ENGLISH ROTHSCHILDS.

A JEWISH FAMILY THOROUGHLY BRITISH IN SENTIMENT.

Their Emergence from the Disabilities of Their Race in England—Baron Rothschild and Lord Derby—The Family's Great Country Estates.

There are so many Rothschilds and they are so much alike in many respects that the individuality of each is to some extent lost, and in England, at least, they are spoken of more as a family than as separate personages. They form, in fact, a most singular group of men, and exercise a vast weight in politics and society as well as in finance.

It is a curious thing that there are fewer Jews in England than in any other country in Europe, though they enjoy more perfect equality there than in any other. Until forty years ago, indeed, they remained under certain political disabilities, for the reason that they could not conscientiously take the oaths which then were necessary for admission to certain public positions. But for many years before the Jewish disabilities were abolished by special act of Parliament, public opinion had entirely condemned these restrictions, and social sentiment had ignored them. The late Baron Lionel Rothschild was four times elected member of the House of Commons for the City of London, one of the most distinguished positions an Englishman can occupy, before he was able to speak or vote. He sat "without the bar" for some sixteen years, a silent witness of a gross injustice and a monstrous absurdity; and his constituents, the proudest commercial community in the world, preferred to be represented by him in that humiliating situation rather than by any one else who could enjoy all the rights and privileges of a member of Parliament.

In "Endymion," Disraeli's draws in the character of Mr. Meufchatel a life-like portrait of Baron Lionel Rothschild, who, though bearing a foreign title and presiding over a great Jewish bank in our city, was essentially an English country gentleman, and his sons have taken after him. He died in 1879, and the family now consist of his three sons, Nathaniel Mayer, Lionel, and Leopold, with their cousin, Baron Ferdinand, son of Aureilus, head of the house of Rothschild at Vienna, who is a naturalized British subject, and thoroughly English in all but birth. The beautiful county of Buckinghamshire seems to have some special attraction for the great Jewish families. It was there that Disraeli made his home, in the romantic manor house of Hughenden, and it is there that the Rothschilds have planted themselves as firmly as if they were natives of the soil. The town of Aylesbury is the very center of their influence. Nathaniel Mayer Rothschild was member of the House of Commons for Aylesbury for twenty years, and when, in 1885, he was elevated to the House of Lords, his cousin, Baron Ferdinand, was elected his successor and still retains the seat. The several Rothschild estates adjoin one another and cover a large extent of the most picturesque country in England, and the noble mansion where they live in princely splendor are the most conspicuous objects in many a mile of landscape.

Since Nathaniel Meyer was created Lord Rothschilds, the first Jew who ever was ennobled in England, his branch of the family have dropped their foreign title of baron and are content to be plain esquires, like the gentry with whom they rank; and when "Baron Rothschild" is spoken of in England now it is always Baron Ferdinand, M.P. for Aylesbury and Lord of the magnificent estate of Waddesdon, that is referred to. Lord Rothschild lives at Tring Park, on the borders of Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire, and is one of the best landlords and most popular of country gentlemen. He is a keen sportsman, a master of foxhounds, and, like his father, a noted patron of the turf. He owns good horses, and runs them to win, and he shares with the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Westminster and other men of the highest rank, the credit of maintaining the prestige of racing in England by pursuing it solely for the sake of sport and horsebreeding, and not at all for the sake of gambling.

