

STATISTICS

The October mortality statistics make a very good showing for Toronto. The deaths were 177 against 409 in Montreal; being per 1,000, 13.53 and 25.95 on populations calculated at 120,000 and 186,000 respectively. The zymotic rate in Toronto was but 2.36 against 5.58 in Montreal, 8.45 in Bradford, 13.00 in Hull, 8.67 in St. John, 9.07 in Winnipeg, 3.62 in Buffalo, 8.9 in Cleveland, 3.00 in Detroit. Only one large American city made as good a showing as Toronto, and that was Louisville.

The return of the chartered banks of the Dominion on the 30th November calls for little remark. The circulation of notes shows a trifling decline as compared with the previous month, and a gain of nearly one million dollars as compared with a year ago. Deposits are comparatively large, being \$14,300,000, as against \$11,993,000 on the 30th November, 1887. Discounts to the public increased nearly \$1,500,000 during November, and on the 30th aggregated \$14,751 as against \$13,990,000 at the corresponding period of last year. The amount due from United States branches has been reduced \$1,200,000 during the month, showing a more active demand here, while there is still nearly \$7,800,000 more Canadian funds held by those branches than at the corresponding period of last year.

The London money market shows no signs of weakening. The Bank of England rate of discount is still five per cent, and the open rate 4½ per cent, while money rules at 5 to 5½ per cent on the Stock Exchange. The bullion in the Bank of England on December 8th was only £18,304,000, which is fully £2,000,000 below what it is customary to hold at this time of the year. The comparatively small amount of bullion is partly due to the fact that the flow of gold from Scotland is deferred this year owing to the lateness of the harvest. There has been great activity in the London loan market this year, the new securities offered for subscription aggregating in round figures £159,000,000, as against £95,640,000 in 1887, £93,400,00 in 1886 and £68,260,000 in 1885. The demand for these investments was stimulated by the successful conversion of the British national debt, which produced a considerable decline in the rate of interest on all first-class securities.

The "Miscellaneous Statistics" for 1887 just issued by the Ontario Bureau of Industries contain a great deal of interesting matter. One of the tables gives an account of our export trade in home productions since 1868. From this it appears that the year of largest exports was 1882, when they reached \$90,000,000. During the twenty years in question our exports by classes have averaged as follows, the gross average being \$63,750,000:

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|----------------------------|--------------|
| Minerals..... | \$ 3,222,000 |
| Fish..... | 5,968,000 |
| Forests products..... | 2,261,000 |
| Animals, etc..... | 16,237,000 |
| Agricultural products..... | 17,404,000 |
| Miscellaneous..... | 471,000 |
| Manufactures..... | 3,184,000 |

The exports of manufactured goods have, of course, diminished by the operation of the tariff. They amounted last year to \$3,079,000, or \$100,000 below the average of the last twenty years. The largest export of manufactures took place between 1886 and 1878, when the average was nearly \$4,500,000. The N. P. came in force early in 1879, and the export at once dropped to \$2,700,000. The highest figure it has reached since then is \$5,77,000 in 1884.

The statement made by the vice-president of the Bank of Ottawa at the annual meeting of that institution that the surplus wheat crop of Manitoba and the Northwest Provinces would not exceed 5,000,000 bushels, has caused no small amount of comment. The comparison with the crop of 13,000,000 to 14,000,000 bushels in 1887 is most striking, and the higher prices within the past few days are attributed in most part to the publication of Mr. Magee's remark. He further says that there were exported to Eastern Canada and Europe in wheat and flour about 10,500,000, and the total value of the exports, including other products, was over \$7,000,000. This year the exportable surplus of wheat will not exceed 5,000,000 bushels, after allowing for home consumption and seed. This great falling off is accounted for by the damage caused by frost and blight. The total value of the exports from the crop of 1888 will not, it is estimated, much exceed \$4,000,000. The prospect of fair prices next year has caused a much larger acreage to be prepared for seeding next spring. Instead of there being any wheat in the country to export, there is a possibility of the Dominion importing before the summer comes round again.

