

ABATTOIRS AT BERLIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GAZETTE.

SIR.—The purchase of the abattoirs by the city, will, it may be hoped, finally settle the question of indiscriminate slaughtering, and permit of the institution of such measures as will afford a guarantee that the meat supply is not a source of danger to the health of the citizens. The transference of the properties is of importance, from a sanitary standpoint, only in so far as it may enable the council to carry out a rigid inspection of the animals and of the meat. It may be at once stated that the method of inspection at present carried out is worthless. To be of any value there must be an *ante-mortem* as well as *post-mortem* examination of every animal by an expert, or some one who has received a proper training. A qualified veterinary surgeon and an assistant at each abattoir could probably do the work satisfactorily, but this, of course, would depend on the number of animals killed. When I say that the present inspection is worthless, I do not mean to reflect in the slightest degree upon the men now in charge. They do the best they can, but the questions which they are often called upon to decide necessitate some scientific training.

It may interest some of your readers to know how these matters are conducted here. For many years there had been strife between the butchers and the city particularly about private slaughtering and the cost of inspection. At last the city at a cost of over \$2,000,000 provided a cattle market and abattoir and enacted a most stringent law compelling all butchers to kill at it who wished to offer meat for sale to the citizens. The market is one of the finest in Europe, and the extent of the stalls and pens will be perhaps understood when I state that the weekly average for 1882-83 was 2,903 cattle, 7,771 swine, 1,962 calves and 12,562 sheep. Two things are especially worthy of note about the market. No animal *walks* into it; the driving through the streets by day or night—so disgraceful and dangerous with us—is absolutely prohibited. The cattle are taken in either by the railway or in large vans. And the second point is the extreme care with which the railway carriages are disinfected and the pens and stalls cleansed. After a car load of animals is discharged, the cars are run on to a switch and a staff of men go through them with shovels, brooms, mops and hot water until, inside and out they are *absolutely clean*; then they are disinfected by scalding water in which soda and lime are dissolved. After the morning's market a

gang of women go into the sheep pens a with hot water and soap scrub floors and walls. If in the inspection of a car load an animal is found with an infectious disease the entire lot is transferred to the quarantine, which is at a distant part of the grounds. On one occasion last winter a hog with foot and mouth disease escaped notice at the preliminary inspection and was put in one of the pens of the abattoir where the disease was discovered. The necessary disinfection took 100 men three days, and blocked for a time the entire traffic.

Here and in England they have paid for their experience in infectious diseases of animals, and have learned the wisdom of scrupulous cleanliness.

At the abattoir department the arrangement differs from the American system in this respect that each master butcher has his own slaughtering stall, except in the case of the swine, which are all killed together in three large buildings. The stalls are very well arranged and beautifully clean.

The preliminary inspection of the animals is made by a staff of veterinary surgeons who confiscate any which they think are not fit for food. All such animals are sent to a small police abattoir. In the general abattoir a staff of 139 persons is at present employed to inspect the meat. Ten of these are veterinary surgeons. In the microscopical examination of the pork for the trichinæ 87 persons are employed, all of whom are specially trained and are required to pass an examination. Although the percentage of animals affected with trichinæ is much lower here than with us, extraordinary precautions are required on account of the very prevalent habit of eating sausages in an uncooked or half-cooked state. Twenty-four small bits of muscle from each hog are examined and the carcase is not stamped until the investigation is complete. With the large staff it does not take long, and no serious inconvenience is felt by the butchers. A tax of 25c per animal is levied, which pays for the examination and also in part helps to recompense the owners of confiscated animals. In the quarter ending January 1st, there were in all nearly four hundred animals confiscated after internal inspection. The majority of these were swine (340) of which 242 were "measled" (*i.e.*, contained the young or larvæ of tape worm), 56 were trichinous and 26 tuberculous. In addition, more than 3,000 lungs and 1,500 livers were confiscated on account of parasites. Of course the most laborious and expensive part of the inspection relates to the microscopical examination of the pork, which is compulsory throughout Germany. With us, for ordinary consumption, it scarcely appears necessary, as trichinosis in man is extremely rare, a fact explained, not by the absence of the parasites in pork, but by the careful cooking which the meat receives. If in Canada and the United States the custom prevailed of eating raw ham and sausages, epidemics of trichinosis would be much more frequent than in Germany, as the percentage of infected hogs is three or four times as high.

It is satisfactory to note that for the year 1882-83 the receipts at the Berlin abattoir exceeded the expenditure by nearly \$75,000.

I have the honour to be,

Yours, etc.,

WILLIAM OSLER.

Berlin, Germany, June 6, 1884.

Anecdote of Burns.—On one occasion Burns was in company with a man named Andrew Turner, one of those pointless proser, whose conversation, without wit or meaning, flows on in a ceaseless murmur of unimpassioned drivel. Of all men Burns detested your grave fool, your pompous proser, of which Turner was the very beau idéal—constantly interlarding all he said with the year of his birth—"The thirty-nine," as he termed it. Burn's patience becoming exhausted at "thirty-nine" ringing for ever in his ears, he wrote the following rough epigram, which for once silenced the proser:—

"Twas in the year of 'thirty-nine'
The deil gat stuff to mak' a swine,
And threw it in a corner;
But after that he changed his plan,
An' made it something like a man,
An' ca'd it Andrew Turner!"—*Scotsman.*

Nothing

What is it - that we value more than life
 Fear more than death. The rich man has
 it not, but wants it. The poor man has it in
 abundance. The miser with lavish hand
 dispenses it. The spendthrift avarenciously
 takes it with

Oh. I want to tell you a rich
 man. on Monday last I was
 at the Races here. and there
 was Larue - of Compton -
 in a jockey uniform. the
 leader of a band.

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 edit

BIG JOURNALISM.

We have noticed in several Western newspapers recently expressions of profound regret over the "degeneracy of New-York journalism." Eminent editors in Chicago and Cincinnati appear to be lying awake nights in their anxiety on the subject. They wish they could come here and infuse into the newspapers of this region the fresh life they so much need, but imperative duties at home prevent them. They are sure the great, representative newspapers of America are published in the West, and that the public of New-York is yearning for them to be published here. We are told there is one editor in Chicago who says he knows a philanthropic capitalist who will furnish a million dollars if he will consent to leave his work in Chicago and come to New-York and start a newspaper on the Chicago plan. We may be permitted to remark that he would need the money. And this leads us to a contemplation of Western journals and their characteristics.

In the first place, they are big. Everything in the West is big—including the conversation. Take the average twelve or sixteen-page Chicago newspaper. There is everything in it—except editing. The news appears to have been put in with a shovel, the only idea being to get in a big lot of it. We can imagine the expression of consternation upon the face of a New-York business man who should take up one of these mammoth sheets to read during his ten or fifteen minutes' ride downtown on the elevated road. Somewhere in that paper there might be a bit of news he would like to see, but he would be a lucky man if he ever found it. The headlines would tell him nothing—or else they would mislead him. A few years ago Salvini and Theodore Thomas happened to be giving performances in Chicago at the same time—one acting *Hamlet*, the other giving concerts with his orchestra. The notices of both were put under the heading, "Tom and Sal." We admit frankly that no New-York newspaper ever equalled that. When this style of heading is followed all through a sixteen-page newspaper it becomes bewildering to the reader who is in haste to get at the news. A Cincinnati newspaper, in humble imitation of its Chicago contemporary, kept standing for some time over its column of most unsavory news the taking title, "Sins Found Out." This not only drew attention to the choice reading below it, but it conveyed the delicate intimation that there were other sins which had not been found out which would astonish the public when they came to light, as they were likely to any day. We do not pretend to say what effect this kind of editing would have in New-York were it to be adopted by the respectable press. Heretofore it has been confined to those weekly publications, with similarly toned illustrations, which circulate mostly in bar-rooms and brothels.

3

Next to the bigness of the typical Western journal, its intense personality is most noticeable. Unhappy is the lot of the artist or actor who falls into its clutches. Madame Patti ventured into Cincinnati at Christmas time to sing in a performance of the "Messiah." The principal newspapers devoted from two to four columns a day to descriptions of her personal appearance, to conversations with her, and to minute details concerning her wardrobe. At the concert, Madame Patti had some experiences which did not please her, and then the enterprising newspapers showed what was in them. They "interviewed" her so successfully that within twenty-four hours they represented her as insulting every person connected with the concert, from the director to the managers. Interview followed interview, with everybody concerned, and whole pages were devoted to finding out who was guilty of the astounding crime of allowing Miss Cary to go upon the stage before Madame Patti. When it was all over and the town had had its sensation, all the persons who had been represented as talking declared that they had not been "interviewed" at all. There was enterprise! But it was nothing to what followed. Madame Patti returned to Cincinnati a month later to sing at the alleged Opera Festival, and, justly indignant at her former treatment, refused to see any newspaper men at all. But the enterprising press of the free and glorious and big West "got even" with her. She had the misfortune to be taken ill. Immediately the report was published that she was "shamming." Had not the gentlemanly and accomplished Colonel Mapleson assured the public that "she was capricious—that nobody could get along with her"? Of course he had. This did very

well for the first day. Her illness continued a second day, and the emergency must be met. It was "whispered that she had taken too much wine at Detroit previous to coming to Cincinnati!" Here was a chance for more enterprise. One journal published a dispatch from its Detroit special investigator conveying the "high-toned" information that "those most intimate with Madame Patti during her visit to Detroit did not think she was under the influence of liquor when she left there." Again we admit that there is nothing in New-York journalism comparable to this.

It would be only natural to suppose that this experience of Madame Patti with the large journalistic methods of the West would have deterred other artists from being taken sick anywhere within the reach of such searching enterprise. But it did not. Signor Campanini was careless enough to feel an indisposition, a week ago, in Detroit, and did not sing as announced. Then there was more enterprise. A careful search was made among the dirty dishes in the hotel where he lodged, and the following was published as the

4
slight repast he had taken as a supper on the night he was unable to appear: "Soup, "boiled shad, six pounds of roast beef, two "pigeons, mashed potatoes, one pound and a "half of dinner bread, three bottles of claret, "one bottle of Apollinaris water, extra coffee, "cheese, two shapes of jelly, lettuce, three "hard-boiled eggs, and young onions." If a man had not a right to plead illness after a supper like that, we should like to know what would constitute such a right. But the able investigator who made up the list published it with the observation: "Naturally enough "the Detroit people are somewhat sceptical as "to Campanini's illness." The Detroit people must have large ideas of the capacity of the human stomach. Miss Cary was the next victim. She was unable to sing in Chicago recently because of a sore throat. It was at once announced that she was in "excellent voice but very bad temper" at the rehearsal the night before the concert, and a letter was published from a "reliable party" saying that the sore throat was a mere excuse, and that "she was in high dudgeon" because she had to sing without orchestral accompaniment. The "reliable party" added the valuable and polite information that "it is said she used some very vehement expressions." Still again, we admit freely that New-York journalism is not conducted on this level.

There is, we are told, a place for everything. This being so, the place for big journalism is the big West. It needs the boundless prairie to unfold itself upon. New-York is too small, and the atmosphere too close, for such freedom of action and thought. If any man doubts this, let him try the experiment of publishing a genuine Western newspaper here. We know of no way in which he could more easily sink a million or two of dollars.

QUEER THING A MAN IS.

Huxley gives the following table of what a full-grown man should weigh, and how this weight should be divided: Weight, 154 pounds. Made up thus: Muscles and their appurtenances, 68 pounds; skeleton, 24 pounds; skin, 10½ pounds; fat, 28 pounds; brain, 3 pounds; thoracic viscera, 3½ pounds; abdominal viscera, 11 pounds; blood which would drain from body, 7 pounds. This man ought to consume per diem: Lean beefsteak, 5,000 grains; bread, 6,000 grains; milk, 7,000 grains; potatoes, 3,000 grains; butter, 600 grains; and water, 22,900. His heart should beat 75 times a minute, and he should breathe 15 times a minute. In 24 hours he would vitiate 1,750 cubic feet of pure air to the extent of 1 per cent. A man, therefore, of the weight mentioned ought to have 800 cubic feet of well ventilated space. He would throw off by the skin 18 ounces of water, 300 grains of solid matter, and 400 grains of carbonic acid every 24 hours and his total loss during the 24 hours would be 6 pounds of water, and a little above 2 pounds of other matter.

BARNJUM'S GYMNASIUM.

Dr. Fenwick's opinion of the benefits of the work.

Mr. Barnjum having been much annoyed by reports which are being circulated as to his course of exercise being too severe, he determined to bring the matter to the test, and for that purpose selected eight of his members who were amongst the hardest and most regular workers, and had them examined by Dr. Fenwick, than whom no higher authority could be wished. That gentleman's report, received yesterday, is contained in the following letter addressed to Mr. Barnjum:—

DEAR MR. BARNJUM,—At your request I examined eight gentlemen, members of your Gymnasium, whose ages ranged from nineteen to thirty-six years. Two of them had been exercising during the past fourteen years, one for ten years, one for seven years, one for four years, one for three, and two for two years. I found in all full muscular growth, especially of the arms and trunk. The expansion movement of the chest varied from two to four inches. In all the heart sounds and respiration sounds were all perfectly healthy, and all presented the appearance of robust health.

I would say that I believe you are doing good work amongst the young men of our city, and I trust your own health and strength may be long spared to continue the professional work of giving instruction in physical education.

Believe me to remain,

Yours faithfully,

G. E. FENWICK, M.D.

FREDK. F. BARNJUM, ESQ.,
Montreal Gymnasium,
University street.

P. S.—I must add to this my acknowledgment of the usefulness of your system of calisthenics with children and young women, several of whom I have sent to you to receive special training in cases where special sets of muscles have become wasted or weak through disuse. In several cases that I can call to mind during the past few years, the greatest benefit has been derived by the system of instruction you have followed.

G. E. FENWICK.

This report will doubtless be pleasing news to many parents who have sons and daughters attending the Gymnasium.

The Kitchen.

FINNAN HADDIES.—Lay the fish in a dripping pan, skin down, and put in water enough to cover the skin; put in the oven for fifteen or twenty minutes, when the skin will easily peel off. Remove the skin, put the fish back in the pan, strewing bits of butter over the top, cover it with milk and cook until brown.

"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does change "a bit." If you take off another you have a "bit" left. If you take off another the whole of "it" remains. If you remove another it is not "it" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a bad habit you must throw it off altogether.—San Marcos (Texas) Free Press.

70

Preparation of the phosphates of lime, magnesia, and free phosphoric acid; and extended experience in such form as to be readily assimilated by the system.

Each fluid drachm contains:

- 5 1-2 grains free Phosphoric Acid (PO₅.)
- 3 grains Phosphate of Lime (3 CaO, PO₅.)
- 1-2 grain Phosphate of Magnesia (3 MgO,
- 1-6 grain Phosphate of Iron (Fe₂ O₃, PO
- 1-4 grain Phosphate of Potash (3 KO, PO

Total amount of Phosphoric Acid in one fluid drachm combined—7 grains.

It contains no pyro-phosphate, or meta-phosphate of any kind.

Its composition, as given above, has been determined by Dr. Ford, who has made the subject of the phosphates a specialty. It should not be confounded with the dilute phosphoric acid used in macropia.

The value of this preparation as a therapeutic agent is supported by well-known chemical principles.

Dilute phosphoric acid is simply phosphoric acid and water, and has any base.

Experience has shown that while in certain cases of indigestion acid interfered with digestion, this preparation of Acid does not only caused no trouble with the digestive organs, but has to a marked degree their healthful action.

The researches of chemists and physiologists would seem to show that it is a phosphate, with an excess of phosphoric acid, that will better meet the requirements of the system, either phosphoric acid or a simple phosphate, and is sustained by practice, in a great variety of cases.

It is well understood that "phosphorus" as such, is not essential to the human body, but that phosphoric acid in combination with other bases, i. e., the phosphates, is found in the bones and muscles. In the brain is also found phosphoric acid with any fixed base. It is the phosphates and not the phosphoric acid that is found in the urine after severe mental exertion, or during wasting disease.

Professional men whose work is periodical, as clerks, accountants, etc., remark on the phosphatic secretion of the urine. It is the phosphates of this secretion that are the cause of the white sand.

With spacious buildings our sanitarians can duly consider the subject of breathing space, and give to each patient any amount of cubic area, which is acknowledged to be doubly essential in contagious disease of whatever kind.

With respect to vaccination, I would merely say that with all educated physicians the necessity and efficiency of a thorough and general vaccination is fully recognized. We cannot afford at the present juncture to adopt wild theories, and by the neglect of the experience and teaching of the world over, expose this community to an increase of the disease amongst us. There is no special rule in applying vaccination, as any person can, if he will, vaccinate himself and friends. The only requisite is to secure good and reliable vaccine lymph.

I am glad to observe that a general compulsory vaccination has been decided upon. I would combat the assertion that vaccination during the prevalence of the epidemic predisposes to an attack of the disease, small-pox. Such assertions are not founded on fact. In this connection I will conclude by quoting from Ziemssen's Cyclopædia of the Practice of Medicine, Vol. 2, page 401:—

"In England, France and Germany numerous experiments have been made with vaccination, and it was found that small-pox could not be produced, even by inoculation, in vaccinated persons."

