voice cried: 'Not a word out of you. You have invoked the spirits and here we are.'

At this moment a shrill derisive female laugh seemed to come from beneath the table where I was sitting and the voice from the cupboard said: 'Poor fellow,' while another voice which came from the ceiling over my head, cried: 'I say, mister, you have an ulna and radius in your bone bag belonging to me and I want it, do you hear?'

I became perplexed and frightened at all these spiritual manifestations. I asked Hardynge what it all meant, and he acknowledged that in his experience he had never heard so many spirits converse at one time.

I began to wish myself well rid of these supernatural voices. When I ceased speaking a coarse voice from the skull cried: 'You ungrateful dog—may the devil fly away with you.'

As it was time to go to the dissecting room Hardynge and I left our apartment. When locking the door I heard my name called from the inside. Feeling much annoyed, though afraid to disobey, I put my head in the room again and asked what was wanted, when the voice from the skull replied, 'Go to blazes.'

As we descended the stairs leading to the College Court I heard a coarse laugh so close to my back that I turned around affrighted. Of course it was a spirit, for I saw no one.

I began to feel excessively unhappy, which was not mitigated by Hardynge, turning back towards me and asking if I had ever committed any injustice to the dead. I said rather indignantly 'never.' 'It is very strange,' he said. There was a fresh subject in the dissecting room. It was a female, young and rather prepossessing. I was arranging the corpse with all the delicacy that circumstances permitted, when I heard a slight moan which seemed to escape from the dead one. I looked at the face. No sign of animation was there. Hardynge stood a few feet on the opposite side of the table. Several other students stood talking in a lively manner a few feet off. I was quite sure I heard the words, 'Oh for pity's sake forbear, I am not dead.' I began to doubt my own sanity. I ran up to the Demonstrator and told him I thought the subject was a case of suspended animation. He came and looked at the body, made the usual tests and pronounced my suspicions quite unfounded. 'But I heard her speak,' I said. At which the Demonstrator smiled and looked very meaningly, asking at the same time if I had been 'dining out.' Of course I replied in the negative. And then the thought occurred to me that it might be one of his infernal spirits. I was on the point of making the usual incision across the scalp when a tremulous voice exclaimed in a low and distinct tone, 'murder.' I felt a sudden sickening sensation at my heart.

I went out into the fresh air a moment. Hardynge followed me. I asked him if he had heard the voice at the dissecting table. He replied in the affirmative and attributed it to the spirits whom he thought more determined to prove to me in the most convincing manner possible that Spiritualism was all that was claimed for it. In the end I said I would acknowledge my error in it at once.

I returned to the dissecting room and worked for an hour or so on the female subject. I did so with a trembling hand at first, but, as I heard no more supernatural sound my nervousness gradually wore off. That night, however, as we sat studying in our room, a voice said in faltering accents, 'Oh, why did you not heed my voice when I called to you in yonder room? You might have resuscitated me. Never mind, it is perhaps better as it is. I did not suffer much. I can say no more. Good night."

'If you will take my advice young man,' said the voice, deep and gruff, 'and apparently under my chair—'you will have your hair shaved and wear a pig tail. If you do this, and wear a pair of blue spectacles and go about London without a hat, and put on eccentric airs, and call yourself Dr. Chopsticks you will soon become one of the most notorious doctors in the world. I am the spirit of a quack and know all about humbugging the public. Good night. A hint is as good as a wink to a blind horse, you know.'

I need not recount any more of the rubbish which grated my ears upon this and other occasions. For several years I was tormented with the balderdash of innumerable spirits, one recommending me to do this and that—others casting reflections upon my character—but not one bit of information could I get from any of them.

I was ruminating one day when a voice again issued from the skull. It said, 'As you are so very earnest to find out something beyond all human ken, I can, if you wish, inform you of the exact hour and day of your death.

'Stop!' I cried, rising excitedly from my seat. 'I implore you not to tell me.'

'You are wise,' replied the spirit. 'It could do you no good and make you very miserable. Take my advice—be satisfied with those things which you have. Surely if a good Creator supplies all your physical wants so abundantly, due provision will be made for your spiritual state, all in good time. Do not tread upon mysteries that do not concern you. In God's inscrutable silence regarding Himself and the after life an insufficient hint to mankind, that it is better they should know nothing of those subjects? It would seem so. But I tell you there is only one result for those who pry into the unfathomable—and that is—insanity. Good bye—I am off.

