

## ARRIVAL AT HAMILTON.

Lady Aberdeen's Trip Through Canada  
With a Kodak.

### FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE AMBITIOUS CITY.

(From Onward and Upward for May.)

That was a mistake when I said the boat was waiting for us at Lachine! I must have been thinking of the Lachine Rapids, which are one of the sights which all right-minded visitors to Montreal go and see, and down which they generally descend in a steamer. We had fully intended to include them in our programme, but want of time and heavy rain prevented our going, and so I cannot give you the description of an eye-witness.

We determined to make the most of our last day at Montreal, and so, instead of joining the boat either at Montreal itself or at Lachine, we left late in the afternoon by train to Coteau, about 30 miles west of the city. There we had ordered a "machine" to meet us to drive us for the mile and a half between the station and the river. But our "machine" did not turn up, and we fell to the mercy of a youthful Jehu, with an extremely shaky and antiquated trap, who took a mischievous pleasure in leading us ever and anon in deep black ruts in which the road abounded, looking back with a twinkle to enjoy the anxious glances of his passengers at the angle in which the frail wheels found themselves during these plunges. But the rough transit did not blind our eyes to the peaceful French Canadian scenes through which we were passing, nor to the gorgeousness of the golden sunset which was glorifying the whole landscape. Soon we were established in our new abode, the Corcoran, with its clean cabins and attentive stewards, and its genial, sailor-like captain, who had been navigating the river for twenty-eight years, but who came originally from Maidenhead. He was good enough to invite us to his own upper deck, near the steersman's cabin, and once having clambered up the precipitous ladder which led thither, we enjoyed a magnificent view. That first evening was lovely; the glow of the sunset melting into full moonlight in an incredibly short space of time, and we sat and sketched, and congratulated ourselves on having taken the boat instead of the hot stuffy train. Next day was too hazy and grey for a proper view of the far famed Thousand Islands, through which the Corcoran threaded her passage. No name could better describe the scene than the Thousand Islands. The broad river, which, at places, is seven miles across, is literally studded with islands of all shapes and sizes, some scarcely more than a rock on which a bush has taken root, others large enough to maintain a small colony. Nearly every island has its villa and its flag, and its little pier with brightly colored pleasure boats lying around. Steam launches ply busily from one point to another, whistling importantly their approach; fishermen are seen pursuing their craft devotedly in every little bay. The air resounds with the laughter of picnic parties, for this is one of the great holiday haunts of the Americans, both from the north and south of the St. Lawrence, and at night the villas and the hotels vie one with another as to who can best illuminate their respective islands. It is, therefore, a gay and attractive scene that the river presents at this point, but we agreed that it has not the same imposing beauty that we saw further east. But now, in the afternoon, we are approaching Kingston, full of historical associations from the old days of Frontenac onwards. The little picture does not do it justice, for it commands the river in a most picturesque way. Our captain told us we could have just two hours ashore, and so we hurried off, desirous first of all to assure ourselves of the well-being of a daughter of one of Lord Aberdeen's tenants who had emigrated hither two or three years back. We found her happy and bright, and quite a Canadian, giving her verdict in favor of the "new country" most emphatically. She had been with the same mistress ever since she came out, and appeared a great favorite with the latter. Having received this further testimony in favor of the emigration to Canada of the right sort of hard-working girls, we proceeded round the sights of the town, under the guidance of a genuine Irish cabman who did the honors impartially of the Barracks, of the Military College, of the Martello Towers, and of the Penitentiary and the Lunatic Asylum and the Queen's College—this latter being a Presbyterian University presided over by the well-known and eloquent Principal Grant. Then, after a comfortable little tea at the hotel, we scurried back in good time before the bell of departure sounded, and we sailed out into Lake Ontario in the rays of the setting sun in the happy delusion that we were to glide over waters as smooth as the river which we had just left, still we found ourselves at Toronto, which we were to reach next morning.