Your obedient servant,

G. E. FENWICK.

Montreal, Sept. 27, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—In company with Dr. Fenwick, I visited, this afternoon, the building known as the "Fletcher House." We made a careful inspection of the whole building. It is greatly in want of repair and cleaning. There is no way, at present, of having an adequate supply of water. There are no drains, no sink, no place to receive refuse of any description. The cellar is damp, the surface water running in. The rooms on the ground floor are but eight feet high, and those up-stairs are but seven. All the rooms are poorly lighted and badly ventilated. At the most, accommodation—reserving one room for nurses—can be provided for but fourteen patients, and even this is more than is desirable. At the same time I am instructed by the Sisters of St. Margaret to say that, until better accommodation can be provided, they are prepared to enter at once upon their work and make the best of the premises. They, of course, rely upon your committee giving instructions to have the buildings at once put in order to receive them, and extending to them all the assistance you are able to afford.

I remain, yours faithfully,

ARTHUR FRENCH.

Louis Perrault, Esq., Health Committee.
Montreal, Sept. 25th, 1885.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

SUBURBAN SERVICE

—BETWEEN—
Montreal, St. Anne's, Vaudreuil,
And Intermediate Stations.

- WANTED—A GIRL TO SEW FOR BASKETS, home but experienced hand need apply. 1031
- WANTED—ASSISTANT STOREMAN. APPLY L'Esplanade & Co., 384 St. Paul St. 1031
- WANTED—A GOOD GENERAL SERVANT. Apply St. George St. 1032
- WANTED—A GOOD GENERAL SERVANT. Apply St. George St. 1032
- WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED & TRUSTWORTHY omnibus driver, omnibus yard, 748 Grand St. 1031
- WANTED—A STOREMAN FOR A WINE AND SPIRITS STORE, must be well recommended. Dress with references, Box 714 P. O. 1032
- WANTED—A SUPERIOR GIRL TO CLEAN.

Duels that You'll Laugh at.

[Manchester Courier.]

An Irishman who was very near-sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer his antagonist than he did to him and that they should both fire at the same time. This beats Sheridan's telling a fat man who was going to fight a thin one that the latter's slim figure ought to be chalked on the other's portly person, and if the bullet hit him outside the chalk mark it was to go for nothing.

4
8
- You need go no further ~~Dear Swift's~~
Dear Swift's marriage certificate
One ~~strong~~ dog while walking in the County
Dear Swift was overtaken by a severe storm
of rain with thunder & lightning then being
no house in the immediate vicinity he took
shelter beneath a spreading oak. Very shortly
a young man & woman on a country car
drove towards Dublin drove up and sought
the shelter of the spreading oak. The Dear con-
sulted that they were on their way to Dublin
to be married when he remarked that they did
go no further as he would marry them & so
they assented when they learnt who he was.
The Ceremony was soon gone through and the happy
couple prepared to return when the groom ^{made a} request
for the marriage lines - to this the Dear readily
complied and after taking down their names
& addresses ^{in duplicate} he appended the following couplet
"Beneath this tree in stormy weather
"I joined this Rogue and wench together
"Let none but He who rules the thunder
"Dare put this Man & woman asunder"

THE "GAZETTE,"
MONTREAL.
POCKET CALENDAR

1884
DAILY, \$6.00. WEEKLY, \$1.00.

1884	Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.	1884	Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
Jan.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	July	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	Aug.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
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BANK HOLIDAYS.—New Year's Day; Good Friday, April 11th; Queen's Birthday; Dominion Day; Christmas Day. Also in Province of Quebec. —Epiphany, Jan. 6th; Annunciation, Mar. 25th; Ascension, May 22nd; Corpus Christi, June 12th; Sts. Peter and Paul, June 29th; All Saints, Nov. 1st; Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8th.

MARCH 13

CRUSHED AGAIN

Judge Ramsay had some difficulty in getting in a blow at the Press yesterday, but he succeeded nevertheless. The road was tortuous, but His Honor reached the objective point in good order. The Star reports him as denouncing societies formed for the protection of women and children. We quote a portion of his remarks, and as the reader proceeds he will see how His Honor managed to lug the Press in:—

"Such cases," continued His Honor, "are often espoused by one of the modern crazes of the period, namely, societies for the protection of women and children, as if women and children had any special or particular right to be protected more than any other class of society. Such societies were most dangerous to the public weal; they were, in fact, anti-social; they misled public opinion, and in many instances did great and lasting injury to respectable citizens. Certain sensational newspapers seized hold of these stories, published them with avidity, and the very fact that they were espoused by these societies gave them the air of respectability and as being

worthy of credence where as a matter of fact they were a mocking at morality and religion. The idea of exceptional protection to women and children was a most vicious one. The law provided ample protection for all classes, but it did not create a special class; it did not protect age more than youth or youth more than age. The prisoner was entitled to all the protection the law gave her, and no more."

It would appear that the parties who are "dangerous to the public weal" are not the scoundrels whose acts, combined with the law's delays and injustices, render societies for the protection of women and children necessary, but the societies themselves! Such societies are recognized in Britain, in the United States, in Canada, as aids to justice and helpers of the ignorant, the unsophisticated and defenceless, but eminent judicial authority now declares, in the year 1886, that they are "most dangerous to the public weal." Fortunately this is only Judge Ramsay's opinion, and the Judge is nothing if not sensational. It does not follow that the societies are at all dangerous, and anything His Honor has said need not affect in the least the moral or material support extended to such a society in Montreal. We dare say the Society's agents may blunder; they would not be human if they didn't. There are but two infallible people on this earth. One is in Rome—the other here in Montreal, if the friends of the Pontiff will excuse the connection. But even this fact need not deter large hearted, pure minded women and men of our city from doing the best according to their lights to aid, in ever so small a measure, in helping those who cannot help themselves. It is only necessary to watch what goes on in our courts of law to be assured of the fact that the law in many cases has not the wisest interpreters or the most elevated expounders.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

To the Editor of THE HERALD.

We are at a loss to understand in what way His Honor Judge Ramsay connects this Society with the case of Mary Murphy, they having refused to deal with it when applied to. If His Honor had taken the trouble to peruse the Society's annual report, he would have been better posted in regard to its workings, and a better judge of the good it is doing to that class who are unable to protect themselves, either from ignorance of the law, or want of means to take advantage of the protection afforded them thereby. Many poor orphans and children deserted by drunken parents, too young to protect themselves, have been cared for and placed in benevolent institutions, and young women rescued from a life of shame and misery. The officers have much unpleasantness to bear, and many difficulties to overcome, thus calling for sympathy and encouragement rather than contempt.

W. D. STROUD, President,
EDWARD HOLLIS, Secretary.

167
1884

**A FALL-ORICK VIEW OF THE EARTH-
QUAKE.**

I kin bump my back and take the rain,
And I don't keer how she pours;
I kin keep kint o' ca'm in a thunderstorm,
No matter how loud she roars;
I hain't much skeered o' the lightnin',
Ner I hain't sich awful shakes
Afeared o' cyclones—but I don't want none
O' yer dad-burned old earthquakes!

As long as my legs keeps stiddy,
And long as my head keeps plumb,
And the buildin' stays in the front lot,
I still kin whistle some!
But about the time the old clock
Flaps off 'n the mantel shelf,
And the burro skoots for the kitchen,
I'm a goin' to skooof myself!

Plague take! ef you keep me stabled
While any earthquakes is round!—
I'm just like the stock—I'll beller,
And break for the open ground!
And I'low you'll be as nervous,
And in just about my fix,
When your whole farm slides from inunder
you,
And on'y the mortgage sticks!

Now ears hainta goin' to kill you
Ef you don't drive crost the track:
Cred'ters never'll jerk you up
Ef you go and pay 'em back;
You kin stand ill moral and mundane storms
Ef you'll on'y just behave—
But a earthquake!—well, ef it wanted you,
It 'ud husk you out o' yer grave!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Fenwick vs. Darling.

The case of Dr. G. E. Fenwick against Adam Darling, which has been pending since 1879, was decided by Mr. Justice Gill this mornin'. When Adam Darling and Mrs. Darling left for Europe in 1878, they confided their little child to the care of a nurse in the city, with the understanding that, if the infant fell sick, the services of Dr. Osler were to be retained. The child became ill shortly after their departure, and when Dr. Osler was summoned, he saw at a glance that ciphtheria was the ailment, and that tracheotomy would have to be practised. He requested Dr. Fenwick to perform the operation, which was done successfully. The child, however, died a short time after from another cause, and when Mr. Darling returned to the city, he refused to pay Dr. Fenwick his fees, which amounted to \$100. Action was therefore instituted, and this judgment condemns the defendant to pay Dr. Fenwick the amount claimed.

Nov 24 THE CATHEDRAL BAZAAR. 1886
Interesting Detailed Returns Pointing
to Satisfactory Financial Results.

Mr. Edmond Barbeau, of the city and District Savings Bank, who was the general treasurer of the St. Peter's Cathedral bazaar, has made his report, which is in many respects a satisfactory one. The total receipts to date are \$34,000, with \$730 in money and \$2,570 in effects still due, forming a total of \$37,360. The total expenditure was \$6,610, of which \$2,928 were for lighting, decorations, insurance, &c., \$1,213 for the lottery and \$2,468 for the printing of the journal, *Le Bazar*, programmes, &c. There still remain to be paid accounts to the amount of \$669, forming a grand total of \$7,280. The net receipts of the bazaar were therefore \$30,080. Of this amount the committee has deposited \$24,507 in the Cathedral fund and \$3,000 in the bank. This result is the largest of the kind yet obtained in the province. The receipts exceeded by half those of the Kermesse on the Place d'Armes which was the most successful one which had been held up to that time. The bazaar receipts were \$27,261, the lottery gave \$6,441, the value of the goods was \$12,450, the whole forming \$46,544 which was contributed to the undertaking. Notre Dame parish appears at the head of the parishes its subscription reaching \$10,150, of which \$3,585 from the bazaar, \$1,227 from the lottery and \$3,000 in effects, forming nearly \$8,080, and the following contributions from religious institutions in the parish: Good Shepherd \$1,595, Hotel Dieu and Grey Nuns \$286, Christian Brothers \$60, Notre Dame congregation \$431. The other parishes come in the order named: St. James' bazaar \$2,727, lottery \$450, effects \$1,811, total about \$5,000; St. Patrick \$3,245, St. Anthony \$1,263, St. Bridget \$2,221, Hochelaga Convent \$1,000, Sacred Heart Convent \$1,000, St. Jean Baptiste parish \$1,000, St. Joseph's parish \$886, St. Ann's \$515, Notre Dame de Grace \$909, St. Gabriel \$626, etc. The gate money amounted to \$4,899, the lunch table netted \$500, and the dinners \$3,000, as follows: Notre Dame \$722, St. James \$375, St. Joseph \$159, St. Patrick \$243, St. Jean Baptiste \$370, St. Bridget \$390, St. Anthony \$125, St. Gabriel \$89, and the dinner to the clergy \$345. The event, on the whole, surpassed the most sanguine expectations.

THE OFFICIAL PROGRAMME.

For the Queen's Jubilee Review—Preparing for Contingencies.

Lieut.-Col. Straubenzie, D. A. G., having completed his programme for the Jubilee review on the 21st, has forwarded it to the Major General for his approval. The force will parade at half-past ten in the morning, on the Champ de Mars and be inspected by the D. A. G. and Major-General. After this it will march to Fletcher's Field and be drawn up in line, forming three sides of a square facing Mount Royal. Open order will be taken and the Royal salute with *feu de joie* salvo of 21 guns and three cheers given. The force will then break into column to the right and march past in open column. After the second wheel after going past quarter column on the leading companies will be ordered and the force formed into mass of quarter columns, by wheeling, facing the saluting base. The officers and colors will then take post in review order and give a general salute. The force will then march past in quarter column left in front and then return to the city. Surgeon Major Fenwick, of the Montreal Field Battery, has been entrusted with the work of organizing an ambulance corps of medical students in case of emergency, and a hospital marquee will be erected on the ground. The 6th Fusiliers ambulance corps will also be present with stretchers, etc. The civic authorities have been requested to arrange for a supply of water for the troops, a thing they ought to be able to do now that the water pipes run along Upper St. Urbain street. Some ladies in the city propose to provide a supply of lemonade for the volunteers.

Both volunteer and Imperial Army and Navy veterans will participate in the review.

It is also expected there will be in the military procession to the Park on the 21st a representation of the veterans of the militia and volunteer service who enrolled before or at the time of the Queen's accession. The old Huntingdon and Eastern Townships men of both cavalry and infantry will be welcome. Any of them who may be in town are asked to fall in.



What look & ~ 3 lines

A NUISANOE.

A lady friend sends in a request which can best be voiced by using her own language, which is as follows:—

"Mr. Editor,—A lady wants to say a few words to the Grocery Merchants, and really it is a delicate subject to handle. You know it is now the time when our grocerymen set their vegetables outside on the pavement, and do you know there are many tall dogs in town, and—and it operates as though they drank from Saratoga Medical Springs. Now, Mr. Editor, you must know what I mean to say, and if you will help me out you will do the public a great favor. What we want is the vegetables in boxes, or, in other words, 'above high water mark.' For the good of the women and mankind, the grocers will please attend to it. Those wire screens they use over baskets and barrels are not 'water-tight.' This is a delicate matter, but you know, when a lady goes shopping for cabbage and beets she doesn't like to be obliged to get peas also. Please put it in shape so as to offend nobody."

A HOUSEKEEPER.

have not been out of the House but once, since you left, and I shall be glad to see you in person, if at all possible for you to come.

I regret to inform you that my sister Mrs. died before our letter of instructions as to treatment reached Nevada.

With my thanks for your former visit & in hopes to have it renewed to him in great haste

My dear Mother
 My faithfully
 J. Chamberlin
 J. S. Fenwick & Son

FAMOUS EARTHQUAKES.

The following is a list of the principal earthquakes that have taken place since the twelfth century, with the casualties caused:—

Year.	Place.	Persons killed.
1137	Sicily	15,000
1158	Syria	20,000
1268	Cilicia	60,000
1456	Naples	40,000
1531	Lisbon	30,000
1626	Naples	70,000
1667	Schamaki	80,000
1692	Jamaica	3,000
1693	Sicily	100,000
1703	Aquila, Italy	5,000
1703	Yeddo, Japan	206,000
1708	The Abruzzi	15,000
1716	Algiers	20,000
1726	Palermo	6,000
1731	Pekin	100,000
1746	Lima and Callao	18,000
1764	Grand Cairo	40,000
1755	Kashan, Persia	40,000
1755	Lisbon	50,000
1759	Syria	20,000
1784	Ezizinghan, Asia Minor	5,000
1797	Country between Santa Fe and Panama	40,000
1805	Naples	6,000
1822	Aleppo	20,000
1829	Murcia	6,000
1830	Canton	6,000
1842	Cape Haytien	4,000
1857	Calabria	10,000
1859	Quito	5,000
1860	Mendoza, South America	7,000
1868	Towns in Peru and Ecuador	25,000
1875	San Jose de Cuesta, Colombia	14,000
1881	Scio	4,000
1883	Ischia	6,000
1886	Charleston	99

Year	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	June
1891	10	12	15	18	21	24
1890	11	14	17	20	23	26
1889	12	15	18	21	24	27
1888	13	16	19	22	25	28
1887	14	17	20	23	26	29
1886	15	18	21	24	27	30
1885	16	19	22	25	28	31
1884	17	20	23	26	29	32
1883	18	21	24	27	30	33
1882	19	22	25	28	31	34
1881	20	23	26	29	32	35
1880	21	24	27	30	33	36
1879	22	25	28	31	34	37
1878	23	26	29	32	35	38
1877	24	27	30	33	36	39
1876	25	28	31	34	37	40
1875	26	29	32	35	38	41
1874	27	30	33	36	39	42
1873	28	31	34	37	40	43
1872	29	32	35	38	41	44
1871	30	33	36	39	42	45
1870	31	34	37	40	43	46
1869	32	35	38	41	44	47
1868	33	36	39	42	45	48
1867	34	37	40	43	46	49
1866	35	38	41	44	47	50
1865	36	39	42	45	48	51
1864	37	40	43	46	49	52
1863	38	41	44	47	50	53
1862	39	42	45	48	51	54
1861	40	43	46	49	52	55
1860	41	44	47	50	53	56

A kiss, according to the definition which took the prize in a London competition in which 7,000 were considered, is here given: "An insipid and tasteless morsel, which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is flavored with love."

1887 CALENDAR 1887

JANUARY							FEBRUARY							MARCH							APRIL						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
..	1	...	1	2	3	4	5	...	1	2	3	4	5	1	2		
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	27	28	27	28	29	30	31	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
30	31
MAY							JUNE							JULY							AUGUST						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	1	2	..	1	2	3	4	5	6		
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
29	30	31	26	27	28	29	30	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	28	29	30	31
...	31
SEPTEMBER							OCTOBER							NOVEMBER							DECEMBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	1	2	3	1	...	1	2	3	4	5	1	2	3		
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	..	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	27	28	29	30	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
...	30	31

21
22
17
60
52
112
12
120

X 13
Sunday
1887

1888

JANUARY							FEBRUARY							MARCH							APRIL						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	26	27	28	29	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	29	30
...