The suggestion thrown out by this spirit to reveal the date of my death filled me with a new alarm. Although I had declined listening to that piece of information, I knew not at what moment some less considerate spirit might divulge the awful secret, if only to annoy me. I felt that they possessed a terrible weapon which they might use against me for pleasure. To be aware of the date of my death would be simply unbearable, yet I might hear of it at any moment by the invisible chatterers around me. I began to entertain a dread of losing my reason by the constant agitation of mind. My appetite failed and my sleep was disturbed and unrefreshing. Indeed I was altogether about as miserable as it is possible for a man to be without going mad. For the first time in my life the thought of self-destruction came to my mind. If I were to be harrassed through life by spirits, why not go right ever and be with them altogether, when I, in turn, might make it lively for some one in the flesh? Hardynge, all this time, seemed to pay little or no heed either to my distress or the chattering of the spirits. He would keep at his books with his head resting on his hands and his elbows on the table, as unconcerned as possible, during the most noisy manifestations of the spirits.

Christmas time came, but it brought no joys for me. I went to my father's house in the country for my holidays. As I bid Hardynge good bye I told him how miserable I was, and how glad I should be if he would accompany me home to spend 'Xmas. He said he could go with me, that I might expect him on New Year's Eve to spend a day or two and then return to college together. I said I hoped the spirits would not manifest themselves in the presence of my family. As I ceased talking, and was about to leave our apartment, a kind gentle voice from the skull said, 'Good bye, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you. The spirits will not converse with you until you return.' I was very grateful for this favor. In a few hours I was at the fire side of my home in Kent. My mother and sisters were struck by my haggard looks, and were afraid I had been overworking myself. I felt that I was keeping a secret from them and playing a species of deception, which increased my unhappiness. Do what I would, I could not dismiss from my mind that at any moment some of those talkative spirits might intrude their gabble upon me.

New Year's Eve came, and with it my friend Walter Hardynge. We had company in the house who had come to spend the evening. Everybody seemed happy—all save myself, no doubt, were. I tried, however, to appear joyful. We had some fireside and parlour games, music, etc., and the hour of midnight came on space. At about 10 o'clock the company seemed to grow thoughtful and bring their chairs around the blazing fire. 'That's right,' said my good mother, 'bring your chairs and let us have a cosey chat; who can tell us a nice story?' 'Come Mr. Hardynge' said my father, 'perhaps you can entertain us a little.' I cannot tell a story replied Hardynge, but if you will all keep silent, I may afford you a little amusement, which, at the same time, may be somewhat instructive. Now listen attentively and you shall hear the voice of a sweet like child in the chimney, which, I must say is a queer place to leave the little darling. After a general laugh, the company became suddenly very grave upon hearing a childish voice from over the blazing fire saying: 'Will some one come and fetch me down. I am tired of being up here.' The whole company rose to their feet in amazement and my poor mother held up both her hands. 'Please be seated again and remain quiet, I will explain every thing by and bye,' cried Hardynge. 'I want you' he continued, 'to pay particular attention to what a gentleman underneath the floor has to say.' Thereupon, a voice, apparently from beneath our feet, began. 'It is very inhospitable of you to keep me down here in this cold place on such a night as this, and I demand that you instantly relieve me and take my little daughter out of that chimney and deliver her to me.'

My father (Mr. Windham) gazed around him in consternation and I began myself to be very much agitated, for, thought I, 'here they are again, those dreadful spirits.'

'Please all remain quiet and don't be alarmed. I promise to explain every thing and then you will all laugh,' cried Hardynge. 'But,' cried my mother the poor child! she will be burnt up that chimney.'

'Oh no, dear Mrs. Windham,' cried the childish voice, 'I am not in the chimney now, but down here with papa eating cake.' 'Really,' cried my father 'this is most extraordinary; they will certainly freeze in the cellar. Who are they and from whence do they come?'

'Stop a moment, Mr. Windham,' cried Hardynge, 'there are other guests in your house who wish to speak—listen.' A female voice from an adjoining room then began. 'I declare it is so dark here I can scarcely make my way. What queer people not to have lights on New Year's Eve. If I can only get to my husband and child I shall be happy.'

'Dear me,' cried my mother, 'there's some one in the dining room, do take in a light.'

'Oh, here you are,' cried the same mysterious voice (down in the cellar new) 'and dear little Lucy too.' Oh, my! she is covered with soot; where has she been?'

'Up the chimney, mamma,' cried the child.

'How dreadful,' cried the mother.

'Most unpardonable,' exclaimed the father.

At this moment a gruff voice from outside the drawing room window exclaimed 'Ahoy there! you land lubbers; unship the main braces of your affections, and brew a punch for Jack Tar, who has been fighting the battles of your country these forty years. Shiver my timbers, but this is a cold how do ye do, to be anchored knee deep in a snow drift on such a night—and New Year's Eve, too.'

My father made a motion as though he would approach the window, and mother begged of some one to let the poor man in to warm himself and take refreshment.

'Oh, here you are. Ah! ah!! ah!!!' cried the sailor voice (now in the cellar also) 'lots of prog, too. Well, if I can't enjoy a jolly New Year's now, may I swamp in the Bay o' Biscay O.'

