

THE QUEEN'S GREETING

To the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on Their Arrival Home.

The London Times of June 23rd, thus describes the meeting between the Queen and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught: "The Queen, directly the approach of the train had been signalled, walked out upon the carpeted platform and awaited the coming of the Duke and Duchess, whose saloon passed a few minutes later opposite the waiting-room. Advancing towards the Duke and Duchess immediately after they had alighted, the Queen kissed them. The same affectionate welcome was accorded by the other members of the Royal Family, while the children, from whom the Duke and Duchess have been separated for a short time, displayed a very natural eagerness to receive the caresses of their parents. The Duke of Connaught looked bronzed, but otherwise unchanged in appearance; and the Duchess, who wore a grey felt hat, brown gilet, and light grey costume, had apparently benefited by the change of scene and climate which she has experienced during her absence from England. The Queen entered her carriage with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children, and drove through the Datchet-road and up Thames street to the Castle, the spectators along the route loyally saluting the Royal party as they passed. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Louise followed to the Castle. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught lunched with the Queen, and are expected to remain with Her Majesty for the present. The Prince and Princess of Wales, who arrived in the Cavalry Barracks and took luncheon with Colonel the Hon. Oliver Montagu, of the Royal Horse Guards. Upon quitting the barracks, they drove to Windsor Castle before returning to Sunningdale.

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES

To Pay a Visit to Canada and the States This Fall.

A London cable says: A representative of the house of Guelph will visit Canada very soon. It is Prince George, second son of the Prince of Wales, the present commander of the Thrush, and altogether a very lively young fellow. It is his intention to sail for Canada some time this month, and, after visiting Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, to continue his journey through the Eastern States and perhaps see a bit of the far West before returning home. If he follows his present programme he will be seen at several fashionable watering places during the season, and he may be counted upon to make the hearts of the young maidens go pit-a-pat, for he is a superb tennis player, a good man at the oar and as the Marlborough House set say, "a divine waltzer." He is acquainted with many Americans, whom he has met in London, and while not "fast" in the larger sense of that word, he is a very lively young man, who finds a great deal of amusement in hunting the elephant in the big cities, and in the most exclusive country resorts. It will interest the young men of America to know that he is the proud owner of almost as many suits of clothing as his distinguished father. He affects loud jewelry, is fond of neckties, and is radiant, and, in a word, is what would be termed "honey" in your country. He looks very well in his uniform, and the London shop windows are filled with his photographs, taken in all conceivable attitudes. He is bound to create a stir.

DARING ROBBERY.

A Clerk Bound and Gagged and a Jewelry Store Plundered.

A Danbury, Conn., despatch says: The most daring robbery ever committed in this town took place this evening while on the streets hundreds of people were stirring. Soon after 6 o'clock two men entered Lerner's jewelry store on Main street and inquired for a monogram which was ordered a few days before. The only clerk in the store at the time was Clarence Knox, 18 years of age. As he turned to get the monogram one of the men grabbed him from behind and choked him almost to insensibility; the other man forced a gag made of stone, covered with a handkerchief, into Knox's mouth, and threw him to the floor. The robbers then bound his hands and feet tightly with ropes, and proceeded to ransack the store. Knox, lying helpless on the floor, could hear them as they went through the show case and selected such goods as they could take away. They carefully picked out solid ware, leaving the plated untouched. They secured diamonds, watches and other jewelry, valued at between \$9,000 and \$10,000, from the safe, which was unlocked, and also \$700 in money. It took but a few minutes to do the work, after which the robbers departed, making their exit through the rear window, climbing a fence, bordering on Dayley street. A cabman was standing nearby. One of the men approached him with the story that they were medical students, and wanted to be driven to Mill Plain, a small town a few miles distant, in all haste, as they had to perform a surgical operation. On arriving at Mill Plain they paid the cabman and started away.

Kicked Again.

