

# "THE GROWLER!"

NO. 2.

BRAMPTON, SATURDAY, 6TH APRIL, 1889.

2 CTS.

## A Sensation at Caledon East.

Ugly rumors have been afloat the past few days respecting the moral conduct of the Rev. J. J. Dobbin, Presbyterian Minister at that place, and on Wednesday a warrant was taken out for his arrest, which was effected by Chief Constable Hurst yesterday. He was brought to town but was at once bailed by Messrs. H. Burnett and Jas. Stewart in \$200 each and Mr. Dobbin in \$400. The case comes up before Geo. Graham, Esq., in Brampton to-morrow Saturday at 1 p.m. There is something very contradictory about it, as can be seen by our Caledon East correspondence, which was waited upon by a large number of those belonging to his Church and presented with an address of confidence, a gold watch, and a purse. Nevertheless it might have been better had the investigation allowed to proceed before making the presentation. We sincerely hope the rev. gentleman will be able to clear himself.

### THE FIRST OF THE CHARGE.

A charge against his moral character began to be uttered soon after his marriage. This was said to have emanated from some ladies who were members of the congregation, and popular rumor goes further, and declares that these ladies were ardent admirers of the young minister while he was yet a bachelor. However that may be, the ladies were not long alone in the lists. They were joined by some of the male members of the church and the matter was reported to the presbytery. Formal charges were drawn up and Mr. Dobbin on the 10th March sent in his resignation, getting leave to minister to his charge till April 1.

### NATURE OF THE CHARGES.

The charges are of the gravest nature. They are only vaguely hinted at by the people, and the prominent members of the church refuse to speak of them altogether. The names of several young men or boys around Caledon are mentioned, but which of them they will not go further than adding hearsay, in which other than themselves are concerned. Thinking people wonder that such things should have been reported about in the first instance by ladies. This is a very important point, as it shows a great deal of suspicion on the part of the ladies. The matter now that charges have been drawn up for investigation by the presbytery the ladies have betaken themselves completely out of sight. There were three members of the church, and only one of them remains to make the impeachment.

### IN AN UPROAR.

The dust of Caledon East shaken off his shoes, his enemies appear to have allowed loose rein to their tongues, and the other side grew equally warm in their defence. The parish is now a sea of turmoil. One side is inclined to believe all sorts of infamy, while the other side are taking steps to have Mr. Dobbin recalled. Mr. Dobbin told his friends that he intended to live in Toronto until the investigation had closed. There was a rumor here to-night that the Crown had taken up the matter, and issued warrants for the minister's arrest.

### THE WITNESSES.

This was received with surprise, and the man who is prominently spoken of as one of the important witnesses who will substantiate the allegations refused to say that he had any knowledge of the criminal proceeding. This man is J. W. Walker, a farmer of Caledon. The other witness, whose name is generally spoken of here, is a student in Knox College, Toronto, named James Wilson. He was with Mr. Dobbin last summer and his allegations are said to have reference to that period. Another student of Knox College named Lougheed has got mixed up in the matter. He was boarding with Mr. Dobbin last summer and teaching school in the village. What this gentleman will prove at the investigation no one pretends to say, but his friends here assert on his behalf that he will disprove everything. Several other young men will find themselves dragged forward. Mr. A. F. Cranston says he could name several of them, but pending the investigation he believes that to do so would be a great injustice. The charge will remain vacant until the investigation has decided one way or the other. Rev. Mr. Craig, of Claude, will minister to the spiritual wants of the flock meanwhile.

MONO ROAD, April 4.—The parish of Caledon East is excited to a pitch of frenzy over the scandal which has thrown its shadow over it. It has been only within the past few days that tongues have wagged, but that brief time they have wagged to effect. Rev. J. J. Dobbin, late pastor of the Pres-

byterian church, Caledon East, and St. Andrew's church, Caledon, is the man who is in trouble.

The preliminary investigation is going on, this Saturday afternoon, before Justices Graham, Main, Bowsfield, Dawson and McLellen.

On the 26th ult. the members of St. Andrew's Church presented the Rev. Mr. Dobbin with a handsome gold watch, chain, and a purse; the amount of the latter we haven't ascertained. An ornamental hanging lamp was presented to Mrs. Dobbin. The Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Charleston, read the address which was signed on behalf of the congregation by Messrs. D. Ferguson and Allen Campbell.

On the 2nd inst., the members of Knox Church, in conjunction with others, presented Mr. Dobbin with a purse of \$42. The address was signed by Messrs. Borland, Betz and Wright. Over 100 people were assembled at the manse, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Vocal and instrumental music were supplied by Misses Rutherford, Hodgins, Scott, Burrell, Mr. and Mrs. Dobbin, and Messrs. Ward, Campbell, Carberry and others.

Mr. Dobbin has tendered his resignation, and a numerous signed petition is being gotten up asking the Presbytery to reconsider their motion concerning his resignation.

Of the trouble existing between the pastor and part of his flock which led to Mr. Dobbin resigning his pastorate, we are not in a position to give any decided explanation.

Caledon East, 3rd April, 1889. MAX.

### The Love of Children.

Tell me not of the trim, precisely-arranged homes where are no children; "where," as the good Germans have it, "the fly-traps always hang straight on the wall." Tell me not of the never-disturbed nights and day, of the tranquil, unanxious hearts where children are not. I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion, to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day that he has gladdened the earth with little children.

### The Use of Grandmothers.

A little boy, who has spilled a pitcher of milk, stood crying in view of a whipping, over the wreck. A little playmate stepped up to him, and said, condolingly: "Why, Bobby haven't you got a grandmother?"

If there's not a sermon in that text, where shall one find it? Who of us cannot remember this familiar mediator, always ready with an excuse for broken china, or torn clothes, or tardy lessons, or little white fibs? Who was it had always on hand the convenient stomach-ache, or head-ache, or tooth-ache, to work on parental tenderness? Whose consoling stick of candy, or paper of sugar-plums, or seed-cake never gave out? And who always kept strings to play horse with, and could improvise riding-whips and tiny kites, and dress rag babies, and tell stories between daylight and dark to an indefinable amount to ward of the dreaded go-to-bed hour?

