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SWEET SIMPLICITY.

A Pretty Little Wedding Without Fuss or Folly.

"It's just a year ago to-day," said she who told the story. "We had been schoolmates, and she asked me to come on an early train and help her and her mother through the day. It was nine in the morning when I stepped under the thick woodbine that grew about the door of that angular little house on the edge of a Canadian village. She had a broad hat on and she said, 'Come.'

"We went out into the pasture land beyond the village, and we filled our arms with golden-rod and cardinal flowers. Then we walked back to the house, and her mother fetched jars and big bowls, and we put our flowers about the rooms.

"He came by the noon train, and she went to the gate in her print dress and her broad hat to meet him. We had a little dinner together, her mother, he, she, and I.

"Then she went to dress, and came downstairs again in half an hour in a simple little white gown. It was two o'clock when the neighbors began to arrive. She went to the door to meet them herself, and she took the minister's hat and showed the minister's wife where to put her things.

"Then by-and-by the minister said, 'Are you ready?' And she said, 'Yes.' And then the two stood before the minister, and she put one hand behind her and into the hand of her mother, who sat on the sofa. And when the minister began 'Will you—' she said 'I will' before he got half through.

"After that she put on a white apron and saw that we all had cake and ice-cream. Then when it was time for her to go away she changed her dress again and we all walked to the railway station to see her started. When the train came up she turned to me. 'Stay with mother till to-morrow. I'll get a letter to her by that time. She'll be lonely this evening.'"

On the advice of their executive north of England miners have decided to withdraw their application to the coal owners for an advance of 15 per cent. in wages.

Tipplers found drunk in the streets of St. Petersburg are shamed into a sense of decency by seeing their names displayed on posters in the leading thoroughfares.

A new project for the sanitation of the sewers of the city of Mexico, at a cost of about $25,000, calls for the building of some twenty-five windmills in different parts of the city, to rotate paddle wheels in the sewers and quicken the current to one metre per second.

THE OTHER FELLOW'S UNCLE.

It was Christmas morning. The sun was shining brightly on the new-fallen snow. It was just cold enough to freeze.

The sleigh bells were ringing merrily.

The children were having a gay time, skating and coasting and playing tricks on passers by.

One decrepit old man was thrown down by their tricks, and lay so still they feared they had killed him.

Another eye besides theirs witnessed the accident and its cause.

A young girl stood in the bay window of the mansion before which the old man had allen; another instant and she came running down the marble steps unmindful of her costly attire, the rich silk that fell in heavy folds about her form, she sank down eside the old man, exclaiming:

"For shame, boys! Come, Eugene, and help me raise him. Nay, he must be carried. Go bring Brown here."

A moment or two later Eugene returned, followed by a large, strong-looking man, who, in obedience to the girl's command, raised and bore to the house the inanimate orm of the poor old stranger.

"Gently, gently, Brown! Place him on the lounge," she said.

Restoratives were applied. Tenderly he was cared for. And after a short time the kind girl's efforts were successful.

The old man opened his eyes and looked enquiringly into her face. She explained the accident and was holding a glass of wine to his lips when a servant came in the room, bearing on a silver waiter a card. She looked at it and said:

"Tell Mr. Grainger I will be up very soon. Ask mamma to entertain him."

A rustle of silken robes, and Mrs. Cameron glided into the room and stood looking with perfect amazement on the scene before her. Kneeling beside the lounge, alternately bathing the face and placing wine to the lips of the miserable old man, was her daughter.

"Florence!—who?—what is the meaning of all this?" she asked.

The gentle girl explained and her mother said:

"One of the servants could have attended to him. If he is able to be moved now you had better send word to the proper authorities and have him carried to his home or the hospital."

"But, mamma, we are the proper ones to attend him. Eugene and his companions are accountable for his suffering."

The old man said something in a low, feeble voice, and Florence's ear was bent close to catch the words.

"He will go home he says. Well, you must wait a little longer and I will have the carriage"—

"A carriage! If you please. Florence, send Brown to procure one," Mrs. Cameron said. As she turned to leave the room she continued: "Mr. Grainger will feel flattered by your conduct."

"Send him here, mamma, I know he will think I am doing right."

A few moments more and Carl Grainger came into the room. Florence's sweet, bright face that had been raised to greet him, was suddenly clouded. She saw that she had mistaken her lover—for with an expression of contempt, which he could not or cared not to hide, he looked on the suffering man.