Lord Rothschild is nominally the head of the London bank, commonly called N. M. Rothschild & Sons; and in all matters of serious importance he takes an active interest in the business. But his next brother, Alfred, is really the financier and the city man who bears the responsibilities of the mighty house of Rothschild. He is a director of the Bank of England, and through one channel or another is represented in the control of every financial institution of first-rate importance. He is highly educated, and far superior, intellectually, to the average man of business; and when he is consulted, as he invariably is, upon financial questions of world-wide magnitude, he is regarded rather as a statesman than as a mere banker. It might well be imagined that no one man could possibly bear the burden of such a business as his; but, in fact, the Rothschilds have a system of family councils which greatly relieves the strain on the individuals, and at the same time makes their judgment in financial questions almost infallible. It would be quite impossible for such a series of blunders to occur in their affairs as occur in the affairs of the Barings, where one member of the firm, Lord Revelstoke, was allowed for years to follow his own bent, almost without the knowledge of his partners. With the Rothschilds a certain well considered, well tried line of policy is steadfastly adhered to, and on all special occasions not only the members of the London firm, but those of the several continental firms are consulted, and their joint decision, backed by their joint credit, is what is carried out. Broadly speaking, the secret of the Rothchilds' success is the very simple one of not taking extraordinary risks for the sake of making an exorbitant profit. Their operations are often very bold and startling; but they never go into a transaction without being fully prepared to bear the utmost loss that can ensure from it. They make mistakes and incur losses sometimes, like other people, but nobody ever hears of them, and the first loss is the last. Sometimes they provide vast sums of money for objects which cannot possibly pay them directly; but those who know them best are the least likely to question the ultimate wisdom of their action. They invest enormously in land—in which respect they differ from most Jewish houses—but only in countries under the British flag; whereas they invest almost to an equal extent in mines in foreign countries. They have a complete monopoly of the quick-silver mines of the world, and they actually regulate the supply so as to obtain the highest price that is compatible with the necessities of commerce. On the whole, however, the Rothschilds are opposed to monopolies and rings. They prefer to live and let live, and to take only their fair share of what is to be got in the open market.

Sometimes sentiment enters into the Rothschilds' business affairs, as when they withdrew altogether from dealing in Russian loans as a mark of their indignation at the barbarous treatment of the Jews by the Czar's government. That withdrawal doubtless cost the Rothschilds a good deal, for Russia pays high rates of thterest and has never made default. But it inflicted such a blow on Russia that the finances of that country have been in confusion ever since. In politics in England the Rothschilds have been advanced Liberals ever since they had any influence at all; but when, in 1886, Mr. Gladstone broke up the Liberal party by his Home Rule bill the whole family went with John Bright, Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, and the others who are now called Liberal Unionists. They are staunch supporters of the empire and warmly attached to the royal family, and they enjoy the personal friendship of the Queen and the Prince of Wales.

The Rothschilds are very much alike in appearance, and are unmistakably Jewish looking. They are of exactly the same type, in fact, as thousands of Jewish bankers and merchants who may be seen any day in the streets of New York, and have nothing in common with the romantic Oriental type depicted by Disraeli in his novels, and exemplified to some extent in himself. They are short and stout, with black hair, dark complexion, large nose, and thick lips; and though their physique is already improved by out-door exercise and country life, it will take some generations yet to make them resemble their Anglo-Saxon fellow-countrymen. Lord Rothschild's only daughter married the Earl of Rosebery, and the probability is that other mixed marriages will follow, until the Rothschilds, like the Disraelis, will lose their Jewish identity and become absorbed into the English stock.

THE DUKE OF YORK.

A Future King in Parliament—Signing The Roll.

[From The London Daily News.]

When, shortly after 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, there emerged from the entrance below the bar the thin red line of the procession leading the Duke of York up to the Lord Chancellor, the attendance of peers was not promising for the important business that awaits them next week. Lord Salisbury was on the Ministerial Bench, and Lord Cross had made a point of being present. Other ministers in their places were Lords Knutsford and Cranbrook. The front Opposition Bench was tenantless till Lord Herschell dropped in, presently followed by Lord Kimberley, and these, while the ceremony went forward, had the bench to themselves. The scarcity of attendance in this part of the House was, it turned out, a fortunate event, seeing that during the reading of the summons of the new peer and his patent of peerage he and his escort stood at that side of the table unembarrassed by the presence of the usual occupants of the bench that flanks it.