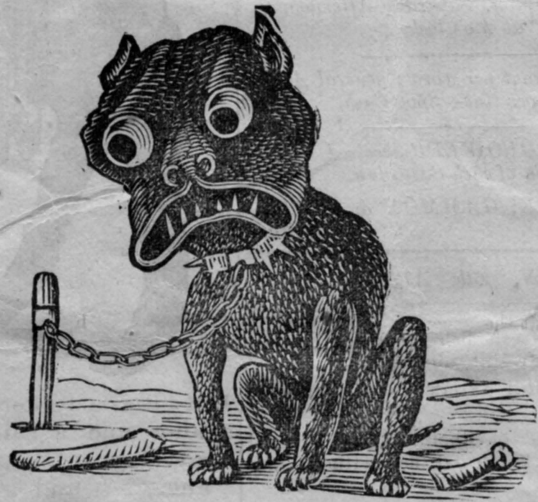
Who staid at home, none so happy, with the children while papa and mamma "went pleasuring?" Who straightened out the little waxen limbs for the coffin when papa and mamma were blind with tears? Who gathered up the little useless robes and shoes and hid them away from torturing sight till heaven's own balm was poured into those aching hearts? "Haven't you got a grandmother?" Alas! if only our grown-up follies and faults might always find as merciful judgment, how many whom harshness and severity have driven to despair and crime, were now to be found useful and happy members of society.

FANNY FERN.

### QUITE LIKELY.

'Yes, my dear children,' said the visitor at Sunday school, lowering his voice to hushed and solemn tones, 'this brave missionary, this saintly man of God I have been telling you about, was captured by the cannibals and killed. And now little ones can any one of you tell me where he was after that?'

Chorus—'Yes, ma'am.'  
'Well, this dear little boy may tell me.'  
Dear little boy—'In the soup!'



## A FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

This very Dog, at Council Board,  
Sits Grave and Wise as any Lord.

### THE "GROWLER"



created a great sensation last week—25c, 50c, and as high as \$1 was offered for a copy, but they could not be had for love or money.

What Sarah Ann Says about the "Growler."

To the Editors of the Growler.

SIRS—I must say last Saturday's GROWLER was a great improvement on the wishy-washy, shilly-shally little rags that preceded it, but in my mind it has (or the Editors for selecting it) one great fault—I mean the animal you call a dog. For pity sake, if you had hunted the whole world over you could not have found an uglier or more disconsolate looking brute. Somebody said he looked like a big bull frog, but he doesn't. He isn't half as good looking. And what in the name of wonder do you keep him chained for? Of all things under the sun a chained dog or a chained anything is the very worst sight I can imagine. Why, if I had the choosing of the GROWLER I would have selected the finest and happiest looking dog there was to be got, and I would have him sitting on the desk of the office with a beefsteak beside him, and let any other dog touch it if they dare. Your GROWLER looks like the hungry man who you said in the Times some time ago that was ready to jump at a bone. Some time next month I believe there is to be a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals started in Brampton, and if they don't induce you to let that dog loose, then I am no prophet.

Yours sincerely,

SARAH ANN.

The GROWLER will give a handsomeemento of itself in a gilt-edge frame to the one who will give correct solutions to the following questions:

- Why is the GROWLER like the new post office?
- Why is the Kicker like an old maid?
- Why is the Saturday Evening like a pile driver?
- Why is the Mayor like a rail fence.
- Why is the Reeve like a street car?
- Why is the deputy-Reeve like a saw log?
- Why is the Water Works Committee like a house afire?
- Why is the Finance Committee like a pump?
- Why is the Cemetery Committee like an old waggon?
- Why is the Market Committee like Harry Dale's garden?
- Why are the whole Council like a pack of hives?

### HELLO! CENTRAL!



Give the Place for fresh and salty Fish.

(Saturday Evening, 30th March.)

MR. BOTTS—"Hello!" (painful pause) "Hello!" (another pain) "HELLO!!!" (Sotto voce)—"Confound this machine. I b'lieve it's got the glanders, ring-bone or suthin'."

MRS. DUGHNNE—"Well! well! what's the matter?"

MR. B.—"Did you get that fish I sent you?"

MRS. D—"Oh! is that you Mr. B.? Yes, I got it and if you ever dare to send me such a measly thing again and call it (fresh, not salty) trout, I'll yank the st—" (catches hold of the "funnybone" crank and yanks the "stuffin'" with the above result.)

Telephone—"Hello "Angler," is that you?"

Angler—"Yes, little Miss."

Telephone—"I see by the GROWLER that you have been fishing. How many trout did you catch?"

Angler—"In a hurry now." Fitz, whr-r-r-collapse.

The Hamburg Independent tells the following good story about four of our Brampton gents, viz:—'Charlie D.,' 'Eddie D.,' 'Louie L.,' and 'Geo. B.':—

"Four young men from the east arrived in town last week and put up at one of the hotels. They were engaged to barrell apples in the neighborhood of this place for export. Some way or other it seems that they were more taken in by the young damsels of our village than by the apples in the country. One of them a fine looking fellow, married, was trying to get the advantage of the rest and commenced to play off single by reversing the real truth of the party. As soon as the others were enlightened in to his little game, they let out on him and stopped his conduct at once too, and did the courting themselves which they were actually entitled to under such circumstances as single men"





## The Growler.

Published at the "TIMES" Printing Office, Brampton, Saturday Afternoons, at 4 o'clock.

Local Ads. 1 cent per word; general Ads. 5 cents per line—Spot Cash.

Copy for the GROWLER received up till Noon of each Saturday.

QUIRK, GAMMON & SNAP,  
Editors

BRAMPTON, 6th APRIL, 1889.

How kin fresh fish come outer salt water? In a freshit, ob course.

Beware of still waters and a silent dog.—Old Saw.

Elijah—Lan' of liben! Look at dat! Finks he kin kotch dat fish without any bait!

NOT SUCH A FOOL, EITHER.

"Humph! haven't cetch nuthin' yit! Dat fule mink mus' know it's Lent. He won't tetch no kinder meat I baits wid!"

### Wouldn't Ride the Goat.

The *Eastern Star* of Toronto says:—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clow, bosom friends of Mr. J. W. Fishburn of this town, gave an "at home" on Tuesday evening last, to which Mr. W. was an invited guest. The amusements introduced were numerous, including a new game titled the "Bobbing Club," which caused lots of fun, into which 18 were initiated. Our genial friend F. was solicited to become a member, but he persistently refused, stating that "he did not intend to be "bobbed up" like a Jack-in-the-box" nor form a picture of "his heels being higher than his head." Being still urged he got out of humor, donned his coat, hat, kids and dude cane, called up cabby, and at mile a minute made for the Union to catch the mid-night train for home—so it is said. The GROWLER learns that he has since repented, and intends providing the "goat" won't throw him," and given a life insurance policy—to return and become a full fledged member. Hurrah, hurrah.