Gen. Harrison's Capture

Congressman H. G. Burleigh, of Whitehall, tells a good story of Harrison, which goes to show that the President-elect is not so much of an iceberg as he has been painted. Several years ago a dinner party was given at Washington, at which Senators Harrison, Palmer, of Michigan, Warner Miller, Congressman Burleigh, and several other public men were present, nearly all of whom were accompanied by their wives. Mr. Churchill, of Gloucester, and his daughter—a young woman of engaging manners, mental brightness, and rare personal beauty—were also among the guests. It so happened that Miss Churchill was the only unmarried person present, and towards the close of the repast she became the subject of animated conversation, each statesman humorously claiming her as his own, while she deftly declined to manifest any choice. Gen. Harrison expressed his determination to have a hand in the matter and said he felt sure of his precedence in Miss Churchill's affections. In the centre of the table there was a very rich, large, and elaborate fruit cake, quartered, and in each quarter a peacock feather was inserted. Suddenly Gen. Harrison jumped up, pulled the feathers from the cake, ran around the table to Miss Churchill's seat, and sticking the feathers in her hair, threw his arms around her and cried out, "I've got the girl anyway; she's mine." There was an outburst of laughter, and the whole company good-humoredly acknowledged that the General had fairly won the prize.—*Free Press.*

To that old question as to whether or not marriage is a failure it may be said in a general way that it depends largely upon the number and value of the wedding presents.

A Tale of Toads

Our Colorado system of irrigation certainly suits the toads. Visitors from the older States remark upon the multitude of toads. The frequent flooding of the lawns give excellent opportunities for the study of toad life. The toads come hopping along as fast as they can, when the water has been turned on, either hearing, seeing or smelling the water. Into it they plump with evident satisfaction, not only enjoying the bath but combining business with pleasure, by snapping up every unlucky insect that takes refuge on tree trunk or blade of grass.

Down beyond the slope near the old adobe court is a shallow pool of alkali water. During the first really warm day in May great numbers of toads may be seen in that pool, making a joyful noise. I have stood for hours watching their queer performances, and trying to make out their significance. About once a minute each toad would lift up its head, displaying its white vest to advantage, and swelling out the loose flesh beneath the lower jaw until it took the form of a small hemisphere, all the while making a loud, but somewhat tremulous, pent-up sound, never once opening the mouth. They had just come from the cold, dark ground where they had spent the long, cold winter, and it is as if they could no longer keep silence in the presence of so much water, sunshines and warmth.

Great is the capacity of the toad for the insects upon which he feeds. Woe to the bee-hives whose neighborhood is infested with toads. From the stomach of a little toad, not larger than my two fingers, I removed 39 honey bees, a potato bug and a hornet. Still my bees did not thrive, and after many visits I at length surprised at midnight, lantern in hand, two enormous toads on the very alighting boards of my hives close up to the clusters of bees that were unable to find proper accommodations inside the hive that sultry night. The toads had grown fat and clumsy through imbibing the sweetness of many a honey bee. I had not the hardihood at that weird hour to remove their monstrous stomachs or to think of counting the number of bees they had slain. Sometimes after taking a bee in its mouth, a toad will give a sudden twinge and look astonished as if it could say, "Bless my soul, how hot his little foot is!"

One day this season James called me into a certain back yard where sat, close up to a greasy bone, three small toads, elbows lightly touching. Every moment a fly alighted on the bone, whereupon one or other of the toads snapped it up. The number of flies that each consumed must have been simply enormous. When a toad is satisfied with his conquests and wishes to retire from view, he takes himself to a softish plot of ground, and giving a sweeping or swimming motion with each of his feet, removes the earth from beneath his body. After a very few efforts the body sinks below the surface of the ground. Another effort and the fresh earth is forced up and drops lightly on the creature's back. In an exceedingly short time the toad has disappeared, but at intervals the earth moves slightly as the delver goes down.

Until this hot summer of 1888 I had supposed that toads revelled in heat. This season I had good evidence that, like human beings, the toad has no fondness for the heated term, but that he appreciates the luxury of ice in midsummer. My friend Phillips has his ice-chest in his north porch. A small lead pipe conducts the water from the melting ice beyond the floor of the porch, where it drops two or three feet to the ground. One hot day, in July, I saw a toad sitting beneath the pipe, and enjoying a bath of ice water. As the days went on, the number of toads increased until, one sweltering day in August when the mercury stood at over 100 degrees in the shade, I counted 13 toads huddled close up to the spot where the ice water was dripping. The crown of my hat would almost have covered the whole of the snug party. The water was perfectly pure and cold, and not an insect did I ever see about the drain, so that I feel positive that the toads were not there seeking food. In the very center of the group, with legs sprawling, and body flattened so as to receive the cooling bath to the best advantage, was by far the largest toad of the 13. The icy water was dropping fast on the center of his back. The spatters were doing something towards cooling off the little toad. Whether one toad had made the discovery of the charmed place and invited his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, or each had made the discovery for himself, we may never know; but one fact was certain from the position of things, every one knew which was "the biggest toad in the puddle."

Greeley, Colo. OLIVER HOWARD.