The company showed signs of being very uncomfortable during all this, and I was in a perfect state of excitement myself. How Hardynge was going to account satisfactorily for all their voices I could not conceive, and I was afraid that he was going to attribute it to his confounded Spiritualism. After an awkward pause, in which everyone seemed waiting for further developments, a voice directly under my father's chair cried, 'I say, Mr. Windham, be good enough to move your chair a little, one of the legs is right on my chest. Oh, dear, I shall stifle.' My father promptly jumped up and lifted his chair away, and gazed intently on the spot from which he had moved it, and the voice resumed, 'there, that is better, I'm all right now. Sit down again.' I cannot describe my father's look at this time. It was idiotic, and I began to be alarmed at the progress of things. But I knew not what to do or say. There was silence again. An air of expectation was visible upon the faces of the company.

Walter Hardynge stood up, and taking out his watch said, 'it is 20 minutes to 12 o'clock. I shall have time to explain the apparent mysteries by which we have been surrounded for a while. You all know, from time immemorial, the world has been amused, bewildered and affrighted at the appearance of what was considered supernatural sights, and by hearing sounds which appeared to emanate from the spirit land. But the light of science, the exercise of common sense, and the spread of education, has, in a measure, dispelled the fantacies of the human mind. A peculiar construction of my vocal organs enables me to throw my voice where I wish. I have practised the art of ventriloquism from childhood, and I have sometimes by its aid given some very useful lessons to my friends. True, its successful working necessitates the application of more or less deception at the time. If I have given offence to any here by the performance of my peculiar art, I most earnestly ask forgiveness. Listen! I hear the village bells.' I sprang from my seat with a joyful bound, and grasped my young friend's hand. All my past anguish of mind vanished. The speech of the young ventriloquist had opened my eyes, totally annihilated my belief in spiritualism. I say I grasped my young friend's hand. I wished him, and all those present, as I do you, my gentle reader,

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

NEVER SAW ONE OF THEM.—A genuine Yankee in San Francisco having bored a new-comer with every conceivable question relative to his object in visiting the gold country, his hopes, his means and his prospects, at length asked him if he had a family.

'Yes, sir; I have a wife and six children, and I never saw one of them.'

After this reply the couple sat a few minutes in silence, when the interrogator again commenced:—'Was you ever blind, sir?'

'No, sir.'

'Did you marry a widow, sir?'

'No, sir.'

Another interval of silence.

'Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and had never seen one of them?'

'Yes, sir; I so stated it.'

Another and a longer pause. Then the interrogator again inquired:—'How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?'

'Why,' was the response, 'one of them was born after I left.'

The Daily British Whig.

TUESDAY EV'NG, DEC. 31, 1878.

1878.