Scarce had Mr. Grainger passed the compliments of the day, when again the door opened, and another young man entered.

He was not strikingly handsome, like the other, but his was the face of one that children love to linger near, women confide in and men trust.

"Excuse me, but I have permission," he said. "Mrs. Cameron told me you were entertaining your guests here."

Turning to meet Mr. Grainger, the young man saw the sufferer on the lounge.

"Who have you here? Are you hurt, sir?" he said, going up to the side of the old man and taking his hand.

Briefly Florence told of his fall, and the look of admiration, nay, adoration, which beamed in William Hartley's eyes as they sought hers ought to have been the balm to entirely heal the wound caused by Carl Grainger's look.

But it was not, just then, for Florence had thought more of the handsome Carl than any of the other young men who visited the house. She was dreadfully disappointed to know him so different from her thoughts.

The old man signified his desire to go and when Brown returned with a carriage William Hartley, with almost womanly gentleness, assisted him in and urged that he might accompany him home.

An approving look from Florence and he jumped in, closed the door and ordered the the driver to the street and number directed.

"God bless you! You are a good child. I shall never forget this day. Perhaps I'll come to see you again some time," the old man said on leaving.

The same contemptuous expression was again on Carl's face, and he said sneeringly:

"Quite a dignified acquisition o Miss Cameron's list of acquaintances!"

A deep flush mantled her fair brow, but she designed no word of reply.

Carl Grainger saw he had been indiscreet to say the least, and endeavored by putting forth his most fascinating powers, to cast away the cloud that had gathered on the face usually so bright. Carl's attempts were fruitless.

But when an hour had passed, and William Hartley returned, then to his great chagrin, he saw a softer glow in her dark eyes, and her lips wreathed with smiles that he had failed to draw out.

That night Carl Grainger, determined to know his fate, asked Florence to be his wife, and to her parents' great disappointment, she kindly but firmly said she "could not love him!"

"Foolish girl! Do you know that, besides his own fortune, Mr. Grainger is the only heir of an old uncle, who is fabulously rich?" said Mrs. Cameron.

Florence's father's disappointment was as keen as his wife's for he felt his foundation trembling, and knew before long it must fall. And so it was; before another year had passed the stately mansion was no longer his. He was almost penniless. But he was a true, loving father, and would not barter his child's heart for gold.

And so, when William Hartley won Florence, he took her not from a home of luxury, but one as humble as his own. Years rolled by, bringing with them joy and sorrow, until six had passed.

During the last one clouds had gathered swift and dark over William Hartley and his loved ones; and so on Christmas morning, six years after the one when the strange old man was helped by Florence, they were absolutely destitute.

"I wonder what has become of that old man?" said William, during the day. "I called a few days after I took him home to inquire how he was getting on, but he had gone from that place."

"Do you know, William, to that old man's sufferings you are indebted for your wife?"

"That day I saw the difference between you and Carl Grainger. His heartlessness frightened me, and I fled to you, and grew calm and happy," said Florence, while a beautiful flush spread over her face, chasing away the careworn look of a few moments before.

"You fled to poverty, toil, suffering. Oh! my darling, I hoped to have sheltered you from such."

"I fled from worse. Come, cheer up! All will yet be well. I did not tell you the last time I was out I saw Carl Grainger very much intoxicated. He is living now entirely on his expectations."

"Mamma! Mamma! Kriss Kringle's coming! See! See! Hurrah! Old Kriss liked to have forgotten us, I guess!" cried little Willie, shouting and clapping his hands.

Florence arose to look out when a knock sounded on the door; opening which she beheld standing before her the old man of whom she had just been speaking.

"Come in! I am glad to see you. Where have you been this long time? And how did you find us?" Florence asked taking his hand and drawing him in.

"I found very easily what I had never lost. I've thought of you often, but chose to come to-day. It is a good time to come," answered the old man.

"Come! sit down here," said William, getting up and offering his own comfortable chair.

"Wait a bit. If I sit down I don't want to get up soon. Better know first how long

I can stay," answered the old man, still standing.

"As long as you like. We are poor, very poor, but if you want a home with us we will not send you forth. Sit down," answered William.

"The same! Unchanged?" murmured the stranger.

When Florence went out to prepare the frugal dinner, the old man called the children, and listened to their lisping voices.

William was watching, very much amused, when the old man's words were whispered, and little Willie, seeming to understand, lowered his tone, and the heads of the old and young were close together, at some mysterious plotting.

