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TORONTO VANITY FAIR.

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Ah! There!

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For sale at P. C. Allan's, 35 King street West, and the principal newsdealers everywhere.

Anything a man could do to roll up an immense majority for E. E. Sheppard in West Toronto, would be but his duty, and what Mr. Sheppard deserves. He is a man who stands up boldly and says, "I am E. E. Sheppard—support me," he does not appeal to any family compact or relations. He believes in discussion and he invites criticism, takes his medicine like a man, and does not dance a war-dance and hanger for a scalp every time a man differs with him. He is honest and earnest, and seeks to deserve success. But he is a busy man, and he will waste no time at arguing with charlatans.

The frightful, death-dealing accident, on the American Railroad last week, must carry with it a moral, that he who runs may read. Death, that unwelcome and unbidden guest, too often comes as a thief in the night, and if we are not ready, it matters naught to him. Let us decide then, while it is yet day for night comes apace.

"Come to me, Lord, when first I wake,
As the faint lights of morning break;
Bid purest thoughts within me rise
Like crystal dewdrops in the skies.

Come to me in the sultry noon—
Or earth's low communings will soon
Of Thy dear face eclipse the light,
And change my fairest days to night.

Come to me in the evening shade—
And if my heart from Thee hast strayed,
Oh, bring it back, and from afar
Shine on me like Thine evening star.

Come to me in the midnight hour,
When sleep withholds her balmy power;
Let my lone spirit find its rest,
Like John, upon my Saviour's breast.

Come to me through life's varied way,
And when its pulses cease to play,
Then, Saviour, bid me come to Thee,
That where Thou art Thy child may be."

The old science palministry, has for some time been the craze in New York society circles. Foolish as it may seem to some, there yet is no line on the human face, hand, or foot that is not a faithful chart of the character. Each line is moulded and formed by some emotion, and all that is needed to tell the tale, is a skillful interpreter. A stout hand denotes coarseness, the long delicate hand, refinement. Tapering forefingers and little fingers indicate great sensibility, and indeed genius.

There seems to be every prospect of Mr. Hamden's Club in Chicago, numbering as it now does, over two hundred, reviving the knee-breeches of the past generation. Those bungling and ill-looking trousers of to-day, might well be banished, and the fashion that was inaugurated for a miserable prince, whose mal-formed kness necessitated a covering, may be consigned to the care of the dim and distant past, without causing a pang of regret to any one. We will willingly place our columns, and give any assistance we can to those, who will endeavor to revive the knee-breeches in Canada.

BY THE WAY.

I see that you are taking note of the towns all along the line. We must rouse up—we must be on the alert—when we know that "A chiefs amang us takin' notes," especially when we know that "he'll prent 'em." It makes us want your paper too, to see what he has said of us, and others.

So you have declared against all manner of back-biting and evil speaking; I am glad that you will not be a mouthpiece for any one's spite against his neighbour. Fight it out on that line, and you will have the respect of right-minded people.

No doubt you Torontonians find the weather a fine topic of conversation. We do, though the weather is never very long fine. Our winter is showing as many varieties as Mark Twain's New England weather; he