Alas for our hopes! We descended to supper, but scarcely were we seated, than swish-swash came a wave through the port hole, sweeping over glasses and plates in its passage. We do not know much of what happened in the supper saloon after that. We were each alone in our narrow berth bawling our folly for having trusted the treacherous waters instead of having taken bag and baggage to the train at Kingston. But, at three in the morning, hark, what is that whistle? What is that welcome clanking of a chain? Are we stopping? Yes, indeed. And is there any chance of escape? The thought occurred simultaneously to two passengers, who appeared with wet faces and dishevelled hair at the door of their cabins at the same time, and confronted one another with the same question. The thought was quickly put into action, after Lord Aberdeen had obtained the kindly co-operation of the captain, who even refrained from scoffing at such deserters, and admitted that it had come up a pretty stiff and unexpected gale. And a few minutes later we were left rejoicing on a deserted pier with naught but a tea-kettle, a plaid, and an umbrella in our hands. But a Robinson Crusoe inhabited that pair—as fate would have it, he was Crusoe by name—but he was like his namesake in hospitality also, and in his ability for making the best of whatever strangers came his way. He

asked not our name or our business, but made us free of the office which he occupied as agent for the steamboats. He asked us if we wanted anything, he provided us with money, he volunteered to stir up a cab in the town to fetch us to the station a couple of hours later, and he showed us his method of getting water out of the lake by means of a soda-water bottle with a long string around the neck. What say you to this as a specimen of Canadian hospitality and courtesy? The recipients of it were, anyway, genuinely grateful, and very joyfully did we balance ourselves on the edge of the pier, in the dark, and in the midst of the gale, and fish for water, and then make our tea in the shelter of the office, listening to the storm outside. To prevent you from thinking us too cowardly sailors, I give you a picture of a vessel battling with a gale on one of the great Canadian lakes—it is no joke, I assure you, and if you are not good sailors, remember our advice and keep to the train when you come out to Canada. Mr. Crusoe was as good as his word, and in due course a cabman who had been unwillingly aroused out of his early morning slumbers appeared, and about 5 a. m. we boarded a train bound west, in which with difficulty we found a corner among the half-awake passengers who had been travelling all night. From the window we caught a glimpse of our poor ship ploughing her way through the waves, and we congratulated ourselves afresh on our escape. We got long before her to Toronto, but not even here at the Queen city did we halt. We went to make acquaintance with her a few days later under more auspicious circumstances, and so we only stopped long enough to change from one train to another, which, skirting along a lake brought us, after an hour's journey, within sight of a most attractive first view of our new Canadian home, you shall not see this view yet. I will put you down on the platform at Hamilton, and we will go on to "Highfield" and prepare breakfast and a warm reception for you.

### EXCUSES BY WHOLESALE.

An Indulgent Parent Who Was Tired of Writing Letters.

"Pa," said Johnny, as he was preparing to start for school, "I want you to give me a note to the teacher."

"What for?"

"To excuse my being absent yesterday."

"Look here, Johnny, that's about the sixteenth note I've had to give you this term. Why didn't you go to school yesterday?"

"Oh, 'cause I was late starting and couldn't get there in time. You can say I was sick or something, can't you?"

"Well, I suppose I can tell some kind of a lie. Let's see, I've given you colds, coughs, chilblains, measles, sore throats and pretty nearly all those ailments. This note business makes me tired. It's always 'Pa, I want a note to the teacher.' I'll give you a note this time, but don't you dare to ask me for another again. I'll put a stop to this note foolishness—see if I don't."

And he sat down, says the Newark Standard, and wrote the following extraordinary communication:

Miss Eudora Briggleswade:

Please excuse Johnny for absence yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, the day after to-morrow, on any and on all future occasions for the rest of his natural life, for the following good and sufficient reasons: Cold, cough, sore throat, rheumatism, toothache, earache, corns, chilblains, broken arm, disto leg, gout, dyspepsia, liver complaint, consumption, cancer, erysipelas, or any of them jointly or severally, as may be or any of them necessary or advisable in accordance with the requirements of educational discipline.—Very respectfully, P. Q. McGORMACK.

"There, Johnny," he said, handing the document to his youthful offspring.

"That'll do the business once for all, and if you ever say 'note' to me again I'll half kill you."

### WHAT THEY WORE.

The Average Man's Ideas of Feminine Apparel.

The seminary where Mrs. Langham's only daughter was a pupil gave a reception at which that lady was unable to be present. Her husband, however, was there, and solemnly promised before he left home to bring back information regarding the prettiest dresses worn by the girls.

"Now," said Mrs. Langham, when he returned, "did Edith look as well as any of the girls?"