The procession, in which the latest comer to the House formed the principal figure, was led by the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod. Behind him came the Lord Great Chamberlain and Garter King-at-Arms, the latter apparelled in crimson cloak embroidered with the Royal Arms. The Prince of Wales walked next in the scarlet robe slashed with ermine which peers wear on state occasions. The Duke of York and his other sponsor the Duke of Connaught also wore the robes of a peer of Parliament. Black Rod piloted the procession up to the woolsack, where the Lord Chancellor sat with a pretty air of nothing particular going on. When, prompted by the Prince of Wales, the new peer proffered a roll of parchment on which was engrossed his patent of peerage the Lord Chancellor, not disposed irretrievably to commit himself before all was found to be in order, signalled the reading clerk to take it in hand. This done, the procession re-forming, walked back to the table, Black Rod, the Lord Great Chamberlain and Garter King-at-Arms, standing in a row at the foot of the table, whilst the three Royal Princes stood at the side. The reading clerk galloped at a tremendous pace through the phraseology of the documents of which he had taken charge, the only recognizable terms being those most frequently recurring, "the Duke of York" and "his heirs male aforesaid." The reading completed, the Clerk of Parliaments came to the front and administered the oath; after which the new peer signed the roll of Parliament, the Prince of Wales standing close at hand, ready to meet any emergency in the way of necessary prompting.

Once more the procession was re-formed in the same order as before. This time Black Rod went around by the cross benches between the bar and the table. As each official or peer passed the Woolsack, he bent his head in mute salute. Still keeping to what seemed a rattling pace, Black Rod started off for the steps of the Throne, the procession following in close order. The gilt chair that serves for the Throne was uncovered, as it is only when the Queen is expected. On the left side of it stood the three lesser chairs. In the centre one the Duke of York seated himself and put on his hat. The Lord Chancellor, turning around on the Woolsack so as to present a side view to the new peer, the Duke lifted his three-cornered hat—a salute acknowledged by the Lord Chancellor, who did the same with his. Thrice the Duke lifted his hat and replaced it on his head; a distinct titter rippling through the crowded galleries when it was observed that the rapidity of his action left the Lord Chancellor a full salute behind. When leeway had been made up, the Duke returned to the Woolsack, and was formally presented to the Lord Chancellor by the Prince of Wales. All being now in order, the Lord Chancellor extended his hand to the Prince with an effusiveness that contrasted pleasantly with the studied coolness of his reception before the new peer's credentials had been presented and examined. This completed the ceremony and the latest Duke of York, having marched in through one door of the House of Lords, marched out at the other, and was seen no more through the sitting.

THE MURDERER'S HAND.

It is Distinctive and Interesting—Facts Leading Up to the Presumption.

[St. James' Gazette.]

Has the murderer a distinctive hand? M. Desbarolles, a French savant, who made the hand his study, was emphatic on the point. The murderer, he was convinced, is known by his thumb, and to this thumb he gave the name of the pouce en bille. Besbarolles remarks that the face of murderers may not necessarily be repulsive, but that the hands are always hideous—self-condemnatory. Evidence on the latter characteristic is but scanty, and rests upon the investigation of the French chiromancists: but as to the former it is a fact that some of the most brutal murders on record have been perpetrated by men whose countenances habitually wore a mild expression. Williams, the murderer of the Marrs, it is said, had a singularly soft voice. A girl who knew him, giving evidence at his trial, was asked by the prisoner whether she would be afraid if she awoke from sleep and found him standing by her bedside. "Not if I heard your voice and knew it was you, Mr. Williams," was her reply. Mr. Scott, chaplain of the prison in which Deeming was executed, says the murderer was a pleasant man to speak to until crossed, and the man's influence over women certainly supports this statement.

Some of the medical authorities who examined Deeming's hands declared the broad thumb indicated the born murderer. But the drawing which has been published is not that of the pouce en bille. The true pouce en bille, or ball-headed thumb, as it might be termed in English, gives to the first phalange a round bulbous appearance. It is short, and the nail is so abbreviated, as to suggest that it has been gnawed. It is imbedded in the flesh which rises on either side and extends beyond it. In the drawing of Deeming's thumb the bulbous swelling is carried below the phalange and the nail is level with the tip; but these differences may be due to the inaccurate observation of the artist.

Desbarolles examined the hands of many murderers and in all he found the pouce en bille. He also discovered other signs. The fingers of Armande Philippe, who committed an atrocious murder, were bent towards the left side and the lines of the palms were of deep red, as though they had been dipped in blood. The fingers, especially the second and third, were spatulous at the tips and the nails, short and ugly, were buried in the flesh.