It is just as well that the Carnival held in Toronto last week turned out a farce—an expensive farce certainly but all the same a farce. Had the thing succeeded the authorities might have been tempted to repeat the performance. As matters stand we think every rational citizen, except perhaps the hotel keepers and a few others who made money out of the affair, is quite willing to go out of the carnival business. Supposing it had succeeded of what use would the display have been to any human being except the few who were interested in it financially. To speak of such tomfoolery as advertising the city is pure nonsense. There were not twenty people in Toronto last week who do not know as much about the city as they care to know. Perhaps some of them now know a good deal more about the Ontario Capital than they wanted to know. Supposing Toronto had shown to the world that the city can get up a carnival what good would that have done Toronto? The thing shown is that the city can't get up a carnival. Perhaps that is about as creditable a thing to show as that it can. What is a carnival anyway?—Canada Presbyterian.

The Third Party convention in Winnipeg was a fizzle.

THEY WERE AFTER BARGAINS.

Three Women in Conflict Over the Merits of a Bath Towel.

One is had enough; two are worse, but three women in conflict over the merits of a bath towel are enough to make a poor, worn-out clerk wish he might depart from earth by the electricity method, says the St. Louis Chronicle. "It seems like quite a good one for the money, doesn't it," says the intending purchaser. "Well, I don't know," says the other, holding the towel up at full length and eyeing it critically. "I got one quite as good for 37 1/2 cents at White's." "You did?" "Yes, but it was eight or nine weeks ago, and I don't s'pose they've any more like it." "I may be mistaken, but I've an idea it would shrink," says number three, taking the towel from number two and wrapping a corner of it over her finger. "See, it's a little thin." "Well, I wouldn't mind if it did shrink a little, because—oh, look at this one! Isn't it lovely?" "Beautiful! How much is it?" "A dollar and a half." "Mersey! I'd never pay that for a bath towel." "Nor I." "These colors would fade." "Of course they would." "Do you know I like good plain crash as well as anything for towels." "I don't know, but—see these towels for 15 cents. I paid 25 cents for some last week and a bit better." "Let's see; they are full length? Yes. They are cheap. I've a notion to—but I guess I won't. I have so many towels now." "They're a bargain if one only really needed them." "How do you like towels used as tidies?" "Horrid." "I think so, too." "So do I—oh, let me tell you, I saw a woman on the street one day with an apron made out of a red and white fringed towel." "Mersey! Looked like fury, didn't it? How was it made?" "Oh, one end was simply gathered to a band, and—there, the towel was just like this one—and she'd taken it so and gathered it in so, and—really it didn't look so bad, after all." "Do you suppose the colors would run in this border?" "Well, I hardly know. I had one very much like it once, and the colors in it ran dreadfully the very first time I washed it." "Then I'll not take this, for I—why, if it isn't 4 o'clock, and"— "I must go." "So must I." "And I—no, I'll not take the towel today."

CATASTROPHE AT A LAUNCH.

Fifty-Five Bodies Recovered and Many People Haimed.

A San Francisco despatch says: At Osaka, Japan, 55 people were drowned June 15th, during the launching of a new sailing vessel. The launching excited considerable interest, and about 250 people crowded on board the boat. The owner, Mr. King, however, became apprehensive and ordered 100 of them ashore. When the launch began it was ebb tide, and as the ropes used in securing her were too short, the vessel keeled. The people on board immediately rushed to the other side, which had the effect of turning the vessel completely over, and those on board were thrown into the water. A terrible scene followed. Those on shore gave every assistance possible, but their efforts were generally unavailing. Fifty-five bodies were recovered. About twenty persons were more or less injured.

ONRAPHIC SAGQUES.

Competition in Sealing Likely to Bring Down the Prices.

The San Francisco Chronicle states that the Alaska Commercial Company, which, until recently, had the exclusive right to capture seals in American waters of Behring Sea, has now secured a contract with the Russian Government granting them the exclusive right to capture seals on the Siberian coast. The number of seal to be taken yearly is not known, but is believed to be very large. The steamer Karlink, owned by the company, has recently sailed for Petrofky to capture seals there. The competition of the Alaskan Commercial Company will be very severe for the North American Commercial Company, which was recently awarded by the United States the sealing privilege in Behring Sea, and it is believed the effect will be to greatly reduce the price of seal skins.

