# HALL.

## the Auction Craze

...er at auction has been proven by many to be most ...may be occasionally obtained through the skill of the ...stensibly with the view of creating an interest. His ...can for the owner of the property. These sales ... The large majority attending such have little or ... carried away by the excitement of the moment, ...and regretting it afterward.

... MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES. No visitor ...very opportunity to examine the articles at their ...is approaching, I would advise an early selection. ...time required. The buyer will find this mode by far ...inner of making purchases.

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# DRIED FRUITS.

PRUNES,
APPLES,
PEACHES,
APRICOTS,
OLIVES IN BULK.
TAMARINDS,
ENGLISH COBNUTS,
MALAGA GRAPES,
STUFFED PRUNES,
and a beautiful assortment of
COLORED CANDLES.

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## Simultaneous Publication

On Monday, Nov. 29, in England and Canada,

## "YULE TIDE,"

GRAND XMAS NUMBER.

Price 50 cents. For sale by all newsdealers.

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Wholesale Agents.

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The Royal Mail, Passenger and Freight Route between Canada and Great Britain, and direct route between the West and all points on the Lower St. Lawrence and Baie de Chaleur, and also New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, Newfoundland, Bermuda and Jamaica.

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D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office,
Moncton, N.B., November 10th, 1886.

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## TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE.

During the month of November mails close and are due as follows:

| | Close. | Due. |
|---|---|---|
| G. T. R. East | a.m. p.m. 6.00 6.45 | a.m. p.m. 9.20 10.45 |
| O. & Q. Ry | 7.00 6.45 | 8.50 10.00 |
| G. T. R. West | 6.30 3.00 | 12.50 7.20 |
| N. & N. W | 6.30 4.30 | 10.30 8.10 |
| T. G. & B | 6.00 3.45 | 11.00 8.30 |
| Midland | 6.00 3.30 | 12.40 9.30 |
| C. V. R | 7.00 3.15 | 9.20 5.30 |
| G. W. R | a.m. 6.00 / p.m 2.45 / p.m. 9.30 | a.m. p.m. 8.40 2.00 / 10.30 7.20 / 11.30 |
| U. S. N. Y | a.m. 6.00 / p.m. 2.45 / 9.30 | a.m. p.m. 8.40 2.00 / 10.30 4.40 / 8.30 4.40 / 7.20 |
| U. S. Western States | 6.00 9.30 | |

British mails depart as follows:
November 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20, 22, 23, 24, 25.

Time for closing English mails. 6 p.m. on November 3, 10, 17, 24, and 9 p.m. on all other days.

Letters for passengers on incoming outgoing Canadian steamers should be especially handed in at the inquiry wicket.


### "KILL HER," "KILL HER."

**A Parisian Mob's Attack Upon a Girl Wrongfully Suspected of Murder.**

PARIS, Nov. 24.—At an early hour this morning reports spread like wildfire in the neighborhood of the Theatre de Opera and the Place Vendome that a frightful crime had just been discovered. A crowd of 500 people assembled before the shop of Mlle. Jamin, No. 7 Rue du Marche-Saint-Honore, where bonnets, laces and haberdashery are sold, shouting, "Kill her! kill her! she has murdered her mother. Cut her heart out! Tear her to pieces!" "What's the matter?" Women and boys shrieked in reply, "This wretch, Mlle. Clementine Jamin, has locked up her own mother in a cupboard and starved her to death."

The mob then rushed at the shop, broke the windows and forced open the door. Just as the door was burst open with a loud crash M. Laloude, Commissary of Police, and a squad of gendarmes arrived and drove back the crowd. As he opened the door of the dining-room behind the shop we noticed a terrible smell that seemed to come from a cupboard. The commissary opened the doors of the cupboard and we found the dead body of an old lady resting upon a shelf. The body was dressed in the latest fashion, with a corsage of embroidered jet beads, a gold eyeglass and chain about the neck, and a Valenciennes lace cap on the head, with violet ribbons. The hands were crossed on the breast and the eyes were open with a ghastly stare. In the cupboard also was a small stove full of ashes and the embers of coal and wood.

The gendarmes at once arrested Mlle. Clementine, who is a rather pretty and fashionably dressed brunette about 20 years of age. She said, in reply to questions of the Commissary of Police: "Yes, this my mother, but I am entirely innocent. My mother, who is 71 years of age, disappeared on Nov. 14, and then I announced her disappearance at the police station, at the same time depositing at the police station a scrap of paper in my mother's handwriting with the words: 'You won't change. I am going to drown myself.' Commissary Laloude remembered, in fact, Mlle. Clementine's visit at the Police station on the day alleged. Mlle. Clementine continued:—"A few days ago I noticed a strange smell—of a body already in a far advanced state of decomposition; but not till this morning did I become anxious, and opening the cupboard made a ghastly discovery."