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Sunday
in 1888

8

REV. MR. MACKONOHIE.

Rev. Gavin Lang's Tribute to the Worth of His Character.

Inverness (Scotland) Chronicle.

On Sunday, Rev. Gavin Lang, minister of the second charge of the parish of Inverness, made a touching allusion to the death of Rev. Mr. Mackonochie, who lost his way on the hills of Nether Lochaber and died from exposure. Coming from a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, the reference is singularly graceful and cannot fail to be gratifying to the friends of the deceased gentleman. Speaking of death in general, Mr. Lang went on as follows:—"Whether it comes lingeringly or suddenly, at the close of a tedious sickness or with the stealth of a thief in the night, it ought to lead to a not unwelcome rest. To the weary and heavy-laden, who hail it as a friend and its release as a boon, it is both haven and heaven. Can we not imagine it to have been thus with that devoted clergyman of the sister National church, who, a few days ago, was overtaken by it amid the frowning glory of one of our most beautiful and romantic Highland scenes? I do not know that I have ever read a more thrilling story than that in our Friday's local paper, in which there is a most vivid account of the search for, and finding of, his lifeless body. Going out to have a leisurely enjoyment of Nature, where everlasting hills form its chiefest charm, he is gently laid to his final rest by the divine messengers of Him of Whom it is written in the 147th Psalm that 'He giveth snow like wool, He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes, He casteth forth His ice like morsels—who can stand before His cold?' We do not know, we can never know, what passed through the mind of this benighted wanderer as, fold by fold, there was wrapped round him winter's silent and chill winding sheet, and as he felt creeping along his bleeding limbs and up to his weakened heart the numb of a fatal palsy. I doubt not that one so fond of the lower animals must, while yet he had strength, have bestowed a kindly parting word upon the faithful dogs which had been the only companions of his journey and were the only witnesses of his expiring struggles—noble creatures! who still stood by his side, the jealous guardians of all of him that was mortal, after the soul had taken its eternal flight! But it needs no stretch of fancy or any revelation from above to believe that the all-seeing and everywhere present God was with him in these wilds of Lochaber, throughout that momentous livelong night, and that His hand it was which smoothed his rough pillow during all the last human transaction. I would never believe anything more if I did not believe that, conscious of the nearness of the Great Father, the dying ambassador of the Cross realized the sublime confidence of King David, who could sing, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me,' and that, having resigned himself to the will of God, he passed 'beyond the voices, where there is peace.' Blessed change for

him! He had been, for many years, a child of ecclesiastical storm—in a perpetual broil of polemical warfare. In the view of most of us, the conflict, chiefly about matters of mere ritual, and not touching any vital or essential truth, was not worth the tumult and talk it raised. But he conscientiously thought that, in the position he took, he was doing highest duty, and he had, at least, what no coward has—the courage of his convictions, to which he clung with proverbial Scottish tenacity. And it is a circumstance which cannot but be interesting to us, the fellow-countrymen of both illustrious ministers, that he only surrendered that position, the attitude he had assumed—not his convictions—on the earnest death-bed appeal of another Scotchman, the late Archbishop Taft of Canterbury, who was baptised and reared in the communion of our Church, to which his honored father's family have ever been warmly attached. However his opinions on controverted subjects might be erroneous, to his credit it can be affirmed that the heart of him, whose life has recently closed in so tragic a manner, was fixed in the right place. It was once my privilege to worship in his church, the famous St. Albans in London, and that service happened to be one for children. I have never forgotten the heartiness with which he spoke on that occasion to 300 lambs of his flock, and the eagerness with which they listened to the loving words which fell from his lips. You could not see or hear him without being persuaded that he had the single eye, the whole soul, the burning zeal of a real and true successor of the Apostles. The end of such a man could be none other than peace! We are told that when his remains were found, his features were conspicuously calm and tranquil—'After life's fitful fever he was sleeping well.' It was eminently appropriate that his friend, whose guest he was and who loved him with the love of a Jonathan, should, there and then, offer supplications to Almighty God for and with those around him; and, if in that hour of anguished bereavement he prayed 'with book,' this thanksgiving, which appears in the liturgy of his church, would most readily suggest itself: 'We bless Thy holy name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear, beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom. Grant this, O Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen.'"

Speaking of anthems reminds me of the story of two old British sailors who were talking of their shore experience. One had been to a cathedral and had heard some very fine music, and was descanting particularly upon an anthem which gave him much pleasure. His shipmate listened for a while and then said: "I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?" "What," replied Bill, "do you mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is?" "Not me." "Well, then I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer, 'Ere Bill, give me that 'andspike, that wouldn't be a hanthem; but was I to say, Bill, Bill, Bill, giv, giv, giv me, giv me that, Bill, giv me, give me that hand, giv me that hand, handspike, spike, spike. Bill, giv, giv me that, that, hand, handspike, hand, handspike, spike, spike, ah-men, ah-men. Bill givemethandspike, spike, ah-men? Why, that would be a handthem.'"—*Nautical Gazette.*

HIS EARS IN A SNUFF-BOX.

The Story of a Too Faithful Butler of the Irish 'Squire's Lady.

Liverpool Courier: A queer episode in Connaught life was the case of Dennis Bodkin versus Patrick French. The plaintiff and defendant were neighbours. The latter was of the "ould shtock," full of airs, and possessed of an intolerable temper. He and his wife had conceived a deep dislike for Mr. Bodkin, who entertained an equal aversion to the Frenches. Bodkin happened one day to give particular offense to the 'Squire and lady. That evening they entertained a large company at dinner, when Mrs. French launched out in abuse of her enemy, concluding her wish "that somebody would cut off the fellow's ears and that might quiet him."

The subject was changed after a while, and all went on well till supper, at which time, when everybody was happy, the old butler, one Ned Regan, who, according to custom, had drunk enough, came in. Joy was in his eye, and whispering something to his mistress which she did not comprehend, he put a large snuff-box into her hand. Fancying it was some whim of her old servant, she opened the box and shook out its contents, when, lo! a pair of bloody ears dropped out on the table. The horror of the company was awakened, upon which old Ned exclaimed: "Sure, my lady, you wished that Dennis Bodkin's ears were cut off, so I told old Geoghegan, the gamekeeper, and he took a few handy boys with him and brought back his ears, and here they are, and hope you are pleased, my lady."

The gamekeeper and the "boys" left the county. French and his wife were held in heavy bail at the Galway assizes, but the guests proved no such order was given; that it was a mistake on the part of the servant. They were acquitted. The "boys" and their leader never reappeared in the county until after the death of Bodkin, who lost his ears many years before his death.

M. Maspero, the famous Egyptologist who has given the world valuable knowledge through his study of the relics of the ancient Egyptian civilisation, related in a recent lecture a singular experience which he had in bringing back to Europe an Egyptian mummy. It was a mummy of a king, and an important contribution to an archaeological collection. M. Maspero fancied that the Custom-house officers would not insist rigidly upon payment of duty. The first of these functionaries who encountered however insisted upon doing his full duty. He opened the box which contained the mummy, and exclaimed, "Halloo—what have we here?" "A Pharaoh—a genuine Pharaoh of the sixth dynasty," said the scientist. "A Pharaoh?" said the puzzled officer. "I don't see how it can be anything but a Pharaoh." He set to work to look up the tariff-schedule, but found no such article entered in the "This importation," said the officer finally, "does not seem to be provided for under the statutes. We shall have to follow our usual rule in such cases, and class it with the highest-taxed article of the kind that it seems to belong to. I shall classify your Pharaoh as dried fish." So M. Maspero paid the tariff on dried fish for his mummy.

THE IRISH WIDOW.

Mrs. Magoogin Goes to Rockaway and Has a Good Time.

"Oh, but id's mesel' had the roine bat yistherda', Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

"Had ye id up yer shnout agin, d'ye tell me, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Up me shnout? No, nur down me shnout, nayther, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Id's not that koid av a bat OI mane, at all, at all, me frind, but a bat in the salt say wather—the fust bat OI've had in foive years, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Is that so, Mrs. Magoogin? An' t'where did ye go fur yer bat?"

"To Rockaway."

"Wud the hoigh chunies?"

"Oy, wud th' hoigh chunies, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow Magoogin; "an' divil the so hoigh do OI be afther thinkin' some av thim at' t'whin ye come to foin' thim out, Mrs. McGlaggerty. 'Fon me wurrad, me frind, there's some av thim that OI met down there, an' d'ye know id, OI think that little av thim that OI'd not shipt in their eye aiven af they war to ax me to do it. There's the Hinnessies, fur instance—the gerrulsar' there, wud their low-cut dresses an' their hoigh cut capers, wud yally shoes an' f'whotte lace parysoses thrapesin' up an' down th' batch loike they owned the land an' the say an' hadn't a ha'porth to think av but clothes an' joods an' chewin' gum. Wan id imagine, to see thim, that they war brought up in a king's palace an' had lived on poies an' pashties all their lives. Sure an' OI ushed to know thim t'whin they hadn't a shtitch to their boicks an' f'whin they war glad enoof to get cornual bread an' corn-beef hash to put in their gullets, an' be gorties id was plinty gud enoof fur thim, too. God help me! Mrs. McGlaggerty, but OI was parrploized f'whin owid Hinnessy himself that was sittin' at the next table to me in the doimin'-room, passed his daughter a plate av a soup, sayin' to her at the same toime as he did so, 'Excuse me, Gertie, but may OI have the pleasure av servin' you with a little consommay?' Oh, my, but ye ought to have seen the pucker an' his inoof' f'whin he was zapakin'. 'Silver plate, pippaw,' sez Gertie, as she grabbed the dish an' put a curl an' her nick that id make a Frinch cuik sick. Bad sesht to me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but af OI had a bladder handy OI'd shimash the two av thim over the head wud id. 'Silver plate, indade! Bad dang to their buttons, but OI knew thim f'whin they had niver a plate at all an' nawthin' to sit af av id at that; an' only av all he had divil the thrap av consommay they'd be silver platin' at Rockaway or anyt'where else to-day, me frind. Oy, wow! but the bugs they got, Mrs. McGlaggerty! An' th' Hinnessies ar' not the only wans! There's plenty av th' same soort—wan av thim worse than th' other an' all av thim thyrin' to belong to the long-toug. But talkin' about the bat, Mrs. McGlaggerty, id was the finest OI niver had in me loife, an' id was in the bat that OI laid thim all out. They niver saw a pair av purtier legs an' Rockaway Ealch than OI showed thim yistherda'. The Hinnessies an' th' resht av thim were shtockin's an' war ashamed av their legs, but OI had nawthin, to be ashamed av an, OI let thim know so be me actions. Uv'rybody sed OI had the grandest figger t'uey niver saw, an' wan young man towid me OI ought to jine the Casino ballet. OI thanked him fur the compliment an' gev him a back-handid wolpe av me hand in th' eye that nearly knockt the breath out av him. The Hinnessy gorruls have the quairest pair uv crubeus an' thim that anny wan niver saw, an' they throid to give me th' laugh, but OI towid thim a thing or two that caused thim to pull in their horns moighty quick, Mrs. McGlaggerty. OI was in the wather half an hour, an' d'ye know f'whin OI kem home an' towid Tammy about id he sed that a half hour was too long intoirly—that anythin' over tin minnits id pizen all the fish in the say bechuxt here an' Poundnewland. OI thawt id was quare that he shud say such a thing, but the thrap niver crast me until this minnit that purhaps Tammy was givin' me the razoo. OI wouder now af he was, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

JOHN J. JENNINGS.

Another Story of Woman's Origin.

Munich, 9th Nov. 1864

Dear Sir

It gives me great
 pleasure to inform you that
 at the Quarterly Meeting of the
 Governors of the Central General
 Hospital held this day you
 were elected an Attending Physi-
 cian of ~~the~~ that Institute
 to occupy the vacancy created
 by the lamentable decease
 of the late Dr Jones.

George Edmunds Esq
 16 Radeynde St.

Catoorwood

Kingston

April 7. 1873

My dear Sir,

I have for some
time read with care
your remarks, & explana-
-tions of your operations,
many of them being of
an important character,
and I am I think
without doubt fully
justified in saying,
you are a credit
to the Dominion
and I do not hesitate

QUARANTINE.

To the Editor of the Gazette

Sir,—By the "regulations relating to quarantine to be made by vessels arriving in the Dominion of Canada" under date the 18th July, 1887, I notice the following very important changes. In section 9 is read:—

"The master of every steamship or sailing vessel arriving from any port outside of Canada shall produce a certificate of quarantine inspection and clearance from Rimouski in the case of mail steamships and from Grosse Isle in the case of all other vessels before being allowed to make a customs entry at the port of Quebec or Montreal."

"A second quarantine inspection shall not be necessary at Quebec, but in the event of the inspecting physician at Quebec in pursuance of his port duties finding infectious disease, as defined in section 4 of these regulations, in any steamship or sailing vessel, he shall promptly order it to go back to Grosse Isle."

These two sections are not as harmonious as they might be. It just occurs to me that section 10 completely does away with the function of the inspecting physician at Quebec. It would puzzle that proverbially smartest of all individuals in creation, the "Philadelphia Lawyer," to discover how the inspecting physician at Quebec can in the face of these regulations perform any duty as an inspecting physician at the port of Quebec. In reality the port of Quebec is no longer a port at which inspection is regarded as necessary. This of course on the face appears reasonable enough, but is it as safe as is desirable? Has not, in the past inspection of vessels at the port of Quebec saved, or at least delayed the spread of infectious diseases throughout the Dominion of Canada? If so, then why in times like the present of threatened epidemic should the slightest safeguard be dispensed with? The stay of mail steamers at the port of Rimouski is very short; usually the speed of the steamers is slowed until they pick up the tender, and while the mails and such passengers as desire to land at Rimouski are being transferred, the vessel holds its course. All is bustle and hurry on board. No careful and efficient examination is possible under the circumstances, perfunctory examination is gone through, the necessary documents are signed and the clearance or certificate of inspection is granted. No captain in his sober senses would submit to further examination at Quebec "which is not held to be necessary." There are terrible possibilities of the introduction of disease throughout the spring and summer, and for the safety of the country, for the preservation of the reputation of our national route, the St. Lawrence, no risks ought to be permitted that can so easily be avoided. A vessel from abroad, and especially from infected ports, should be thoroughly inspected. If necessary, double or treble the medical staff at the ports should be secured, sufficient at least to ensure efficient inspection; let no false economy prevent the greatest precautions to guard against the introduction of disease during the season of navigation.

In section 10 of the regulations, which those of 1887 above quoted are framed to amend, the following will be found: The inspecting physician at the port of Quebec shall visit every steamship and sailing vessel from any point outside of Canada arriving at that port; and he shall send to Grosse Isle any steamship or sailing vessel having on board infectious or contagious disease. Why abrogate at the present time this very necessary measure? It has been in force for several years, and has not in any way delayed navigation, but has apparently worked well and has saved the country much treasure and many valuable lives that might have fallen victims to preventable disease.

Yours truly,
M. D.

March 10, 1888.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.—A man once called upon a portrait-painter and asked him to paint his father. "But where is your father?" "He is of the brush." "Oh, he died ten years ago!" "Then how can you paint him?" asked the artist. "Why," was the reply, "I have never seen your portrait of Moses. Surely, if you can paint the portrait of a man who died thousands of years ago, you can more easily paint the portrait of my father, who has only been dead ten years!" Seeing the sort of man with whom he had to deal, the artist undertook the work. When the picture was finished, the newly-blossomed art-patron called in to see it. He gazed at it in silence for some time, his face filling with tears, and then said softly and reverently, "So that is my father? Ah, how he has changed!"

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.—Dr. Burgon gives an interesting account of the election of Dr. Hawkins as provost of the college of which Dr.—now Cardinal—Newman was dean. "Part of the ceremonial of installation consisted in solemnly closing the college gates. The elected provost was then required to knock, in order to be formally admitted by the dean and received by the fellows assembled under the portico. The gates were duly closed, and the fellows stood awaiting the expected signal. At last a knock was heard, and the dean, advancing, asked, 'Who is adest?' 'Please, sir,' replied a tremulous voice, 'it's me—the dean's washerwoman.' The gate was opened, and between the fellows, draped in two ranks, passed a venerable matron laden with baskets of clean linen."

The mistakes made in the pronunciation of foreign names are altogether a little embarrassing, but sometimes confusing. "Some years ago," says a writer in a contemporary, "I paid my first visit to a flourishing seaside town to give a first of four lectures on music. I stayed at the Railway Hotel, and my hostess provided a capital supper, of which I partook in her own parlour. We were waited on by a buxom Sussex waitress, whom I could not help admiring; and soon after she left the room my hostess suddenly started up by asking, 'Are you fond of Maria?' I gasped out, 'Certainly, sir.' 'Have you ever heard Maria sing?' was the next query. My hostess was sober; but I began to feel doubtful of her sanity. To my great relief she continued, 'I heard him sing last Thursday at Mr. X's concert. I thought he sang beautifully!' It was Signor Mario she meant."