A Pretty Theory Spoiled.

Some workmen in Canada the other day exhumed a lot of big bones, which the savants declared to be the bones of an extinct mastodon. But an old settler knocked their theory endwise by declaring that they were the bones of a worn-out circus elephant that had died a few years before. All of which suggests Bret Harte's poem, "Truthful James": "Till Brown, of Calaveras, brought a lot of fossil bones That he found within a tunnel near the tennement of Jones. Till Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there. From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare; And Jones then asked the chair for a suspension of the rules. Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules. Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile and said he was at fault. It seems he had been trespassing on Jones' family vault. New York Tribune.

—I can tell you one thing, boys in this land are able to do something that you cannot, that is, make kites that sing and fly with their tails upward. The latter fact is a standing puzzle to me. I can understand the noise for they tie pieces of wire or something of the kind crosswise on the tail, making it often several feet long. This makes a sound similar to that of the telegraph wires in winter, but a great deal louder, but why their tails fly upward, I cannot see, can you?—From a letter by Maude Fairbank, of the China Inland Mission, to the Guelph boys.

FROM REAL LIFE.

A Woman's Story That Would Rejoice Hymen-bating Tolstois.

ONLY A BLIGHTED LIFE.

Just a faded little old woman on the shady side of 50, living with a little 10-year-old girl in a single upstairs room in a Hamilton tenement, and eking out a precarious subsistence by selling odds and ends of smallwares, which she carries in a pack or hails in a child's waggion. Her husband is doing time in the city jail, and circumstances, never too encouraging, have by reason of his profligacy and her misfortunes, forced her to give up the little house she was wont to call her home and seek lodgement at a rental that she could meet. Maybe you have seen her? Oh, no! There's nothing peculiar about her story. Unfortunately it is one of a class too common in real life. A young girl's error in marrying a sloth, a drunkard and a brute; a wife's love that survives long years of poverty, wretchedness, pain, starvation and cruel blows, and would even in blighted old age shield from the consequences of his crimes against herself the lover of her fondly-remembered youth. Tell me, ye unco guid, what chance either as to heredity or training have the children of such ill-assorted unions!

Well, my husband had been in America and would come again. I did not resist; I thought from what I heard that we could make a good living, (and we could if he would work) and that my three girls would have a better chance. My husband sold his pension good-will for \$80, and we came to Hamilton about eighteen months ago. We did not find it what I expected. My business is not what it was where I was born and raised; but if we had the little money for the pension and my husband would work and save his earnings we might be happy. It cost us quite a bit to get here, and when we came to the country we had \$200 in cash. My husband took \$25 out of that, and for a while played the lord among fellow passengers. He gave me \$10, but afterwards got it away again, and—well, I and the girls had a hard time of it. When we reached Hamilton he gave me \$70 to furnish our house, out of which I saved \$20, but that, too, disappeared from my purse. The last \$100 he also drew from the bank and got drunk and was arrested and fined. I had no money, but I knew he had \$85 of this sum somewhere, so I went and told him to tell me where it was that I might get enough to pay his fine and save him from going to jail. He refused. Soon after he came to the house with a policeman, and while he went into the bedroom the policeman kept me out. I knew my husband took the money away; I knew if he got drunk I would never get a cent of it for the family, and I followed him to a grocery store and I found him there with the policeman. I reproached him with his conduct and asked him for money. I suppose the policeman thought he did right, but I never was so humiliated before or since; he grabbed me and shoved me out doors. Only 15 cents of that money ever came into the house. My husband insisted I had it, but not a penny of it did I handle. Where did it go? Who knows? And so it has gone on. Then my oldest girl married a man who turned out a bigamist, fled, and as if to make it all the harder she sticks to him and has left the country to follow him. When he is tired of her what will become of the poor girl! I thought a while ago that my husband was going to supplement my scanty earnings, but the second week he worked he was paid at a hotel. He came home with a few cents in small change. Bent was behind, fuel and food were scarce; my daughter who worked out gave all she could to help us, but times were hard enough with it all, and whenever he took it in his head we had to send for liquor for him to avoid being beaten. At last he came home drunk, and because he did not get supper as soon as he wanted it, he threw a butcher's knife at me. Yes, an ugly out. The doctor said if it had been a little further back on the neck it would have killed me. Well, my girl said that was the last straw, and I did not prefer a charge she would stand by me no longer. He got sixty days. I was laid up and got further behind with my rent, and had to give up the little house and get a room. I am tired of the struggle and will try to support myself and the little girl and let him care for himself.