An Important Event

London is curiously unmoved over the impending election for the new county council, which occurs next month. Except for the occasional advertisements by the candidates in the papers and sporadic editorial references, no one would get an idea that anything of the slightest importance was pending, when, as a matter of fact, it is the biggest Governmental change that has happened since the fall of Sedan. London, with nearly 5,000,000, is to come into municipal existence, manage her own affairs, and rule her own supplies, control her own expenses and improvements for the first time; yet nobody seems to take the faintest interest in the matter. The question of the admission of women to the council will be tested by Miss Jane Cudden, a daughter of the iron trade evangelist, who is standing as the Liberal candidate in the Bromley division, and is likely to be elected.

The most stylish cloth jackets open over a lighter cloth waistcoat and have revers rolled back their entire length.

By this time the men who became ex-Presidents of the United States know that they must look after their own welfare, for the ungrateful republic, being down with them, does not, as a general rule, concern itself much whether they live or die. Ex-President Hayes probably knows this, and owes his survival to a vigorous old age to his own exertions. He has been paying a visit to General Harrison, and a reporter found him looking pale and heavy. "I can see to read without glasses," he said, "and I am 66 years old. I will tell you how I have preserved my eyes. I wash them every morning in cold water, keep them closed for an instant, then apply more water. My general good health is due to the good care I take of myself and to the exercise which I take freely and regularly. If you are in poor health get out into the air and sunshine."

Beauty in Woman's Face

No cosmetics are so capable of enhancing beauty as the smile of good temper and a desire to please. Beauty of expression is, more than any other form of loveliness, capable of cultivation. A woman may not have perfectly regular features, but her face will be so lit up with the beauty of goodness that she cannot fail to please if she strives to obey the spirit of some such rules as those mentioned, which may be multiplied or diminished according to particular cases.

1. Learn to govern yourselves and to be gentle and patient.

2. Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation and trouble, and those by prayers and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.

3. Never speak or act in anger until you have prayed over your words or acts.

4. Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.

5. Do not expect too much from others, but forbear and forgive, as you desire for bearing and forgiveness yourself.

6. Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

7. Beware of the first disagreement.

8. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.

9. Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers.

10. Study the character of each and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.

11. Do not neglect little things, if they can affect the comfort of others in the smallest degree.

12. Avoid moods and fits and fits of sickness.

13. Learn to deny yourself and prefer others.

14. Beware of muddlers and tale bearers.

15. Never charge a bad motive, if a good one is conceivable.

16. Be gentle and firm with children.

The last rule refers to children, but often a husband is far more difficult to manage. If, however, a wife can keep her temper, and persevere in her efforts to please, she will in the end conquer by kindness.

Green Ball Dresses

In contemplating the most novel costumes imported for wear at full dress occasions one is led to believe that dancing need not be a torture this winter. The bodices are not the little laced affairs so popular last season, but are artistic creations, with Greek or empire drapery, and hide the lines of the waist, so that a pole-like effect is not obtainable. Therefore, tight stays are entirely unnecessary.

One of the newest designs is in the modified Greek style, and is destined to be much worn at the opera and at dinner parties as well as dances. One dress made in this fashion is of delicate peach pink Nagpure silk with a scarf of light fawn silk embroidered in threads of Japanese gold caught on the shoulders by a bow of pink ribbon. An other is all of ciel-blue crepe de chine embroidered in marguerites, and is exceptionally pretty, while a third is of white mouse selme de sole, one of the favorite materials of the day, and has forget-me-nots and moss rose buds embroidered about the scarf and bodice. Only the soft, clinging materials are used for these Greek dresses, and they are then kept rolled up, rope fashion, to make them crepe.

The halo should be worn in a low roll at the nape of the neck to match these gowns, with the front in a high, fluffy bang or pompadour, and adorned with one or two ornaments. Sandaled shoes are also worn. They are made of satin the colour of the dress, have very thin soles and low heels, and are Greek only in name, although far more comfortable than the usual French slippers. Long gloves and a feather fan attached to a ribbon are the correct accessories to the Greek toilet.

A more modified dress of the same style is made so that the shoulder-scarf is draped softly over the bust and fastened in at the waist by means of a broad, soft, silken sash. The end of the scarf falls almost to the hem of the skirt and simulates an overdress. All of the beautiful gauze in blue and silver, white run with threads of gold and crimson, yellow embroidered in big pink roses or amber butterflies, many edged with violets of deep purple, Nile green with water-lilies over it—all these and many others as poetically fanciful are used for the Greek dresses. The gauze is used without lining for the scarf and sash and falls in straight folds over the underskirt of soft silk.—N. Y. Journal.