An eccentric clergyman in Cornwall had been much annoyed by a number of late-comers. After enduring the annoyance for some time, he called on entering the reading-desk one day, "Brethren, I regret to see that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I propose henceforth to save the trouble by naming each person who may enter; and I hope that your service will then be allowed to proceed without interruption." He then began, "Dearly beloved," but paused to interpolate, "Farmer Stubbs with his wife and daughter!" Farmer Stubbs looked rather surprised but the minister, with perfect gravity, resumed his exhortation. Presently he again paused. "Sam Curtis and William Diggle!" The absent congregation kept their eyes studiously fixed on their books. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the parson interrupting himself every now and then to name some new-comer. At last he said, still with the same perfect gravity, "Mrs. Symons, of the 'Red Lion,' in a white bonnet!" In a moment he felt his mistake; but it was too late. Every feminine head in the congregation had turned round!

Confidential March 10th 1888.

The British Medical Act of 49 and 50 Victoria (1886) provides for the Registration of Colonial Medical Degrees in England, and for their recognition for license to practise, on the following conditions:—

1. That the applicant shall have been domiciled in the Colonies at the time of receiving his degree (Part II, Sec. 11.)
2. That he is of good character and, unless possessing British qualification, has a license to practise in his own Province or Colony. (Part II, Sec. 11.)
3. That an order in Council shall have been passed in England, stating a "prescribed day" after which such Colony shall be entitled to the privilege. (Part II, Sections 11 and 17.)
4. That the said Colony shall afford to British Medical Practitioners "such privilege of practising therein as may to her Majesty seem just." (Part II, Sec. 17.)
5. The payment of a registration fee not exceeding £5.

6. These conditions being fulfilled, the Medical Council has the power to decide as to the adequacy of the course of study, examinations, etc., in the University in which the applicant has graduated. (Part II, Sec. 13.)

It appears that, under the above provisions, Canadian Graduates have hitherto been unable to obtain the advantages of the Act, because Canada has not secured an "order of the Privy Council" as required by the Act. It is believed that all the Provinces of the Dominion are entitled to receive such recognition by the Privy Council, in consequence of the facilities which their Medical Acts afford for the registration of British Practitioners. In the Province of Quebec, where important Medical Schools exist, the law empowers the College of Physicians and Surgeons to grant licenses to holders of British diplomas without any examination (Act 45 Vict., ch. 32, section 7.) At present the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario are those chiefly interested, as in these are the Universities giving medical degrees; but graduates of Canadian Universities domiciled in other Provinces could enjoy the benefit of the Act.

It is important that application should be made for the required order in council, since a number of Canadian Graduates have already applied for registration, and so far unsuccessfully; and it is in the interest of the Medical profession, both in Canada and the Mother Country, that reciprocity should exist, more especially since the authorities of the United States have already secured the required order, so that their graduates are admitted to registration in England while ours have not this privilege.

It is possible, however, though this is not anticipated, that the Privy Council may decline to recognize the individual Provinces as separate "Colonies" or "British possessions", under the Act. In this case it may be necessary to pass a Dominion Medical Act granting to British Practitioners the same privileges in Canada with those accorded to Canadian Practitioners in England, and establishing a book of registration in Ottawa in which the qualifications of Practitioners whether British or Canadian might be entered, on satisfactory evidence and the payment of a fee, and from which certificates of their standing may be given. This need not interfere with the present provincial laws for licensing Medical Practitioners in Canada, but would enable those having Provincial licenses and degrees to obtain a Dominion registration and thereby to secure recognition of their degrees and registration in Great Britain.

MARCH 10, 1888.

"A WISH" THAT WAS GRATIFIED.

The sudden death of Matthew Arnold calls to the minds of many the peculiar poem entitled "A Wish," written by him some years ago. It is as follows:

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Fearless, when my death he hears,
Let those who will, if any, weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than tears

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied;
Ask but the folly of mankind
Then, then, at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come and gape and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All, which makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head and give
The ill he can not cure a name.

Nor fetch to take the accustom'd toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother doctor of the soul
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things—
That undiscovered mystery
Which one who feels death's winnowing
wings
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these; but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more, before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
The wide aerial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead;

Which never was the friend of one,
Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze till I become
In soul with what I gaze on, wed!
To feel the universe my home;
To have before my mind—instead

Of the sick room, the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
Nor human combatings with death!

Thus feeling, gazing, might I grow
Compos'd, refresh'd, ennobled, clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here.

A PUZZLED CELT.—A class in a certain art-school was recently startled by the sudden appearance in its midst of a ragged Irishman, who, with tears in his eyes, begged for enough money to get him a "bite." The first impulse of the presiding genius was to request him to move on; but his picturesqueness suggested that he should be given a chance to earn his supper by sitting as a model. "Sit down," said the instructor kindly. "If you will permit these young ladies to paint you, we will pay you a shilling. What do you say?" "Av oi'll let 'em wha-at?" replied the beggar, with a puzzled look on his face. "Paint you—paint you! It won't take very long." "Bedad, oi want th' shillin' bad enough," he returned, after a moment's reflection, "an' oi'll be v'ry

OCTOBER, 1889.

Day of Week	Sun at Noon Mark. h. m. s.	Sun Rises. h. m.	Sun Sets. h. m.	Moon Rises. h. m.	Moon Sets. h. m.
Tuesday	11 49 35	5 57	5 42	11 0	morn
Wednesday	11 49 16	5 58	5 40	5 40	morn
Thursday	11 48 57	5 59	5 39	12 12	1 20
Friday	11 48 39	6 1	5 37	1 20	2 30
Saturday	11 48 21	6 2	5 36	2 37	3 40
SUNDAY	11 48 4	6 3	5 34	3 37	4 50
Monday	11 47 47	6 4	5 32	4 31	rises.
Tuesday	11 47 30	6 5	5 31	5 29	6 38
Wednesday	11 47 14	6 6	5 29	7 10	7 40
Thursday	11 46 58	6 9	5 26	7 40	8 16
Friday	11 46 43	6 10	5 24	8 16	8 54
Saturday	11 46 28	6 11	5 22	8 54	9 36
SUNDAY	11 46 14	6 12	5 21	9 36	10 24
Monday	11 45 57	6 13	5 20	10 24	11 24
Tuesday	11 45 44	6 15	5 17	11 24	12 24
Wednesday	11 45 32	6 16	5 15	12 24	1 29
Thursday	11 45 11	6 18	5 12	1 29	2 38
Friday	11 44 50	6 20	5 9	3 42	4 45
Saturday	11 44 31	6 21	5 8	4 45	5 56
SUNDAY	11 44 15	6 23	5 6	5 56	6 38
Monday	11 44 0	6 25	5 3	6 38	7 15
Tuesday	11 43 49	6 26	5 2	7 15	8 2
Wednesday	11 43 37	6 27	5 0	8 2	9 0
Thursday	11 43 26	6 28	4 58	9 0	10 1
Friday	11 43 15	6 29	4 57	10 1	11 5
Saturday	11 43 5	6 30	4 56	11 5	morn
SUNDAY	11 43 43	6 31	4 54	morn	
Monday	11 43 31	6 31	4 54		
Tuesday	11 43 20	6 31	4 54		
Wednesday	11 43 10	6 31	4 54		
Thursday	11 43 0	6 31	4 54		

Moon's Phases—First Quarter, 1d, 5h, 50m, Full Moon, 8d, 8h, 42m, a. Last Quarter, 16d, 7h, 54m, a. New Moon, 24d, 9h, 42m, m.

NOVEMBER, 1889.

Day of Week	Sun at Noon Mark. h. m. s.	Sun Rises. h. m.	Sun Sets. h. m.	Moon Rises. h. m.	Moon Sets. h. m.
Friday	11 43 41	6 33	4 53	12 47	1 49
Saturday	11 43 40	6 34	4 52	1 49	2 30
SUNDAY	11 43 41	6 35	4 51	2 30	3 52
Monday	11 43 41	6 36	4 50	3 52	4 52
Tuesday	11 43 48	6 38	4 49	4 52	5 53
Wednesday	11 43 46	6 39	4 47	5 53	rises.
Thursday	11 43 49	6 40	4 46	5 43	6 41
Friday	11 43 54	6 42	4 45	6 41	7 30
Saturday	11 43 59	6 43	4 44	7 30	8 9
SUNDAY	11 44 22	6 46	4 42	8 9	9 5
Monday	11 44 12	6 47	4 41	9 5	10 0
Tuesday	11 44 20	6 48	4 40	10 0	11 0
Wednesday	11 44 28	6 50	4 39	11 0	morn
Thursday	11 44 38	6 52	4 37	11 0	12 32
Friday	11 44 48	6 53	4 36	morn	1 39
Saturday	11 44 59	6 54	4 35	12 32	2 42
SUNDAY	11 45 11	6 55	4 34	1 39	3 42
Monday	11 45 24	6 57	4 33	2 42	4 42
Tuesday	11 45 37	6 58	4 32	3 42	5 46
Wednesday	11 45 51	6 59	4 32	4 42	6 47
Thursday	11 46 6	7 0	4 32	5 46	sets.
Friday	11 46 29	7 2	4 31	6 47	7 52
Saturday	11 46 39	7 3	4 31	7 52	8 39
SUNDAY	11 46 56	7 4	4 30	8 39	9 32
Monday	11 47 15	7 5	4 30	9 32	10 29
Tuesday	11 47 34	7 6	4 29	10 29	11 28
Wednesday	11 47 53	7 7	4 29	11 28	morn
Thursday	11 48 14	7 8	4 28	morn	
Friday	11 48 35	7 8	4 28		
Saturday	11 48 56	7 9	4 28		

Moon's Phases—Full Moon, 7d, 11h, 22m, m. Last Quarter, 15d, 3h, 52m, m. New Moon, 22d, 9h, 0m, a. First Quarter, 29d, 12h, 46m, a.

DECEMBER, 1889.

Day of Week	Sun at Noon Mark. h. m. s.	Sun Rises. h. m.	Sun Sets. h. m.	Moon Rises. h. m.	Moon Sets. h. m.
1 SUNDAY	11 49 9	7 10	4 28	12 33	1 38
2 Monday	11 49 42	7 11	4 28	1 38	2 36
3 Tuesday	11 50 6	7 12	4 28	2 36	3 42
4 Wednesday	11 50 30	7 13	4 28	3 42	4 47
5 Thursday	11 50 55	7 14	4 28	4 47	5 53
6 Friday	11 51 21	7 15	4 28	5 53	rises.
7 Saturday	11 51 47	7 16	4 28	5 53	6 36
8 SUNDAY	11 52 43	7 17	4 28	6 36	7 20
9 Monday	11 52 40	7 18	4 28	7 20	8 14
10 Tuesday	11 53 8	7 19	4 28	8 14	9 14
11 Wednesday	11 53 35	7 20	4 28	9 14	10 13
12 Thursday	11 54 4	7 21	4 28	10 13	11 14
13 Friday	11 54 32	7 22	4 28	11 14	morn
14 Saturday	11 55 1	7 23	4 28	morn	12 15
15 SUNDAY	11 55 35	7 24	4 29	12 15	1 32
16 Monday	11 55 59	7 25	4 29	1 32	2 39
17 Tuesday	11 56 29	7 26	4 29	2 39	3 52
18 Wednesday	11 56 58	7 26	4 30	3 52	5 2
19 Thursday	11 57 28	7 26	4 30	5 2	6 15
20 Friday	11 57 58	7 27	4 31	6 15	7 10
21 Saturday	11 58 28	7 27	4 31	7 10	8 21
22 SUNDAY	11 58 57	7 27	4 31	8 21	9 30
23 Monday	11 59 28	7 28	4 32	9 30	10 35
24 Tuesday	11 59 58	7 28	4 33	10 35	11 43
25 Wednesday	12 0 37	7 28	4 33	11 43	morn
26 Thursday	12 0 57	7 28	4 34	morn	12 43
27 Friday	12 1 26	7 29	4 35	12 43	1 37
28 Saturday	12 1 56	7 29	4 35	1 37	
29 SUNDAY	12 2 25	7 29	4 35		
30 Monday	12 2 54	7 30	4 36		
31 Tuesday	12 3 23	7 30	4 37		

Moon's Phases—Full Moon, 7d, 5h, 9m, m. Last Quarter, 15d, 10h, 15m, m. New Moon, 22d, 9m, m. First Quarter, 29d, 12h, m.

THE NEW TAX ON STREET MUSICIANS.

MAN: Have you got a licence?
No, Me not know 'bout dat.
MAN: Then you must accompany me!
Si, Signor, with pleasure; vat you goin' to sing?

BEN FRANKLIN ON MARRIAGE, ETC.

The following is an authentic letter by Benjamin Franklin, in the collection of "Franklin's Correspondence," purchased by the United States at a cost of \$30,000, now in possession of the Department of State, at Washington, D. C.:

JUNE 25, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

I know of no medicine fit to diminish the violent natural inclinations you mentioned, and if I did I should not communicate it to you. Marriage is the proper remedy. It is the most natural state of man, and, therefore, the state in which you are most likely to find solid happiness. Your reasons against entering into it at present, appear to me not well founded. The circumstantial advantages you have in postponing it, are not only uncertain, but they are small in comparison with that of the thing itself—the being married and settled. It is the man and woman united that make the complete human being. Separate, she wants his force of body and strength of reason; he, her softness, sensibility and acute discernment. Together they are more likely to succeed in the world. A single man has not nearly the value he would have in that state of union. He is an incomplete animal; he resembles the odd half of a pair of scissors.

If you get a prudent, healthy wife, your industry in your profession, with her good economy, will be a fortune sufficient.

But if you will not take this counsel, and persist in thinking a commerce with the fair sex inevitable, then I repeat my former advice, that in all your amours you should prefer old women to young ones. You call this a paradox, and demand my reasons. They are these :

1 Because as they have more knowledge of the world, and their minds are better stored with observations their conversation is more improved and more lastingly agreeable.

2 Because when women cease to be handsome they study to be good. To maintain their influence over men they supply the diminution of beauty by an augmentation of utility. They learn to do a thousand services, small and great, and are the most tender and useful of all friends when you are sick. Thus they continue amiable, and hence there is hardly such a thing to be found as an old woman who is not a good woman.

3 Because there is no hazard of children, which irregularly produced may be attended with much inconvenience.

4 Because through more experience, they are more prudent and discrete in conducting an intrigue to prevent suspicion. The commerce with them is therefore, safe with regard to your reputation, and with regard to this, if the affair should happen to be known, considerate people might be inclined to excuse an old woman who would kindly take care of a young man, form his manners by her good counsels, and prevent his ruining his health and fortune among mercenary prostitutes.

5 Because in every animal that walks upright, the deficiency of the fluid that fills the muscles appears but in the highest part. The face first grows lank and wrinkled, then the neck, then the breast and arms, the lower parts continuing to the last as plump as ever, so that, covering all above with a blanket, and regarding only that which is below the girdle, it is impossible, of two women, to know an old from a younger. And, as in the dark all cats are gray, the pleasure of corporal enjoyment with an old woman is at least equal, and frequently superior, every knack being by practice capable of improvement.

6 Because the sin is less. The debauching of a virgin may be her ruin, and make her life unhappy.

7 Because the compunction is less. The having made a young girl miserable may give you frequent bitter reflections, none of which can attend the making an old woman happy.

8 And lastly, THEY ARE SO GRATEFUL!!

Thus much for my paradox. But still I advise you to marry directly, being sincerely your affectionate friend,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.



His body should
be here but need
inspecting -
See at the college
where the students
are directing

the lot is with
of me is with
I am not certain
with you here

Drawn by the artist on a drunk

ACQUAED 1000

the entire remainder of the
of that evening, on
honour, not on
to exhibit
in he st

Friday
Saturday
SUNDAY
Monday

TAKING THE STARCH OUT OF HIM.

The great harbour of Valetta is at present as gay as a naval review with British and foreign ironclads, and the town itself is filled to overflowing with the crowds of visitors that have been drawn hither by the august presence of that admirable Prince of whom an English workman once said (with a pithy distinction between the popularity of his boyhood and the countless scandals of his riper years), "God bless Prince Alfred, but the Devil fly away with the Duke of Edinburgh." I never hear the Duke's name mentioned now without instantly recalling a story told me by an old messmate of mine about an incident that occurred during His Royal Highness' ocean cruise with

the English squadron as Captain of Her Majesty's steamer Galatea.

While the squadron was lying off the Australian coast the Admiral in command of it invited all his Captains to dine with him on board of the flagship, and at the appointed hour they were all assembled upon her quarterdeck in full uniform, except the Captain of the Galatea—i. e., the Duke of Edinburgh himself. While they were all looking toward the vessel in the expectation of seeing a boat lowered, and wondering what could have happened to delay the Duke, a shore boat was seen coming off from the land in the stern sheets of which sat the missing Duke himself, in plain clothes and with a cigar in his mouth. At this flagrant violation of etiquette the other Captains exchanged significant glances; but, as if even this were not enough, it was soon apparent that he did not even mean to make amends for the delay by going at once to his own vessel and putting on his uniform, but was coming straight aboard the flagship just as he stood—plain clothes, cigar, and all!