"Oh, yes, yes; better than most," said Mr. Langham, briskly.

"What did Jennie Sears wear?"

"Well, I should think that Jenny had on a green sack, or something, and a kind of blue cape over her shoulders."

"A cape and a sack, and at a reception! My dear, do think again!"

"Oh, I'm quite sure of it! I noticed her particularly. And then there was Belle Smith. She had a light blue dress trimmed with purple."

Mrs. Langham regarded her husband in some scorn. "My dear," said she gently, "what did Edith wear?"

"Oh, Edith? That black and white check to be sure, that she wears to school."

"That proves it," she said. "After this I shall know exactly how much to depend on your knowledge of dress. Edith wore a new white muslin. Never mind dear! Go to sleep. We can't all be clever in every direction!"—*Youth's Companion.*

### By Laying on of Hands!

Woman restored to perfect health! Just faith and confidence enough required to lay hold of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, administer it with a little patience and a little perseverance, and complete restoration to health and vitality is ensured. Not far, indeed, from the miraculous, are many of the wonderful cures of lost womanhood it has effected. There are few cases, indeed, within the requirements of sick and suffering women, outside or beyond its helpful influence. So confident are the makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription of its power to heal all female diseases, that they warrant satisfaction in every instance, or refund money. Large bottles \$1.00 (6 for \$5.00); at druggists.

### Mildly Suggestive.

New York Weekly. Mr. Spriggins (gently). My dear, a Washington man was shot by a burglar, and his life was saved by a button which the bullet struck.

Mrs. Spriggins—Well, what of it?

Mr. Spriggins (meekly)—Nothing, only the button must have been on.

Henry Shelton Sanford, ex U. S. Minister to Belgium, is dead.

## "August Flower"

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recommendation of a friend who had used

your preparations with beneficial results, I procured a bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I suffered no bad effects from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has entirely cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form. JAMES E. DEDRICK, Saugerties, New York.

W. B. Utsey, St. George's, S. C., writes: "I have used your August Flower for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent remedy."

### A BEAUTY SHOP

Where Ladies Are Made Beautiful to Order.

A Miss Sheppard who keeps a beauty shop in London, is said to be making money renovating the faces of society women. She has been a masseuse, and thereby has acquired practical experience. Her method is simple, and is the more commendable that, after the necessary course of treatment, she teaches ladies the entire process, thus enabling them with a little care to keep their complexions in order. Miss Sheppard begins by washing the face thoroughly in soft tepid water with a honeycomb sponge well soaped with a creamy whiter soap—the last is a specialty, she alone possessing the recipe for making it. A warmer lather is then introduced, when a third and fourth follow, till as hot as can be borne. The face being thus thoroughly cleansed and heated, a yellow white cream, comprising soothing emollients, is then rubbed in, the whole surface gently but firmly massaged, the lines being carefully rubbed in an opposite direction. This friction, it capably done, tends to restore muscular power to any tissues wasted by illness or other causes, giving the becoming rounded contour. Now the face is well rinsed in scented water, removing any particles of grease, then it is steamed by a vaporizer, the fumes of which can be made in various kinds to suit different skins and their requirements. A soft towel should always be used in wiping the skin, and a cooling powder being applied, the complexion has during the process acquired a faster appearance, while it is soft and cool to the touch, thus obviating the great discomfort all must experience from bitter easterly winds. Few people are, perhaps, aware that the face is the most sensitive part of the body, the framework being covered by a network of delicate nerves, arteries and veins, which readily become congested by contact with heat, cold or fatigue. Nothing relieves pain caused in this manner like careful massage on the parts affected. It is true that neuralgia has its seat often in more serious causes, but in many cases it yields readily to surface treatment, and many sufferers would readily testify to the relief given by the process here described.