Other witnesses gave evidence showing that the old lady had on several occasions announced her intention of committing suicide. Dr. Jegut at once made an examination of the body, but found no trace of violence, and pronounced death to have been caused by asphyxiation. The Commissary of Police made a little speech to the mob, explaining the facts, and the crowd slowly dispersed. Orders were then given for the burial of the body, and an incident that had for a moment threatened a riot in the most fashionable quarter of Paris came to an end.


**A Peck of Peas (P's).**

—Here are a Peck of Peas, sweet Peas, you will. Perseverance, Patience, Promptness, Proficiency, Push and Politeness. Add to these Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," and you will get well through the world without much trouble. The Pellets prevent constipation and surplus of bile which lead to many different complaints. Enclosed in glass, always fresh, entirely vegetable, prompt and perfectly harmless. Any druggist.


### GOSSIP ABOUT ROYALTY.

**A Betrothal that is Distasteful to Queen Victoria—Children not of Blood Royal.**

LONDON, Nov. 25.—The formal announcement of the betrothal of Princess Victoria of Teck to Lord Weymouth, son of the Marquis of Bath is likely to be postponed for some weeks as the Thynnes have been thrown into mourning by the sudden death of Capt. Vesey, Lady Bath's brother. The Queen and the Duchess of Cambridge were in conference for half an hour Friday, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck and Princess Victoria are to go to Windsor this week. The Duchess of Cambridge, who has always been very generous to her family, announced long ago her intention of giving her granddaughter an adequate dowry. I hear that $100,000 is the sum named, besides a trousseau and jewels. Princess Victoria of Teck is not of blood royal in the technical sense, her father having been the issue of a morganatic marriage between the Duke Alexander of Wurtemburg (second cousin of the King) and the Countess Claudine von Hohenstein. She is in a similar position to the Battenbergs and Gleichens, and the newly born son of Princess Beatrice is in the same category, and so would be the children of Princess Frederica or of Princess Louise.

The betrothal of Prince Henry of Prussia, the youngest son of the Crown Prince, with the Duchess Elizabeth of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has been for some time expected at Berlin. It is a marriage gotten up by the Emperor in conjunction with his sister, the Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who is the grandmother of the bride. The preliminaries were settled during the recent visit of the Crown Prince of Germany to Weimar, where he met the whole of the Mecklenburg-Schwerin family. The Queen has always been anxious that Prince Henry should marry one of the daughters of the Grand Duke of Hesse, and this engagement of his is for many reasons thoroughly distasteful to the people at Windsor. He would have been a good match for one of the daughters of the Prince of Wales; but there is no disguising the fact that English royalties are not now in demand on the continent, except among the poor families of Germany. The morganatic marriage of Princess Beatrice with Prince Henry of Battenberg has destroyed all the prestige of our people at the courts with which they would naturally desire a connection. The Queen has commissioned Groll, the well-known historical painter at Vienna, to paint her a life-sized portrait of Prince Alexander of Battenberg, and he goes to Darmstadt in a few days for the purpose.

—There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

**A Senator Lost in the Woods.**

COLUMBUS, S. C., Nov. 24.—Senator Wade Hampton while deer hunting on his Mississippi plantation Monday became separated from the rest of his party, who, toward evening, supposing that the Senator had left the field, returned home. At 8 o'clock that night General Hampton being still absent, a searching party started out and found the old general a short distance from the home, much exhausted and painfully hurt, but making his way homewards. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, as he was riding through a thick wood, a "supple-jack" vine caught his gun and discharged it, the load of buckshot entering the head of his horse, killing the beast instantly. It took Senator Hampton, in his maimed condition, he having but one leg, some time to extricate himself. He had been walking through the woods for nearly five hours.

—No woman can be contented and happy if her skin is covered with pimples and blotches. These disfiguring eruptions are easily removed by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine is perfectly safe to take, and is a thoroughly reliable blood purifier. d

**Barmaids as Spies.**

PARIS, Nov. 24.—A new outcry has arisen against the Brasseries in addition to those of immorality and the sale of German beer. Many of the barmaids are Alsatians, Austrians or Luxembourgers, and these are now suspected of acting as spies in the interest of Germany. The public demands the abolition of the Brasseries.

