatilis was sent for.

"Well now," continued Mr. Hobbes, "I have been found out in my little fraud, so I hope you won't be offended. Now, the sham 'Madonna' was out of its frame last night, by one of my servants. He was commissioned to do it by a very wealthy, but half-cracked London collector, whose name I won't mention. After he had removed the picture, he stepped into Mr. Rivers's dressing-room, the door of which stood open and took his

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**TRYING TO BEAT THE LAW.**

**SUGAR AND OTHER GAMBLES THAT MADE FORTUNES.**

A Most Extraordinary Sight—Exciting Struggle Between British and French Tea Merchants—The Death Duty in Britain.  
When the rumour first spread that sugar was going to be taxed, a few weeks ago, a great army of business-men started to race the Chancellor for a fortune—or ruin. They began the big gamble on an enormous scale, buying up all the sugar that Europe had to sell, and struggling to get it over to England.

**BEFORE THE TAX BEGAN.**  
France, Austria, Germany, and Holland were ransacked for sugar to such an extent that the Continent became short of it, and nearly all Western Europe had to pay another farthing a pound for its sugar in consequence. All the quays and wharves of the great foreign cities were blocked with sugar-bags, throwing all other business into confusion; and over 10,000,000 hundred-weight bags of sugar, worth about \$22,500,000, were "cornered" by the British law-racers. To get it over, scores of steamers, sailing-vessels, and craft of all kinds, were chartered; and the rush was so great that speculators who had sunk their all in sugar, which was spoiling on the Continental wharves, went nearly frantic.  
The coal was emptied out of colliers, and sugar took its place—anything to get it over in time; for if it came even a few hours after the tax, was a settled matter all profit was lost. Again, if the tax did not "come off" at all, two-thirds of the sugar-gamblers were ruined, having tons of sugar they could not pay for without extra profit; and sugar would fall to almost nothing in price, so that the nation at large benefited. It was

**A MAGNIFICENT GAMBLE.**  
Not long ago there was a slight extra duty laid on tobacco which led to some of the most extraordinary sights ever seen in the business world. Small as the duty was, it made a vast difference to the trade, and a great rush was made upon the bonded warehouses—places where imported goods can be stored, and the duty paid when they are taken out.  
These are controlled by Government and a great army of staid business-men, wildly excited, besieged the warehouses in the race to get their goods out before the extra duty came due.  
Shouting mobs of them surged before the doors, kept in order by lines of policemen. Thousands of pounds were made by those who were in time, and many thousands were lost by late-comers. Dignified merchants who were successful capered with joy outside the warehouses, and rushed off to realize; while the struggling, despairing mass who could not get their applications attended to before closing time, because of the crush, almost went mad. When the doors were closed many wept tears of disappointment.

**NEARLY \$10,000,000** worth of tobacco had duty paid on it during office hours that day, and large special staffs had to be organized to deal with the work.  
The British and French merchants raced both each other and the Government when the tax on tea was increased a few years ago. It was a most exciting struggle, for the British unloaded their warehouses, and tried to hurry up the consignments of tea that were coming along; while the French, seeing a chance, swept up all the tea to be had in France, and whisked it down to Calais and Dunkirk, ready to come over at a moment's notice. They waited for more assuring news before shipping over, and they had the advantage, because tea is not much sought after in France, and was cheap there. The French agents over here tried to get hold of the news, and the English speculators combined to prevent their obtaining it. At last the news was practically confirmed. The British merchants poured their tea in, and within a few hours a perfect navy of French ships came with their cargoes, too. The race was about even; but the Frenchmen, wishing to make sure that there would be no hitch, had actually brought their own gangs of dock laborers with them. As might be expected, the English "dockies" fell foul of these, and there was

**A FREE FIGHT.**  
which delayed the French consignments.  
A terrible "sell," which ruined a great many rash people who thought they could get ahead of the Government, was brought about by a rumour, not long ago, that the sale of Spanish brandy and various popular liquors was about to be forbidden altogether. These products, it was said, were dangerously adulterated, and injurious, and so the Government would ban them. There was truth in it, for the Chancellor gave a hint of some such proceeding, and a number of speculators, who got the news early, started selling these commodities at a terrific rate. They offered quantities of the goods at low price, knowing that when the rumour was confirmed the price would drop to almost nothing, and they would be able to obtain the liquor which they had sold on paper—at half the price they were booked to obtain for it from their purchasers. Thus, by the usual City custom, they lost hundreds of thousands of pounds.

**WORTH OF GOODS** which they had not got, and could not have paid for if they had. They stood to win or lose, in all, about \$10,000,000; and when it was given out that prohibition had been abandoned, the price went up, and

**THEY WERE RUINED.**  
They could not pay for what they had bought on credit, and a crop of over thirty bankruptcies was the result.  
A "race" with both Death and the Government was started in Britain when the famous death duties came into force, by which all legacies were taxed. People who had money to leave at once made "deeds of gift" of their property to their heirs to escape the heavy dues. Small people did not feel the weight of the new order, but the wealthy did, and the Duke of Westminster was one of the first in the race. He made the greater part of his \$55,000,000 over to his son, and thousands of other people did likewise. But there was a hole through which the law could creep in, and it did. All the tax-racers found themselves forced to pay the full duties, as well as heavy costs in law, and "enforcement," and they discovered, too late, that the Government was too swift to be beaten in the "Death Duty Handicap."

**COSTLY COLLECTIONS OF LACES.**  
A good deal has been said about the precious collections of laces owned by some of the royal ladies of Europe, but it is now well known that there are several ladies in America who have laces more valuable than those owned by any European potentate. The laces of the Astor family are valued at \$200,000, and those of Vanderbilts at \$100,000. More lace is bought in New York than any other city in the world. The Pope is said to own lace to the value of \$175,000. Queen Victoria had \$75,000 worth, while those belonging to the Princess of Wales, are valued at \$50,000. The dress worn by our late Queen at her wedding was trimmed with a magnificent piece of Honiton lace, which must have cost quite \$1,000.

**LONDON'S PROGRESS.**  
It is curious to look back and recall the fact that it was not until 1823 that cabs began to ply for hire in the London streets, says a correspondent.  
Prior to that time the great thoroughfares were obstructed in all parts of town by toll-gates. Six years later omnibuses began to run. In 1838 the first railway train from London to Birmingham steamed out of Euston station. Four years later the Thames tunnel was completed. The old houses of parliament were burned down in 1834, and the magnificent pile was not completed until 1857. The notorious Fleet prison was standing until 1845. Only in 1862 parliament passed an act for the formation of the Thames Embankment.

**PRISON GARDENS.**  
A modified system of agriculture has been introduced into the penal establishments of New South Wales, with the best results. At the Goulburn, Bathurst, and Parramatta gaols the prisoners have been successful in the cultivation of vegetables, and at the Grafton Gaol grain has been grown. The prisoners hail the system with joy, as they find the open-air work more congenial than the confinement in the workshops. The effect on the discipline has been good.

**A FAMOUS COLLECTING DOG.**  
Many who have for years known "London Jack," the clever dog collector, on the London and South-Western Railway, for the Railway Orphanage Fund will regret to hear that he is dead. But "Jack" is not yet dead with him. He has passed into the possession of Mr. Rowland Ward, the famous naturalist, in Piccadilly, and when