The father's amusement was soon changed to the greatest amazement, when soon after, as Florence came back, Willie ran up, exclaiming:

"Christmas gift for mamma, and papa too! Kriss Kringle sent them to you!"

It was only a little roll of paper. Opening which, they found told in words never plainer: "No more money. No more toiling!" Many thousands of dollars they held in their hands.

They could not speak at first. But after awhile, when they poured forth their thanks, Kriss Kringle said:

"Your home is mine! You and yours are mine! All I have is for you! You won it six years ago, both of you! And that day you had another friend with you. I knew him by name before; I learned his nature then. I heard his remark when I was going out. Ha! ha! He lost something then, didn't he?" Eh?

"Go make your children happy!" he urged. "And, my child, take this," handing her more money, "and make the poor old folks you meet, and the little children who are looking longingly in at the gay windows, make them happy, too."

Oh, what a joyous Christmas it was!

For five years the old man dwelt with them, and then he sank calmly to sleep, loving hearts and gentle hands soothing him.

And then from a lawyer of high standing came the startling information that William Hartley and Florence were the only heirs to all the immense wealth of old Mark Grainger.

EXCITING SITUATION.

How a Traveller in India Was Nearly Run Down by a Herd of Elephants.

A traveller in India, who had in one day shot a tiger and an elephant, was much excited, shortly after his last "kill," at being told by his guide that a large herd of elephants was sweeping that way, and would inevitably run them down. Had the ground been open, the men could easily have got off in time. As it was they were fairly pounded. In front of them lay a mass of thick brushwood, mingled with creepers and twisting plants; at their right the ground seemed still more impracticable, and at their left the approaching elephants.

The only thing for us to do, Abdallah said, was to turn back and climb a tall banian-tree we had left behind us.

There was not a moment to lose. He was a few paces in front of me, and had already begun to climb, when my left foot and right arm were entangled at the same moment in one of those cable-like creepers to be found in Indian jungles.

I had got my right leg over a prostrate tree, but I could not move further without help, and Abdallah, thinking me close behind him, had gone round the tree, and was out of sight. To cry out would have brought the elephants on us the more quickly.

For some minutes I lay, or rather sat, there, expecting every instant to be crushed to death, and unable to move hand or foot. Nearer and nearer the elephants came, until at last I could feel the wind caused by the moving of their great bodies through the air. The earth seemed to shake under their tread.

A cold sweat burst out all over me, and I could feel that I was ghastly pale. My lips were parched; my heart seemed to stand still. To be bound and helpless, with a cruel death before one, is very different from meeting death face to face, and fighting for dear life. My double-barrelled rifle was on my left hand, but I could not use it. Had I been bound with ropes to the stake, I could not have been more effectually hindered from helping myself.

The last thing I can recollect was hearing an elephant crash through the underwood within a few feet of me. I must then have fainted. When I came to myself I was loose from the creepers, and Abdhallah was by my side.

There was not an elephant to be seen or heard. They had swerved aside just before reaching me, and fled trumpeting into the jungle. The reason was not far to seek. They had scented the tiger I had shot that morning, and had turned frantically aside from their dead enemy."

TUBERCULOUS CATTLE.

The New York State Board of Health Report That There Are Many.

A despatch from Albany N. Y., says—The State Board of Health has issued its report of the first year's work under the law relating to examinations for tuberculous, and the results are rather astonishing. The board was compelled to stop work because of lack of funds. The report says in part: There can no longer be a reasonable doubt that tuberculous cattle are extensively distributed through the dairies of the state, forming centres of infection in their respective herds; that the milk from such cattle is bad, and in many cases, though not acting perniciously upon all who partake of it, is still sufficiently dangerous to warrant as earnest precautions and as effective prophylactic measures as in the case of smallpox, typhoid and cholera.

Household.

The Good of Things.

"Mamma, why do you not use the lovely toilet set that Mrs. Eaton gave you for your dressing case at Christmas?"

"Because my dear, it is so delightful to have something with its first freshness on it in reserve, to use when making ready for guests whom we delight to honor."

"But, mamma, if you will consent to use them every day and 'take the good of them,' as we say, I will promise to replace them when they have become soiled, or have lost their first daintiness."

The above conversation was repeated to me by the mother herself, who used the incident as a text on which to found a little sermon on the duty and beauty of living in the present.

