

# The Scrap Bag

When I want to go down the river I take the steamer Thames. It suits me the best on the whole, for canoes are vobly, sailboats erratic and rowboats slow. It is a very hot day when you don't get a breath of fresh air and a cooler breeze to reward you for your effort to get to the wharf in time. But there is one slight drawback, alas, about this last-named achievement. To get down to the wharf from whence the steamer Thames leaves too soon, is to stand! Not a vestige of a seat or bench anywhere for unfortunate who have inherited the gift of punctuality in large quantities. This world is chiefly remarkable to me for the great scarcity of seats which prevails. But that wharf at the foot of Dundas street beats all the other barren spots on earth, unless it be the Sahara, and even there one would probably be provided with a camel. I never keep boats and trains waiting; at least, that is I never ask them to, because I know they won't. If I want to indulge my little vice I wait till I am dealing with human flesh and blood. Well, then, I started off the other day to catch the after-dinner boat, but must have been a little too early, or the river was humming up its back again, or something which made the boat late, so I started to look for a seat. Now, it's a strange thing, but I can always find a place to sit down, let Fortune place me where she will, but this time I was almost reduced to the proverbial plumb, for not so much as a stick, piece of board or a brick was discernible with the naked eye. Leaning up against the picket railings of the fence I was forced to acknowledge defeat at last, while my fainting spirit yearned for support, even that of a cracker box. The steamer itself was well supplied with seats, even rocking-chairs, and seat for the weary is also to be found at Springbank. If the proprietors of this trip would now supply the landing at the foot of Dundas street with a few seats (nothing elaborate—common benches and boxes would do), one of the most charming and refreshing excursions in this part of the country would be quite ideally complete.

A rug and the front doorstep are quite the thing these hot evenings in town. The rug, however, should be a Koolah.

Summer is here at last. Keep cool!

The accident that befell the soda cylinders in Hudson which exploded because they were left lying in the sun should be a warning to those who fill themselves with soda water and walk in the sun on a hot and cloudless summer day.

A long time ago the wedding ring was worn on the forefinger, and was thickly studded with precious stones. People who have seen the old pictures of the Madonna in Rome will remember that in one of two of them there is a glistening ring on the forefinger of her right hand, but with Christianity came the wearing of the wedding ring on the third finger rather than the first. The old story of there being a vein that runs from that finger to the heart is nonsense. Its use originated in this way: The priest first put it on the thumb, saying, "In the name of the Father"; on the forefinger, adding, "In the name of the Son"; on the second finger, repeating, "In the name of the Holy Ghost," and on the third finger, ending with "Amen," and there it stayed.—Chicago Tribune.

"This is a hot summer," said Jingles, as he and Mr. Wilton sat on the piazza. "Yes," said Wilton, with a nod at Mrs. Wilton, mounting her bicycle out on the driveway—"Yes, but if Mrs. Wilton does not take care, I think we shall have an early fall."

The London Daily News prints a growl from an old Scotch golfer: "I am greatly pained to hear the name of the royal and ancient game habitually mispronounced by noVICES in England, who persist in sounding the letter 't' in 'fore' man really hasn't every green," from John O. Crockett, "Airie," it remains silent in the mouth of the player and caddy alike. It would be as correct to accentuate the "r" in "sail" or "elf" as in "golf," which, by the way, is actually spelled "goit," and sometimes "gowd," in the old burgh records. Can you do anything to set the playing public right in this matter?"

It is related that a certain man was recently very sad because his wife had gone on a visit, which she would not shorten in spite of his appeals to come home. He finally hit upon a plan to induce her to return. He sent her a copy of each of the local papers with one item clipped out, and asked her to find out what it was he had clipped from the papers, refused to tell her. The scheme worked admirably. In less than a week she was home to find out what it was that had been clipped from that her husband did not want her to know about.

Snogs—Was it not disgraceful the way Snogs snored in church today? Stugs—I should think it was. Why, he woke us all.

**DAILY HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.**  
All common things, each day's events  
That with the hour begin and end,  
Our pleasures and our discontents  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.  
—Longfellow.

**BREAKFAST**—Bananas and Lemon Juice. Light Rolls. Beef Stew. Cucumbers. Raspberry Marmalade. Coffee.  
**DINNER**—Sliced Ham. Lettuce. Mashed Potatoes. String Beans. Boiled Onions. Spiced Currants. White and Graham Bread. Blueberry Pudding.  
**SUPPER**—Bread and Butter. Prunes. Oatmeal Jelly. Cream. Cakes. Tea.