### The Growler Wants to Know.

- The probabilities for next week?
- Why such a great demand for the GROWLER last week?
- How many offered 50c for it?
- Why they couldn't get one?
- Who first boycotted it?
- Why did the "fishy" story cause such a sensation?
- Who ever heard of "papery fish" before?
- How often do they spawn in such briney waters?
- What angler in town felt like "chewing up" the typos of the GROWLER last Saturday evening?
- Who captured those GROWLERS out of the waste basket and sold them over again?
- Who's fair daughter does our pretty young druggist go to see in Orangeville?
- Won't some little bird call upon the GROWLER and inform it who the fair one is?
- Who says that John Trembled when he voted for two clerks?
- Who says that Sam Rays-ed off with one to the waste basket?
- Who says that Al. Williams is not the finest Jewel-er in Brampton?
- Who says that Will Wood-s does not do a fine piece of engraving?
- Who says that frue Dick-er's with the *Saturday Evening*?
- Who says that Tom Beam-ish's the whitest haired boy in town?
- Who says that A. O. Full-er is always fuller than any one else when in town?
- Who says that Santa-Claus Hyme?
- Who says that Bob Will-am-son time be leader of the third prty?
- Who says that Bob Robson don't keep a good hotel?
- Who says that *Saturday Evening* is the kicker?
- Who says that John is not a white Smith?
- Who says Charlie is not a good Cook?
- Who says Dave-is not Elli-son?
- Who says that Billy is not the best Mill-ner in town?
- Who says that Tom is not a Dicken of a fine fellow?
- Who says that Lou can't make a Tye if he wants to?
- Oh come off.

I SAY, JIMMY!



If it takes a tinker and a tailor, a soldier and a sailor to corner a mad dog—how many "buyers," "anglers" and "light-weights" will it take to "corner" a GROWLER.



The owner of this Horse wants to hire him to the Corporation to haul stone. He thinks he can haul two wheelbarrows full.

### Flashes.

- Six months until Fall—is it not.
- The profit of *Heggei* is out of medicine.
- Not many cattle in this district get off Scott free.
- Here we are again—we have Rowed through the heavy swellings of last Saturday.
- The GROWLER's circulation is not Tye'd down this afternoon and don't you forget it.
- H. Schooley, at present in Toronto, contemplates moving there permanently, we regret to learn.
- The License Inspector ought to be notified that a Queen St. grocer keeps Ry-and mixtures without a license against the rules of Kirk—would you believe it.
- J. H. Beck & Co. do their business up Brown.
- There is a nice Bowery in the Main st. butcher shop.
- We have people doing business in rice and Rice doing business with people.
- A very conscientious friend of ours recently sold all his hens and chickens. Said his fine sense of honor would not allow him to make money by fowl means.
- It is a new feature in conferring degrees in some city lodges, that the candidate be supplied with opera glasses so as to more clearly see the goat.
- Dave—"Say, Jim, what's the matter with Scott." Jim—"What Scott, Alex?" Dave—"No, Scott Act. You know it got knocked out completely on Thursday last.
- Jim, you were worse than the Dud-e. He tackled us in broad day-light with a stuffed club. We weren't hungry then, though. Hope you are all right by this time.
- Bill-Ky, we apologize. We thought our reference was right. However, old man, we will consult you before being so decided next time. Still we have our opinion on the subject.
- What-you-may call-him (in the *Hollows* of whose cheeks there lurks a *Mullin*-choly expression) seems to think he *May-have*-a tussle with a desperado some night. He has prepared himself for such an event by investing in a stout walking stick.
- A blg fishing party purposes leaving town on April the 30th. The GROWLER has not got a full list of the names yet who will comprise the party, undoubtedly there will be Willies and Billys, Jims and Johns, Bobs and Robs among the party, and the GROWLER wishes them success. Nothing but speckled trout this trip especially. They purpose going from home after their catch although there is some good ones to be caught in this neighborhood.

Not Quite Original.

A B-mpt-onion who boasts of his wealth was asked to join a benevolent society in this town, answered, "I can't afford it. I can't afford it." His friend said, "Why Mr. — you are as rich as Croesus." The reply was, "Wall, now, I don't know wh the — is, but I ken put down de lar for dollar with him and have sum over. So I Ken.

Said a pompous man of money to F. fessor Agassiz, "I once took some interest in natural, science, but I became a banker and I am what I am." "Ah," replied Agassiz, "My father procured for me a place in a bank, but I begged for a year more of study, then for a second then for a third. That fixed my fate, sir. If it had not been for that little firmness of mine I should now have been nothing but a banker.

A black born baby girl came to town on Tuesday of this week.

It was not true that Albani told one of Brampton's best singers that his neck was too long to ever be a success.

What was the matter with the gas in Grace Church last Sunday night. Only for the diamonds worn by members of the choir there would have been almost complete darkness.

A gentleman from a western town writes to ask particulars about that bird we mentioned last week. He wants to know if he is not the famous hen that lays the golden eggs. We refer him to the fair owner.

*Memphis Avalanche*: Dash is the name of President Harrison's dog. It is likely however, that we shall oftener hear of the office-seeker than — the dog.

A young gentleman in town who knows the young fellow, who will call on a young woman and go home on his own account at nine o'clock, may be just the sort of a young man that stern parents are apt to like, but he will never be popular with the girls. No, siree.

*Saturday Evening* is famous but last week it made itself more famous for liberality by announcing the fact that it would give a beautiful *Chromo* to the first of the five young ladies who would become a bride. Well now, is that not generous. Oh, bow-wow. We wonder what it will be like.

*Dear Evening*.—If it is one of yours have pity, don't do anything so rash, don't know what might be the result of your thoughtlessness, be warned in but then we know you won't, your heart too soft to make a good impression will frame you a copy of the GROWLER will be nice, and it won't cost *Cheap for Cash*.

### Kisses with a Moral.

A nice young fellow loved two girls, stately and dark, aged twenty; the other delicate and blonde, aged seventeen. had been in the habit of kissing the delicate girl as often as a hundred times at a sitting. She liked it and so did he. But the little blonde she lay low. One night as the young man was bidding her good night he lifted her finger swiftly to his lips and kissed their small, cool tips. She drew her hand quickly away, gasped, and said:—"What are you doing?"

Then she fled like a bird and the young man departed.

Six months later these two were married. The stately, dark girl wondered how it had been accomplished. She would have wagered that her kisses were the finest in the market. Very likely they were, but they grew to be a drug, as peaches sometime do in August. The delicate blonde's remained curious till after the ceremony. And that is where the delicate blonde had the excellently large intelligence.—*New York Herald*.

"What possesses you, my dear, who have such an excellent husband, to make him angry so often?" "Because he always brings me a present to make peace again."

Rev. Charles Sidney Hurd, lately of the Palmerston Unitarian church, Boston, Eng., committed suicide by taking opium in London on Sunday.

The minister stopped at a house last week, and sought to improve the time by giving an eight year-old boy an instruction lesson in morality. "My boy," said the minister, "I have lived forty-five years and have never used tobacco in any form nor told a lie, nor uttered an oath nor played truant, nor—" "Gimme crickets!" interrupted the lad, "yer ain't had no fun at all, have ye?"