"I feel quite competent," she said, "to speak of this subject, because I have been so derelict myself. I can see now that I have always lived too much in the future. There has always been in my thoughts and plans an unformulated, and for the most part, perhaps, unconscious reference to an indefinite 'sometime' when our circumstances would justify the use of my precious bits of cut glass, choice china, finer linen, modish gowns, etc., every day, unhampered by the consciousness that they could not be replaced if broken or defaced.

"But my daughter's appeal caused a startling 'arrest of thought.' A voice seemed to say to me, 'Here are you, fast nearing that point in your life when you may well begin to listen for the soft dip of the silent ferryman's oars as he approaches to convey you to the other shore. Your life is already lived. The future is too brief and uncertain to be counted upon, or to afford opportunity for much change. The memories of home and home life which your children are to retain forever are already fixed and unchangeable. And yet, even now, you are so absorbed in the contemplation of some indefinite future or the pursuit of some desired acquisition, that the beauty and the duty of to-day are half forgotten or overlooked altogether.' And then and there I resolved to endeavor to redeem the remaining time. Henceforth I am determined to make each day as it passes just as beautiful in every way as I possibly can."

Said another woman to me: "For many years I kept my most beautiful things laid away, to be taken out and used only when company was expected. But one day there came a fire which destroyed in an hour all my cherished daintinesses. Oh! how I regretted then that they had not been used and enjoyed while they were in my possession; and perished through use instead of being destroyed by disaster."

Do not these little incidents, homely though they are, suggest a prevailing fault in our American life—the ever-present struggle for some future, perchance indefinite, good? And how easy for this habit of life to crystallize into a deplorable and almost irremediable habit of mind. It becomes at last well nigh impossible to make one's plans with simple reference to to-day, its own peculiar beauties and privileges. "Some time," we say, "I mean to check this busy, hurried life, and take time to read and study, take a little pleasure trip every year, perhaps oftener, and begin really to live."

Alas! the future—that ever-alluring "some time"—is a receding quantity. It is never reached. Like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow it allures, recedes, vanishes, and in infinite but hopeless regret the allured and disappointed soul wakes up to find that opportunity, too, is gone.

Artistic Darns.

Nothing keeps flannels and stockings and other underwear looking so well as darning and mending and preparing material that matches perfectly. A hole seems almost preferable to a gray stocking darned with blue, or black underskirt bound with red, or a brown patch where there should be a black one. Buttons, all kinds of mending threads, in cotton, linen, silk and wool, bindings in taffeta, ribbons and even webbing by the yard are to be bought at most reasonable prices for making old things as good as new, and for keeping the new in perfect condition. It also seems to be an economy in the same direction to buy the same makes and colors in flannels and hose from season to season, so that one may have material to reinforce weak places without buying it.

Keep Children Busy.

Children should be furnished with employment, which is sometimes difficult to provide. What we call a natural love of mischief is often nothing more than activity. Children are restless for employment. They must have something to do, and if they are not so furnished they will do mischief. Do not blame them; it is their nature, and should be encouraged rather than checked. In furnishing little employments you can form the habits and cultivate the tastes. What is begun should be finished. Care should be taken with whatever is done, and neatness should be encouraged.

Useful Recipes.

Kuchen.—Take a bowl and break into it one egg, ½ cup of lard, ½ cup sour cream and 3 tablespoonfuls sugar; mix. Now take a lump of your bread dough—when it is ready for making into loaves—the size of one loaf, pour the mixture upon it and mix thoroughly with your hand; mix until it is perfectly smooth, then let it rise. When light, roll out to about twice the thickness of a pie crust and line your pie-plates with it. When you have as many plates as you want, roll the rest into sheets about an inch thick and put into pans; let it rise while you prepare the filling as follows: Fill the pies with fruit; grapes—one layer, not too close—are nice, or apples, pared, cored and sliced and laid upon it in one layer, are good, but peaches sliced upon it are best. Now pour over the contents of the pies kuchen—one egg for each two kuchen mixed with about one cup of sweet cream. Use sugar to taste and flavor the apples to suit yourself. Bake until they are a nice brown over the top. The thick kuchen are to be covered with a little butter and sprinkle well with sugar and a little cinnamon. These will be the German coffee kuchen. Get some German to pronounce kuchen for you.