**BLUEBERRY PUDDING.**  
A sifted three cups of flour and heaping teaspoon of baking powder; stir into one pint of milk; add beaten egg; salt; three cups blueberries; cream two hours; add buttered milk; serve with hard or liquid sauce.

To Can Pineapple—Prepare as for the table. Cook until tender, adding water to cover. One cup sugar to a quart can.

Fashion is not often kind to the poverty-stricken ones in her domain, but this season she has made a decided move in our favor, by smiling upon the old-fashioned alpaca gowns. For this material means much to us. It has that soft, shimmering effect sought after these days, and is very serviceable, also, since it does not crush or wear rough. In fact, it is an ideal material for one who must look well to the wherewith she will be clothed.

If you wish a charming gown get one of white alpaca, with perfectly plain skirt and tight-fitting waist. Have it made with a plain stock collar. Have made also, a jacket as shown in the illustration, of blue serge. The jacket is shorter than those worn last year, and is gored below the waist line. It has peculiar square revers—the upper ones of the white alpaca—which are slashed and edged with braid.

The hat worn with this costume is of

rough blue straw. Into the trimming is introduced that combination of blue and green which is so fashionable.

It, however, you wish to wear the gown on a dressy indoor occasion, you may cross the bodice with a Marie Antoinette fleche of some delicately colored chiffon, or you may wear a broad sailor collar and with it a front of soft, lacey material, and so on.

Given such a foundation, it is unnecessary for me to tell the ingenious Canadian girl what she may do with her gown.

**The Deadly Hat Pin.**  
A young lady, writing from Hamilton, asks us if we know of anything better than the ordinary hat pin for keeping a lady's hat on while riding against a brisk breeze. We regret to say we do not. We wish we did. The use of maulage and binder's glue has been found impractical. Strings on a hat are not supposed to be just the fashionable thing, so the riders throw them out of the question. So the old-fashioned hat pin is all there is left. Any one who has ever had the real nerve force and stoical bravery to watch a woman pin her hat on will wish that the present method of fastening it might give way to something less distressing.

Men are very wise and all that sort of a thing, but the bowdlerized sex hasn't a representative who could thrust a hat pin about with the reckless abandon women do without jabbing his brains out. Just where a woman hides her head when she pins her hat on is a deep mystery. You fancy you know where it is, or ought to be, but when you see her sticking terrible shafts of pointed steel this way and that, through her hat, you are forced to conclude that her head isn't there, or if it is that her brain has been pierced by the awful harp. It is no uncommon sight to see old soldiers who have looked unimpaired upon a score of fearful battles, turn their face toward the wall and refuse to watch a woman pin her hat on. As a matter of course it doesn't seem just right that the men folk must build the fires, pay taxes, do all the voting and trundle the baby buggy, but so long as they do not have to wear feminine hat pins they should blush to complain of their lot. The average man really hasn't got brains enough to stick pins through his hat the way a woman does and miss them. There are a whole lot of people waiting for a substitute for the hat pin.

**Sachets of Sweet Clover.**  
Everyone who has spent a childhood in what is called "the real country," or anyone who is fortunate enough to return thither for the summers of later life is familiar with the delicious odor of sweet clover. It is pleasant to learn that the herb will keep away moths if strewn among woollen garments when they are put away for the hot months. Sweet clover makes delightful sachets for any bureau drawers, and has a fresh and wholesome scent, like the lavender which English housewives spread in the linen closet. By the way, it may not be generally known that one may slightly perfume water by holding in it a damask rose, held downward, for a few moments. This is thoroughly in luxurious good taste to do, with finger-bowls, and with water in the pitcher in a sleeping apartment.

**Seeing Ourselves and Others.**  
How often one whispers to oneself, "O, how some power the gift of eyes," and the rest of it. One's friends are so apt to comment upon the very thing in others which one has sadly marked in themselves, as a woman of good family has often been heard to insist upon her favorite dictum, "Blood will tell," while all her acquaintance wonder what it tells in her case, as they agree that she is the rudest, the most careless in behavior, and the farthest from elegance of anyone of their circle. Yet she holds to her dear saying with determination, as if it were a talisman to make all the world see her as she sees herself, which, as some wit has observed, is what we want, after all, and not Burns' famous thought. It is humiliating to reflect that we, in our turn, may be causing as much surprise, if not amusement, to others by our inconsistency as others do to us.