Country Editor's Wife—How happy you seem to-night, Edward. Have you had any good luck to-day? Country Editor—Well, I should say I had. You can have that silk dress now. What has happened? Farmer Hendricks, who hasn't paid for his paper for seven years, came in to-day and stopped his subscription.—*Times*.



The "Kicker" gave one sudden kick and then expired. No inquest held. Died from natural causes.



This horse can haul a ton of broken stone.

While at the openings in the different dry goods houses yesterday we heard five hundred exclamations of—how lovely, that bonnet is a perfect dream, what a duck of a copate, and so on, and one lady in ordering a spring bonnet told the young lady she was so quiet in her taste she would not wear anything showy for the world, if it was for nothing but for the example she would set, as she was a prominent member of a church in the south end, and sat pretty near the pulpit.

One of our venerable ministers evidently admires the gorgeous costumes of the East, as since Dr. Ward's lectures he wears a crimson robe on the street that reaches to his feet.

### Social Etiquette.

A FEW POINTS FOR PEOPLE IN SEARCH OF CULTURE AND POLISH.

Is it necessary to make a party call on a gentleman who has given a reception at his house? I have attended numerous receptions given by young ladies and had always made them a party call; but never one given by a gentleman until last week.

Men don't give receptions as a rule, and certainly should not expect to receive calls.

Is there any objection to the second wife's wearing the jewelry of her husband's first wife?

No; unless the first wife died of yellow fever.

In issuing invitations to a wedding reception would an invitation, addressed to Mr. L. and son only include his wife and family, or, if issued to a sister, include a younger brother?

The rule is that one invitation is sent to the sons and one to the daughters of the family. Husband and wife should receive one invitation addressed, "Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Jones.

It is customary in the best society to acknowledge wedding presents? If so, what is the proper method of doing so? *ETTIE*.

The prospective bride should write a cordial note immediately upon receipt of the present, signing it, of course, with her maiden name.

1. Is it correct for ladies to wear flowers at a dance? 2. At what side of the gentleman does the lady sit when the party dine at a hotel? *P. K.*

1. "We have known it done." 2. We cannot see that it makes any material difference. A hotel dining-room is governed by very flexible rules of etiquette.

1. At a country church wedding at 5.30 o'clock, the bride being dressed in white, what is the proper suit, and gloves for groom? 2. Is it customary for groom to furnish ties and gloves for ushers, and what is the proper dress for ushers? 3. There are to be two ushers. May one of these act as best man, or must there be two ushers besides him. 4. On returning from the altar do bridesmaids and ushers follow or precede the bridal couple to the door. *IGNORANCE*.

1. Black frock-coat or cutaway, light trousers, patent-leather shoes, white grosgrain four-in-hand or puff scarf, pearl or lavender gloves with broad black stitching on the back, and silk hat. 2. Yes. The same as the bridegroom. Don't use the term groom. It smacks of the livery stable. 3. There should be at least two ushers, and better four. The best man is not supposed to assist in seating the guests. 4. The bridal couple go first.



FOR THE GROWLER.

Let us agree with one accord  
There's no sense in the Kicker,  
It's petty sheet is but a fraud,  
There's nonsense in the Kicker.

Why should we give it room to kick,  
The measley little Kicker,  
Making its readers all so sick,  
The measley, measley Kicker.

We're glad the GROWLER's come to growl  
Upon the saucy Kicker,  
It must behave or it will howl  
The saucy little Kicker.

Dear GROWLER we a welcome give  
To thee, and give it quicker  
As you are coming, we perceive,  
To growl away the Kicker.

Let Us Shake.



We stated in our introductory remarks last week, if we committed any serious errors we would apologise. We learn that a young Vet. in town, who we hold in high esteem has been acting like a big, spoiled, petted, sulky boy. We have since ascertained that he did not haul the scattered fish out of the modern fish pond, but only helped to lay the scattered fishes out to dry, that it was mine host that did the fishing. Under these circumstances, we regret the unintentional annoyance we have given our young friend and are willing to shake hands and continue as good friends as before.

Symptoms of Spring.

Mud.  
Straw hats.  
Water cresses.  
Pike promenades.  
Striped pants.  
Red flannel neckties.  
Quinsy and bronchitis.  
Stovepipes in the cellar.  
The fishman's cornet solo.  
The low swish of the mop.  
The trickle of the maple tree.  
Cold water in the shaving mugs.  
Step ladders in the bay window.  
The merry rattle of the cheese grater.  
Carpets hanging on the cloth lines.  
Buckwheat pancakes relearned to the

Sad end of the debating club.  
The small boy begins to "knit" in town.  
The hired man discards his water hose.  
Lettuce, spring poetry and rhubarb appear on the market.  
The frisky calf chews the honest farmer's umb.

The enterprising machine agent lubricates his jaws for the campaign.  
The "big egg" liars resume business at old stand.  
The industrious gardener rises at an early hour and assaults the blue clay lumps in the garden with a maul.  
General round up of old oyster cans, broken crockery and other bric-a-brac in the back yard.

GIVE HIM A LATCH-KEY.

He—"You're always growling about the lodge." She—"Oh, no! The lodge is well enough." "Well, my late hours then." "I don't care about that even; but it does annoy me to get up to let you in and find the milkman at the door. It's rather embarrassing."—*Lowell Citizen.*

GIVING HIM A POINTER.

Mr. and Mrs. Smithkins at the photographer's. Mr. S. (taking the photographer aside and whispering)—"Say, my wife wants her picture taken, but I want to give you a pointer on her." "What is it?" "Don't tell her to 'look pleasant.' It won't do in her case. I've tried it, and it always makes her madder'n ever."—*Chicago Herald.*

KNOCKED SENSELESS.

The young man Martin Gibbons, who was found on the doorstep of Joseph Walls' house, in rear of 117 Queen street west, did not know how he had received his injuries. Katharine Welsh was discharged, and she did not know either. "Who houted murder?" asked the Magistrate. "I did when I saw the police coming," said Katharine, unabashed. The pair had been engaged in a family row, and Gibbons had interfered. The charge was dismissed, and was also the charge of keeping a disorderly house.

One of the largest churches in Manchester, N. H., has a lady as assistant pastor. Her duties are to make pastoral calls, visit the sick, and such general work as will relieve the pastor. One of the prosperous churches of Concord is considering the question of adopting the same plan.

THE TRIPLE MURDER.

AFFECTING SCENES AT THE FUNERAL OF THE GUELPH VICTIMS.

THE FUNERAL.

GUELPH, March, 28.—There was a very large attendance at the funeral, which took place at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The cottage, the scene of the tragedy, was surrounded on all sides by a vast assemblage. The funeral was in charge of the wardens of St. George's Church, and it was conducted in a well-arranged manner. In the morning several young men, friends of young Mr. Harvey, arrived from Toronto.

The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful, almost covering the caskets. Mr. Lyon sent a floral tribute, but the wardens refused to accept it.