### Assignments in Ontario.

The Bradstreet Mercantile Agency reports the following assignments in Ontario: Aylmer—Joshua Andrews, carriagemaker, assigned to E. A. Miller, Aylmer. Brantford—O. A. Gillespie, clothing and hats, assigned to E. R. O. Clarkson, Toronto; Clayton Slater & Son, winery mill, assigned to E. R. O. Clarkson, Toronto. Burgessville—C. Collier, general store, assigned and stock, etc., advertised to be sold by public auction on 22nd inst. Grimsby—H. E. Thornhill, jeweller, assigned to W. W. Kidd, Grimsby. London—E. Leonard & Sons, engines and boilers, Hon. E. Leonard deceased; MacBean Bros. (Alex. MacBean only), groceries and liquors, assigned to E. A. O'Leighon, London. Petrolia—John Craig, general store, assigned to M. A. Sanders, Sarnia. Tiverton—J. C. McEwan, general store, assigned to J. A. McPherson, Kincardine. Toronto—W. J. Flynn & Co. (Thos. Flynn only), shoes and tinware, assigned to Thos. Carliale, Toronto; A. Smith, furniture, assigned to Campbell & May, Toronto. Waterloo—Mrs. M. A. Ball, fancy goods and jewellery, assigned to R. E. Gunther, Toronto. Windsor—Enos Moynahan, tobacconist, assigned to J. O. Her, Sandwich.

A Toronto Branch of Promise Case.

Acting on behalf of Mrs. Rebecca Revis, Mr. Nicholas Murphy, Q. C., Wednesday caused to be issued a writ against George Lewis, of No. 321 Davenport road, Toronto, claiming \$5,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage and \$1,000 for wages earned while the plaintiff was in the employ of the defendant. Mrs. Revis is a grass widow, not having heard of her husband for twelve years, and as he is dead in the eyes of the law, she alleges that her employer proposed marriage to her and she accepted. As a consequence of the proposal she received no wages. Mr. Lewis is about 70 years of age, and Mrs. Revis claims to be 45 years old. There are no love letters in the case.

The late Clarence P. Dresser, the Chicago newspaper man to whom Vanderbilts made use of the famous expression "The public be damned," had the unique distinction of carrying more railroad passes than any other person in the country, railroad men not excepted.

### GILT EDGED TEA.

Eighty-Five Dollars a Pound is too Rich for American Blood—Spurious Tea Returned to China.

Just think of paying \$85 a pound for tea, which, it is reported, some Ceylon tea brought at auction in London the other day, says the Philadelphia Times.

A startling proposition, truly, and one that an energetic young man started yesterday to investigate.

China and Japan produce the bulk of the tea used in America, and the prices at retail are from \$1.25 down to tea sittings at 25 cents per pound. The varieties are green, black and mixed. Green tea is produced by pouring a coloring liquid over the plant, which in the cheaper forms is considered dangerous.

In the English market, however, the tea grown in Ceylon and India by British planters, and which naturally has the patronage of the Government, has almost entirely supplanted the China and Japan teas. Both are much stronger than the latter varieties, and the Ceylon tea is said to have a much better flavor. A pound of Ceylon or Indian tea is equal to two or three of the others. In India tea raising is modern, while in Ceylon it is only a late enterprise, yet the island, which is only half the size of the State of New York, now raises half the consumption of the United States.

The people in this country still incline to the China and Japan teas. There are 4,000 tea planters in Ceylon, all belonging to the Central Association of tea planters in Ceylon. But tea, like coffee, is subject to adulteration, and the wholesalers have constantly to be on the lookout for spurious tea. An Act of Congress prohibits the importation of adulterated tea into this country, but loads of it are taken to England. One thousand half chests of tea were landed here last November, which were mixed with the leaves of the akai tree and other ingredients. The tea inspector in New York condemned it, and a Board consisting of an expert, appointed by the consignee, one by Collector Cooper and another appointed by these, found the tea spurious, and it was sent back to China.

High-priced tea never gets to this country, and the dealers who were seen yesterday never heard of tea over \$10 or \$12 a pound. They ridiculed the idea of tea selling at auction or anywhere else for \$85 a pound. The highest priced sold in the country is \$1.25, and it appears to suit even the most fastidious tastes. "Of course," said a prominent front street tea merchant, "you can pay all you want for tea, but no tea has ever been worth, nor do I believe sold, for that money or even any way approximating it."

Kinross St., Brookville, Ont., Jan. 11, 1899: "I was confined to my bed by severe attack of lumbago. A lady friend of mine sent me a part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which I applied. The effect was simply magical. In a day I was able to go about my household duties. I have used it with splendid success for neuralgic toothache. I would not be without it." Mrs. J. RINGLAND.