—H. Gladden, West Shefford, P.Q., writes: For a number of years I have been afflicted with rheumatism. Two years ago I was attacked very severely. I suffered a great deal of pain, from which I was not free for a day, until last spring, when I began to use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and I rejoice to say it has cured me, for which I am thankful.

**To Soothe the Savage Breast.**

*From the Pittsburg despatch.*

"Mary, suppose you sing something." "Oh, it's so late, Charlie; I'm afraid it'll wake every one." "That's too bad," exclaimed Charlie, with every appearance of distress. "But why do you want me to sing, dear?" she tenderly inquired. "Why, you see," he replied, "a fellow I owe $5 to has been waiting outside all evening for me, and I thought maybe if you'd sing a little he'd go away."

—Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

**Jaggers.**

Among his own circle of acquaintances Jaggers was known as "a holy terror." Insensible to fear and loving danger for danger's sake, he was also one for whom the knowledge of life, as it is learned on the street, had no newer revelation. And yet Jaggers was only a lad of a dozen years, whose biography might be written in one sentence. He graduated from the gutter to commence a career on the streets which might find its ending in the Senate or Sing Sing.

I first met Jaggers one night in passing a Bowery museum. "Say, Mister, dat young 'oman dat scoops in de cash is as fresh as a salt mackerel. Ter see de show wid out a purtecker would ruin me ch'racter, she tinks, so ef ye take me along I'll put up the price for two, an' ye can see the hull biz'ness for nawtin."

I looked at the speaker, a sharp-featured, fiery-headed youth, hatless and shoeless, whose tattered pants were supported by a single suspender, drawn transversely across a faded check jumper, and I ventured to ask him his name.

"Oh! I ain't stuck up, not much; ye may call me Jaggers; and ye kin introdooce me ter Miss Fresh as a distant relative from Wayback or a granger from Oshkosh.

"But, Mr. Jaggers, one would think you would rather patronize the drama."

"Pshaw! I let up on de dramar, an I'm dead stuck on freaks."

A cunning tear stole into his small grey eyes as he added: "Ye wouldn't give a feller away ef he told yer de truth. De fat girl from Ohio es mashed on me, an' she's a daisy. Kin ye k'tch on?"

I told Mr. Jaggers that I thought I "caught in."

"Den yer ain't agoin' ter spile a feller's little racket?"

That settled it, and my precocious acquaintance accompanied me to the pay window. In answer to the cashier's question I assured her that Mr. Jaggers was my particular friend, at which she smiled incredulously, and Mr. Jaggers blew her a kiss from the tips of his dirty fingers with the dainty grace of a school miss as he followed me upstairs.

I learned from the boy all of his life's history that he knew himself before we parted. He had been bootblack and newsboy by turns as long as he could remember, but any steady employment was irksome to him. He loved the untrammeled freedom of the streets, with all its uncertainties for food and shelter. When he captured a nickel he bought a meal, which he ate with the relish of one who did not know when he would have another.

But a turning point came in Jaggers' career. He was standing at the postoffice one day on which he had been particularly down on his luck, for although it was far advanced in the afternoon, he had not had any breakfast. Suddenly he dashed across the street to where a pale-faced, dark-eyed little girl was selling papers. In a spirit of mischief a passing boy had knocked her bundle from her arms, and now she was crying bitterly, for the dirt had rendered half her stock unsalable.

"Don't you cry," exclaimed Jaggers. "Jest ye see me sail in ter dat big chump, an' polish 'im off in 2.30. Put up yer dookes, young feller."

"Go fur 'im, Jaggers, go fur 'im," cried a crowd of urchins who had gathered round. And Jaggers did "go fur 'im" so industriously that the polishing off process was accomplished well within the specified time. And it so happened that Jaggers became the friend and champion of the little news-girl.

In a jocular way he began to call her "the little madam," and to his huge delight she condescended to address him as Jaggers. She was a frail and pretty child, and from confidences imparted to him from time to time Jaggers learned that if her papers were not all sold of a night the little one was whipped by a drunken mother. The rugged nature of the uncouth boy was strangely touched when he heard this, and never afterward had the little maiden to go home with an unsold paper.

He had been absent from Park-row all day on one occasion, and when he returned he found the child with eight of her papers still for sale. "Gimme dem," he said, and darted across to Broadway. But no one seemed to want a paper that night. "Buy de News, boss," he had said a hundred times in vain, and then muttered in disgust: "Why didn't dat bloke of an editor put in a murder or big fire?" and then thinking of the little one waiting in the cold, he threw the papers in the street and hurried back.