We do not propose to inflict upon our readers a dreary history of the world for the year now closing, but to present the briefest possible review which may serve the purpose of suggesting the recollection of some of its more important events. Like charity we will begin at home, which in its literal sense shall mean our own city. Unquestionably the event of the year, for Kingston, was the signal and severe rebuke administered by the long insulted and long suffering electors to Sir John Macdonald, whose duplicity and corruption in public affairs, and whose particular treachery to the constituency which first gave him political existence were marked by a most decisive defeat. For more than twenty years had the Liberals of Kingston consistently and persistently recorded their ever growing protest against the representation of this city by the Tory Chieftain, and the 17th of last September witnessed the culmination of all these efforts to redeem the city from virtual political disfranchisement by a majority many times larger than the local Tory party had been able by the most strenuous exertions to command for their own particular idol for years. By this triumph a period was finally put to the lengthy, but for some time precarious, tenure by which Sir John Macdonald had clung to what he had been pleased to boast of as his perfectly safe political retreat for thirty-four years. Unfortunately for the cause of good government a similar success did not attend the Liberal party elsewhere. True, Sir John Macdonald was not alone in his fall from among the leaders in the van of the Tory party. With him Hon. Peter Mitchell, Hon. T. N. Gibbs, Hon. Hector Langevin and other members and supporters of the notorious Pacific Scandal Cabinet bit the dust. On the other hand Hon. Messrs. Cartwright, Jones, Coffin and Blake failed to secure re-election. Sir John and Langevin have since been re-elected for Victoria and Three Rivers respectively, while Hon. Mr. Cartwright was returned for Centre Huron by a rousing majority, in spite of the opposition of a host of Tory emissaries, who swarmed the riding in vain against him. Hon. Mr. Blake, defeated during his illness and absence from the country, is as yet without a seat, a difficulty which will not long be allowed to prevent his assuming a commanding place in the front rank of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons. But though the losses in leaders were about equal on both sides, those in the rank and fyle of the Liberal Party were found to have greatly preponderated at the close of the fray. It were idle now to re-speculate on the causes which contributed to a result which, it is within the truth to say, equally surprised the victors and the vanquished. The mose patent, as well as the most potent, of these was the Protection cry, industriously plied upon a credulous electorate, rendered more so than usual by the hardships of the depression, and willing to try any change in the hope of improvement. The result has given the Conservative Party an ascendancy in the Dominion Parliament, of which they have so far taken no advantage to give effect to their election promises to restore immediate confidence and prosperity to the country. We have neglected to observe the chronological order of events for the reason that the great electoral contest to which we have adverted has been the event of the year in so far as Canada is concerned. The parliamentary session which preceded it was a stirring and stormy one, rendered so, of course, to a very large extent, by the struggle at the polls of which it was the precursor. In spite of the fact that much parliamentary time was spent in factious attacks on the ministry of the day, and in the resistance to these attacks by the objects of them, much useful legislation, Governmental and private, was placed upon the statute book. The Supreme Court having decided in favour of the jurisdiction of the Federal Parliament over prohibitory legislation, the "Temperance Act of 1878," a vast improvement on the Temperance Act of 1864, was passed. It is a permissive measure, with all the known defects of Dunkin carefully eliminated. The first place to adopt it has been the city of Fredericton, N.B. A homestead law for Manitoba, bills to improve the independence of Parliament, the election law, and public works, the Supreme Court, postal arrangements and many similarly necessary and wholesome measures, were introduced by a Government which, in the thickest of party battle, never lost sight for a moment of the general public good. It a strange commentary on the fickleness of political fortune and popular ingratitude that such a confessedly honest and industrious Government should have been displaced to make way for men who, five short years before, were swept from power amid the execrations of the English speaking press and people for political crimes that are without a parallel in the annals of the British Empire. In Ontario Reform Government still bears away, with every promise that the honest and efficient Cabinet of Hon. Mr. Mowat will, at the forthcoming election, be re-invested with the public confidence by an increased Parliamentary majority. The Tory journals, flushed with the victory of the 17th September, have incessantly predicted a fate for the Mowat Ministry similar to that which befell the Mackenzie Government. There is not lacking conclusive evidence to prove that one of these events will in no wise prove the criterion for the other. Six casual elections have been held for the local House since that for the Commons, and in all these success has been pretty impartially divided, each party having carried the three previously held, thus preserving the balance of power precisely as before, with the significant difference, however, that in East Toronto, the most important of them all, a revulsion of feeling, to the extent of nearly a thousand votes, has taken place in favour of Reform. Of the constituencies in question, Algoma, West Elgin and Monck were won by Messrs. Lyon, McLaws and Harcourt, in the Liberal interest, while Messrs. Parkhill, Whiteand Morris carried the Conservative constituencies of South Simcoe, North Essex and East Toronto. In Quebec the Liberal cause has made great progress so far as provincial politics are concerned. There a despotic clique prostituted the powers of government to the purposes of the most bare-faced tyranny, imposing the most unjust taxation, and taking municipal government by the throat by deliberately legislating away all right of appeal to the courts of law against governmental extortion. When matters had reached an intolerable pass, the Lieutenant-Governor interposed on behalf of the people, and the obnoxious cabinet of petty tyrants were defeated at the polls, the majority of them being personally elected to stay at home, and their successors, under the Hon. Mr. Joly, being sustained by a narrow majority—a decisive Liberal victory when the pronounced Conservative complexion of the Province of Quebec is considered. The Quebec Premier has lost his principal colleague, Hon. M. Bachand, Provincial Treasurer, by death, the office having been temporarily filled by an economical combination of departments. The latest sensation in Quebec politics has been the clamour for Governor Letellier's dismissal by the ultra Tories at the instance of the recently routed taxationists of the discarded De Boucherville regime. Whether Sir John Macdonald will yield to party importunity, and submit the contemplated outrage for the approval of His Excellency, is a point which is as yet the subject of much uncertainty and conjecture. The outlying provinces of the Dominion have not being exempt from political upheaval, these changes being most marked in the case of Nova Scotia, where the Hill Cabinet gave place to the Holmes Ministry; and in British Columbia where Hon. Mr. Davies in turn gave way in like manner for Hon. Anthony Walkem.

The Death Roll of Canada for the year contains the names of many of its erstwhile most prominent and useful citizens. Among these may be mentioned Senators Shaw, Lacoste and Renaud, Mr. Cayley, M.P., and Dr. Haney, M.P.P., Chief Justice Harrison, Judge Wilfred Dorion, Mr. Bachand, already referred to, Sir Wm. O'Grady Haly, commander of the forces, Mgr. Conroy, Papal Apostolic Delegate, Hon. L. Wilmot, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, Hon. John Young and Mr. William Workman, prominent citizens of Montreal, and many others. Judge Dorion's place upon the Bench was filled by Mr. Jette, formerly M.P. for Montreal East, while the vacancy created by the demise of Chief Justice Harrison, after several promotions, was filled by the elevation to a puisne judgeship of the Hon. M. C. Cameron, from the Ontario Legislature.