The coffins were carried out of the house to the three hearses that was drawn out in line on the street. The cortege then proceeded to St. George's Church. Archdeacon Dixon and Mr. Harvey, the rector, conducted the beautiful and impressive service of the Church of England. The church was filled to the doors, mostly with ladies. They were almost all in tears and audible sobs broke the solemn pauses in the service. Many of the school children and pupils from the Collegiate Institute were in attendance, having been granted a half holiday. At the conclusion of the service the funeral proceeded to Union Cemetery. There was a long line of carriages filled with the most respected citizens of the town.

THE PRISONER.

The prisoner all day refused to take food and it had to be forced on him. During the afternoon in the court room he looked better, although paler a trifle. His eyes was a shade brighter. He has the appearance of a man who had hypnotized himself, and the expansion of the pupils of his eyes last night confirms this idea. He will be detained at the county jail pending the conclusion of the inquest, which will be continued on April 2nd at 7.30 p. m. A guard is constantly watching him. Until a late hour to-night he has not spoken a word since he was arrested.

A certain feeling of sympathy is entertained for the prisoner in several quarters, but the general sentiment of the community is that he should pay the penalty of his crime if guilty. A man with Harvey's intelligence and education, it is held, is more responsible than a man of less knowledge and education. He is now taking nourishment regularly and has conversed with his spiritual adviser, Rev. G. A. Harvey, and with those in attendance.

The Coroner's inquest was concluded on Tuesday night last and about 2 o'clock on Wednesday morning a verdict of wilful murder was brought in against the prisoner.

Law Breakers in Halton.

THE LEADER OF GEORGETOWN WHITE CAPS IN JAIL.—PIERCE RECEIVES HIS LASHES.

At the Judge's Criminal Court on Monday Robert and Thomas Sherwood, Richard Barry and John Cochrane of Nassagaweya, were found guilty of forcible entry. They had undertaken to improve on the Overholding Tenants' Act and summarily ejected Archibald Robinson, jun., from certain premises in Nassagaweya without waiting for the slow process of the law. The defendants were allowed to go with a fine of \$8 and a severe caution.

Jack Hume, said to be one of the principal actors of the White Cap party in Georgetown, was arrested on Monday and along with Elo. Copeland, supposed to be the chief of the rowdies, was taken to the gaol at Milton on Tuesday by Constable Harley. Both prisoners have been remanded for a week.

These desperadoes sent the following notes to Dr. Freeman and Mr. Ruston a magistrate:

GEORGETOWN'S BABY WHITE CAPS.

GEORGETOWN, April 2.—Dr. Freeman, Reeve, received a post card written as follows:—

Give no law or you will be murdered on 5th April or shoe. Last warning.

JACK THE KIPPER, White Cap.

Mr. Rushton, another magistrate, has received the following:—

You are to be murdered on April 10th you give any person law. Let W. D. out at once. Last warning.

HELL FIRE JACK, White Cap.

Walter Pierce, of Oakville who was convicted at the recent assizes at Milton of an indecent assault on Ethel Melvina Labar, a child seven years of age, and sentenced by Justice Rose to one month's imprisonment and to receive ten lashes, was whipped in the gaol yard Tuesday afternoon. The prisoner was strapped to the triangle by Deputy Gaoler Cummer and did not exhibit the slightest nervousness, nor did he appear to flinch until the second stroke had been administered, when he commenced to bellow and continued to howl until Sheriff

Clements called halt at the end of the tenth stroke. The whipper was a professional from Toronto and did his work well. The prisoner suffers intense pain from the punishment, but Mr. Van Allen, the gaoler, expects he will be fit for work in a day or two.

Scott Act Repeals.

The voting yesterday in every case went against continuing the Scott Act, as will be seen below.

	Previous Vote	1889.
	Maj. For.	Maj. Against
St. Thomas	11	571
Guelph	168	444
Kent	2,395	1,500
Victoria	1,015	800
Brant	602	107
Lennox and Addington	550	300
Peterboro	411	600
Ontario	1,351	500
Carleton	693	500
Yanark	500	1,571
Wellington	1,430	282
Frontenac	510	800
Lincoln	570	300
Northumberland & Drummond	2,187	1,200
Colchester	1,234	

RATS.

Alma Brugger, age 8, Elizabeth Street School.

A rat can eat you and a cat can eat it. When a rat is near me I run away from it. Can a rat speak? No. When I run after them they will run in their hole, but I am afraid of them. If a rat jumped at me and bit me on the toe, I would cry out Oh! Oh! My toe!

THE FROG AND THE LAMB.

A Lamb who lay down beside a Pond for rest and sleep, found it impossible to close his eyes on account of the croaking of a Frog. Out of patience at last with the interruption, he sprang up and demanded:

'My dear fellow! why do you keep that noise going?'

'It's the only noise I can make,' was the humble reply.

'Yes. But why do you make it at all?'

'If I kept quiet, who would know that I was on earth?'

Moral: Men of talk are excused on the same grounds.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ROVER AND PRINCE.

Amy Chandler, Bathurst Street School.

When I was a little girl, my parents and I were crossing the Red river, on a ferry boat. We had our two dogs, Rover, a retriever, and Prince a small black-and-tan. When we got over the river we found the dogs were on the opposite shore, and when they saw us across the river, they began to bark and cry. Then Rover jumped into the river and started to swim across, then Prince, the little black-and-tan, jumped in after Rover, and when they got in the middle of the river, which has a very swift current, the little dog's strength gave out and then the big dog stopped swimming and the little dog got on his shoulder, and he carried him safely across. This is a true story.

NEITHER COAL OR GROCERIES WANTED.

Dr. Tanner, the faster, who proposes to go into a hibernating trance for months, as Indian fakirs or magi claim to do, insists that his term of suspended animation will be no merely psychological triumph, but a fact of prime physiological interest to the poor in all our crowded cities. When Dr. Tanner solves the problem of human hibernation, everybody of limited income can go to bed in air-tight caskets during the cold months and defy the men who deal in coal and groceries.

EMMA'S MOTHER CAUGHT HIM.

ORTONYVILLE, MINN., March 30.—Stephen Hopkins agreed two years ago to marry Emma Church, but he didn't. Emma's mother went to Wheaton, Traverse County, a few days ago, where the young man was employed in a bank. As she entered the depot the fickle lover rode out of town on what he supposed to be the fleetest horse around. Emma's mother mounted a flyer, and with the Sheriff pursued Stephen. She caught him just two miles from the land of freedom, Dakota, hauled him back to town and remained with him until he became Emma's husband.

WILLIAM SAYS HE LOVES ENGLAND.