**Half-Moon Vases of Cut Glass.**  
Half moon vases are among the prettiest forms for table decoration, either in the exquisite cut glass or in the cheaper porcelain. They may stand at the corners of the board or two sets to make a perfect circle in the center of the table. Small and short stemmed flowers are the only ones which show well in these dishes, but violets, English daisies, pansies or nasturtiums are lovely indeed.

## GOWNS OF LIGHTNESS.

The Web in Which the Summer Girl Garbs Herself.

Lawns, batistes, muills, chiffon, organdies, everything, in fact, that is light and airy, is what the summer girl wears. Mannish garb she has left behind this season; she has spun for herself clouds of some dainty, shimmering material, in which she floats, rather than walks, and dazzles the eyes and entangles the heart of man.

Lace and guipure are favorites for trimming, and they, with the ribbons and foundation silk, make a gown, otherwise



AN ENCHANTING ROSEBUD.

Inexpensive, rather costly. A maiden whose purse is limited, looks in despair at the silk foundations. Saten, or some thin, glossy lining material, is much less expensive, however, and answers the purpose equally well, when used under lawn, organdy or batiste.

A very pretty gown seen at Saratoga yesterday was simply made of white lawn over a pink slip. The skirt was accented, plaited, the waist has a plain yoke and a berth of lawn full on beneath. The shoulder seams were very long. The sleeve proper started half way down the upper arm, where a fall of lace outlined the arm-hole of the waist. The short, dumpy puffs which formed the sleeves, ended at the elbow with a ruche of pink silk. Another fall of lace outlined the yoke, while the stock collar of pink silk and a belt of the same material completed the costume. No, that is wrong. What did complete the costume were the Leghorn hat with roses, and the bunch of pink and white roses which mingled with the lace on her gown.

They made her look the veritable rosebud that she was.

**To Make It Naturally Curly.**

It's all very well to talk about straight locks being the right thing now, but stick-out-short-ends are no prettier than they ever were. Tight frizzes are not permitted, but loose natural turns are still a graceful finish and there is just one sure way to accomplish them. Wind the locks from the very end in a flat, close wad. Be sure the very tip of the lock is snugly curved down in the very center of the little mat the turns make. Fold up the mat in a square of tissue paper. Press it, paper and hair at night before you go to bed and let it stay in the paper all night.

In the morning, the paper unfolded, down will tumble the lock, glossy and curved into a loose series of rounds, as different as can be from the quirk of corners that passes for the usual artificial curl. No matter how long or how short the lock, it will come from this treatment "natural," and what is more, it will seem to hold the curls coming out in a pretty loosening of the curve instead of in sharp angles.

All this takes time though, and a shorter way and almost as good is to wind the lock over a roll of silk, being sure the tip of the lock curves under snugly. The difference between the natural and the coaxed curl is all in the curve of the tip. No natural curl over starts to coil, screw right from the scalp, though a wave or so may show there. So devote all attention to the rounding of the ends.

If an iron is used let it be a good-sized round and not scorching. Dampen the hair slightly and curl slowly. Slip the lock from the iron and let it stay pinned in a close gathered round for a little while, at any rate till it cools. This hold the curl, it will come from this treatment "natural," and what is more, it will seem to hold the curls coming out in a pretty loosening of the curve instead of in sharp angles.

**Christian Science in the Catskills.**  
Up among the Catskills there is a settlement of artists and literary people, founded by the Thubers and by Candace Wheeler. It is a spot beautiful by nature and adorned by art until it deserves the name, fondly given it by its habitués, of Paradise Regained. But the snake creeps into all earthly edens, and in Ontario it comes in the form of a some bad or other. Last year it was the everlasting suffrage question; the park was divided into two camps, under the leadership of Mrs. Laurence Hutton, who was an "Anti," and of Mrs. Runkle, who was a vehement upholder of woman's rights. This season it is Christian Science which has set the good Ontarians agog. Some of them compare their meetings and conversations together on the subject to the gathering together of the early Christians. A stranger frank to seize those particular folk could scarcely be conceived.

**Woman as a Cabby.**  
The idea of a woman driving a hansom cab was recently frowned down in London, and the young gentleman in reduced circumstances who could do anything else was refused a license by the commissioners of police. This was supposed to be purely a sentimental grounds. It was pointed out, however, that a woman would be as free from annoyance on the top of the hansom cab as in walking through the streets and that there are more unwomanly occupations followed by women than that of driving a cab. The end is not yet.