Then those who stood nearest to the Admiral—a sturdy seaman of the old school—saw his weather-beaten face harden all at once like suddenly congealed metal, as he turned and gave orders to man the yards and to fire a royal salute, thus retaliating upon the free-and-easy Duke by receiving him with all the extra ceremony due to a member of the reigning family. That the rebuke had told was quickly evident, for even at that distance the witnesses of this strange scene could perceive that his Royal Highness gave a start and moved uneasily in his place. But on he came toward the flag-ship nevertheless, as if determined to brazen it out. He came hastily up the side (all the other Captains doffing their cocked hats to him as he did so, in order to intensify the formality of this "royal" reception), and stepping up to the Admiral, said with an unsuccessful affectation of perfect ease: "Well, I suppose we can go to dinner now—there's nothing to keep us waiting, is there?"

The old Admiral drew himself up like a tower, and, bowing with an air of sternness, answered coldly: "Pardon me, Highness, I am waiting for the Duke of Edinburgh." Despite his answer the Duke coloured up and went back into his

A Year in Heaven.

A year in heaven for her. What is she learning
Of holy things, of things divine and true?
What glorious visions they are still unfolding
Which here she never knew?

Did angel friends await her at her coming?
Did angel faces greet her with a smile?
Were all the dear ones eager to receive her
Whom she had lost a while?

A year on earth for us without her presence—
A year of loneliness and grief and pain;
But still we smile amid our tears in thinking
Our loss is but her gain.

We miss her in our joys and in our sorrows;
She was our life, our centre and our sun;
And yet we would not call her back, but whisper,
"O God, thy will be done!"

For heaven and earth are very close together
Though she is there, she is not far away;
She could not leave the dear ones, loved so fondly,
Even in heaven to stay!

But still her spirit, like a guardian angel,
Is bending o'er us with her own fond care;
And sometimes she brings heaven so very near
us
We almost think we're there.

A year in heaven for her, of rest and blessing;
For us a year on earth, with her above;
But heaven and earth are both together blending,
And over all is Love!

M. L.D.

LINCOLN'S PREMONITION.

Remarkable Story of How "Old Abe" Was Impressed by an Abolitionists Prophecy.

LEWISTON, Ill., September 17.—Rev Dr. Harvey, a pioneer Methodist minister of Canton, Ills., tells this reminiscence of Abraham Lincoln. The Rev. Peter Akers, an eloquent pioneer Methodist, held a meeting near Springfield some years before the war, and one day Abraham Lincoln and several other attorneys of Springfield dove out to it. Father Akers spoke that day on the "Sin of slavery," and prophesied that in a few years God would wipe out this crime of crimes in blood. The sermon was generally regarded as the mouthings of a blatant abolitionist, and on returning home the lawyers laughed and joked about it. Lincoln, however, remained silent. Noticing this his companions rallied him by asking, "What do you think of Brother Akers' sermon?" Mr. Lincoln replied: "Well, I confess that I have never before been so deeply impressed by human utterance. I have never thought we should

have war over slavery or any other question. But those utterances to-day seemed to come from far beyond the preacher. They came to me as a real and awful prophecy. More astonishing than all, and you may laugh at your will, I seemed to be thrilled in my very soul with the conviction that I in some way to have a tremendous responsibility in that coming and awful war."

WANTED.
MRS. J. B. ...
at ...

Québec 3rd January 1870

Dear Doctor,

I am again laid up with neuralgia. Will you so kind as to relieve me at the Hospital and do my duty there until my health permits me to resume it myself?

Yours very truly

D Rowand

[Handwritten signature]

1889.												1890											
JANUARY.						JULY.						JANUARY.											
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	M	T	W	T	F	S					
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	5	6	7	8	9	10	11					
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	12	13	14	15	16	17	18					
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	19	20	21	22	23	24	25					
27	28	29	30	31	26	27	28	29	30	31	..					
FEBRUARY.						AUGUST.						FEBRUARY.											
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	M	T	W	T	F	S					
3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	2	3	4	5	6	7	8					
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MARCH.						SEPTEMBER.						MARCH.											
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APRIL.						OCTOBER.						APRIL.											
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JANUARY-1890

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
*	*	*	I	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	*
*	*	MOON'S PHASES	☺ 6 FULL	☾ 14 LAST	☽ 20 NEW	☾ 27 FIRST

FEBRUARY-1890

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
*	*	*	*	*	*	I
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	*
*	*	MOON'S PHASES	☺ 5 FULL	☾ 12 LAST	☽ 19 NEW	☾ 26 FIRST

OCTOBER 1890

Dr. R. Levi Pritchard,

109 West 45th Street.

Begs to call your attention to the following Notice.

AT A SPECIAL TERM OF THE COURT OF COMMON Pleas in and for the City and County of New York, held at the County Court House in said City, the 26th day of September, 1889.

Present: Hon. Joseph F. Daly, Judge.

In the Matter of the Application of

REUBEN LEVI,

ORDER.

for permission to change his name.

On reading and filing the annexed petition of Reuben Levi and affidavit of Albert L. Pritchard, whereby it appears that said petitioner has been requested by said Albert L. Pritchard, and is desirous of assuming the name of Reuben Levi Pritchard, and it appearing to our satisfaction that there is no reasonable objection thereto;

NOW, on motion of John E. Wayland, attorney for the petitioner, it is

ORDERED that said petitioner be, and is hereby authorized to assume the name of Reuben Levi Pritchard, on the 27th day of October, 1889; upon his causing a copy of this order to be published, within ten days after the same is entered, in the N. Y. Law Journal and the Hebrew Standard, two newspapers published in the City and County of New York; and upon his causing the papers upon which this order is granted and an affidavit of the publication of said order to be filed and recorded, within twenty days after the same is entered, in the office of the Clerk of this Court.

A Copy.

S. JONES, Clerk.

Seal.

Sam Jones has been in Omaha. At one of his meetings the audience was greatly affected by his words. The preacher told some truths regarding domestic happiness and its causes, and he also spoke at length regarding the endless wrangles indulged in by some ill-natured couples. It was plain to see that he hit some of those present hard blows, for every now and then a husband would get red in the face or a wife would nervously finger a hymn book and fan herself. Sam Jones was quick to notice the effect of his words, and saw a chance to make them still more effective. Suddenly he stopped in the midst of a glowing sentence and advanced to the front of the platform. He pointed his long, eloquent fore-finger at the congregation and said: "Is there a man present who never spoke a cross word to his wife?" The silence was becoming oppressive. People looked here and there. Every husband present wanted to get up but did not dare to. But the sadness that had possession of Jones's face vanished a moment later when a round-faced, good-natured man rose from his seat. "Thank God!" exclaimed Sam, "there is one man who never spoke a cross word to his wife!" The good-natured man smiled a bland smile and said: "No, sir; I never did. I'm a bachelor." Then he put on his hat and calmly walked out the door.

MARCH-1890

Calendar table for March 1890 with columns for days of the week and moon phases.

A CRUSTY BACHELOR ON WOMAN.

She could sing like any siren, and write poetry like Byron. She could tell you all the mysteries of astro-nomic lore, She had memorized Euripides, had been to the antipodes, And could talk so well about it that you'd ne'er think her a bore. She was young and she was pretty, she was stylish and quite witty, And her family tree was planted when the Druids lived and fought; She was rich—as rich as Cressus—but not fickle or capricious, And in all her life she never did a thing she hadn't ought. She did not, like other women, practise wiles men thought inhuman, And her culinary powers were unlimited, I ween; While I live I shan't forget her—no one could who e'er had met her, But, alas! I only made her sweet acquaintance in a dream. —Albert E. Hunt, in Minneapolis Tribune.

Handwritten notes: The Duke, these brought back they say, and thought

Dear Fenwick:

Dearest will take for
 you is a cab: Will you go and
 see what is amiss? It is a Sur-
 gical case - and I know you
 are a dear old Blood's man.
 Do go. She will take you, &
 bring you back.

Yours affly
 Clewong

Friday, Nov: xv. '90

A PECULIAR CASE OF BLACK-FEVER.—A friend who has recently been spending some time in Georgia relates an anecdote which shows how thoroughly scared the people of Georgia were during the prevalence of the yellow-fever in Savannah. It seems that Judge B., of the Supreme Court of that State, was in a neighbouring county at the time, but within twenty hours' run by mail of this terrible disease. Quite suddenly late one afternoon he was seized with a headache, pains in the back, limbs, &c. Having heard that these were salutations Yellow Jack extended to his victim on approaching him, the judge, in great consternation, applied to a friend, who was "posted," for advice. A hot mustard-bath was urgently recommended; and, being prepared, the judge was soon immersed in the irritating fluid. Presently he felt better, and, finding what he believed to be a cake of soap at the upper end of the bath-tub, he began to apply it freely to his person. After some pleasant exercise in this way, he looked down for the first time at his body and limbs, and discovered that he was turning black. Horror! His friend was hurriedly sent for, came, and declared that the symptoms were indicative of yellow-fever of the worst kind. "But," said the judge, "I feel no pain—I feel well." "So much the worse; the absence of pain is a marked symptom." "Good heavens," said the judge; "what shall I do?" "The only hope is mustard. Rub away!" was the sole advice his friend could give. He did rub with a will, using the soap to every square inch of his body; and, after some minutes, he sent for a candle—for the twilight was fading—to ascertain the exact condition of his cuticle. On examination he was as black as a crow; and the "soap"—which a careless servant had dropped into the tub—was discovered to be somebody's patent paste-blackening. The judge survived.

27th November 1889

27

S: J: S:

Thurs.

Dear G. F:

Please see this dear
old Body. I don't know what's
amiss - But she says she
"has no stomach at all" - and
if I saw her undressed (which
Heaven forbid!) "I should not believe
it":

She is a poor, deserving - ~~an~~ old
widow - (English) with a bad son
whom she has been trying to
make respectable - but unsuccessfully

Yours ever affec^t
Wood.

"Why, you used to have mohair!" said a middle-aged lady who had entered a shop in search of a fabric formerly in vogue. "Very true, madam; but I'm sure you won't often find it now," said the assistant, trying his best to please. "We should have it if anybody did; and I should be afraid to tell how many years it is since I've seen a bit." "But how do you account for the fact that a standard article has gone out of fashion so soon?" persisted the lady. "Well, I'll tell you, madam," he replied, bending confidentially over the counter. "You know we've been having very changeable weather for the last few years?" "Yes; that's very true." "The fact is, our climate is just going from bad to worse, and, as the mo.'s are very delicate, they've all died off. Impossible to get enough hair to keep the mills running!"

JANUARY, 1890.

Table for January 1890 with columns: Day of Week, Sun at Noon Mark. h. m. s., Sun Rises. h. m., Sun Sets. h. m., Moon R. & S h. m.

Moon's Phases—Full Moon, 6d, 12h, 30m, m. Last Quarter, 14d, 1h, 35m, m. New Moon, 20d, 6h, 52m, ev. First Quarter, 27d, 3h, 10m, ev.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

Table for February 1890 with columns: Day of Week, Sun at Noon Mark. h. m. s., Sun Rises. h. m., Sun Sets. h. m., Moon R. & S h. m.

Moon's Phases—Full Moon, 4d, 8h, 16m, ev. Last Quarter, 12d, 1h, 54m, ev. New Moon, 19d, 5h, 30m, m. First Quarter, 26d, 9h, 5m, m.

MARCH, 1890.

Table for March 1890 with columns: Day of Week, Sun at Noon Mark. h. m. s., Sun Rises. h. m., Sun Sets. h. m., Moon R. & S h. m.

Moon's Phases—Full Moon, 6d, 1h, 50m, ev. Last Quarter, 13d, 11h, 7m, ev. New Moon, 20d, 4h, 4m, ev. First Quarter, 28d, 4, 35m, m.

APRIL, 1890.

Table for April 1890 with columns: Day of Week, Sun at Noon Mark. h. m. s., Sun Rises. h. m., Sun Sets. h. m., Moon R. & S h. m.

Moon's Phases—Full Moon, 5d, 4h, 27m, m. Last Quarter, 12d, 5h, 56m, m. New Moon, 19d, 3h, 8m, m. First Quarter, 26d, 11h, 54m, ev.

MAY, 1890.

Table for May 1890 with columns: Day of Week, Sun at Noon Mark. h. m. s., Sun Rises. h. m., Sun Sets. h. m., Moon R. & S h. m.

Moon's Phases—Full Moon, 4d, 4h, 11m, ev. Last Quarter, 11d, 11h, 7m, m. New Moon, 18d, 3h, 21m, ev. First Quarter, 26d, 5h, 36m, a.

JUNE, 1890.

Table for June 1890 with columns: Day of Week, Sun at Noon Mark. h. m. s., Sun Rises. h. m., Sun Sets. h. m., Moon R. & S h. m.

Moon's Phases—Full Moon, 3d, 1h, 37m, m. Last Quarter, 9d, 4h, 52m, ev. New Moon, 17d, 5h, 0m, m. First Quarter, 25d, 8h, 56m, m.

American mistress: "Bridget, I wish you would refill my ink-stand for me!" Bridget: "Please, mum, ivery toime oi fills that ink-shtand oi gits me hands that black, they don't git clane fur a wake." Mistress: "But you surely do not expect me to do it?" Bridget: "No, mum; but oi waz thinkin' yez moight ax th' coloured cook."

Plain (changed) 3, 50 per mth.
 Baked Rais 5. 25 ~ ~
 2 1/4 Bant.
 dark Bant 6 w 1/2 350 1/2 per mth -
 ~ ~ 4 ~ 350 ~ ~
 ~ ~ 5 ~ 350 ~ ~
 ~ ~ 2 1/2 ~ 350 ~ ~
 Plain twist -
 2 wario Weight 285 1/2 per mth
 3 ~ ~ 440 ~ ~
 Ribbon Finishing -
 Weight 380 lbs per mth - Plain 2.00
 Show Finings
 Weight 440 lbs per mth -

" 15th October "
 " 15th January, 1891.

I am,

Your obedient servant,

J. F. SCRIVER,

Manager & Secretary.

TO G. E. Fenwick
 }
 M.D.

THE CIGAR AS A CERTIFICATE OF CHARACTER.—The scene was Paddington Station at midnight, when there was not a cab to be seen. Outside a traveller got into a hansom at the walk. That done, the driver remonstrated, alleging that his horse was dead beat. The fare lighted a cigar and was preparing to tramp the distance, when the cabman altered his mind, and said, "Well, I'll take you, sir, as you are one of the upper ten; but I must go slow." When the two-mile journey was done, the fare tendered two shillings and sixpence to the cabman, who indignantly refused the coin. "What," he cried—"do you call that acting like a swell—at this time of night too, and a tired horse going away from home?" "I'm not a swell," said the fare—"I'm a lawyer." "Not a swell?" rejoined the cabman. "Well, I'm blown if ever I believe in tobacco again! As soon as I sniffed the aroma of that nice cigar of yours, I took you to be a millionaire. Here—give us the two-and-six; and, my good man, don't you ever smoke no more of them cigars in the presence of cabbies. It's getting late rides by false pretences!"

"**RABBIE WUD HAE KENT FINE!**"—At a late meeting of a Scotch mutual improvement society the works of Shakspeare formed the subject of the evening, and a doctor, an admirer of the bard, read a highly eulogistic paper on his plays. After the meeting had dispersed, a tailor approached the doctor and remarked, "Ye think a fine lot o' yon plays o' Shakspeare, doctor." "I do, sir," was the emphatic reply. "An' ye think he wis mair elvir than oor Rabbie Burns?" "Why, there's no comparison between them!" said the medico indignantly. "Maybe no," was the cool response; "but ye tell us the nicht that it was Shakspeare who wrote those weel-kent lines, 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' Noo Rabbie wud never hae written sic nonsense as that!" "Nonsense, sir?" thundered the indignant doctor. "Ay, juist nonsense! Rabbie wud hae kent fine that a king, or a queen either, disna gang to bed wi' the croon on their head. They aye hang it ower the back o' a chair."

A CANDID JUDGE.—A newly-elected justice of the peace not a thousand miles from Milford, Indiana, delivered the following charge to the jury the other day: "Gentlemen of the jury—Charging a jury is a new business to me, as this is my first case. You have heard all the evidence in the case as well as myself; you have also heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the learned counsel for the plaintiff has told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but, if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But, if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them has said, then I'll be blessed if I know what you will do! Constable, take charge of the jury."