Very Stupid Parents

"Ob what denomination are de chi?" asked an old colored preacher of a young couple who had brought an infant to him for baptism. "Sah!" said the young father, evidently perplexed by the word "denomination." "I ax you ob what denomination de chi war?" repeated the minister, a little severely. The parents looked at each other in evident confusion for a moment; then the father,ammered out; "I—I doesn't know what yo mean by 'denomination' sah." "Hoch, yo don't?" replied the preacher, scornfully. "Well, den, I'll simplay 'cordin' to yo 'idence so yo kin understand it: Are de child a boy or a gal while?"—*Youth's Companion.*

Just the Distinction

Young physician (at consultation)—I have no basisism pronouncing the disease angina pectoris, complicated with muscular atrophy.

Old physician (impressively)—You haven't, hey? Young man, when you have been practicing forty years you will have learned how to hesitate, sir. It is important in a case of this kind, sixty instances, and it is also more professional, sir.

Young physician—May I ask you, sir, what your opinion is of the disease?

Old physician (impressively)—The disease, sir, is muscular atrophy, complicated with angina pectoris.

Young physician (smirking)—Yes, sir.

A Buffalo insurance man states that in 23 years the gross fire premiums paid in that city have been \$9,000,000 and the fire losses for the same period \$11,113,650. We strongly suspect there is something wrong in the figures. If not, they are as striking commentary upon the business management of the companies which take risks at Buffalo. The question immediately suggests itself, "Would there be one-tenth of the present losses if there were no insurance at all?" Does not fire insurance contribute to civilization and humanity?

Hypnotism at Berlin

At a late meeting of the Berlin Medical Society Prof. Virchow introduced a French physician, Dr. Feldmann, who made some experiments in hypnotism. A young man named Garrick offered himself as a medium. After a few seconds of the usual manipulations the medium fell into a deep magnetic sleep. He became perfectly apathetic and motionless. In the state of "suggestion" Dr. Feldmann showed the influence of various medicaments on the medium, who took quinine for sugar, smacking his lips with enjoyment, and he believed ammonia to be perfume, and smelt at it for some time. Immediately afterwards, following the will of the doctor, he showed the usual signs of abhorrence for those bitter and caustic substances. With the same success he ate a lemon for an apple. A piece of camphor held on his forehead had a singular effect. The medium beat his body far backward and had to be held on his chair. A magnet caused a dreamy state, during which the medium related his impressions as to the events in the streets, in which he believed himself to be. Then the medium obeyed the will of the doctor, in various ways, shoveling snow, skating, falling and rising again with one jump at the doctor's suggestion, and finally took a pocketbook by force at Prof. Virchow's pocket. He was then ordered by Dr. Feldmann to resent himself and soon woke out of the hypnotic sleep, remembering nothing of what had happened. Two young physicians then spoke, declaring that such experiments were without scientific basis. They believed the "suggestions" to be probably genuine, but as to the other experiments, especially the effect of medicines and the magnet, they thought they needed careful examination.

The Terrors of Caste

The evening stars were rising slowly from the mist that lay wide over the Summer Southern land. The twilight gloom was gathering fast over the earth, but gathering faster, far over the heart of Rinald Fout de Beau as these words, uttered in a low musical, but determined tone, fell athwart his ear. The bats circled in the heavy evening air, the chimney-swallows dived here and there after their prey. Old sow Sukey, the pet of the household and the children's plaything, lazily scratched her spine along the stoop and grunted forth her satisfaction—all regardless of the agony pictured on that haughty Southern face as he listened to this more than to him, sentence of death.

"Celeste Siperkins, why won't young marry weuns? hasn't I tak yer ter every circuit that him erlong? hasn't I allus gin yer all the lemonade and peanuts that yer kin eat? hasn't yer allus kept me company? Why won't young marry weuns?"

Celeste's face winced under this truthful indictment, but presently her Southern savor gave enabled her to regain her usual broad, indifferent look.

Her father, Col. Chalmers Cicero Siperkins, was a Southern aristocrat planter and owned as many as 300 acres of good bottom land, seventeen head o' stock, three miles and kept a hired nigger. Celeste was his only daughter and heir, to whom he denied nothing. She had a right to be stuck up and she was the stuckupest maiden in all the Southern land.

Celeste slowly drew off her new sun bonnet, that day purchased at the fashionable emporium of Jones & Cabots, dealers in hats, caps, boots and shoes, dry-goods, groceries and a complete stock of all novelties, as proved by their printed bill-heads, and gazing straight into Reginald's eyes slowly said:

"I kaint never be young. The blood of the Siperkinss is the proudest in all our country. I kaint never marry young. Re-ginald, kase, kase, young only, wear one gallus."

Caste reared its horrid barrier and Reginald fled outward into the night.

Friends in Need. Indeed.