**Reversing the Axiom.**  
The mother of the nineteenth century has brought up her daughters to match some other mother's sons. The mother of the twentieth century will have to bring up her sons to match some other woman's daughters. This is contrary to George Eliot's oft-quoted theory that "God Almighty made the women to match the men."

Druggists say that their sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla exceed those of all others. There is no substitute for Hood's.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 4.

Text of the Lesson, Num. xiii, 17-20, 23-25—Memory Verses, 20—Golden Text, Num. xiv, 9—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

17. Having left Horeb, where they had been so long encamped, they came to Kadesh-barnea, on the south border of the land, which was 11 days' journey from Horeb. Here the people asked that spies might be sent to search out the land and bring word to the best way to enter (Deut. i, 2, 21, 22). It seems strange that Moses should be pleased with this thought of sending spies when God had said that it was a good and large land flowing with milk and honey (Ex. iii, 8), and when God Himself always went before them in the cloud, but we remember the story of Elisha.

18. Since God had testified as to the land and had said that He would give it to them, what did it matter whether the inhabitants were few or many, strong or weak? Had not the God of Israel shown them His power in Egypt and at the Red sea, and was not His presence a sufficient assurance? But they did so forget God, just as we do.

19. It looks as if they were going to see if God meant what He said, and if He was as good as His word (Ex. xiii, 8; xxxiii, 2, 3). But one may say, Why find fault with the spies when God commanded them (verses 1, 2)? But a little attention to Deut. i, 23, will show that God only permitted them to have their own way in this matter, as He did afterward in that of a king (I Sam. viii, 6, 7, 21, 22).

20. It seems odd to tell them to be of good courage when unbelief was sending them forth. It requires faith in God to make any one to be of good courage, but going to see if His word was true would hardly tend to courage. Listen to Paul in the storm at sea when everything seemed against him, "I believe God, that it shall be even as it is told me" (Acts xxvii, 35).

23, 24. One would think that all fears would be dispelled by a visit to the very place where Abraham, Isaac and Jacob lay buried. How could they help thinking of the faith of Abraham and being strengthened thereby? Then such grapes and pomegranates and figs—how could their hearts help crying out, "It is all just as He said!"

Some one has suggested that these two carrying the grapes make us think of the Old and New Testaments—the one ahead did not see what he was carrying, but the one behind saw both the one ahead and the grapes too. Yet both carried the same fruit. Jesus, the True Vine, is the burden of the whole book, but is more clearly revealed in the New Testament.

25. "And they returned from searching of the land after 40 days." And because of their unbelief they, though so nearly possessing the land, were turned back into the wilderness to wander for 40 years, a year for each day (Num. xiv, 34). Some one will say a deeper meaning in all the "forty day" experiences of Scripture.

26, 27. They could not but bring a good report of the land; they could not say aught else concerning it than "Surely it floweth with milk and honey, and this is the fruit of it." God always means what He says, and we are perfectly safe in taking Him at His word. When He makes a statement, we must either honor Him by our belief, or dishonor Him by our unbelief and make Him a liar (I John v, 10). Rather let us believe His every word, and thus set to our seal that God is true.

28, 29. "Nevertheless the people be strong." And so they talk of the giants, and all the inhabitants of the land and the walled cities. God had mentioned these nations and said that He would drive them out (Ex. xxiv, 11). Observe His sevenfold "I will," beginning and ending with "I am Jehovah," in Ex. vi, 6-8, and see what desperate unbelief these men were guilty of in putting the least obstacle before the people, instead of the living God who had already done so wonderfully for them. It is refreshing to turn to Caleb, and listen to him.

30. Let us go up at once and possess it, for we are well able to overcome them. Here is confidence in God, and it is well founded—it rests on His power who made all things and of whom the prophet said, "Ah, Lord God, behold Thou hast made the heaven and the earth by Thy great power and stretched out arm, and there is nothing too hard for Thee" (Jer. xxxii, 17). These encouraging words by which Caleb sought to still the people were from his heart (Josh. xiv, 12), for he wholly followed the Lord.

31. "We be not able to go up against the people, for they are stronger than we." It was not a question of "they and we," but only of them and God. He who brought them out of Egypt was able to bring them into Canaan, and in that light Caleb and Joshua saw it, for they said, "The Lord is with us; fear them not" (xv, 9). Until we have won our own inability to save ourselves, we will not be likely to let the Lord save us, and until we have learned our inability to keep ourselves we will not know the joy of His keeping power. We want a deeper knowledge and experience of all that is included in the words, "Not I, but Christ."