At the Pere-la-Chaise Cemetery, in Paris, there stands in a conspicuous position a splendid monument to Pierre Cabochard, grocer, with a pathetic inscription, which closes thus—"His inconsolable widow dedicates this monument to his memory, and continues the same business at the old shop, 167, Rue Mouffetard." A Parisian newspaper relates that a short time ago a gentleman who had noticed the above inscription was led by curiosity to call at the address indicated. Having expressed his desire to see the Widow Cabochard, he was immediately ushered into the presence of a fashionably-dressed and full-bearded man, who asked him what was the object of his visit. "I came to see the Widow Cabochard, sir." "Well, sir, here she is." "I beg pardon, but I wish to see the lady in person!" "Sir, I am the Widow Cabochard." "I don't exactly understand you. I allude to the relic of the late Pierre Cabochard, whose monument I saw yesterday at Père-la-Chaise." "I see—I see!" was the smiling rejoinder. "Allow me to inform you that Pierre Cabochard is a myth, and therefore never had a wife. The tomb you admired cost me a good deal of money, and, although no one is buried there, it proves a first-rate advertisement, and I have no cause to regret the expense. Now, sir, what can I sell you in the way of groceries?"

A certain London milkman used to water his milk every morning before starting on his rounds. But it happened one day that by some miracle the usual watering had been omitted; and therefore it seemed to the man quite a providential interposition in his favour when he found at the door of the first house at which he called—which was a fine four-storeyed mansion in one of the fashionable squares—a huge cask strongly banded with iron and filled to the brim with water, the head having apparently been only just taken off. Such a chance of repairing his omission was too good to be lost. To work went John Skimmer's ready "scoop"; and he had just succeeded in watering his whole stock of milk most satisfactorily, when he heard a voice addressing him from the steps of the front door overhead, which startled him—as well it might, for it was that of the noble earl to whom the house belonged. "Are you sure you've put in quite enough water, my man?" asked his lordship, eyeing him with a grim smile. "Oh, my lord, my lord!" stammered poor John, petrified at finding himself so completely caught. "Nay, it's no business of mine," remarked the earl very quietly; "but, if I had been you, I would have chosen some other cask than that. My doctor has ordered me a course of sea-water baths, and so it happens that you have just mixed all your milk with salt-water."

Commanding officer: "So you want to marry Private Malone's widow? She is old enough to be your mother. Surely a smart young fellow like you could find a nice young girl who would take you!" Private T. Atkins: "Young girls is well enough, sir, but I likes my dinner 'ot, and I noticed Private Malone always 'ad 'is dinner 'ot; so I 'opes as you'll give me leave, sir."

A good story is going about of a zealous official who was stationed at the door of a newly-opened picture-gallery in one of our large provincial towns, with strict orders not to allow any one to pass without first depositing his walking-stick. A gentleman came along with his hands in his pockets, and was about to enter the building, when the official seized him by the arm and said, "Where's your stick?" "My stick? I haven't one!" "Then you will have to go out and get one before I let you pass."

An Englishman temporarily residing in a German hotel was one day amazed at the spectacle of an American tourist violently abusing the landlord and the waiters. The Briton approached the Yankee, and, in soothing language, inquired the cause of his agitation. "I have been journeying hawled Jonathan, pointing to a travelling-trunk. "I have been journeying all over this almighty earth, and that box was covered with luggage-labels of every railway-system in the world. Well, I came to this hotel, and one of these cusses of careless waiters let the trunk fall from a barrow and broke a hinge. I sent it to a trunk-maker for repairs, and shoot me if the fellow, under pretence of cleaning the thing, didn't scrape the tickets off, and that too when I wanted to keep the box as a memento of my globe-trotting expeditions! Ain't it darned annoying?"

TEACHING HER A LESSON.—Uncle Rastus, who has caused the arrest of his wife for assault: "I want yo' ter gib it to her, judge—gib her de limick ob de law! Dis ain't de fust time she 'saulted me." Judge: "I'm afraid, aunty, I'll have to fine you ten dollars." "Well, yo' honah, I ain't got ten cents." Judge, to uncle Rastus: "It'll be ten dollars, uncle Rastus." Uncle Rastus, handing over the money with a bewildered look: "All right, judge—dere's de money." To wife, as they leave the court together: "Dar, ole woman—I trus' dis yere 'spertience'll larn yo' a lesson what yo' won't fergit!"

An aged clergyman met a man loudly declaiming against foreign missions. "Why," asked the objector, "doesn't the Church look after the heathen at home?" "We do," said the clergyman quietly, and gave the man a tract.

"I'LL NO MEDDLE YE!"—Samuel Pinkerton, the village sexton of a certain Lowland district in Scotland, was said to be an "uncle fearless chiel"—at least so far as ghosts were concerned. Some neighbourly worthies however strongly doubted this, whilst others religiously believed it. Amongst the former was a well-known local wag, who confidently asserted that, for a wager, he would take upon himself the task of putting the "very fear o' death" on Sam. Accordingly a bet was made; and one night, when it was known that the sexton would be working in the kirkyard late, quite a number of interested parties stole up, and, hiding themselves in the cemetery among a number of trees, breathlessly awaited the result of the proposed experiment on Samuel. They had not long to wait. As Sam came slowly jaunting down the principal avenue, contentedly humming a homely tune to himself, there suddenly rose up before him, as if by magic, the fantastic figure of a weird unnatural spectre, decked all in white. This apparition immediately began, right under Sam's very nose, a strange series of blood-curdling manoeuvres, which finally terminated with a shrieking howl, whilst the spectre fell prostrate at Sam's feet. As this ghastly exhibition closed, Sam bent gently over the prostrate figure, and, with much pathos in his sonorous voice, sympathetically exclaimed, "Puir sowl, puir sowl—dinna be feared—dinna be feared! I'll no meddle yo!"

The other day, in a ship-building yard on the Tyne, an electric-engineer, while repairing the wires from a dynamo-machine, was annoyed by the inquisitiveness of one of the workmen. "Can aa touch them wires, mistor?" asked the workman. "Oh, yes!" was the reply. "Let's hev a luik at ye touching 'em forst," said the workman. The engineer determined to satisfy his curiosity. He therefore turned off the switch and grasped the wires in his hand, and then put the switch in its place again. It appeared to be a harmless proceeding to the workman; so he took hold of the wires. He received a shock that threw him on his back. On getting up, somewhat dazed, he looked at the electric-repairer, and remarked, "Man, thor must be some difference between yor flesh and mine!"

HE SAW IT ALL.—He was a cheerful Irishman who had spent a festive week among the "lights o' London," and in the course of that week had lost a blackthorn stick on which he set great store. On the verge of his departure, he bided him to Scotland Yard and laid the case of his missing shillelagh before the authorities at the Lost Property Office. "It's a thorny stick, and I cut it myself; and it has a big knob at one end and an iron ferrule at the other, and you'll know it by that; and I'm going home to-morrow, and there's a fair on Tuesday, and I'll want it; and so, if you please, you'll do your best for me, boys," were his instructions to the department. He was courteously informed that every effort would be made to find the strayed "sprig," the chief officer on duty blandly adding, "You may rest assured, sir, we shall leave no stone unturned in the matter." Perfectly satisfied, the hero of this adventure withdrew; but the next day, wishing to catch the Irish mail at Euston, he was pulled up short by a chain stretched right across the roadway. Ardent expressions rose to his Celtic lips, for minutes were very precious just then, and his jovial face darkened as he looked out and saw a very army of navvies behind the barrier tearing up the road with might and main. Almost had he opened fire with a vigorous, "Well, may the devil fly away with yez for dhirty obstructions!" when, like the man in the play, he suddenly "saw it all." The words used by the gentleman in uniform at Scotland Yard flashed back on him, and, with a surrendering smile, he murmured, "Be the powers, but they're quick at keepin' their word—it's turnin' ivery sthene, they are!"—and he cheerfully lost that train.

First tramp: "Look, Tom—this is the parson's house! The window's open, an' all the folk are at church, an' they don't keep no dorg, so that we couldn't have a softer snap!" Second tramp, with suppressed emotion: "The parson's house, do you say? Ah, Bill, I have been a bold bad man, but I have never yet robbed the clergy! They are a hard-workin' lot, an' their pay is small; besides, some of the tenderest recollections of an innocent boyhood is coupled with my Sunday-school"—wipes away a tear. "But, Bill, you haven't got the same feelink in the matter I has; an', if yer've made up yer mind to enter the place, why, I'll stay outside an' keep watch, an' I'll give a whistle if I see any one comin'."

A certain humorous canon of the Protestant Church of Ireland was driving in a car close to the Lakes of Killarney, where echoes are repeated in some places as many as eighteen times. Addressing the driver, he said, "Do you know, Pat, that there are none but Protestant echoes here?" "No, sorr, I niver h'ard it; and I don't believe it either." "Well, you shall see presently," said the canon. Arriving at a favourable spot, the canon called out, beginning softly, and raising his voice as he came to the last words, "Do you believe in Pio Nono?" Echo answered, "No, no—no, no—no, no—no, no." Pat, though a zealous Catholic, was delighted at the joke, and said, "Bedad, when I drive one of the raal clergy here, won't I have sport out of him!"

Old man, driving a cow: "Pleaz, maester, can 'e tell 'un where be the Stock Exchange?" Stranger: "The Stock Exchange! What are you going there for?" Old man: "Whoy, to change my cow, to be sure! She be done milkin', so I thought as how I'd change her for one as was comin' on."

A Highlander was on his way one evening to post a letter. On being advised by one of his friends to save time and post it in a pillar-box at hand, he replied, "Na, na; she pe fule and fule enough, but she no pe sic a fule as to put het letter doon a pump!"

Mrs. MacTavish: "Then ye'll be doon tae see us on the Sawbeth?" Mr. MacTartan: "I wull, if I'm spared." Mrs. MacTavish: "Oou, aye—gin ye're deed, we'll no expect ye!"

The following conversation was overheard by a Frenchman who was in a room where three persons were playing at cards. First player: "I've two to two." Second player: "I've two to two too." Third player: "And I too have two to two too." Astonished Frenchman: "What a strange language this is! It sounds like the horn of my native land!"

An Irishman was brought before a magistrate on a charge of having six wives. The magistrate asked him how he could be so hardened a villain as to delude so many women. "Please, your worship," said Pat, "I was only trying to get hold of a good one."

THE GRAVE OF AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON
The Tomb of the Grandfather of His
Country Shamefully Neglected.
 (Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.)

A short time since the *Commercial-Gazette* made inquiry in regard to the place where the father of George Washington was buried. The comment was that a monument should be erected to father as well as to Mary Washington, the mother. Diligent inquiry here failed for some time to ascertain the location of the grave of Augustine Washington. But the information has finally been secured.

It seems that Augustine Washington, the father of Gen. George Washington, died April 12, 1743, in Stafford county, and his body was brought down and deposited in the vault at Wakefield, near Bridges Creek, in Westmoreland county, where his first wife (Jane Butler) had been buried in November, 1728. The site of this vault and the burial ground is correctly located on a chart made from a survey "Washington's birthplace" by A. Lindenkohl in September, 1879, copies of which chart can be obtained from the office of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey in Washington. The spot is occasionally visited by tourists, and was seen by Bishop Meade in 1857, who describes its neglected condition as "disgusting."

The condition has not been improved since. The burial ground occupies a space of fifty or sixty feet square. The arch of the vault fell in many years ago, and the excavation is nearly filled with debris. Near by are two gravestones, one 1696, marking the grave of two children (John and Mildred) of Lawrence Washington, the grandfather of Gen. George Washington. The other is over the grave of Jane, the first wife of Augustine Washington, the father of the General, with the date of Nov. 24, 1728. There are other fragments of gravestones lying around. The whole place is overgrown with vines and burdocks. It is a question as to who has a legal title to the spot now. In 1813 Col. George C. Washington sold the Wakefield estate to John Gray, but made a reservation of the old "family burial ground" and sixty feet square at the birthplace.

In 1858 Col. George C. Washington's son, Lewis Washington, granted both spots to the Commonwealth on condition that they should be suitably marked and inclosed. The Legislature accepted the grant, but the conditions were not complied with. In 1883 the United States acquired title to the sixty feet square at the birthplace and other land adjoining for the purpose of marking the spot with a monument, but nothing was done about the burial ground. In 1887 Congress made an appropriation for a monument at the birthplace. The work has not yet been executed.

By Telegraph To-day.

[BY MONTREAL LINE.]

GENERAL POPE'S OFFICIAL DISPATCH.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

MANASSAS JUNCTION, Feb. 23th.—To Major-General H. W. Halleck.—As soon as I discovered that a large force of the enemy was turning our right toward Manassas, and that the division I had ordered to take post there two days before, had not yet arrived there from Alexandria, I immediately broke up my camps at Warrenton Junction and Warrenton, and marched back in three columns. I directed McDowell, with his own and Siegel's corps, and Reno's Division, to march on Gainesville by the Warrenton and Alexandria turnpike; Reno and one Division of Heintzelman's to march on Greenwich; and with Porter's corps and Hooker's Division I marched back to Manassas Junction.

McDowell was ordered to interpose between the forces of the enemy, which had passed down to Manassas through Gainesville, and his main body moving down from White Plains through Thoroughfare Gap. This was completely accomplished.

Longstreet, who had passed through the Gap, being driven to the west side, the forces to Greenwich were designed to support McDowell, in case he met too large a force of the enemy.

The division of Hooker, marching toward Manassas, came upon the enemy near Rettle Run, in the afternoon of the 27th, and after a sharp action routed them completely, killing and wounding 300, capturing camps and baggage, and many stand of arms.

This morning the command pushed rapidly to Manassas Junction which Jackson had evacuated, he retreated by Centreville and took the turnpike towards Warrenton, he was met 6 miles west of Centreville by McDowell and Siegel late this afternoon.

A severe fight took place, which had terminated by darkness. The enemy were driven back at all points, and thus the affair rests.

Heintzelman's corps will move on him at daylight from Centreville, and I do not see how the enemy is to escape without heavy loss. We have captured 1000 prisoners, some arms, and one piece of artillery.

(Signed,) JOHN POPE, Maj.-Gen.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., August 28th.—A gentleman who arrived here to-night, reports that General Taylor in the engagement yesterday was so severely wounded that he may have to submit to an amputation of the right leg.

This morning about half-past eight o'clock, Stuart's rebel cavalry made a dash through Fairfax Court House, on their way to Vienna, which is about 13 miles from Washington. The Union people of that city have all fled to the latter city.

A fight is going on to-day at "it is reported, Manassas" Heintzelman, from Pope's advance, had, it was rumored, got into Jackson's rear, who was supposed to be twenty thousand strong. The firing was distinctly heard here all day.

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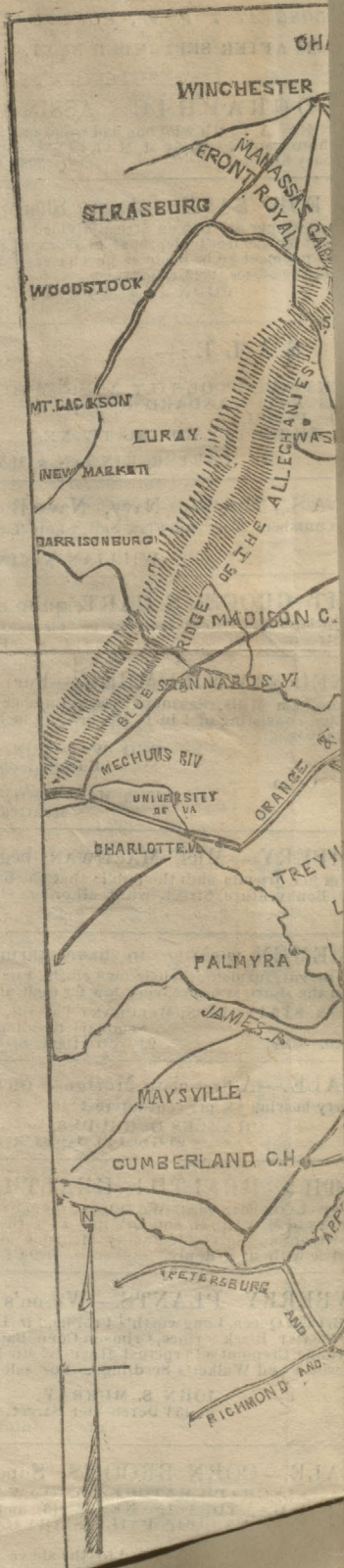
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An observer remarked recently according to his observation, there are in the ordinary pastorate three well-defined periods. In the first the pastor is idolized; the second he is criticized; in the third he is cauterized. The remark is somewhat caustic, but we fear that it has enough truth to warrant our passing it along as a warning to people who may do such things thoughtlessly. Christian Intelligencer.

M'GILL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

The Summer Session Drawing to a Close —Dr. Fenwick's Retirement—The Applied Science Faculty.