Most notable among the events of the year, affecting Canada, has been our exchange of the Earl of Dufferin for the Marquis of Lorne. The former carried with him from our shores the warmest good wishes of the whole Canadian people, to whom he had indeared himself by his unrivalled affability and his no less popular than brilliant and successful administration of Canadian affairs, at what might be termed a most critical juncture in our political history. No less hearty than the God speed with which the Canadian adieu to Earl Dufferin and his Countess was freighted was the ovation of welcome which greeted Lord Lorne and His Royal Consort as their successors. If anything were wanted to prov the already undoubted loyalty of Canadian people, the glorious reception accorded to the Marquis and his Princess, from Halifax to Ottawa, must be taken as convincing evidence of Canadian devotion to the British throne and Empire, of which latter the people of this country are proud to consider themselves no unimportant part. The ties between Canada and the Mother land have thus during the past year proved afresh to be indissoluble and imperishable.

With the parent land the year has been far from uneventful, this chiefly by reason of the continental events in which Great Britain took an active and commanding interest. The war which waged between Russia and Turkey was watched by England with an intense and jealous scrutiny, and when, after an unexpectedly stubborn and sanguinary resistance, the Moslem was borne down by the superior power of the Muscovite, Great Britain, in the persons of Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury, played a prominent part in the Treaty of Berlin, which adjusted the results of the struggle in the field. On this foreign policy of national assertion the British Cabinet was not at first a unit, and the principal dissentients, Lords Derby and Carnarvon, resigned rather than subscribe to the belligerent attitude of their colleagues. Not only thus, but by the regular Opposition has the war policy been challenged in House and country. The Government, however, has been sustained by a series of parliamentary successes, though a large majority of the by elections have gone against them throughout the country. The repression of a revolt among the Griquas of South Africa, and the Afghan war now approaching a successful conclusion, are the only actual hostilities in which British troops have been engaged. Among the detached events of British interest may be mentioned the late marriage of the Duke of Cumberland with the Princess Thyra of Denmark, sister of the Princess of Wales, the betrothal of Prince Arthur to the Princess Marie Louise of Prussia, the meeting of the Pan Anglican Synod, the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, the institution of the Order of the Crown of India (for women only) by the Empress of India, the erection of Cleopatra's needle in London, the loss of the training ship "Eurydice" with all on board off the Isle of Wight, and the election of Earl Dufferin as President of the Royal Geographical Society. Among the important deaths in Great Britain might be enumerated that of Earl Russell, the most venerable veteran British statesmen, the Earl of Leitrim by the hand of the assassin, Cardinal Cullen, Judge Keogh, Charles Matthews, the actor, Sir Gilbert Scott, the architect, Dr. Duff, Scottish missionary, and more recently the universally lamented Princess Alice of England, the Grand Duchess of Hesse Darmstadt; and, but the day before yesterday, aged 91 years, Sir Geo. Hay, Marquis of Tweeddale, a veteran of the British army, who had served with the Duke of Wellington throughout the Peninsular war.

To be friendly at all we cannot close our brief retrospect without a glance at our neighbours south of the line. The people of the United States, though enjoying in its most extravagant sense the "benefits" of Protection, have nevertheless felt to a much severer extent than have the people of Canada the hard times incident to the world-wide depression. So convinced are they becoming of the fallacy of their fiscal policy that a Bill intended to effect a reduction in their tariff was lost only by the narrow majority of 14. The Indian policy of our neighbors is also undergoing a sensible and most timely change. In this respect they are advantageously taking a humane leaf out of the British Canadian book, and we can from our own national experience guarantee that their new departure from a policy of cruelty and spoliation will be rewarded with success. We must not withhold a need of acknowledgement, either, for even the reluctant payment of the Halifax award. By their haggling over the decision of the Commission they illustrated their sharp "business" characteristics, but by the actual payment of it they vindicated their endangered national honour. Their Fall elections recruited to some extent the Republican party in Congress, though the Democrats still hold by a slight advantage the balance of power. The most notable deaths in the United States were those of William Cullen Bryant, the poet, and at Berlin of Bayard Taylor, an author whose demise excited deep and widespread sympathy not only within but beyond the bounds of the United States.

In the words of the theme of the coming midnight's discourse, "the past is irrecoverable, the future is unknown." The great lesson of the hour is to utilize the swift-passing present. The ebbing year will soon be gone, carrying with it its quota of griefs and joys to the great eternal record. Regrets for the past are futile except as an incentive to future improvement. In the hope that the individual review of the past may have this happy effect upon our readers we heartily and sincerely wish them all

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Battersea News.

On Christmas Eve the members and friends of the C. M. Sabbath School, of which Mr. J. W. Ansley is Superintendant, gave quite a successful Christmas entertainment. A large number were present. Mr. Thomas Gilmour occupied the chair. Rev. J. E. Werden read the annual report, from which we learn that the school is in a flourishing condition. The following, among other scholars, took part in the exercises of the evening: Masters John and William Anglin, Anson and Morley Vanluven, George and James Holder; also Misses Sutherland, Anglin and Holder. Mr. Hoppins responded to a call from the chair by reading and criticising at considerable length a lecture of Bishop O'Brien's, on 'Purgatory.' The next was a reading by Mr. Holder, entitled 'The Deacon's first and last sermon,' which was well received. This closed the programme, and now all eyes were directed to the beautiful 'Xmas tree, the branches of which were richly laden with presents. The distribution of prizes gave unbounded pleasure and satisfaction to the little folks. During the evening a choir, selected from the members of the school, with Miss Thorne as organist, discoursed a number of pieces of music.