To sum up, the signs of the murderer's hand are: Firstly, the pouce en bille. Secondly, and only less important, the thickness of the Mount of Mars at the edge of the hand, from which flows the blood direct to the brain at the slightest motion and causes the man to "see red." Thirdly, the scaffold sign. Fourthly, the presence only in the palm of the three principal lines, occasionally reduced to two and always of a bright scarlet. Fifthly, crooked fingers with spatulous tips, the nails small and uneven. According to the rules of art, therefore, a murderer, if a murderer by disposition and not (as in most cases) by accident, ought to have a hand with all or nearly all of these characteristics.

Victoria Park.

Gall Lumber Co.'s employes hold their annual picnic at this park on Saturday, 23rd inst.

DEATH WEEK.

Strange Rites in Rural Russia—The End of Winter.

[From The London Spectator.]

"Death Week," the "Smartna Nedelya" of the Slavonic peoples, marks the end of winter in rural Russia. It is kept during the last seven days of March, and is a survival pure and simple of early paganism. In the old Slavonic mythology, as in the minds of the mass of untaught Russians now-a-days, the idea of Death and Winter is closely associated; and the ceremonies proper to the "Death Week," from the sacrifice to the "Vodyanoi," or "Water-Spirit," with which it begins, to the driving out and drowning of Death, with which it terminates, are based upon the superstition that was formerly universal in Northern Europe. That writers on Russia and the Russians have given no account of the "Death Week" celebration is due, no doubt, to the fact that it takes place at a time of the year when travelers are rarely tempted to visit Russia, and is confined to rural districts out of the beaten track, which are unlikely to attract foreigners.

When the ice begins to break on the water, winter is considered over in Russia, and the breaking of the ice is due, the Russian peasants hold, to the "Vodyanoi," or Water Spirit, who has his abode in the rivers and streams. He has slept over the winter, they say, and awakes hungry and angry with the first ray of the returning sun. He bursts the congealed covering of the water, sends the ice-floes drifting, drives the fish from their haunts and causes the streams to overflow. In the last week of March, therefore, before the ice begins to break, the peasants in rural Russia start the "Death Week" celebration by preparing a sacrifice for the "Vodyanoi," so that he shall not be kept waiting when he awakes from his winter sleep. They meet together in the village where the celebration is to take place, and subscribe a sum of money for the purchase of a young horse. The animal must not be a gift, but bought for money; it must not be bargained for, and no one person must contribute more than another to the amount required. The horse is taken to a stable specially reserved for the gift to the "Vodyanoi," and fed for three days on bread and oilcake. On the fourth day, at midnight, the horse is taken from the stall and conducted to the nearest river or stream, the villagers following in a body. The mane is decorated with red ribbons, the head smeared with honey, the legs are tied together and a couple of mill-stones secured to the neck. Then a hole is made in the ice and the horse thrown into the water, a living sacrifice to the "Vodyanoi." Fisher-folk in the Archangel district pour a quantity of fat into the water instead of throwing in a horse; and the millers of the Ukraine cast the horse's head into the river, and not the living animal. After appeasing the Water-Spirit, the House-Spirit, the "Domovoi," calls for a sacrifice. He awakes on the night of March 25, and will only wait three days for his offering. So on returning from the river side, the villagers prepare a suitable gift for him. They take a fat black pig, kill it, and cut it into as many pieces as there are residents in the place. Each resident receives one piece, which he straightway buries under the doorstep at the entrance to his house. In some parts, it is said, the country folk bury a few eggs beneath the threshold of the dwelling to propitiate the "Domovoi."

On the following day the ceremony known as the "Lyalya" takes place. The "Lyalya" is not the Goddess of Spring, but a personification of the season. The ceremony of the day is known as the "Lyalyaik," and only young married girls take part in it. They all meet in a field outside the village, and select one who is to be the "Lyalya." She is attired in a white robe with a crown of green stuff on her head, and a staff decorated with green leaves in her hands. Barefooted the girls then perambulate the village, headed by the "Lyalya," stopping at certain dwellings settled upon beforehand. At the first of the houses where a halt is made, a cake prepared over night is handed to the party. At the next, they receive a basket containing as many eggs as there are girls in the procession, and one over. At the third house they get a measure of mixed grain. Preceded still by the "Lyalya," they leave the village, stopping, however, at the last house, where an egg is taken from the basketful and thrown clear over the roof. The party now make the round of the fields belonging to the village, each one dipping her hand into the grain measure, and strewing a few of the seeds over the ground. This is supposed to ensure fertility in the coming year. When all the fields have been traversed, the procession returns to the spot whence a start was made; the cake and eggs are divided, and each girl returns to her home. The egg and cake must not be eaten, but are preserved as charms against all sorts of misfortune. The young women who have taken part in the procession can, if they are curious that way, ascertain on the night of the "Lyalya" whether they are likely to marry within the course of the next 12 months, and if so, in which month. They must procure an onion and take off 12 layers, and put them in a row between the piece of the "Lyalya" cake and the egg. Each layer of the onion represents a month, and if one of them be quite dry by the morning, it is a sign of marriage, and the order in which the piece stands shows the month in which the marriage will take place.