The summer session of M'Gill medical school is drawing to a close and most of the men are leaving for home. Instead of the stillness that usually comes at this time of the year the college grounds are alive with workmen and horses laying the foundations of the new buildings. The endowments and benefactions of the past year have given the university a tremendous impulse and next session promises to open a new era of prosperity for McGill. The amount to be expended in such ways as a mature experience suggests is close on \$300,000, the details of which are already well known. The calendar for the coming session will be issued to-day, and contains the announcements that have been already foreshadowed. In connection with the medical school, the principal change is the retirement of Dr. Fenwick from the professorship of surgery, a subject which he has watched over like a father in the past forty years. Speaking of this event in the history of the school, the *Medical Journal*, about to be issued, says editorially:—

"The old friends of Dr. Fenwick will regret to learn that, owing to impaired health, he has been obliged to resign his professorship in McGill University. As demonstrator of anatomy, as professor of clinical surgery, and now for many years as professor of surgery, Dr. Fenwick has done admirable teaching work, has well maintained the high reputation of his department bequeathed to him by Dr. Geo. Campbell, and has taken a large part in moulding the present generation of Canadian practitioners. His keen interest in matters of surgical progress has never abated, and his great operative skill yet remains to him. He has won a well merited rest from the laborious work of teaching, and will, in future, have more time to devote to his *clients*. We trust that, with the renewed vigor secured by a lessening of his labors, Prof. Fenwick may yet live for many years to continue his much appreciated work in the interest of his patients and the public. We are glad to know that the governors of the university, in view of his long and great services to the college, have raised him to the position of Professor Emeritus, so that the faculty still will have the benefit of his presence and his wise counsels.

The vacancy thus created has been filled by the appointment of Prof. T. G. Roddick to be professor of surgery. Dr. Roddick will, how-

UNEXPECTED COMMENT.—The following story is told of a parrot who has his home in a rectory near a certain cathedral town. "The rectory garden and the churchyard adjoin one another, and the parrot is not always—though on Sundays he is supposed to be—confined to his cage. On one Sunday evening in summer he was abroad however. It was very hot, and all the windows were open. The rector was preaching on the parable of the Prodigal Son, and doing his best to emphasise the warmth of the reception accorded to him—how his father embraced him and put the robe upon him, and so forth—when suddenly there broke in upon his discourse, uttered in the shrill accents which were familiar more or less to all present, these astounding words—'Bad boy—that you are! Where's the stick?' Of the effect on the congregation it is needless to enlarge."

ever, retain his chair of clinical surgery in addition, and will continue to take an active part in hospital work during the winter sessions. We are certain that appointment will meet with enthusiastic acceptance from the Canadian medical public.

In future, Dr. James Bell, who for some years has had experience in the teaching of practical surgery with the junior class, will assume the majority of the lecture and clinique work with the senior class. He has been appointed to the position of lecturer on clinical surgery. Dr. Bell's already large experience in general surgery, the care and skill he has shown as an operator, and his zeal as an investigator, ensure his doing good work in the important department which he now assumes."

The students of the coming year will miss the teacher whom they have styled "the grand old man of the faculty," the father of surgery at McGill. Numerous other changes, mostly of a minor nature, were referred to, all in the direction of strengthening and perfecting a course which is at present abreast of the most recent scientific teaching and experience. Several of the professors will spend a part of the summer in Europe among the hospitals and in attending the great medical congress at Berlin. The number of students at the medical school last year was 261, an increase of 20 over the preceding year, and of 100 over the class of ten years ago. From present indications it would appear that next year will witness a marked addition to the classes, when everything will be ready for their reception.

The college has already been under the carpenters' and painters' hands and all traces of the winter's usage removed. It is in the science faculty the most marked results will be found, and next year large engineering laboratories, fully equipped with apparatus and extensive workshops, now in course of erection, will be ready for occupation. In consequence of the greatly increased facilities for the prosecution of a thorough education in all departments of applied science, the fees of students entering in September, 1890, or afterwards, will be \$100 per annum instead of \$50 as formerly, this amount to include matriculation, tuition, gymnasium, library and graduation fees, and also the use of the machinery and other apparatus as well as the cost of material in the workshops and engineering laboratories. As a result of these new facilities which place the school on an equal basis with the best American institutions, it is expected that the number of students next year will be increased by one-half.

Lately one of our best-known Generals, who to be on active service, was inspecting a regiment in the ranks, he was struck with the appearance of a young man who was addressing him, remarked that he looked like the same time how many years' service he had. "Dear me," replied the son of Erin. "Dear me, General, scrutinising the man closely—"several good-conduct stripes! Well, I never came across a good-conduct stripe without any good-conduct stripe the private, "never came across a General without voice, much to the amusement of his nearest com-

Among the alliterative characters of "Bishoprick" (Durham) families given in the Denham Tracts are the following:—The bold Bertrams, the bare-boned Bulmers, the bacchanalian Burdons, the clacking Claxtons, the crafty Craddocks, the friendly Forsters, the generous Garths, the hoary Hyltons, the manly Mairs, the lofty Lumleys, the noble Nevilles, the bloody Brackenburies, the base Bellasis, the fierce Fenwicks, the proud Percys, the courteous Collingwoods, the false-hearted Ha's (see Scott's *Rokeby*), the handsome Hansards, the filthy Foulthorpes, the cozening Croziers, the jealous Jennisons, the lamb-like Lambtons. After the last characteristic the editor of the Tracts puts a note of interrogation. It is evident, however, that several of these qualifications were simply suggested by the name or by the arms of the family, some of which are of the "canting" kind, that is, prompted by the name itself and having no particular significance. Others arose from incidents of border warfare or from family feuds, as those of the Halls and Croziers. A good many of these families (the Percys, Fenwicks, etc.) had their slogans or war-cries, and a few had their gathering-songs, composed by poets of their own kin. Here is a stanza from that of the "Warlike band of Fenwick":

Pipe of Northumbria sound !
 War pipe of Alnwick !
 Wake the wild hills around,
 Summon the Fenwick !
 Percy at Paynim war,
 Fenwick stands foremost,
 Scots in array from far
 Swell wide their war-host.

Alnwick and Fenwick are here pronounced "Annik" and "Fennik."

the one passion of a well-known
 earned by his pen in carrying
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 field. "Some men dig," p. v
 "others uncoover truth," "p. v
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[M. Le Moine.]

The recent demise, at Quebec, of our respected ex-Collector of Customs, J. W. Duuscomb, 16th December, 1891 followed in death by his esteemed wife, on 1st January, 1892, opens out a field of enquiry on the origin of this ancient and important office.

A Custom house, at Quebec, levying toll on goods and merchandise imported from beyond the seas, takes one back to the very dawn of British rule in Canada and beyond.

We are told by the archivist, Douglas Brymner, that Thomas Knox was the first incumbent of this office at Quebec; that his Imperial commission bears date the 5th April, 1762. Was Thomas Knox related to Capt. John Knox of the 43rd Foot, who served under Gen. Wolfe, at the great siege of 1759, and who left his valuable journal in two quarto volumes of 500 pages each, of the incidents of the memorable campaign?

This shall remain an open question.

Thomas Ainslie was the new comptroller of customs; an inscription on a well preserved marble tablet, set up in the northern wall of the Basilica and vis-a-vis Buade street, perpetuates the date of the death in 1767 of Mrs Ainslie, his wife; the Roman Catholic church authorities in levelling recently this diminutive cemetery, in which, at the time, Protestants and Roman Catholics found a resting place, very properly preserved this funeral memento of other days.

The Custom house was then officially established at Quebec—our port became the Port of Entry and Montreal an "Out Port," or auxiliary to the same.

Thomas Lambe was named Surveyor and Richard Oaks, Waite and Searcher, at Montreal.

In 1799, we find Charles Gray Stewart Comptroller and Thomas Ainslie, Collector at Quebec.

In 1810, the Collector of the Port having died, he was replaced the same year by the Honorable Michael Henry Percival, a relative and protege of the Right Hon. Spencer Percival, chancellor of the exchequer, who fell under the poignard of the assassin Bellingham—on the 11th May, 1812. The Hon. M. H. Percival was also related to the Earl of Egmont, whose family were Percivals; hence why he bestowed, on his beautiful, wild domain at Sillery, the name of Spencer and called it Spencer Wood.

Mr. Percival, whilst Collector of Customs at Quebec, held several high offices; he was a member of the Legislature and of the Executive council as well. Fortunately for him this was long before the levelling and reforming era of the High Commissioner Lord Dalhousie, the enemy of pluralists, as they were styled. Grand old Spencer Wood had been purchased from old Lehouillier, a miserly Lower Town merchant. That was the golden age of public servants paid by fees instead of, as at present, by a fixed salary. The income of H. M. Imperial Collector of Customs then was equivalent to £8,000! Fortune smiled on the happy official in more ways than one.

The Hon. Michael Henry had wedded, in London, the eldest and fair daughter of Sir Charles Flower, Lord Mayor of London in 1809. Her marriage portion was £40,000; she subsequently inherited an additional £60,000. A collector of customs, with a personal income of £8,000 and a wife worth £100,000 could afford a princely style of living.

I am indebted to the late Mrs. Peter Sheppard, the mother of our genial A. D. C. Major H. C. Sheppard, for curious particulars, which she was good enough to reduce, at my request, to writing, on the prolonged sojourn and style of life, on the distinguished and cultured Percival family at Spencer Wood. Mrs. Sheppard, then a girl in her teens, was an *habituée* of their charming circle—chiefly on account of her proficiency as a musician on the harp. She begins her narrative by observing, that in those days, country seats were few and far between.

The most noted resident in that neighborhood were the Hon. William Sheppard, at Woodfield,—he died at Fairmead, in Margate, in 1867; Henry Atkins, who had built the picturesque cottage known as Redcliffe, at Cap Rouge, previous to purchasing from the heirs Percival Spencer Wood; he expired at Nice in 1873. Alexander Simpson, later on manager of the Montreal bank, who held out at Thornhill, whilst Wm. Price, Esq., came later to Wolfefield;

he had left England and landed in Quebec in 1810.

Mrs. Sheppard has drawn a most seductive portraiture of the elegant, accomplished, nay learned, Mrs. Percival, who on her mother's demise in London, in 1809, did the honors of the Mansion house for her father, Sir Charles Flower, the Lord Mayor of London.

Mrs. Percival, at Spencer Wood, proved herself not only an exemplary hostess and careful house wife; she also appreciated art, possessed a rare talent for music and could converse in four languages, English, French, Latin and Italian. Her *salon* was renowned for its fortnightly reunions. No doubt her distinguished husband took also a legitimate pride in keeping up the traditional hospitality and gaiety of Powell place, for which it was famous in the days of the hospitable, sturdy but magnificent old Governor, Sir James Henry Craig. It is thus, remarks Mr. DeGaspé, that he had merited the name of "Little King Craig," after entertaining the citizens of Quebec so munificently at his *chateau* in 1809. Mr. Percival, on purchasing the lordly domain, which comprised then the other half—Spencer Grange—changed the name of Powell place, which General Watson Powell had conferred on it in 1792, into that of Spencer Wood, as previously stated, "I cannot," Mrs. Sheppard used to say, "recall after a lapse of fifty years, the names of all those I used once to meet at Spencer Wood every time Mrs. Percival invited me to take a part with my harp in her musical *soirees*. I remember among the guests Hon. Matthew Bell and his wife, *nee* McKenzie; his partner, Mr. Monroe, who then resided at Wolfefield; Sir John Pownall, the Montizamberts, Judge Kerr, the Uniacks, the Duchernays, the Vanfous, the DeGaspés, the Batys and several others."

Mrs. Sheppard was kind enough to put down on paper the alliances by marriage, which took place in the large family circle of the Percivals for my information.

"Eliza, the eldest daughter, married Sir George Denys, Bart; Caroline, the second, was united to Col. Alexander Houston, of Clerkington; the third daughter, Isabelle, became the wife of a rich and titled French gentleman, Baron de Veauce. The fifth daughter died at the age of 18 years.

The eldest son, Spencer, rose to be a General in the service. There were several other sons.

George Ramsay took a military profession Michael Henry and Col. Charles Percival led rank in the Guards. The Percival family left Quebec in 1828, to reside in Florence, Italy, the Hon. Michael Henry Percival being in ill health, he expired at sea on the 12th Oct., 1892, on his way to Quebec; his accomplished widow ended her days, at the advanced age of 87, at Lewis Castle, Stornoway, Scotland, with her son-in-law, Sir James Mathieson, on the 24 Nov., 1876. Spencer Wood, with its historic *ruisseau St. Denis*, used formerly to be a favorite haunt for botanical exploring parties and was occasionally visited by Lady Dalhousie, Mrs. Sheppard, of Woodfield, in 1827 and later, in 1832, by Lady Aymar, as it had been by the family of the Duke of Richmond, in 1818. I crave forgiveness for thus indulging in this retrospect of olden times."

M. Percival was succeeded as Collector of Customs, about 1830, by L. H. Ferrier. Montreal, in 1831, became a port of general entry, the Surveyor, Henry Jessup, was named its first Collector and William Hall, Walter and and Searcher became Comptroller in 1832.

M. Ferrier, the collector of customs, at the port of Quebec, died in February, 1833. Henry Jessup, collector at Montreal, was promoted to the Collectorship, at Quebec.

William Hall, the waiter and searcher, was named Collector at Montreal, in June, 1833, that year the office of Comptroller was dropped. All the appointments had been made by the Lords of the Treasury in England and by the Board of Commissioners in London.

In 1851, John William Dunscomb, then commissioner of customs, was at the recommendation of the Hon. Francis Hincks, named Collector of Customs, at Quebec, and the Hon. Louis Massue, a member of the Legislative council, named Surveyor, the first to supersede the last Imperial Collector, Henry Jessup, whilst Mr. Massue took the place of Charles Grey Stewart. They were the first appointments in the service made by the Province, though the Imperial authorities had begun the transfer of these offices to the Province as early as 1849.

Mr. Dunscomb was born in Bermuda, about 1808; he was long interested in the trade of the West India islands, in connection with Jeremiah Leaycraft, of Quebec, and later with Donald Lorne McDougall, of Montreal. We find him later holding a seat in Parliament, as member for Beauharnois. On questions of trade his advice was often sought. On retiring he accepted, about 1847, the responsible post of Commissioner of Customs, and helped materially to organize this branch of the service. In 1851, he was succeeded as Commissioner by an old patriot of 1837,— the late Robert Shore Milnes Bouchette, then Chief Law Clerk under Hon. L. H. Lafontaine. In 1851, Mr. Dunscomb exchanged the Commissionership of Customs for the Collectorship, at Quebec where his abilities and efficiency were utilized by the Government on several important missions en-

FRUITS FOR COLD CLIMATES

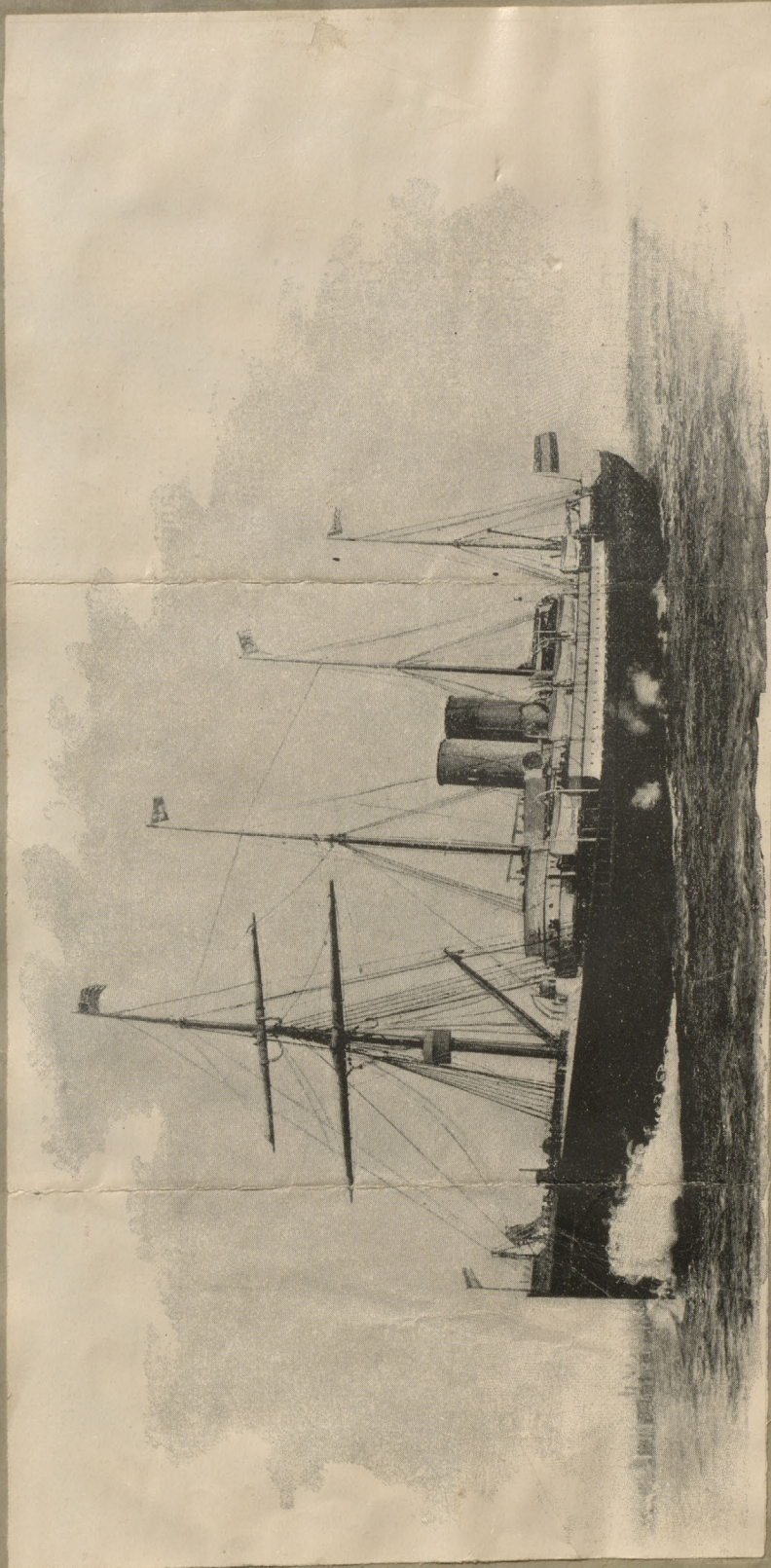
What has been Done in the Way of Apple Culture in Canada.