Bread.—Scald one cup of milk, turn it into a bowl, and one teaspoonful of sugar, salt and shortening; stir until the salt and sugar are dissolved and the butter melted, then add one cup of water. Dissolve a half a yeast cake in a half a cup of lukewarm water, and when the milk in the bowl is lukewarm add the yeast and sufficient flour (about three and half cups) to make a batter, which will pour thickly from a spoon; beat until the batter is light and smooth and full of bubbles. This should be done at night, and the batter should stand in a room of about 65 degrees until morning; it should then be light and covered with bubbles on top. Add enough flour to make a soft dough, and knead, using as little flour as possible, until the dough does not stick to the hands, and is soft and velvety to the touch. Let it rise again until it is double its bulk. When the dough is light enough it should come away from the bowl without sticking. Mold as quickly and as lightly as possible, without kneading again, into loaves. Put in greased bread tins, individual ones preferred, and let rise again until light. It should rise about thirty minutes this last time; then bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes.

Whole Wheat Bread.—Scald one cup of milk; turn into a bowl; add one teaspoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, one of salt and one cup of water; when lukewarm, add one-half of an yeast cake, which has been dissolved in a half cup of lukewarm water. Stir in three cups of whole wheat flour, and beat until light and smooth. Let rise over night. In the morning, when light, add two or three cups of flour or enough to make a soft dough. Knead well and be careful not to add too much flour in the kneading. White flour can be used for the kneading, if desired. Let the dough rise until it doubles its bulk. Shape it into loaves, put it into a greased bread tin, let rise again and bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

CALLING ON A LADY.

How a Young Man Was Cured of Remaining Away from Home.

My father played a queer trick on me the other night. You know I used to feel that I had done myself an injustice if I did not go to the theatre about five or six nights a week. It wasn't always the theatre, but if it wasn't that it was a music hall, or perhaps a game of cards or billards with some of the boys.

Well, you also know how I am situated as to business. I work for my father, and I have to be at the office at 8.30 in the morning, just as the rest of the family are sitting down to breakfast. In consequence I get my breakfast and leave the house before they get up. But I can't complain of that. I'm doing exactly what the man who had my place before me did, and between you and me I'm drawing more salary.

But that's neither here nor there. It's the evenings. I used to finish work about six, get dinner in the city, and go to the theatre or somewhere else. I had been doing it for about six months, and, when I look back, about the only time that I saw my mother and sister during that period was at Sunday dinner. Nothing unusual in that, of course. The same thing is true of hundreds of young men in town. But they haven't fathers like mine. He came to me one afternoon and asked me if I had an engagement for that night.

"Yes," I said: "I've promised to go to the theatre."

"How about to-morrow night?" he asked.

"Nothing on at present," I replied.

"Well, I'd like you to go somewhere with me."

"All right," I said; "where shall I meet you?"

You see he leaves the office about an hour before I can get my work finished. He suggested the Lenox Restaurant at 7.30, and I was there, prepared for the theatre and a quiet lecture on late hours. He had combined the two on several previous occasions. But when he appeared he said he wanted me to call on a lady with him. "One I know quite well when I was a young man," he explained.

We went out and started straight for home. "She is stopping at the house," he said, when I spoke of it. I thought it strange that he should have made the appointment for the Lenox Restaurant under those circumstances, but I said nothing.

Well, we went in, and I was introduced with due formality to my mother and my sister. The situation was ludicrous, and I began to laugh, but the laugh died away.

None of the three even smiled. My mother and my sister shook hands with me, and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but hadn't seen much of me lately. Then she invited me to be seated. It wasn't a bit funny then, although I can laugh over it now. I sat down, and she told me one or two anecdotes of my boyhood, at which we all laughed a little. Then we four played whist for a while. When I finally retired I was courteously invited to call again. I went upstairs feeling pretty small and doing a good deal of thinking.

Then I made up my mind that my mother was a most entertaining lady, and my sister a good and brilliant girl.

Now I'm going to call again, as I have been doing quite regularly for the last week. I enjoy their company, and I intend to cultivate their acquaintance.

GEMS OF GREAT VALUE.

We May Not be Able to See Them, But the Next Best Thing is to Read of Them.