All is now ready for the ceremony of driving out Death, from which the week derives its designation. Early in the morning the residents of the village, men, women and children, meet in the market-place. Some bring packages of rags and old clothes, others bundles of straw, long sticks and cross-pieces. Out of these three or four expert hands accustomed to the work manufacture a dummy figure resembling an old woman. The face is painted and made as hideous as possible. This is the figure of Death—Death, according to Slavonic mythology, being a woman. The dummy is perched aloft upon a long pole, which is given to a young peasant, who is dressed out in what is left of the rags and tatters used in the construction of the figure. The men then arm themselves with whips and whistles, the women and children bring pots and pans and iron kettles—any utensils, in fact, they can bang upon and make a clatter with—and the procession starts, the peasant carrying the image of Death in front. Off he starts at a smart run, the villagers after him, cracking their whips, blowing their whistles, banging on the pots and pans. On the party go shouting and hooting, driving Death in front to the nearest river or stream. Here a halt is made, a circle is formed by the river side and the dummy is thrown headlong into the water. The party then return in orderly procession, calling out as they march along: "We have driven out Death and bring in the New Year." In many parts of Russia the villagers content themselves with giving the figure of Death a good ducking and then throwing it upon the nearest piece of vacant ground. In such cases, too, if the villagers happen to have a grievance against any neighboring hamlet they carry the figure to the boundaries of the latter and leave it upon their neighbors' land. This is certain to lead to a series of free fights between the two villages. It is an insult to throw the figure of Death on other people's land and is considered to bring misfortune with it besides. The dummy is carried back to those who find it within their boundaries, while the village folk who left it there gather to oppose its return. The fighting in such cases is prolonged and is not infrequently attended with fatal results. The more peaceable villagers are content to leave the dummy in the water where it is thrown.

On returning to the village, sundry additions are made to the instruments with which the people are provided. The bells are taken from the necks of the cows, as well as the horns used for calling cattle together. One or two procure drums to beat. Then men, women and children begin to run round the village as fast as they can, making as much noise as possible. The object of this performance is to drive out the evil spirits Death is supposed to have left behind. The quicker the people go, and the more noise they make, the more effectually is the place cleared of the imps supposed to follow in the train of Death, and the greater will be the blessings of the coming season. The villagers, therefore, rush pell-mell, as for a wager, the men hooting, the women screaming at the top of their voices, the children joining in with a piping treble, horns blowing, drums beating and bells ringing, the pots and cans making an unearthly clatter. On they go, dashing up one street and down another, past pillar and post, always quicker and quicker, while children stumble and elderly people fall into the rear, until, exhausted and out of breath, the noisy multitude return to the point whence the start was made.

It is generally evening by the time Death has been drowned, and the place cleared of evil spirits. The villagers take a rest, and then prepare to camp out for the night; among the Southern Slavs no one ever dreams of going to sleep on the evening of the festival. It is an old Slavonic belief that on this night the gates of Heaven are opened, and if any one asks for a special gift at the actual moment of opening, it will certainly be granted. At that particular instant, too, all trees are said to bear golden fruits, and whoever is lucky enough to grasp them just then, may retain them for his own. The Russian peasant, therefore, stays out in the field all night, in order to watch for the opening of the sky. That he does not make much of the opportunity is perhaps due to the fact that he often takes advantage of the camping-out festivity to get so drunk on vodiki that were the Heavens really to rain gifts during the night he would be in no condition to profit by the bounties of the skies. As soon as the first signs of sunrise are observed in the east by the women who keep watch, the villagers are roused, and are speedily afoot. In a body they proceed to the nearest hill facing east, where the earliest rays of the spring sun fall, there to welcome "Vesna," the goddess of returning summer. The two elders of the village take with them a clean white cloth and some bread and salt. Arrived at the summit of the hill, the cloth is spread upon the ground, and fastened down by pegs to prevent it blowing away. The bread and salt are placed upon it, and the men call out loudly: "Mother Vesna! see here!" desiring the goddess to accept their welcome. And with this invocation the special ceremonies of the "Death Week" terminate.