"De wint off like hot cakes," he said, joyfully, as he placed the eight cents he had husbanded for his supper in the trembling hand, and let us hope that the simple act has been placed to the credit side of Jaggers' account in the Ledger of Life.

"Jaggers, if I was rich d'ye know what I'd do?" she asked as she turned to go home.

"Mebbe marry an English lord," was the guess he hazarded.

"No, I'd buy you a new pants for the winter," she said with childish seriousness.

"Oh, say! What are ye givin' us? Would yer want me moneyous an' influoential friends ter take me fur a bloated capitalist or a boodle alderman." "An', besides," he added, reflectively, as he surveyed the tattered garment, "an', besides, I like the ventilation."

A week passed, and another, and the little news-girl was no longer seen in her accustomed place. Jaggers disconsolately prowled around and wondered what had happened her. How he missed the light of welcome that used to leap up in her big black eyes when she used to see him of an afternoon, and how unhappy he had grown.

A month had passed and one evening he stood gazing into a cheap restaurant on Chatham-st. He was hungry—it was his normal condition, poor fellow. He had no money and was considering the advisability of "beating a check" and taking the consequence, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"Are you Jaggers?" His questioner was a woman whose bloated face gave sad evidence of a life of intemperance.

"De only original Jaggers dat's on dis block."

"There's a child that's dying, and she sent me to look for you. I knew you from the description. Will you come and see the little news-girl you fought for once?"

"The little madam dying," was all he said, and for the first time in his life, I believe, Jaggers felt himself a child, as he caught the woman's faded dress and went along with her. It was a tenement house in Water-street they entered, and in a poorly furnished room they found the dying news-girl. She held out a blue-veined, transparent little hand as she said:

"Jaggers, I'm going to heaven, an' I wanted to bid you good-by."

"Oh! say, little madam, cheese dat, will yer? You kin git ter heaven when ye wants ter; an' 'taint square—no 'taint square, ter go back on a feller like dat."

This was his protest against the wrong he felt was being done him, and he harped upon that one string until it was time that he should leave. Aimlessly he wandered from street to street, until the midnight hour found him seated on a door-step opposite the little newsgirl's home. He drew his knees up to his chin, and, while he shivered with the cold, he murmured: "I guess she'll be happier in heaven, for I s'pose de angels up dere don't have ter peddle no noosepapers on de streets, or work the growler for der drunken mudders."

On last Thanksgiving Day from a house in Water-street reeking with dirt and drunkenness and ribald blasphemy, the coffin of a child was borne, and with just two mourners rapidly driven to a Long Island cemetery. Short was the funeral service, the chill November wind her only requiem. But when the mourners had departed a ragged boy stole from his hiding place among the tombs, and falling prone upon that little grave burst into tears. And when he too had departed for the city now doubly desolate to him, a handful of humble flowers were scattered on that grave.

There were Jaggers' tribute to the memory of the child he loved.

—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

### HAM AND EGGS BY TELEGRAPH.

**The Curious New Device in Use in a New York Hotel to Send Meals.**

There is one hotel in New York at whose office one hears a wide departure from the old and unvaried cry of "Front," "Take this to 247," or "See what 90 wants." At this hotel the clerk hears the tick of a muffled bell behind him, turns from the counter, glances at a dial about twice the size of the face of an ordinary nickel clock, and immediately behaves as if he could see through all the walls between him and the guests' rooms, and could read the mind of any guest in the bargain. Click, goes the bell.

"James, take up a Manhattan cocktail to 47," says the clerk. Click, goes the bell "Boy," says the clerk, "take up two soft-boiled eggs to Mr. Tompkins," or "Johnny, run up and say to 363 that it is ten minutes after 10 o'clock." Any visitor who spends an hour near the clerk's desk will be amazed at the variety of orders that will be given to the hall-boys without the clerk's hearing a word from any room by telephone, telegraph, speaking-tube or any other means.

The explanation is at once simple and peculiar. Some genius has invented a device that he calls by a Greek name, and which is operated automatically by an electric battery exactly as the old-fashioned hotel annunciators are. In each room in the hotel is a dial with a movable arrow, like a clock hand. On the dial are printed the names of everything a guest would be at all likely to want—all the drinks that ever were heard of, paper, envelopes, telegraph blanks, "help," doctor, police, chambermaid, messenger boy, eggs, toast, milk, soup, oysters, breakfast, dinner, tea—in fact, every eatable in common demand—a city directory, the daily papers, playing cards, cigars, cigarettes, chewing tobacco, a barber—in short, everything in a list of 100 or 150 necessaries. The guest pulls the arrow to the name of whatever he wants, and by pressing a button registers his demand on the dial behind the clerk's desk. The only purpose it serves is to save time in the execution of orders.