On 'Xmas night the members of the "Union" S.S. (Mr. J. L. Sears, Superintendant) held a similar entertainment, which was a decided success in every respect. Mr. Robt. Stoness, sen., presided. Interesting addresses were given by the resident minister and Rev. Mr. Smith, from the Opinicon. A reading by Mr. J. W. Ansley, entitled "The old way and the new," elicited hearty applause. Other readings were given by Mr. C. N. Knapp and Mr. T. Gilmour. The programme included a number of dialogues, which were well rendered by some of the scholars. The distribution of presents brought the interesting proceedings to a close. The music for the occasion was furnished by a choir under the direction of Mr. J. H. King, with Mrs. R. W. Allen at the organ.

An Insane Woman's Freaks.

Buffale, N. Y., December 29.—As a Canada Southern train due here at fifteen minutes past ten last night was passing King's Mills, Ont., some forty miles west of Buffalo, and while running at the rate of 48 miles per hour, an insane woman named Stonchon, who was traveling from Detroit to Oswego in charge of Geo. A. King, rushed to the door of the car and out on the platform, jumping therefrom and landing in a snow bank. Before the train could be stopped it had run some three miles, and when it was backed up the woman was discovered running towards the train. On reaching her she refused to enter the car, and a considerable scuffle ensued. She was finally overpowered and taken aboard, when it was found that she was entirely uninjured.

SYMPATHY FOR RUSSIA.—The Irish journals sympathized with the Czar of Russia during the late unpleasantness, when most people thought there would be war. They sympathize with the Ameer now and wish him long life, prosperity and happiness. At the same time, the Home Rulers go in with the British Government and supported Lord Beaconsfield's war policy. This seems strange. But the explanation of it is that House Rulers want England to go to war, so that Ireland may have a chance to push for self-government.

THE ANGERS TROUBLE.—The really Liberal Conservatives of Montreal, English and French, are stated to be very much annoyed to find that Mr. Angers is the leading spirit of the movement demanding the dismissal of Lieut.-Gov. Letellier, and they declare that in the event of a new Conservative Cabinet being formed, with Mr. Angers as a member, they will withhold their support from it.

NATIONAL POLICY.—It is now generally believed that Parliament will not be called together for business until March 2nd. Meantime Mr. Tilley is supposed to be hard at work on the National Policy, assisted by all the leading Protectionist lights except Mr. Phipps, who will not be comforted, because they are not. Altogether the outlook for the N. P. people is a bad one.

MONTREAL PRODUCE MARKET.

Montreal, Dec 31.

There was nothing doing in the flour market this morning. No transactions are reported and quotations are nominally unchanged. Superior extra 4.60 to 4.65; extra 4.20 to 4.25, fancy 4.05 to 4.10; spring extra 4.00; super fine, 3.70 to 3.75.

SPECIAL CABLE NEWS.

Reports from Afghanistan—Mr. O'Donovan Rossa's Petition.

(*Mail.*)

London, Dec. 30.—The fears that affairs in Afghanistan were not going so well as had been reported were strengthened to-day by the reception of despatches from Calcutta. It is positively asserted in these despatches, which have been sent to commercial houses in London, that the reports respecting the flight of the Ameer, his abandonment of the contest, the appearance of his son at Jellalabad, are untrue. The despatches say the Ameer has carried on a system of deception, and has false reports of his movements sent to the English headquarters. This ill-omined intelligence appears to be confirmed by a despatch from Lahore to-day, stating that a large force of Afreedees attacked the British troops on Saturday in the Khyber Pass. Up to this time the despatches of Lord Lytton and such of the newspaper correspondents' despatches as were permitted to reach London have reported that the Khyber Pass was wholly free from the presence of an enemy, and no danger to the British forces there was to be apprehended. The despatch from Lahore states that the Afreedees were repulsed with severe loss, but their presence in the Pass and their attack upon the British is considered evidence that resistance has yet to be overcome before the British forces can be secure during the winter months.

A despatch from Dublin says indignation is manifested there by the Home Rulers and Nationalists, in consequence of the refusal of the Home Secretary to grant the application of the wife of O'Donovan Rossa for permission to her husband to return home to die. It is said Rossa's health is completely undermined, that his recovery is out of the question, and that the few months of life still remaining to him could only be prolonged for a little while by his return to his native land. Mrs. Rossa, in making application to the Home Secretary, stated that she would undertake on the part of her husband's friends that no political demonstration should attend his arrival in Ireland and that he merely desired to die. Mr. Cross, however, has refused this petition, and the Nationalists are declaring that his action is unnecessarily cruel.