We are often regaled with stories of fabulous prices paid for gems—pearls or diamonds. A necklace owned by Baroness Gustave de Rothschild, made of rows, is valued at $200,000. Another, owned by Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild, is even valued at a higher figure. The Empress of Russia has a necklace also valued at 50,000 rubles. One belonging to the Grand Duchess Marie has six rows of pearls, and is said to have cost $180,000. Mlle. Dosne, a sister of M. Theirs, has a necklace of several rows, which has taken her 30 years to collect, and has cost her upwards of $75,000. The Empress of Austria possesses some of the most beautiful black pearls it is possible to find; her casket and that of the Czarina of Russia are, in fact, the most famous in the world for pearls of this color. Mme. Leonide Leblanc sold her necklace of pearls a year or two ago for nearly $200,000, but in consequence of certain matters which were whispered about at the time she bought it back. The stones graduate in size, and are exceedingly beautiful in shape and lustre.

The Imaum of Muscat possesses a pearl weighing 12½ carats, through which you can see daylight. It is worth about $165,000. The one owned by Princess Yousoupoff is unique for beauty. It was sold by Georgibus of Calais in 1620 to Philip IV. of Spain for 80,000 ducats. Its present value is about $180,000. The present Pope on his accession, became the owner for the time being of a pearl, left by one of his predecessors upon the throne of the Vatican, which cannot be of less value than $100,000. The Empress Frederick has a necklace composed of 32 pearls, the total value of which has been estimated at $175,000. Her mother, Queen Victoria, has a necklace of pearls worth $80,000.

THE RIOTING IS OVER.

British Blue Jackets on Duty in Honduras With Salutary Effect.

Latest advices from British Honduras state that the riots there are at an end. The blue-jackets guard the town, and the show of force compelles the restless laborers to meeting with rest. Fourteen rioters are in prison, and, although Bishop Di Peitro, S.J., interceded for them, the Governor refused to interfere. In the meantime the Government Council has reduced duties on food products and tobacco, and that will probably enable the Mahogany men to raise labor rates and ease the disturbed situation.

Darwin declared that insanity is not peculiar to human beings. He asserted that animals often become insane.

THE FIELD OF COMMERCE.

Some Items of Interest to the Man of Business.

The world's visible supply of wheat increased 3,600,000 bushels the past week.

The price of silver is declining, having got down to 27 7-16d. per ounce in London and 59¾c in New York.

Canadian securities are firm. Canada 3½ per cent. are quoted in London at 106. Montreal 3½'s at 93, and Toronto 3½'s at 94. Hamilton 4's at 105.

The lumber trade is dull, the indications of increased activity at the beginning of the season have not so far materialized. Many of our large firms report less cutting going on in the woods than last year, owing to the large stocks of lumber on hand.

Speculation is very quiet, and no activity is expected until after the holidays, Assurance stocks are higher on reports of good earnings, and Commercial Cable is firm on report that the company has surplus of over $200,000 after payment of dividends for the year.

The United States Treasury gold reserve stands $8,500,000 below the reserve limit of $100,000,000. Since November 24, the day on which bids for the new bonds were opened, the Treasury has lost $2,500,000 in gold by withdrawals, two-thirds of which has probably been exported.

At Washington, on Tuesday, Mr. Daniels, (Rep.), New York, introduced in the House a bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across Niagara River at Grand Island. The bill modifies the one before introduced for the same purpose by eliminating certain objectionable features.

Both raw and refined sugar declined last week in the United States market, the change in the latter being most important. At the lower prices many delayed orders were in, and a fair business transacted. Raw sugar is not in large supply, and holders are not anxious to sell at the lower list price.

Wheat markets are dull, with very little trading. Cables weak. In the United States and Canada the stocks in store increased over 2,000,000 bushels last week, and the amount afloat to Europe increased 1,256,000 bushels. Manitoba hard wheat, however, is in good demand, selling at 75c. west for No. 1 hard.

By mail received from Yokohama, information comes that all the tea houses in Japan have signed a circular stating that in consequence of enhanced cost of labor and tea-packing material, they will find it necessary to increase firing charges 50c. per pecul, and should the war continue a still further increase may become necessary.

The leather market in the United States is quite active with increased demand, in part to anticipate future requirements. Sales of hemlock sole exceed receipts, and the stocks of Union crop are reduced. The tone is generally stronger for all grades, though lower goods are in most demand and get relatively higher prices than the better grades, but because of their scarcity the sales of the better grades have somewhat increased.

No very definite information regarding details of the suspension in St. Johns, Newfoundland, can be obtained until the arrival of a steamer here with mails, which may not be for a few days. So far all information received has been through telegraphic despatches. The Commercial and Union banks of Newfoundland have suspended, but it is supposed that in the case of the latter at least the stoppage will be but temporary and that arrangements will be made to continue its business.