Count Herbert Bismarck returns from his English mission on Monday, his father's birthday. He says that he has made arrangements for grand public demonstrations on the occasion of Emperor William's visit to England. An English squadron will meet the German Squadron accompanying the Emperor, and festive receptions will be given at London and Windsor. Doubts as to English popular feeling towards the Emperor inspire semi-official declarations to the effect that the Emperor's supposed dislike of England is an entire mistake. After Germany he loves England most. His visit is definitely fixed for July.

A growler—An empty stomach.

Taken aback—Leap-frog.

Among the many designs in silver baby rattles is one formed of a juvenile laughing head, with a zigzag handle of etched ivory.

It has long been a matter of surprise that Siberian Greenland and Esquimau races should hold their own as to numbers as well as they do. The scientists of more southern lands wonder that the inhabitants of extreme northern regions have not long since become extinct. A recent writer on the subject thinks that one reason for their holding out so well is owing to the fact that marriage is universal among them; "and when a man dies his widow is immediately taken as the wife of a friend or neighbor. There are no widows and no spinsters in Arctic lands."

A firm of watchmakers in London, who have studied into the causes of the breaking of the main-springs of watches, say that "unreflecting people fancy they have broken the spring by over-winding, or in other words have drawn asunder a piece of steel by the force of finger and thumb. But the springs break through a subtle molecular change produced in the steel by atmospheric causes. They usually fly asunder a few hours after being wound, at three or four o'clock in the morning. Many watches and clocks come to the workshops for new springs after a frost, but not until a thaw has set in; still more come after thunderstorms."

BAGPIPES BY TELEPHONE.—As a closing scene to the Burns anniversary celebration at Lucknow on Friday night the telephone boxes in the various towns along the line within a radius of fifty miles were opened and the strains of the bagpipes sent careening. The well known melodies of 'Comin' Thro' the Rye' and 'Auld Lang Syne,' played by Piper Mackay, were heard with perfect distinctness at Listowel, Brussels, Wingham and Kincardine, and immediately on hearing the first sounds the exclamation 'That's Lucknow' came floating in from various points. The local boxes in those places were also put in connection, and general surprise was manifested at the distinctness of the harmony.

Now that the law substituting the execution of criminals by electricity in the place of hanging has gone into force in the State of New York, the question of how the punishment is to be inflicted is beginning to arrest attention. As it is obvious that only a skilled electrician can "work the machine," it will be necessary to have a scientific attache of the sheriff's office, or else hereafter to elect only skilled electricians as sheriffs. The death-dealing apparatus will, it is said, have to be kept in daily use to insure its doing its duty at the crucial moment, and the State will have to supply victims for the electric executioner to operate on, in order that he may keep his hand in and his instrument in readiness.—*New York World.*

The execution of criminals by a painless death seems to be attracting a good deal of interest just now. The State of New York is about to use electricity instead of the hangman's cord for its condemned criminals. Illinois will probably do the same, for a Mr. Jones, of Sangamon, has introduced a bill to the like effect. A member of the French Senate, so it is said, proposes the administration of prussic acid as a good method for inflicting capital punishment. If we are to go thus far with the doctrine of euthanasia for murderers, why not go a few steps farther and suggest the lulling effects of a hypodermic injection of morphia, or the calming influence of chloral, or the intoxicating effects of Indian hemp—even we might search for the renowned hasheesh, and let our felons pass away to the sound of slow music. To use electricity seems only semilogical. Who knows but that death by the electric current, if instantaneous, is not nevertheless agonizing? If we are to kill painlessly, why not do it pleasantly?

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Miss Canada (blushingly)—I'm sorry, sir, but I can never be any more to you than a sis—

Uncle Sam (aghast)—Christopher Columbus, young woman! You misunderstand me. I'm not courting you. I am only offering to be a father to you.

COMFORTING ADVICE.

First Friend—Hello, Jinks! got a bad cold, I see. Bathe your feet in hot water, and drink a pint of hot lemonade.

Second Friend—Inhale ammonia or menthol.

Third Friend—Take four hours' active exercise in the open air.

Fourth Friend—Sponge with salt water and remain in a warm room.

Fifth Friend—Put on all the winter things you've got, and spend half a day sawing wood.

Sixth Friend—The best cure I know for a cold is to get drunk.

Jinks (with emotion)—A friend in need is a friend indeed. Let's take a drink.

Two weeks from Sunday will be Easter Sunday. The small boy must commence saving the eggs.



TO SETTLE IT.

Is marriage a failure? Some point to divorce And others, indignant, deny it; But to all men and women (unmarried, of course) Grip's advice (which is gratis) is,—"Try it."

THE YOUNGEST CAT.

A small bright face, two round green eyes, A fluffy head as soft as silk, Two ears pricked up in swift surprise, Two whiskered lips to drink the milk, So sleek, so quick, so fair, so fat, There's nothing like the youngest cat.

She has no reverence for the rest: Plays unconcerned with Sambo's tail; Pulls gently at Lord Earnest's crest— A feat that turns her mother pale. He growls and bites. But what of that? She's safe up high, our youngest cat.

She climbs the desk, she spills the ink, Then chases swift the lagging pen. We put her down, but, ere we think, She's up, and at the game again. An author's words come scarcely pat When walked o'er by the youngest cat.

—J. E. PANTON.

DEARER EVERY DAY.

They say I would cease to love her When her freshness showed decay; They were wrong, for as the river Wears its channel more away, Deeper grew my love, and clearer Seemed her beauties in display. She grew older, she grew dearer— Dearer every day.

Had I loved her for her beauty, Had her heart been simply clay, Then might mine have ceased its worship; But her truth's resplendent ray Filled my soul and drew me nearer To the front where sweetness lay. Still the older, still the dearer— Dearer every day.

Age has laid its hands upon her— Do I realize it? Nay. Her youth's bloom my heart remembers— Years her faithfulness portray. And it shall be mine to cheer her, So her winter shall be May. Still the older, still the dearer— Dearer every day.

A COAL BLACK LAMB.

Smut was a coal black lamb that its white mamma wouldn't own.

Strange that any mamma, even a sheep, didn't know her own little child, isn't it?

When Rosa, Smut's mamma, first saw him lying beside his white, pink-nosed sister, she stamped her foot and bunted him away.

Poor, weak little smut! He rolled over, got up on his trembling legs and cried terribly; but while Rosa thought there never was such a beautiful lamb as the pink-nosed sister, she would not let him come near her.

He would have fared very poorly indeed if Nellie hadn't seen it all; but she cuddled and petted and pitied him to his heart content.

Nearly every hour she fed him warm, sweet milk from her own silver spoon, until he grew stronger, and could drink from the bright new basin which papa brought to feed him in.

'Dear me,' said ma. 'That lamb is a nuisance! He is worse than any goat.'

'Let the child take comfort with him,' said papa. And so Smut stayed, and grew so fast and so pretty that his mother was glad to make friends with him.