32, 33. "They and we" was to the unbelievers suggestive of giants and grasshoppers, and resulted in much weeping and murmuring on the part of the people, and a call for a new captain who would lead them back to Egypt, so that the Lord had to say to Moses, "How long will it be ere they believe Me, for all the signs which I have shewed among them?" (xv, 11). If we place ourselves face to face with our difficulties, we will oftentimes be discouraged, but when we place our difficulties face to face with God, then victory is sure, and peace and joy are ours. The matter that He makes His own is as good as accomplished. In quietness and in confidence is our strength (Isa. xxx, 15).

**Artistic Treatment.**  
A famous landscape painter had to call in a doctor to see his wife, who was suffering from bronchitis. After he had examined the patient the doctor recommended the husband to take a small brush, dip it in tincture of iodine and lightly paint the lady's back with it. The artist took up his brush, and, after dipping it in the tincture, proceeded to carry out the doctor's prescription. But his artistic temperament soon got the better of his sick nursing qualities. Mistaking his wife's back for a canvas, instead of simply applying the lotion he sketched out a landscape and put in all the details of color. The patient, finding the operation a rather lengthy one, asked her husband if he had not finished. And the latter, receding a few steps to examine his work, replied, "Another day or two, and then I can put it in the frame."—Messaggero.

## ACCIDENTS IN SWALLOWING.

Some Queer Cases that Come to the London Hospitals.

The doctors of the London hospitals have an incredible number of patients who have swallowed strange things. Of course, children are most frequent sufferers. The commonest object that they swallow are small metal whistles and tin "squeakers." The most dangerous of toys for very young children are the India rubber balloons which can be inflated by means of a small mouthpiece. These can most readily be drawn in by the breath, and then each succeeding respiration inflates the rubber bag. These have caused scores of deaths, and so have thimbles. A child sees its mother's bright thimble, and there is no worse article to swallow. Among grown-up people, young women of the domestic and working class are the most frequent patients this being because they habitually carry small articles in their mouths, and are often prone to what is called "larking." Only a week or two ago a cook in a West End mansion swallowed a small glass vial containing flavoring essence. The physicians have not been able to do anything for her yet. One of the strangest cases of this kind on record was that of a gentleman who about two years ago was treated at one of the London hospitals, he having swallowed a tiny live tortoise. He had bought several of these creatures and was amusing his children by pretending to eat them alive, and so on, when he actually swallowed one. It was several days before the creature was even killed. Scores of these cases come to the public bars, where people seem fond of attempting silly tricks with coins, nails, and rings. The present Earl of Granville has below his vest a half crown swallowed during the course of a conjuring entertainment, when he was a lad. Only the other day a man died at Greenwich through swallowing one of the noisy toys called a siren, and no medical aid could save him.

**DID THEY BURN WITCHES?**

Assertion Often Made by the Ill-Informed Denied.

The Boston Journal publishes correspondence between Albert Clarke and the Rev. William E. Barton, in which the former says that Mr. Barton has been quoted as saying in a speech in that city on Monday: "It was frequently urged against them (the Puritans) that they had burned witches. So they did, but they abandoned that practice 50 years before it was given up in England," etc. Mr. Clarke continues: "If you referred to any executions in Massachusetts by burning at the stake, I think you will confer a favor upon me by giving the history of the case. I know it is a common impression that such executions took place, and, though I do not claim to be familiar with the history, I remember Senator Hoar replying to a taunt of such barbarity in Massachusetts made by a southern Senator—I think the late Benjamin Hill, of Georgia—about fourteen years ago, that no witch or person accused of witchcraft was ever burned at the stake in Massachusetts. As Senator Hoar is an accurate scholar, and would be unlikely to be mistaken about a matter of so much importance in the history of his native State, it occurs to me that possibly you spoke from an early impression gained in a distant State, and from the common belief, without having looked up the record."

To this Mr. Barton makes a positive disclaimer, saying: "I am glad that I did not say yesterday or at any other time that the Puritans 'burned' witches. I have frequently corrected that error. While I was editor of the Central Congregationalist I challenged the statement made by Rev. J. T. Christian in his volume on the Baptists, and I think I corrected the same impression in a paper on the 'Bibliotheca Sacra.' I am on record in print on that subject, and the slip was the reporter's. I said, in substance, that hanging witches 200 years ago by the cousins of the men who burned a woman and a witch in Ireland two weeks ago."

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