A Strong Judgment.

Editor World: Can no means be used to stop this ridiculous pretence of city government? How any man with the slightest feeling as to what is honorable and straightforward and in accordance with the first principles of a gentleman can sit still and take part and become to some extent responsible for such proceedings is simply incomprehensible. When Toronto put in R. J. Fleming to preside at her council it was not that he might have his own way by hook or by crook, for when a man goes in for his own way in spite of all he is liable to be wrong 9 times out of 10, and could he secure it the inevitable result would be disaster on all hands. No, no, R. J. Fleming was placed there so that he might use his unbiassed judgment on all matters pertaining to the city's welfare and use his influence for the city's good. Instead of this he has shown on every matter that has come before the council of any consequence the most bitter partisanship, and fought either outwardly or by artful cunning to secure from mere personal considerations of having his own way to gain contested points; whether good for the city or not mattering of no consequence whatever. So far the reports of the proceedings in the council are simply disgraceful, and calculated to bring the city into disrepute by making it the laughing-stock of the world. Any point he gains is never won by honest and manly convincing arguments that his actions are for the best, but by craft and pettifogging dodges that are beneath the contempt of a gentleman. More time has already been wasted over points of order and tricks of evading straightforward municipal legislation have cursed and disgraced the council of 1892 than in all the previous four put together. His great economical professions are a mere farce. Apparently the funds of every department are about exhausted and arrangements being made to carry on the next six months with borrowed money. Everything he promised should not occur is occurring; everything he said should not be expended is being expended, and everything he said should not be undertaken is being undertaken and in the most extravagant manner, for his timidity, vacillation and submission to dictation are driving him on to involve the city in an all but irrecoverable muddle calculated to appal any right man who might be nominated to succeed him. Should Keating take the place of Chief Engineer of Toronto he will always be looked on with a feeling of contempt, not because he may not be all right in his vocation, but for the dodgery exercised in securing his appointment.

The outlook is most discouraging—a whole city and its future comparatively at the mercy of a weak-minded, quibbling, pettifogging policy, liable to change a dozen times a week. I am sure you have reported faithfully and leniently the glaring absurdities that take place at the council meetings, but you cannot blame from the public that our present Mayor is no better than a "saltaire overlooker," who is as you may know in the north of England the type of a presumptuous ignoramus. J. F. J.

St. Leon Spring's Guests.

The following are a few arrivals at St. Leon Springs: Hon. D. A. McDonald, Miss McDonald, Hon. L. Tourville, Madam Tourville, Walter Shanly, Miss Shanly, J. Herdt, Mr. and Mme. Lamottee, Charles Le Blanc and family, J. W. Paterson and wife, George W. Weaver, T. H. Robillard, Miss Adonis Robillard, William J. Allin and family, Miss Chipman, Miss Ethel Chipman, Miss Reid, Mrs. C. C. Newton, C. H. G. Damour and sisters, all from Montreal; E. B. Mann, Woodville, N.H.; C. B. Griswold, Woodville, N.H.; C. F. and H. M. Smith, Woodsville, N.H.; Mrs. David Cousins and party, Baton Range, La.; Mr. A. W. Shephard and wife, Brooklyn, N.Y.; T. C. Entwistle and sisters, Daniel Bissell, Lowell, Mass.; H. Merrill, Boston; Mrs. B. Thompson, Mrs. T. Kenny, Ottawa; A. Barnet, Renfrew; P. M. Corner and sons, Three Rivers; Thomas Seddon, Mrs. Dowd, London, Eng.; C. A. Beach, Essex Jc., Mass.; Mr. Kenneth Moodie, Mr. Norman Moodie, Chesterville, Ont.