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Isn't it unfortunate that children must be reared in such a household?

But that is aside from the story. It has been briefly told; the details imagination will scarcely paint too vividly. When the victim comes along treat her kindly. You don't know her? Well, it matters not; any poor old woman striving to earn an honest living and not be a burden on the public deserves kind treatment, so that your Samaritanism will not be wasted. MASQUETTE.

Questions for the Prison Commission.

The commission appointed by the Ontario Government to examine the question of prison reform should give some attention to inequalities in the sentences passed upon prisoners. The subject has recently been discussed in England, and will bear investigation in Ontario. It may be quite true that the inequalities that startle the public are sometimes more apparent than real. It is also true that the judge who tries a prisoner ought to know better than any one else the nature and extent of the punishment he deserves. The benefits of the doubt should always be given to the man who does the work and has to bear the responsibility. But admitting all this the fact remains that to the average man, who presumably has common sense, sentences do often seem very unequal. One prisoner seems to be treated leniently, while another, so far as the public can see, is punished with marked severity. It is not at all probable that the public are always wrong in their judgment, and it is equally improbable that judges are infallible. If this is a question that the Ontario Government have power to handle, the commission might do a much worse thing than spend some time in looking into it.—Canada Presbyterian.

Queen Victoria's First Trouble.

One of the earliest troubles—perhaps the first crumpled ruffled in the the queen's royal couch—was the proposed dismissal of her bed chamber ladies on the fall of the Melbourne ministry. Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington tried to persuade Her Majesty that her ladies were on the same level as her lords, but the Queen would have none of it, and wrote the famous letter to Lord Melbourne, in which she said: "They wanted to deprive me of my ladies, and I suppose they would deprive me next of my dressers and housemaids; they wished to treat me like a girl, but I will show them I am Queen of England." The Elizabethan ring about these words has echoed down the years until to-day, and Her Majesty has never failed to remember, and to make others remember, that above and before all else she is "Queen of England."—Lady's Pictorial.

A Missionary Murdered.

A Rockford, Ind., despatch says: Letters received here from Persia give details of the murder of Mrs. John L. Wright, an American Presbyterian missionary, at Salmas, Western Persia, in April. A native school teacher, half American and half Syrian, killed her with a dagger in her own home in revenge for her discharge from her employer. Mrs. Wright was a historian, and was beautiful, well educated and accomplished. Her father was a teacher of Ancient Syriac in American colleges. She was married to Mr. Wright four years ago. They were in this country last year. Wright was a native of Ohio. The murderer is in custody.

Bigotry in the Highlands.

There is still a great deal of bigotry among the Scottish Highlanders. During the recent session of the Free Church Assembly an attempt was made to convict Prof. Dods and Bruce of heresy, but they were acquitted by a majority. The decision does not appear to be popular in the Highlands, for at the half-yearly dispensation of the sacrament, in the Free Church of Fearns, the Rev. D. Matheson announced, while "fencing the tables," that all persons who shared the opinions of Prof. Dods and Bruce "must be debarred from sitting at the table of the Lord." This announcement, which was practically a sentence of excommunication, met with the hearty approval of a congregation of 3,000 persons. London Truth.

Value of a Passenger Train.

But few persons who view a passenger train as it goes thundering past have any idea that it represents a cash value of from \$75,000 to \$120,000, but such is the case. The ordinary express train represents from \$68,000 to \$90,000. The engine and tender are valued at \$10,500; the baggage car, \$1,000; the postal car, \$2,000; the smoking car, \$5,000; two ordinary passenger cars, \$10,000 each; three palace cars, \$15,000 each.

Guarding Newfoundland's Shores.