Some despatches from Constantinople describe at length the scene in the Sultan's palace on Saturday—the Turkish New Year—when he make his New Year's address to his cabinet. He expressed strong hopes for the future of Turkey. His enemies, he thought, had exhausted their means of attack upon the Empire, and the close alliance which had been formed with England would be productive of additional strength and security, and the reforms which he on his part had not only earnestly desired to be accomplished, but many of which he had himself suggested, would be carried out as effectually and promptly as circumstances would permit. The loyalty of his subjects, to him and to the Emperor, had been triumphantly demonstrated on the bloody hills of Plevna and other battle-fields of the war, and he had no hesitation in saying that he looked with confidence upon all his subjects of all classes.

EUROPEAN.

Striking Conspiracy—English Failures,

(*By Telegraph To day.*)

London, Dec. 31.—A general strike in the engineering trade is threatened.

A despatch from Belgrade says that Karigeorgivitch has been charged with a plot having for its object the assassination of the Prince of Servia.

Glasgow, Dec. 31.—The Secretary of the City of Glasgow Bank has been liberated, he having turned Queen's evidence.

London, Dec. 31.—The *Times'* financial summary for 1878 says industries have been disorganized, credit shaken and failures multiplied on every hand. It is stated, on good authority, that the failures of this year will be nearly five thousand more than last year, and it would be difficult to say where the distress will end. Not only have wages been reduced and many thousand artizans thrown out of employment, but many thousands of those, above the artisian class, are either in actual want or on the confines of it. The increasing number of persons driven to grant bills of sale on their effects is one significant proof of what is going on in the ranks of the lower and middle classes.

MURDER AT QUEBEC.

Alleged Revenge for a Refusal to Treat.

(*By Telegraph To-day.*)

Quebec, Dec. 30.—The 'Black Quarry,' a disreputable locality in the suburbs of the city was the scene of another murder this evening. Edward Jobbin, aged 51, a very respectable master stone cutter of St. Roch's, was driving along St. Patrick st. in company with one Terreau and Lepage, bailiff of the Superior Court, when on passing Argouin's tavern they got out of the sleigh and entered the bar where they had a drink. Two brothers, named Clavet, and one Chamberland were sitting, partly drunk, in the bar and asked to be treated. They were refused, and when the others left they followed them and struck at them in the sleigh. Edmond Clavet is said to have struck Jobbin from behind on the head with something in his hand, and the unfortunate man at once fell on his face and was picked up dead and removed into a neighbouring house. An inquest will be held to-morrow morning. The police have arrested Chamberland and the two Clavets.

MONTREAL STOCK MARKET.

Montreal, Dec. 31.

Bank of Montreal—138 1-4, 137 3-4.
Merchants' Bank—79 1-4, 78 1-2.
Bank of Commerce—101, 100 1-2.
Ontario Bank—69, 67 1-2.
Bank of Toronto—asked, 118 1-2 118.
Consolidated Bank—58, 2 at 7 1-2.
Molson's Bank—Ex. div. 85, 80.
Bank du Peuple—offered 60.
Jacques Cartier—33, 32.
Union Bank—blank
Quebec Bank—ex div 00, 00.
Exchange Bank—00, 00.
Montreal Tel. Co—199 1-2, 198 3-4
City Gas Co—108 3-4, 108
Dominion Tel. Co—00
City Pass Ry—80, 77.
Richelieu and Ont—43, 42 1-2.

REMINDERS.

THURSDAY.

CONCERT for C.M. Church, Sydenham street.

REGULAR Meeting of Public School Board at 8 p.m.

REGULAR Meeting of Ancient St. John's Lodge at 7:30 p.m.

MARRIED.

At St. Mary Magdalen's Church, Napanee, on Tuesday, Dec. 31st, by the Rev. J. S. Bogart, M.A., assisted by the Rev. F. W. Kirkpatrick, M.A., Herbert J. Saunders, M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng., of Kingston, to Catharine Marion, eldest daughter of Amos S. Bristol, Esq., M.D., of Napanee.

DIED.

At his father's residence, in this city, this morning, Dec 31st, of consumption, J. C. H., second son of John McKay, Esq., of the Grand Trunk Brewery, in the 24th year of his age.

The funeral will take place from the family residence on Thursday, 2nd January, at 2 p.m. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.

POWER & SON,

Architects and Building Surveyors. Office—Wellington Street, Kingston. John Power. Jos. W Power.

GREETINGS FROM THE TORONTO FLOUR STORE

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OUR PATRONS.

FEW ARTICLES EVER GAVE MORE universal satisfaction than my

Vienna Self-Raising Flour.

100 bbls Fancy Flour JUST RECEIVED.