Literature for the Public.

Gouin, Art of Teaching and Studying Languages; Dingey, Machinery Pattern Making; Pike, Barren Ground of Northern Canada; Prince de Talleyrand, Memoirs by the Duc de Broglie; Lord, Beacon Lights of History; Within an Hour of London Town, by a son of the Marshes; Lyman Abbott, Evolution of Christianity; Pinch of Poverty, Sufferings and Heroism of the London Poor; Main, My Home in the Alps; Dawson, Church of To-Morrow; Rimmer, Rambles Round Rugby; Clarke, Little Flutter; Elizabeth Farness, the Termagant of Spain, by E. Armstrong; Legh, How to Make a Temperance Speech; Mackenzie, Tales of the Heather; Lombroso, Man of Genius; Heard, Charge for France and Other Stories; Johnston, Chronicles of Mr. Bill Williams; Gerard, Queen of Curds and Cream; Mathers, Tother Dear Charmer.

City Hall Brevities.

Drs. Allen and Bryce visited the crematory yesterday and were well pleased with the cleanliness of the building and surroundings. "Why, I would eat my dinner here," said Commissioner Coatsworth. Dr. Allen will agitate for the erection of a similar building in the West End.

The Government Railway Engineer, Mr. Collingwood Schreiber, who has been in the city since Wednesday morning, visited the Queen-street bridge over the Don yesterday with Engineer Rust and Ald. Small. The alderman made the most of the opportunity to show the necessity of a high level bridge.

The Mayor has received a letter from George Griffin, a butcher at Parliament and Wilton-avenue, offering two barrels of corned beef for the St. John's sufferers, and asking where he will deliver it for shipment.

The Chief of Police, at the Mayor's request, has instructed the force not to molest bathers on the sandbar between Queen's Wharf and the West Point.

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PASTURE FOR HORSES — GOOD GRASS, shade, water. Apply John Burke, Dufferin Park, or on premises, Lot 2, Con. 2, east of Eglinton. 246

HORSES NOW TAKEN ON OUR RUN, DON Mills. Taylor Bros., West Market-square. 4604

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PALMER HOUSE, COR. KING AND YORK-streets; rates $2.00 per day. J. G. Palmer, proprietor, also of Kensington, cor. King and York: European plan.

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Opposite Metropolitan-square. An especially desirable hotel on account of superior location, pleasant and healthy surroundings; modern conveniences. References: Our guests. TRY IT.

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SUMMER RESORTS.

"THE PENETANGUISHENE"—BOATING, bathing, tennis, bowling, yachting, music, bass, pickerel, maskinonge; the finest scenery in the world; Canada's summer holiday ground; 30,000 islands of the Georgian Bay; 577 feet above sea level; this hotel is now open for the reception of guests. Parties desiring rooms will please communicate by wire or letter to S. Barnett, manager, Penetanguishene, Ont. Ask for illustrated booklets. 25

ECHO LODGE—AMONG THE THOUSAND Islands, River St. Lawrence. This famous summer resort is situated in the very heart of the Thousand Islands, in a beautifully secluded and picturesque spot near the celebrated "Fiddler's Elbow," and within speaking distance of the famous "Echo Rock." The choicest of the fishing grounds are in the vicinity, affording ample sport for the angler, amateur, or otherwise. This healthy resort is a few minutes' drive from Lansdowne Station, on the Grand Trunk Railway, and easily accessible by boat from Alexndria a Bay and Rockport. Those requiring rest, seclusion and home comforts will do well to write for particulars early in the season to O. L. Potter, Proprietor, Ivy Lea P.O., Ont.

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About Five Weeks on the water for $50. Including Meals and Berth. The most enjoyable of all trips. For tickets and information apply to

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For Welland Canal, Ports Cleveland, Windsor, Sarnia, Chicago.

Steamer is intended to leave Geddes' Wharf on SATURDAY, 16th inst., at 8 a.m. for above ports. For freight and passenger rates apply to

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NIAGARA RIVER LINE.

UPPER CANADA CENTENNIAL.

Niagara-on-Lake

SATURDAY, JULY 27.