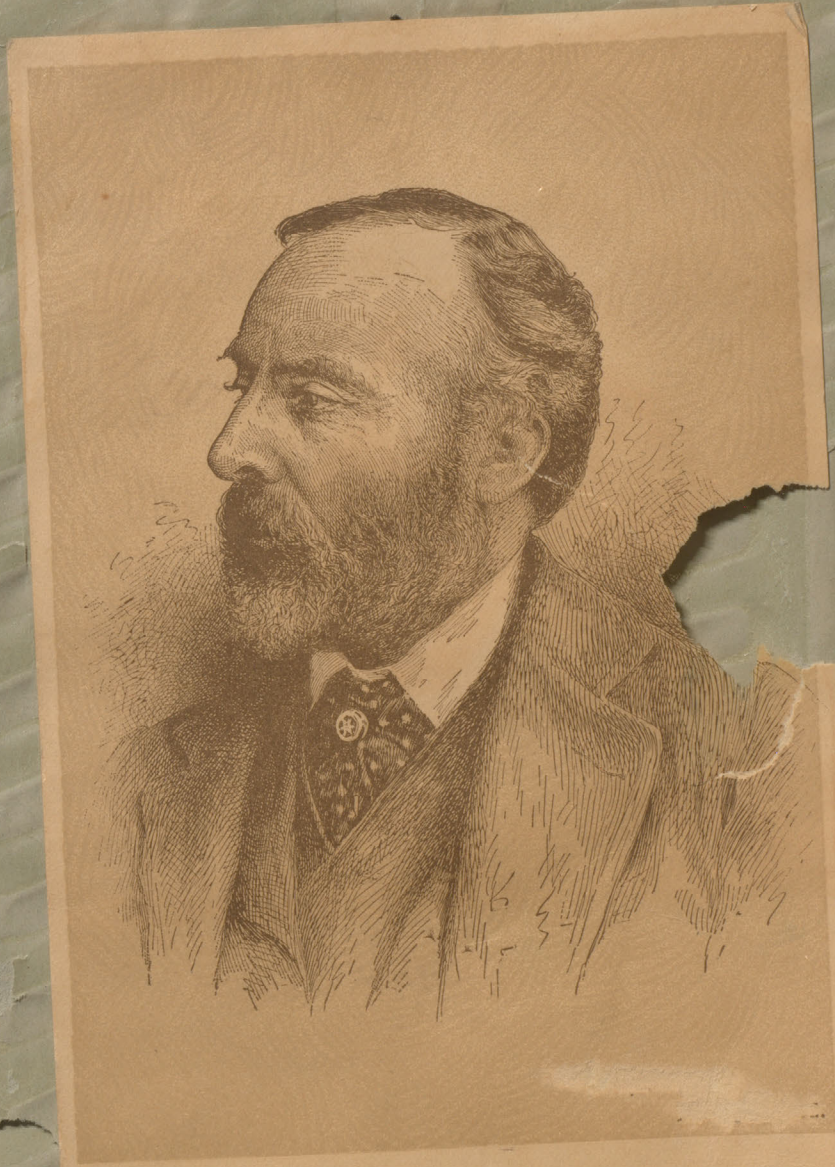
Mr. John Craig, horticulturist to the Experimental farms, before the Agricultural committee of the House of Commons, said: In large fruits we are making a test of varieties running along two lines; first with the standard varieties chosen from the nursery men's catalogues of to-day. These are the product of the first introductions by the early settlers, as modified by selection and cultivation, and now called the American varieties. These varieties have mostly come to us from the western and moister parts of Europe, as our settlers came from that region. The French colonists, when they first came here, brought with them the best fruits of their native locality; the English settlers followed and brought their favorites; and the Scotch, Irish and Welsh did the same with theirs; so that to begin with, as I have already stated, we had the fruits of western and the milder portions of Europe. I might say it is class then composes one side of the varietal test. Secondly, the other class is made up of East European sorts which you have frequently heard referred to as the "Russian apples," and I will draw attention to them quite often in the course of my remarks, as we are testing this class extensively. In order to give you an idea as to the causes which led to their introduction for trial into this country, touching upon the early history of the movement, I will relate briefly a few facts relating thereto, upon which I began the beginning of the work.

Ever since the introduction of the District of Oldenburg from Russia, by way of

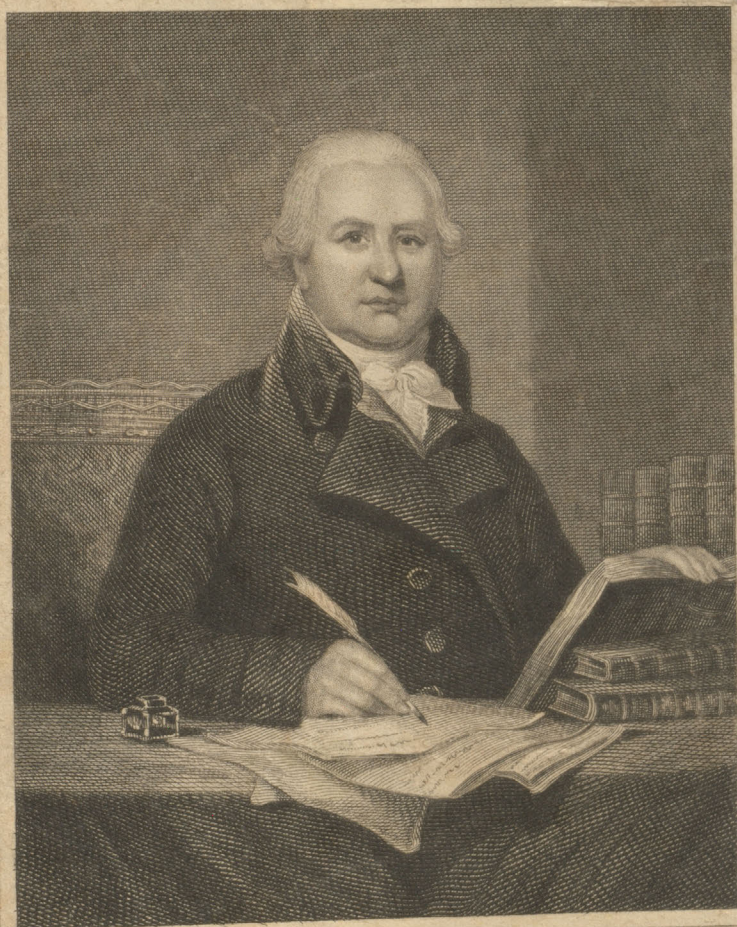
England, about 40 years ago, there has been a growing interest in the fruits of that cold climate. The first large importation was made in 1870 by the United States Department of Agriculture. This comprised 252 varieties, but owing to the very crude state of Russia pomology, evidenced by the many synonyms afterwards found in the collection, and coupled with long unpronounceable names—the work of sifting the good from the bad in this cumbersome list has been laborious and slow. Without going into details in regard to their merits and demerits I may say, that already a sufficient number of valuable varieties have been found to repay all the expenses incurred in the work of introduction and trial; and when we look at the possible advantages to be derived from these foreigners by uniting them with our native varieties, thus obtaining hardness on the one side and possibly quality on the other, the benefits likely to accrue are incalculable. I have said the first importation was made by the United States Department of Agriculture, but the credit of bringing this work to a practical and a successful issue is due to a Canadian—one now departed—I refer to the late Chas. Gibb, of Abbotsford, Que. At great personal expense in company with Prof. Budd, of Iowa, he undertook the arduous task of visiting the various apple regions in which the practice in this matter. Stenzel altered the name of the variety which has come into the theoretical development of the new line of this game will be memorable for the Technological, S. Stenzel, T. Drew, & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Joe Lammont's Version.
 BUTTY BRAZIER.
 stop him; the whole sum is mine.
 rounds he shall take the whole \$500. If
 ing willing to continue at the end of 10
 gloves for this purse, and if Gittin is in the
 is such that I will spar him with two-ounce
 Gittin and myself. My desire to meet him
 club for a meeting of 10 rounds between
 I am offered a purse of \$500 by a responsible
 of "Lynch, of Tennon," was his antagonist.
 with his own brother, who, under the name
 meet at the last moment and would only spar





Sir ANDREW CLARKE, M.D., Bart., F.R.C.P.



CHARLES HUTTON, L.L.D. F.R.S.

London. Published by Hodgson & Co. 10. Newgate Street.

—1824—



Dumas

H. ANELAY

SWYFE

THE BIOGRAPHY OF
BARON BERNZELIUS, M.D., PH.D.

BY DR. DAN SPRATT, F.R.S.E.

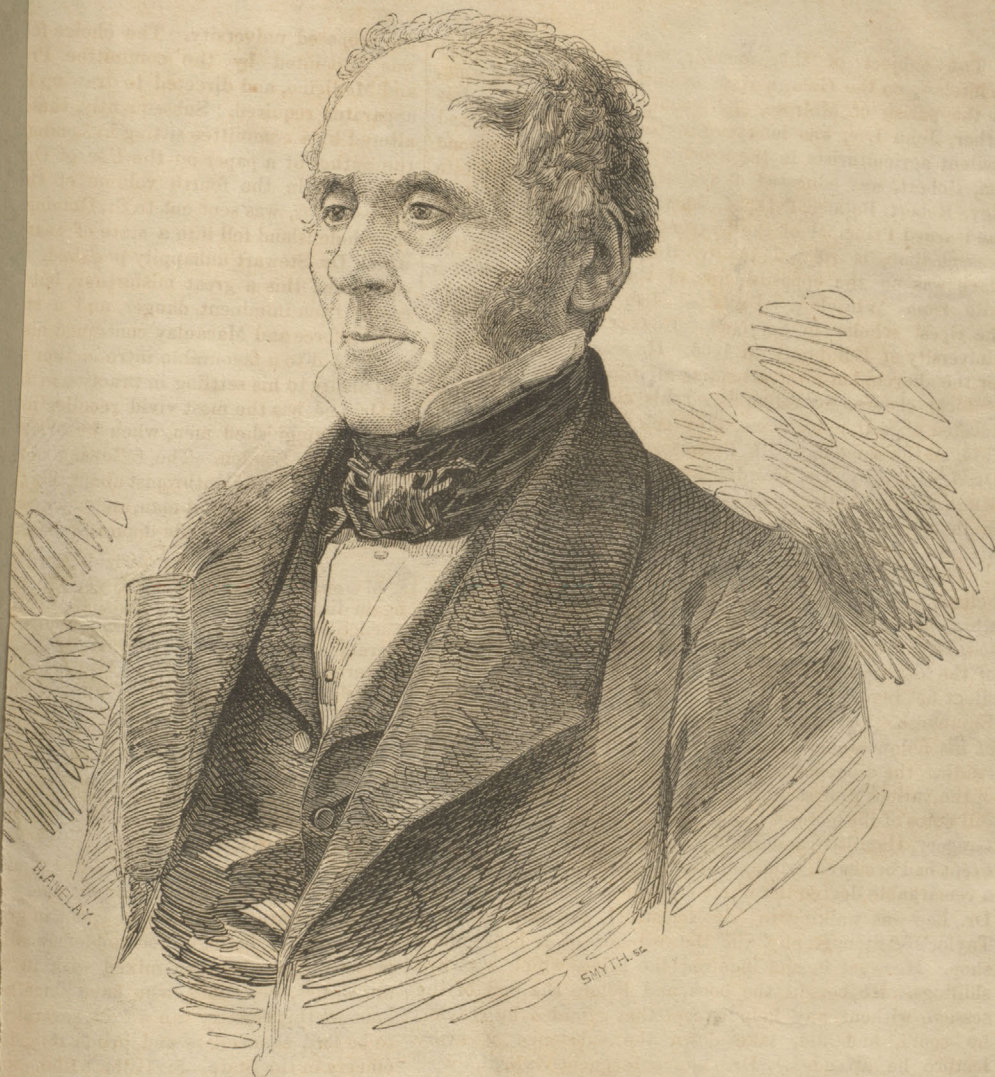


Jac. Berzelius

"The greatest chemist of our own and of all times."—LIEBIG.



Believe me
yours truly
H. Clutterbuck



Robert Lee



E. Shinkovskiy.



Yours most truly
Robert E. Grant.



Yrs. Sincerely
Brandy B Cooper

PROFESSOR FERGUSON, F.R.S.

FERGUSON TO THE ... AND SURGEON TO THE ...

[The portrait is taken by Mr. Mayall, 1837, West Street.]

There are two kinds of Dissection, the one, the history of ... the other, the history of ... the one, the history of ... the other, the history of ...



H. ANELAY.

SMYTH, SC.

Yours very faithfully
Wm Ferguson

... the most distinguished men in London ... the most distinguished men in London ... the most distinguished men in London ...



Yours Faithfully

W. Burnett



truly yours
J. M. Hanson



*Yr truly
Wm. Byss*



very faithfully yours
Saml Merriman



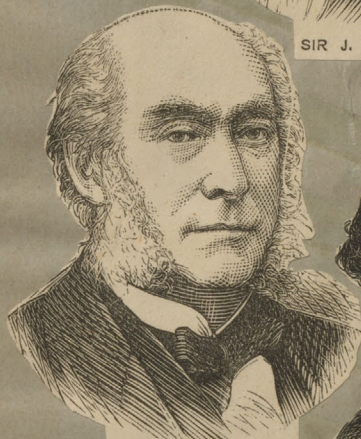
Sir Thomas Sydenham, born 1624.



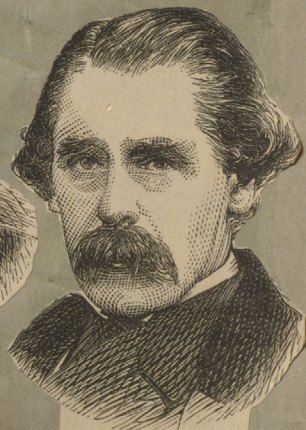
John Arbuthnot, born 1675.



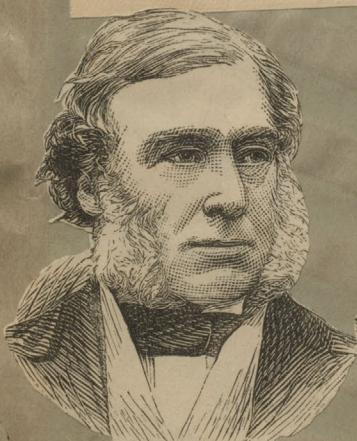
SIR J. PAGET.



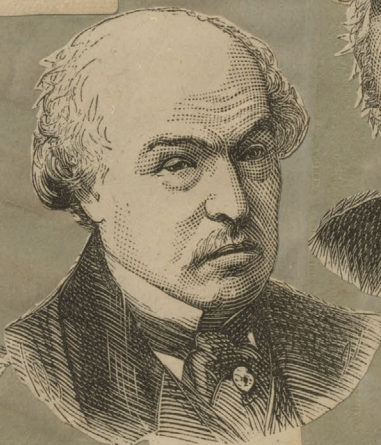
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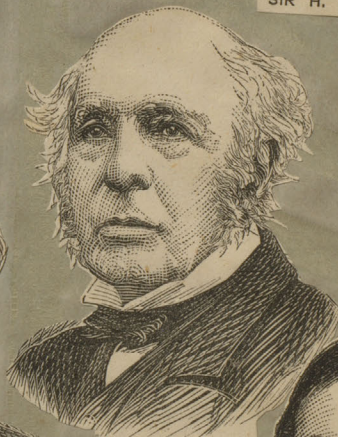
SIR H. THOMPSON.



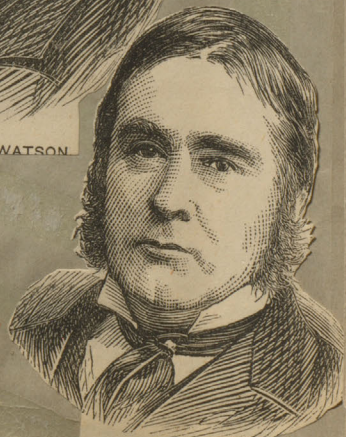
SIR G. BURROWS.



SIR W. JENNER.



SIR T. WATSON.



SIR W. W. GULL.