One night in the early winter Smut was sleeping on his bed of hay in the corner of the stable, dreaming of the green pastures, no doubt, when a light suddenly awakened him.

What a bright light it was. It was growing warmer, too. Perhaps summer was coming back.

Old Dobbin began to prance and snort and gave a long, wild neigh of terror, while Brindle began to low mournfully, and Smut winked at the strange light. What was it all about? Perhaps Nelly would know.

So he scrambled out from his warm nest, pushed the door open and ran to the long shed.

He scampered across the shed, but alas, the kitchen door was fast!

'B-a-a-a-a! B-a-a-a-a!' cried Smut, as he bunted away at the hard, wooden door with his hard, woolly head.

'B-a-a-a-a-a-a!' he cried again, as loud as he could, for the bright light was shining out of doors now, and the clouds of smoke made him sneeze.

'Mercy sakes!' said mamma, rubbing her eyes. 'Burglars are in the kitchen, I know.' Papa ran to open the shed door, but what he saw was almost worse than burglars—it was fire!

Then there was a great confusion and shouting and running, while smut cuddled with Nelly in her own little bed.

Old Dobbin and brindle were saved, the house was saved, but the stable burned down.

'And we might all have been burned in our beds if it hadn't been for you, you blessed lamb!' cried mamma, with her arms around Smut's neck.

'He isn't a nuisance now, then?' asked papa, slyly.

'He's a darling, better'n—better'n most

anything!' said Nellie. 'And he shall sleep in my bed all winter.'

He didn't quite do that, but he had a nice warm pen of his own in the new stable, with plenty of clean straw for a bed, and plenty of good hay to eat.

What more could a lamb want? I don't believe he knew what he had done to earn it all, do you?—*Youth's Companion.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

The horse one has had and the wife one has not yet got are always the most perfect of their kind.—*Wasp.*

A young divine tells a story of a groom who, after the marriage ceremony, slipped a two dollar bill into his hand, murmuring apologetically, 'I'll do better next time.'

The small boy whose unwise father has given him a drum and a tin horn for Christmas somehow or other never seems to be the boy that breaks through the thin ice when he goes out skating.

Miss Keane (to handsome young physician)—'Oh, doctor, how do you do? You look killing this evening.' Young physician (quietly)—'Thank you, but I'm not; I'm off duty, don't you know?'

Husband (to wife, as they start out)—'But aren't you going to wear anything on your head?' Wife (provoked)—'Why, you horrid thing, I've got on my Easter bonnet?' Husband—'You'd better wrap the bill about it, so as not to catch cold.'

Milly—'Pa, Mr. Skeggs has asked the privilege of paying his addresses to me.' The Old Man—I don't believe he'll do it. He has been promising to pay our firm for his last suit of clothes for over a year and he hasn't done it yet.'

Mrs. Walworthy—I declare, Henry, your eternal talk, talk, talk of how good a cook your mother used to be will drive me wild some day! My most fervent wish is that little Johnny will never worry his wife that way when he grows up and has a home. Mr. Walworthy—There's no danger of that.—*Terra Haute Express.*

'Let your light so shine,' etc., said the minister as the plates were passed about the church. 'John,' said Mrs. Fairfax, 'what made you put \$2 on the plate? (This was after church.) 'Old Jones, the gas man, threw down a dollar bill, and my electric light is twice as good as his gas any day in the week.'—*Epoch.*

Mr. Jason—A nice fool you made of yourself at the sociable last night! Mrs. Jason—Me? How? Mr. Jason—Yes, you. Telling Mrs. Chally that her baby looked good enough to eat. Mrs. Jason—Well, what the matter with that? Mr. Jason—O, nothing, only you know that they start as missionaries to cannibal islands next week.—*Terra Haute Express.*

The children of a certain Brooklyn family found on Christmas morning that in addition to the usual list of toys, a baby had also arrived in the night, which of course was very interesting.

'Oh mamma' said a little five-year-old chap, 'whose stocking did Santa Claus put it in?'

QUITE SO.

MR. 1ST BOARDER—'This confounded butter is a mixture. You can see two colors in it.'

MR. 2ND BOARDER—'Well, isn't that all right? 'In union there is strength,' you know.'

FINANCIAL TROUBLES.

HUSBAND—'My wife is past all endurance. Every day she comes to me for money.'

FRIEND—'What, with your simple housekeeping? It is incomprehensible what she does with it.'

HUSBAND—'Oh, she can't do anything with it, because I don't give her any.'

VOTED DOWN.

A lady living in Ohio is the mother of six boys. One day a friend calling on her said: 'What a pity that one of your boys had not been a girl.' One of the boys about eight years of age overheard this remark, and promptly interposed: 'I'd like to know who'd 'a bin'er; I wouldn't 'a bin'er; Ed wouldn't 'a bin'er; Joe wouldn't 'a bin'er; and I'd like to know who'd 'a bin'er.'—*Christian Observer.*

SIMILE SIMILIBUS.

CUSTOMER—'That steak you sent up to my house yesterday was very bad—not fit for a hog to eat.'

BUTCHER—'I'm very sorry, sir, but I've got some in to-day that is fit for a hog to eat. Will I send a couple of pounds up, sir?'

NO PROSPECT.

'Emeline,' said the mother of that enchanting young lady, 'do you think that Mr. Flatbroke has made up his mind to propose to you?'

'I'm afraid not, mother,' replied Emeline, sadly. 'He was bragging about his appetite only yesterday.'—*Chicago News.*

A HUSBAND'S FLATTERY.

Wife (who wants a tailor made suit, but has only hinted at it)—Did you notice Mrs. De Pink's figure?

Husband (who smells the rat)—Yes, poor woman; she has no figure at all, and, like other women of that sort, has to depend on tailor made suits. Now, you my love, are a Hebe in anything.—*New York Weekly.*

EQUAL RITES.

Mrs. Punkin—'Deekin, the papers say

there's more wimmin than men in the kentry, yit here in the obliterary collems there is twict as many men as wimmin givin' out their funerals. Ain't that odd?'

Deacon P.—'Yes but look at the weddin' lists, Sally. It's there they git even with the men folks.' Mc.

A TREASURE OF A WIFE.

Groom (at their first meal at home)—Why, my darling, this spread is simply superb.

Bride (enthusiastically)—Yes, isn't it delicious?'

'And yet you have no girl?'

'No; she didn't come.'

'I had no idea, no expectation at all, of such a treat. What a treasure you are!'

'You didn't suppose I could be so thoughtful, did you, dear?'

'Thoughtful?'

'Yes. I knew you'd be hungry, and as I don't know a thing about cooking, I engaged Monsieur Bigbill, the caterer to serve our meals until the girl came.'—*Philadelphia Record.*

MORE WARNINGS.

A three-year-old child, belonging to Mr. Bowin, of Craig street, Quebec, fell on Saturday last into a tub of boiling water and died next day from the injuries received.