A St. John's, Newfoundland, despatch says: Sir Baldwin Walker, captain of the British warship Emerald, speaking in reference to the closing of Baird's lobster factories, said to a reporter: "I have my instructions to carry out on the French shore, and have no alternative but to do so when glaring breaches of the law are pointed out to me by the French commander. To all intents I ignore the existence of all past treaties on the French shore question this year. I am carrying out the *modus vivendi*, and shall do my duty regardless of consequences." Regarding the chances for a final settlement of the French shore question Sir Baldwin said: "The whole story has been exaggerated. The less said on the French shore matter pending negotiations the better for Newfoundlanders, and the more likely to restore to them the sole control of their own coast."

Marks of Civilization.

Telegraph poles are getting to be so close together in cities that there is no longer much excuse for a drunken man falling down.

Mrs. Thrifty—Young Mr. Money-maker has been paying some attention to Ella. I do wish he would marry her. Mr. Thrifty—That would be a good catch. I'll kick him out of the house two or three times and tell him to keep away from here. That will surely accomplish the object, and without the expense of a long courtship, too.

I would as soon think of doing business without clerks as without advertising.—John Wansmaker.

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER

Discussed by a Former Galt Clergyman as an Enemy to the Church.

The San Francisco Examiner thus reports a recent sermon or address of Dr. J. K. Smith, formerly pastor of Knox Church, Galt, the largest congregation in Canada: "Many empty pews and a very small congregation greeted the Rev. J. K. Smith, when he slowly climbed the steps to his pulpit yesterday morning in St. John's Presbyterian Church. For some time past the size of the congregations in the various churches has been gradually diminishing, and in looking about for the cause the reverend gentleman decided that it was, in his opinion, largely due to the presence of the Sunday newspapers in the homes of those directly under his pastorate. The small number of people in attendance was evidently a sore spot to the pastor, for he became very vehement in his denunciation of the practice of remaining away from church and the habit of reading the newspapers on Sunday. The subject of the sermon was an exhortation to those who were present to do more to aid in the work of Christianity, and especially to lead their assistance in filling up the church on a Sabbath morning. He began to surprise his hearers by declaring that he might be able to fill the church all by himself if he would condescend to preach sensational sermons or deal in the various topics of the day, but this was a species of progress with which he did not sympathize and emphatically declined to adopt, branding it as un-Christian-like. "One of the principal reasons people do not come to church," said he, "is that every Sunday morning the carrier delivers a monster Sunday newspaper to each family, and you sit down to read it and you find it more interesting than the church. The Sunday newspaper is too large—in fact, a Sunday newspaper should not be printed at all, and those printed should be suppressed. "God's day should not be desecrated by reading the newspapers. I do not believe in them and I will do all I can to suppress them. I would never let an advertisement of mine go in a Sunday paper, and you should not. To place the great Sunday newspaper in the hands of the people on the day when all should worship is directly against the cause of Christianity. "The worshippers straightened up and listened with unconcerned interest to the pastor who would not preach in a sensational way. Raising his voice, the speaker made an appeal to those present to assist him. He said: "You should all of you refuse to read these newspapers. You should all of you refuse to have those newspapers delivered at your homes. A determined effort should be made to try and put them down so the pews of the churches may no longer remain empty and one of the greatest enemies of Christian application be removed from your homes and your lives, for the competition between the church and the Sunday newspaper is growing dangerous. "Having thus denounced in a loud tone of voice the alleged enemy of a full church, Mr. Smith turned his attention to what he called the terms of the prayer meeting—the theatre. On this head he dropped his emphasis and took up sarcasm. He said, strangely enough, that he did not denounce the theatre, but intimated that church members who went to the theatre on prayer-meeting nights might be in better business. The sermon created quite a flutter among the listeners, and after the sermon was over comments were freely exchanged as to the boycott which the preacher declared it to be a Christian duty to start against the Sunday newspaper. —Cabbage leaf hats are worn by persons susceptible to sunstroke. A woman can do more harm to a rival by praising than by maligning her. "Ah!" exclaimed Fangle, "I begin to smell a rat!" "Where?" screamed his wife, jumping on a chair. "I acknowledge the corn," said the hen, "but it sticks in my crop." When its too hot for a fanfaronade, take a fan for an aid to keep cool. "How did you enjoy your vacation?" "Oh, I had a great time. Couldn't go to work when I got back, I was so broke up."