CIBOLA AND CHICORA

7, 11 a.m., return same day, $1.00. Return Monday, $1.25.

INMAN LINE.

U.S. and ROYAL MAIL.—New York, Queenstown and Liverpool. City of Paris, City of Berlin, City of New York, City of Chicago.

These new luxurious steamers are the largest and fastest in the Trans-Atlantic service.

Excursion tickets valid to return by Inman Line from Liverpool or Red Star Line from Antwerp.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION CO., General Agents, New York; BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent, 72 Yonge-street, Toronto. ed

EXCURSION TO

NIAGARA FALLS

Zion Congregational Church.

TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1892,

By steamers Cibola and Chicora and N.Y.C.R., American side. Tickets for sale by H. Webb, 447 Yonge-street; M. McMillan, 481 Yonge-street; S. Thompson, 142 King-street east, and by the committee on the day of the excursion at the foot of Yonge-street. Falls and return $1.25. Children 60c. Lewiston and return 75c. Children 40c.

VICTORIA PARK

THE RICHARDSON ORCHESTRA ON SATURDAY AT 1.30 P. M. COWAN'S HYGIENE COCOA AT 5 CENTS PER CUP.

TWO STEAMERS, - HOURLY TRIPS.

Boats leave Milloy's wharf, Yonge-st, at 10, 10.30, 11, 2.30, 3, 3.30, 4, 5, 5.30, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

Family book tickets 20 for $4.00 and cheap rates for excursions on application to

PETER McINTYRE, 34 Yonge-st.

PORT DALHOUSIE AND RETURN

ONLY 50 CENTS

Every Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon at 3.40 p.m., from Geddes' wharf, by the fast Steamer

EMPRESS OF INDIA

Tickets at all G.T.R. and Empress Ticket Offices and on wharf.

JULY 23—ROCHESTER AND RETURN $2.25

STEAMER EURYDICE

WILL RUN TO

WILSON, N.Y.,

July 18, 20 and 25 at 8 a.m., and to

LORNE PARK

July 16, 19, 21, 12 and 23 at 10 a.m., 2 p.m. and 5.15 p.m. The steamer runs from the Electric Light Wharf, foot of Scott-street.

For particulars apply to

P. G. CLOSE,

On the Steamer, or R. C. GALLAHER,

Tel. 1162. 111 Adelaide-st. west.

Centennial Celebration

OF THE FOUNDING OF THE

Province of Upper Canada,

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

Saturday, July 16, 1892.

STEAMER CARMONA

Will leave Yonge-street wharf at 8 a.m.; returning will leave Niagara at 6 p.m. Round trip tickets 75c, children under 12 years 50c. On the arrival of the excursion steamer at Niagara, the Proclamation constituting Upper Canada a Province will be read. His Honor George Kirkpatrick, Lieutenant-Governor, has kindly consented to be present on occasion. Speeches will be delivered by Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. R. Harcourt, Hon. J. M. Gibson, Dr. Ferguson, ex-M.P., Hon. A. McKellar, Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison, Trombytaks and other prominent gentlemen. A lacrosse match will be played between Six Nation Indians and others. Music will be supplied by the Bands of the Army and Navy Veterans of Toronto, Lundy's Lane and others. Tickets can be obtained from the committee at the wharf and on steamer.

REV. H. SCADDING, JAMES L. HUGHES,

135 Chairman. Secretary.

FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

Tan Colored Laced Boots and Oxford Shoes of Russia Leather. Very Cool, Comfortable and Stylish.

79 King-street East.

GUARANTEED The best Cigars in the market.

L. O. GROTHE & CO. Montreal.

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Invincible Spots.

L. O. G. Cubana.

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L. O. GROTHE & CO., Montreal.

NOTICE.

JULY 8, 1892.

On and after this date (July 8, 1892), I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife.

655156 HENRY PARKHURST.

PATENTS.

A CANADIAN, AMERICAN OR ANY FOREign patent procured. Featherstonhaugh & Co., patent barristers, solicitors and experts, Bank of Commerce Building, Toronto.

C. H. RICHES, SOLICITOR OF PATENTS, 67 King-street west. Patents procured in Canada and foreign countries. Pamphlet relating to patents free on application. ed

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