### Figs and Thistles.

The hypocrite does an immense amount of work for the devil for very small pay.

If an alligator could talk he would probably declare he had a small mouth.

It is hard for a man to serve the Lord as long as the devil has hold of his tongue.

Where there is the right kind of faith there is sure to be the right kind of works.

Every time a Christian goes wrong he makes it harder for some sinner to go right.

The man who seeks for truth will never find very much of it while walking on stilts.

A principle that is wrong is just as wrong in politics as it is in religion.

There is a pleasure greater than making money, and that is in giving it away.

### Skewered and Cured.

"First I was skewered and then I was cured," says Jones, and he laughs heartily over his little joke. Well, let him laugh. Let laugh who wins. He was skewered through and through by dyspepsia and its attendant train of ills. He was cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in the mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, nervous prostration or exhaustion, hot flashes alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant and indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

These are symptoms of Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia or Indigestion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue the cause, if taken according to directions, for a reasonable length of time, or money paid for it will be cheerfully refunded.

### Lovers Are Blind.

Boston Herald: Old gentleman, to suit—You want to marry my daughter, do you, young man?

Young man—Yes, sir.

Old gentleman—Dear me, I gave you credit for being a level-headed young fellow.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church will meet this year at Kingston in June. Extensive preparations are being made for the reception of the 400 delegates who are expected.

### THE ART OF WALKING WELL.

A Gentle Remedy for Gentle Maids Who Lack in Style.

Some girls walk with a spring, some with a swinging carriage, some as though they had on high-heeled shoes, some as if they were breaking in new ones, others slowly creep along, some hobble, and in fact there are very few who walk correctly.

What a glorious thing it would be if there would be organized in some of our big cities in the United States, schools for learning to walk correctly—how it would pay—how well it would be attended!

There is not a mother in the country who is not continually reminding her pretty daughters that if they only walked better they might have more chances to marry.

There is not a mother who has not stood up before her daughters, and paraded up and down before them, showing them "how she walked when she met their father," and how terribly they walk in comparison.

I believe that there is as much character about a woman's walk, and it is as demonstrative of her nature and ways as the daintily gloved hand or booted foot.

A person may be very careful and all that in crossing a muddy thoroughfare, but if she has not that dainty knack of stepping she will undoubtedly spoil all the dresses she may put on.

Watch and criticize yourself very accurately, that you may be able to tell where your faults lie.—Miss L. Agnes Paige, in New York Fashion Bazar.

### Warning to Canadians.

Montreal Herald: According to the Boston Herald forty-eight or fifty short-term temporary orders which granting into existence in a short time in Philadelphia have gone into assignment, and the two stayers are shaky. Canadians whom it is sought to befoul with the same humbug would do well to take notice.

"Certain hard words, made into pills, simply to swell the doctor's bill," are not what constitute Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They are tiny, sugar-coated, purely vegetable pills, as pleasant as confectionery to the taste, and acting upon the stomach and liver gently but effectively, and as naturally as Nature herself. For sick headache, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, and all the resulting diseases, no laxative equal to them has ever been discovered.

A Scotch Lassie May Be Queen. The London Times explains why the people are jubilant over the birth of a daughter to the Duchess of Fife: "What the English especially like is that there is now an heir who has English blood in its veins and not German. The baby is the only pure English in the royal family, and this baby will hold a remarkable position which has not been held by any legitimate grandchild of an English sovereign for hundreds of years. Her rank will be altered by the Queen, will be simply the daughter of a Duke, and as such her title will be lady and not princess."

The use of the candle in the dining-room and parlor increases steadily. The soft light has the reputation of being more becoming to woman's complexion.

### D. O. N. L. 23, 91

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**THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN.**  
CURES  
**RHEUMATISM,**  
Neuralgia, Sciatica,  
Lumbago, Backache,  
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BeWARE OF IMITATIONS.  
NOTICE  
AUTOGRAF OF  
THE GENUINE  
HARTSHORN

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I would be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, J. A. HARRIS, 106 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

**CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED**

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I would be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, J. A. HARRIS, 106 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

**I CURE FITS!** THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure worst cases. Because others have failed I have no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office Address. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address: J. A. HARRIS, 106 West Adelaide St., TORONTO.