The 4-year-old child of Wm. Wellman, Dutton, on Saturday evening fell into a scrubbing pail of boiling water, and was terribly scalded, but is yet alive, with hopes of recovery.

A CONVERT!

Johnny—'Ma, I like Imperial Federation. It's a good thing.'

Ma—'Why, Johnny, dear, what do you know about Imperial Federation?'

Johnny—'Nothing; but I asked Pa what it was, and he gave me fifty cents and told me to go away and play!'

A BUSINESS VIEW.

1st Newsboy—'Say, Billy, wot's the Jesuits?'

2nd Newsboy—'I dunno; something wot sells the papers good, anyhow.'

PATIENT WAITING.

'You dress well, Tom. What are you doing now?'

'Don't mention it. The new doctor over there employs me to sit every forenoon and afternoon in his reception to look like a waiting patient.'—*Wasp.*

REBUKED.

UNCLE BEN—'So you go to the kindergarten now, Ethel? And what do they learn you there?'

ETHEL (a child of the period)—'They don't learn us anything, but they teach us a good many things.'

Mamma Knew Best.

Freddie had a little bird that Aunt Elsie gave him. It was yellow and white, with round black eyes, and a cunning little bill it ate with.

Freddie liked to talk to it. The bird could not talk, but it could sing, and it used to turn its little head and look at him, first out of one eye, then out of the other, and then begin to sing as hard as it could. Freddie thought it was trying to talk to him.

There was a pretty cage for it to live in, and sometimes mamma opened the door of the cage and let the bird out to fly and hop around the room a little while.

One day Freddie climbed into a chair and then upon the table. Then he was close to where birdie's cage hung. His mamma came into the room and found him. She lifted him down to the floor and told him he must not get up by the cage unless she said he might. Then she went away again.

Pretty soon the bird chirped, and Freddie thought it was calling him. So he climbed upon the table again.

Naughty Freddie not to mind his mamma!

In a little while he got the door of the cage open, and birdie flew out. But the pussy cat was in the room, and she caught the little bird and killed it.

Mamma came when she heard Freddie scream, but she could not make the bird alive again. She would not have let it out of the cage when the cat was in the room, but Freddie did not think of the cat at all. If he had only done as his mamma told him he might have had his dear little bird yet.—*Exchange.*

A FABLE.—A hare which had been seized by a wolf uttered loud lamentations and besought him to spare her life. 'Give me one good reason,' replied the wolf. 'Because we are both hunted by man. Even now I may be pursued by some boy seeking my life.' 'Ah! then, it will be a favor to put you where he can't find you,' said the wolf, as he bit her in two and bolted the pieces. Moral: When you are the wolf it is safe to argue. When you are the hare it is wiser to run for it.—*Trois Free Press.*

The Uses of Salt.

Salt in the whitewash will make it stick better.

Wash the mica of the stove doors with salt and vinegar.

Brass work can be kept beautifully bright by occasionally rubbing with salt and vinegar.

To clean willow furniture, use salt and water. Apply it with a nail brush, scrub well and dry thoroughly.

If, after having a tooth pulled out, the mouth is filled with salt and water, it will delay the danger of having a hemorrhage.

Salt as a tooth powder is better than a most anything that can be bought. It keeps the teeth brilliantly white, and the gum hard and rosy.

To wash silk handkerchiefs, soak them first in cold salt and water for ten minutes or longer, then wash out in the same water, and iron immediately.

Carpets may be greatly brightened by first sweeping thoroughly, and then going over them with a clean cloth and clear salt and water. Use a cupful of coarse salt to a large basin of water.

Nothing is better for a sore throat than a gargle of salt and water. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time it is used it will cleanse the throat and allay the irritation.

Salt, in doses of one to four teaspoonfuls in half a pint to a pint of tepid water, is an emetic always on hand. This is also the antidote to be used after poisoning from nitrate or silver while waiting for the doctor to come.

If the feet are tender or painful after long walking or standing, great relief can be had by bathing them in salt and water. A handful of salt to a gallon of water is the right proportion. Have the water as hot as can comfortably be borne. Immerse the feet, and throw the water over the legs as far as the knees with the hands. When the water becomes too cool, rub briskly with a flesh towel. This method, if used night and morning, will cure neuralgia of the feet.

Interesting Facts.

A queen bee lays from 10,000 to 30,000 eggs in a year.—It is estimated that not less than 200 different species of caterpillars feed upon the oak.—The slower the growth of the oak the more durable the wood.—Bees, beetles, dragon-flies, gnats, spiders, etc., have minute animalcules upon their bodies.—The roe of the perch, only half a pound in weight, has been found to contain 950,000 eggs.—The larva of the silkworm, when hatched, about 1000 times its original weight.—The stomach of a scorpion consists of two long darts, which he uses continually, and strongly protected by one principal sheath. In stinging, the sheath is first inserted; then the two darts protrude and make a further puncture. Each dart has nine or ten barbs at point.

Dan. Rice's Old Trick Horse.

[From the Paris Kentuckian.]

Died, at the farm of Dr. Campbell, this city, Sunday afternoon, 'Jimmie,' the 42nd year of his age. 'Jimmie' was only a horse, but one around which many pleasant memories of bygone days cling. He was the first horse owned and trained by Dan Rice, the veteran circus man, and was the one used by Rice when he ran the famous 'One-Horse Circus.' P. T. Barnum owned him for three years, when he retired from professional duties, and ultimately became the property of the late Dr. Campbell. Even at his extreme old age he could still do several of his old tricks, and seemed delighted in performing them. He was the means of affording amusement to many of our citizens in their youthful days, and if there is a heaven for dumb beasts, all unite in wishing for 'Jimmie' a safe haven therein.

A MERITED REBUKE.

At the St. Thomas Division Court last Friday Coyne Bros. sued a young man named George Gilbert for \$18, the balance of an account of \$27.25 and interest for a suit of clothes, hat, etc., purchased by him. Young Gilbert paid part of the debt and attempted to evade settling for the balance on the plea that he was not of age. He entered the witness box with the family Bible under his arm, and turning to the family register, was proceeding to prove his infancy, when the judge ruled that inasmuch as the articles purchased were necessities he was liable for them whether he was of age or not, and rendered verdict in full for plaintiffs. He also told Gilbert if he would study the book in which the family register was entered, instead of paying attention to only the register, he would have learned that the precepts it taught were honesty and straightforwardness in all things.

The following pretty little story of Gen. Harrison's gallantry comes from the Philadelphia Record:—"Why," said Mrs. Harrison at Washington, "this is like a bridal chamber. I feel as though we were on our wedding tour. I feel like a bride." "You are always a bride to me," said Harrison gallantly, as they went to their respective apartments to brush off the traveling dust.