500 BAGS BAKERS' FLOUR, JUST RECEIVED AT THE

THE TORONTO FLOUR STORE BROCK STREET.

M. MORRISON.

Dec 31st.

THE GREAT SALE —OF— PIANOS and ORGANS!

WILL TAKE PLACE ON FRIDAY, JAN. 3rd, IN THE AFTERNOON AT 2:30 o'clock, IN THE LARGE ROOM, Next to Heath & Gunn's Drug Store PRINCESS STREET, consisting of

Nine Fine Pianos, and Three Splendid Organs,

Also, some fine PIANO COVERS.

J. E. HUTCHESON, Auctioneer.

Dec 31st

TWO PIANOFORTES

Must be Sold for private reasons,

A 7 1-3 Octave New York Excelsior —AND— An Upright Chickering.

Both as good as new. ON VIEW AT

A. & S. NORDHEIMER'S.

Dec 31st.

NEW PUBLICATION.

CONCLUDING VOLUME OF THE

National Portrait Gallery

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN, Publishers.

THIS VOLUME will include the following Portraits in colors:—

Sir H. Layard,	Hobart Pasha,
Max. Muller,	Sir Charles Dilke,
Sir Samuel Baker,	Duke of Devonshire,
Marquis of Lorne,	Gen Roberts,
Sir Wm. Armstrong,	Earl Rosbury,
Rt. Hon. E. F. Stanley,	Admiral Hornby,
Rt. Hon. Lord Carnanon,	Sir Henry James,
Charles Reade,	Duke of Edinburgh,
Sir Bartlett Freer,	Prince Gotshcaoff,
Lord Lawrence,	Prince Bismark.

The Portraits are executed as usual in the highest style of art and the present Volume will complete the series.

Sold only by subscription.

A. AUSTIN, General Agent for Cassell's Publications.

Dec 31st.

BILL OF FARE —FOR— 'XMAS and NEW YEAR AT THE CANTON TEA HOUSE

20 pounds of New Raisins		$1.00
20	do do Currants	1.00
20	do do Prunes	1.00
14	do Very Bright Sugar	1.00
11	do Granulated do	1.00
3	do Superior Japan Tea	1.00
3	do Young Hyson Tea	1.00

And everything else proportionately CHEAP for CASH ONLY AT

A. MARTIN'S, PRINCESS STREET.

Dec 17th.

Wanted,

A TEACHER for Union School Section No. 3, Township of Storrington. A TEACHER. Application to be made to JOHN McGRATH, JOHN McNEILY, or ANDREW JACKSON, Trustees, Sunbury Post Office.

Dec 30th.

MR. J. SMITH,

Organist of the First Congregational Church,

Is prepared to receive a limited number of Pupils on the Piano and Organ. Terms made known on application. Communications sent through the Post promptly attended to.

Residence—Arch Street.

Dec 27, 1878.

Oysters, Oysters.

REES BROS

Are receiving Oysters daily direct from Baltimore by Express. We will have A FINE SUPPLY for the HOLIDAYS.

REES BROS Manufacturing Confectioners.

Dec 18th.

HOTEL OR GROCERY STAND FOR SALE.

THAT VALUABLE FREEHOLD PROPERTY on Ontario street, known as the GRAHAM HOUSE. A substantial stone building, with Brick front and Lot 32x135 feet with good stone Stabling. The House is fitted as a Hotel with water and gas, and is on the best business part of Ontario street, close to the shipping and Kingston & Pembroke Railway Station. Title indisputable. For particulars enquire of the owner on the premises.

JOHN GRAHAM, Kingston.

Nov 4th.

SHOP TO LET.

THE building on Princess street formerly occupied by Messrs. Macdonell, & Mudie as a Law Office. Plans of alterations which will be made to suit a desirable tenant may examined on applications at the offices of

BAWDEN & MACHAR.

Golden Lion Block, Kingston, Sept. 25, 1878.

THE NEW BOOK-STORE

RECEIVED YESTERDAY.

5 Cases of Envelopes

Direct from the manufactory which we shall sell at the lowest possible rates.

30,000 Corn, Amber and Canary at $1,00 per thousand.

20,000 Manilla, extra value, at $1.

28,000 Manilla, corn colour, at 90c per thousand

20,000 Pay Envelopes at 90c per thousand.

15,000 extra superfine at $2,50, high flap.

A most beautiful assortment of NEW YEAR CARDS.

Day Books, Journals, Ledgers, Blotters, Index Letter Books, all direct from the factory, no intermediate profit.

Over 500 of the Seaside Library at 10 and 20c.

Over 150 Franklin Square Library at 10 and 15 cents.

All Robertson's New Books as issued.

Full supplies of all Stock and well assorted.

We are determined to sell all these Goods at the lowest paying rates, and to give our customers the benefit of the low prices.

S. WOODS.

Dec. 30th, 1878.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE UNDERSIGNED WHILE WISHING his numerous customers

A MERRY CHRISTMAS & H