A contest for the control of the small visible supply of petroleum between the Standard Oil Company and the independent refiners, seems to be a partial solution of the rise last week. The activity, however, was entirely at Oil City, as only a nominal quotation existed here. Refined oil has advanced from 5.15 to about 5.45 in sympathy with the boom in crude certificates. There is a natural reason for some advance in price at this season, for while the demand increases, the weather interrupts the opening of new wells. Reports from the field state that stocks continue to decrease.

The struggle to obtain an advance in prices in boots and shoes does not yet result satisfactorily in the United States. While nearly all makers ask 2½ to 7½ cents more per pair, and show good reason in the higher price of leather, jobbers are disposed to give very limited orders at the advance, holding that consumers are not ready to pay more. In consequence, while large orders for next season have been taken, there is still uncertainty what part of them will be executed or cancelled on account of the advance desired. Nevertheless, the orders received are on the whole better than a week ago, and the shipments from Boston, according to the Shoe & Leather Reporter, have been 135,899 cases in December against 93,592 last year.

A recent test at Schenectady, N. Y., according to The Electrical Age, showed that an electric locomotive can pull a steam locomotive—advantage of condition being all in favor of the latter—with ease and without apparent effort. The improvements since the World's Fair test have done this. Next in importance to the Baltimore and Ohio tunnel dectric-motor work, which is being pushed rapidly to completion, is the use of these electric motors on the Metropolitan Railroad of Chicago, which will soon be in operation. Many railway managers are watching this test with a view to adoption. It is now expected that electric motors will be sold to locomotive builders as headlights are sold, which would enable any of the larger builders to construct according to their own designs. Electric motors are being rapidly simplified to that end.

The Male Shopper.

How frightened he looks, how retiring and meek, with fear on his face and a flush on his cheek, the wild, hunted look of the fawn in his eyes, which says, "I am ready and willing to die," which says to all men, "I'm prepared for my doom, I'm ready; please let me slide into my tomb." You all know who I mean—you have seen him before—the average man in a big dry-goods store.

And he feels so embarrassed it makes his face ache, and his masculine whiskers they tremble and shake; the feminine crowd flows around far and near. "What business," they say. "has that horrid man here? What right has a man to come into this place who can't tell the difference 'twixt gingham and lace?" And their looks pierce his poor trembling soul to the core—the average man in the big dry-goods store.

And the gay Christmas shoppers crowd round in a whirl while he looks for a present to give to his girl; and he hunts half a day, then he buys—Heaven defend us! a nice razor hone and a pair of suspenders. And then he goes out in the cold, wintry hail, and he feels like a man who has burst out of jail—the uncomfortablest mortal the world ever bore is the average man in a big dry-goods store.

Danish papers say that the Princess Waldemar of Denmark, born Princess Marie of Orleans, will not return to Denmark and that she intends to seek a divorce from her husband. In fact, the princess has been traveling for the last six months and was not present at the silver wedding of her brother-in-law, the crown prince, although she was at the resort, Fano, in Denmark. Her absence caused a sensation at the time. The princess is now 29 years old and is the mother of three children.

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Grand Trunk Railway.

TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.		
Durham	7.15 a.m.	6.40 p.m
Holstein	7.40 "	7.10 "
Mt. Forest	7.55	7.35 "
Palmerston	8.20 "	8.10 "
Guelph	10.25 "	"
Toronto	12.20	"
London	11.15 a.m.	
GOING NORTH		
Durham	3.45 p.m.	10.00 p.m
Holstein	3.15 "	9.34 "
Mt. Forest	2.55 "	9.2
Palmerston	2.15 "	8.35
Guelph	10.31 "	6.34
Toronto	8.20 a.m.	4.25 "
London	7.25 "	5.55 "

Connections with morning and evening trains from Durham are made at Palmerston for Wiarton, Southampton, Kincardine and Stratford

Canadian Pacific Railway

TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.			
Owen Sound	leave	5:50 m	2:00 p.m
Chatsworth,	"	6:30	3:27 "
Flesherton,	"	7:13	4:19
Orangeville	"	8:50	5:58
Toronto,	arrive	10:55	8:2
GOING NORTH			
Toronto,	leave	4:40 p m	7:35 a m
Orangeville,	"	7:25	10:15
Flesherton,	"	8:5	11:39
Ch