The Queen has withdrawn her prohibition of Sunday music at Windsor Castle, where the strains of the band have not been heard, on that day, for more than twenty-five years. Princess Beatrice has been importuning for this boon for years. A man at Brownfield, Me., who has been married sixteen years and has moved thirty-five times during that period, thinks he has beaten the record as a rolling stone. The best shot of her sex must be the Countess Maria von Hensky, of Bohemia, who in one day last winter, on her estate of Chlamez, shot 138 hares. A gold nugget worth \$700 was taken from a mine in the Big Bug district, Arizona, recently. It is now on exhibition at Prescott. A flowering plant has never been found within the antarctic circle; but in the arctic region there are 762 kinds of flowers. Their colors, however, are not so bright or varied as those of warmer regions. In the past three years Pasteur treated 7,893 persons bitten by mad dogs, and only fifty-three died. The usual percentage of deaths is 15.90, so that Pasteur would seem to have saved 1,265 lives. Capt. Spratly, of the British steamer Biela, at Liverpool from New York, reports that he boarded the abandoned steamer Benguella on June 24th, in latitude 40 north, longitude 49 west, and found 12 feet of water in her hold. Some of her sails were set. The yards were adrift and the hatches off. The passengers' luggage was on the deck, breakfast was on the table in the saloon. Capt. Spratly would not risk towing the vessel. E. D. Gallagher was hanged at Vancouver, Wash., yesterday for the murder of Louis Mar. Gallagher died cursing the sheriff. The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., and Mrs. Chamberlain have decided to postpone until next year their projected trip to this country, owing to the critical condition of the Tory Cabinet.

FARM PH... Prof. Robertson... AGRICULTURAL... Hints That Help... From an add... Robertson at a con... held at Stratford, Ont... to a convention of th... consciousness that I stam... not that I day... drymen more than... recognition of that fe... which finds expres... know." A good diary... for knowledge, and if... your appetite to ni... empty myself that y... the little knowledg... last year's operatio... exceptional experie... before were the... association so active... you and promote th... making in Western... reproach on the serv... but is merely a st... the present officers... present great need... occasion and dome... men, your servan... work of last year w... satisfactory to the... chance of following... you will find that a... of men who will s... law that punishes... always trying to ge... neighbors—when th... for wrong doing, wi... for the man who ju... justice. Hence, on... that some men will... but "blessed are... of you falsely." O... Ontario and the St... this means of hel... the work of travel... intelligent people... ample around the... conservative old... taken the example... Province for med... into practice. (Ag... a Scotchman foll... sure you are trav... (Laughter.) Now... our enterprise in h... mental, for it has... past summer into... has come into this... quence. I have w... seen the compar... Ontario and the St... lying along comp... and us. Last year... than we would h... been sold at the... New York. (Ag... consequence of t... of the Englishmen... more in London... for any other b... That was one of... early employe... strators, who t... system of makin... standard of qual... poor factories as... The Compost Hea... There is quite a... compost heap an... manure is thro... turbed, and exp... it suffers loss of... different ways;... veritable manuf... more valuable fo... from the stable... management of... value, the fa... amount as may... for his operatio... more manure the... animals. The fill... quantities of d... does not really... cannot make... He works and... it with the ma... year the farmer... of what he co... but he has secu... than the pig w... any circumstan... or not, and the... less than com... good results as... because it is... material that... and prevents t... of compost, a... and everything... heap, all com... compost heap... bank" of the... farmer not on... The weeds, fea... animals, soap... earth, are the... advantage of... mightily obje... the stable, w... compost heap... value increas... compost heap... easily haul a... the plants wil... food. The co... receive atten... cover, and... Though such... decompose the... is less risk o... manure, and... lected in this... mode. In... Investors of the farm... working of a... doubtful if a... required in t... the present d... plows, when