—Vitality and color are restored to weak and gray hair, by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Through its cleansing and healthy qualities, it prevents the accumulation of dandruff, and cures all scalp diseases. d

Clara—John, I don't believe you love me any more. John—Why? Clara—You never turn down the gas now when we sit in the rocking-chair.

—Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

In olden times the Scotch reckoned the value of a man in cows. Nowadays we reckon it in hogs, and the less hog a man is the more he is valued.

—If people, troubled with colds, will take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral before going to church, they will avoid coughing. The Pectoral soothes and heals the irritated tissues, and controls all disposition to cough. ed

Some men never know how big they are until they have got nominated or how small they are until the votes are counted up.

—A Trinity of Evils, Biliousness, constipation and dyspepsia usually exist together. By disciplining the liver and toning the stomach simultaneously, they can be eradicated. The promptitude and thoroughness with which Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great blood purifier removes this trinity of physical evils is a fact widely appreciated throughout Canada.

**Crushed.**

*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Fogg—"Do you notice those two bugs crawling over the butter?" Landlady—Certainly; do you know which one you resemble?" Fogg—"Well, no." Landlady (chillingly)—"The one that is behind."

A poet sings, "How shall I paint my sweetheart?" Save your little earnings. She will attend to that matter herself.

—There is no necessity of passing a sleepless night and annoying the entire household with that cough, as West's Cough Syrup will cure you like magic. The best known remedy for coughs, colds, consumption in its early stages, and all throat and lung diseases. All druggists. 25c, 50c and $1 per bottle. ed

The bicycle is sometimes called the whirling wheel, but the real whirling veal is a calf chasing its own tail.

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Isn't it paradoxical that the best way to keep a young lady's affections is to return them?

—All enterprising druggists wishing to supply their customers with the best keep West's Cough Syrup and recommend it, as it is the best made. ed

—That the oyster is nutritious,
Quite exquisitely delicious,
Is a statement that can never be denied.
But he suddenly grew vicious;
Toward the stomach quite malicious,
When he's fried.


## XMAS CARDS FOR NOTHING

Mail the Morse Soap Co., Toronto, 10 Morse's "Mottled" wrappers for Set No. 1 Christmas cards, or 20 wrappers for set No. 2. 136

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BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
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Just Arrived—Parian marble busts of statesmen, composers, authors and poets, busts of the Ancients; Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Bright, Cobden, Handel, Wagner, Hayden, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and Mozart, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and Longfellow, Goethe and Schiller, Tom Moore, Tennyson, Burns, Milton, Shakespeare and Dante. Busts of Clytie, Hebe, Ariadne, Apollo, etc.

Statuettes in great variety. Also a beautiful assortment in Art China of celebrated houses; Worcester Royal, Royal Derby, Crown China, Hungarian and Dresden China.

A visit to the warerooms of China Hall is worthy the attention of buyers.

Glover Harrison, Importer.

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1050 Overcoats, all sorts, to choose from.
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Buy good Stylish Suits.
Boys' $2. Youths' and Mens' $3.50 upwards. Big Bargains. 456

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STYLISH AND ARTISTICAL.
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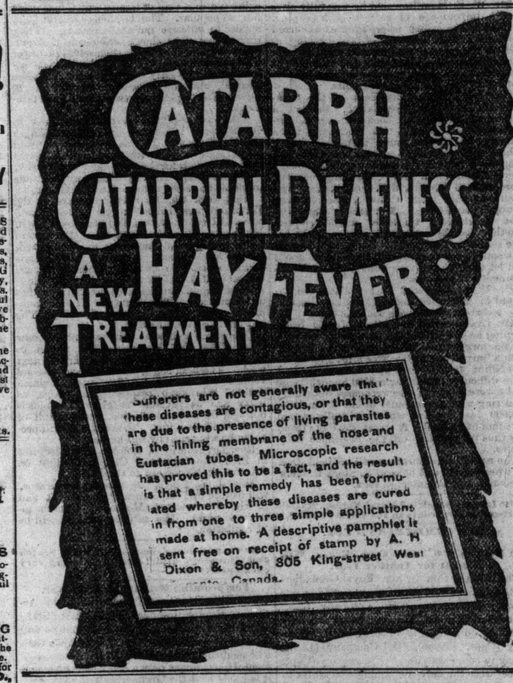


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