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TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

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BEETON, April 12, 1878. VANSICKLE & MANN.

TWO SONNETS.

HER LAUREATE.

am indeed, no theme with you for song—
A poet you, yet not for me your praise—
You crowned another woman with your bays,
Lifting your voice to heaven, triumphant, strong
And fear by future rhymes to do her wrong:
If I should walk beside you in your ways
An echo would pursue us from old days,
And men would say "He loved once, and for long!
So now without great love he is content,
Since she is dead for whom he used to sing,
And daily needs demand their aliment."
Thus some poor bird who strives with broken wing
To soar, then stoops, strength gone and glad life spent,
To any hand that his scant food will bring.

[HEREAFTER.]

In after years a twilight ghost shall fill
With shadowy presence all thy waiting room—
From lips of air thou canst not kiss the bloom,
Yet at old kisses will thy pulses thrill,
And the old longing that thou couldst not kill,
Feeling her presence in the gathering gloom,
Will mock thee with the hopelessness of doom,
While she stands their and smiles, serene and still.
Thou canst not vex her then with passion's pain;
Call, and the silence will thy call repeat,
But she will smile there with cold lips and sweet.
Forgetful of old tortures, and the chain
That once she wore—the tears she wept in vain
At passing from her threshold of thy feet.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

Macmillan's Magazine

SONG OF THE CLAY.

I lie in state,
Incesnate clay,
And on me wait
A long array
That celebrate
My festal day.
Solemn and slow,
About they go,
And say as they pace,
"What a smile on the face!"

Well may I smile with perfect peace,
To greet the hour of my release!
When the thing that vexed me fled,
The stricken mourners murmured. "Dead!"
Dead—what is dead? I lie at rest,
No longer driven and distressed;
The tyrant will at last is still,
That tortured me with good and ill.

Alive, they said, "Alas, how worn!
How sad the face! how full of scorn!"
That was from the soul within,
Tormenting me forever;
Restless, weary, sick with sin,
Mad with vain endeavor.

Now I shall turn to waving grass,
Bending to the airs that pass;
Upward mount in flickering flame;
Sleep in the dust from whence I came;
By warring waves be fiercely hurled;
On wandering winds blow round the world,
And fall again
To the earth in rain—
Soulless motion and soulless rest,
Rid of my soul, I now am blest!

Our Paris Letter.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

The most backward exhibitors continue to be the French themselves, the Parisians being the most laggard among their countrymen. Upwards of 11,000 work-people are daily employed on the palace and grounds, and one-third of that number during the night, but this high pressure will not succeed in completing the works; it will remove a great many eyesores and lessen the number of bald patches in the galleries. In the French sections there are positive bands of desert. The acting commissioners have taken the bull by the horns; all goods unopened in the building, they will unpack, set up themselves, and send the bill of expenses to the exhibitor. The stream of merchandise pouring in necessitates that cases a long time in bond should be placed; if their owners forget the consignment, there is no reason why the authorities ought not to act the part of custodian. The first of May will be observed as a three-quarter day holiday: the rejoicings will be general throughout France in honor of the Fete of the Republic. Cannon will be fired around Paris that will recall January, 1871, and flags will fly from the summit of every pole. Some minor alterations have been made in the ceremony; suffice it to say, that the Marshal will, from an *estrade* erected in the Trocadero Park, proclaim the Exhibition opened, amidst salvoes of artillery, and military music; perhaps huzzas too, though the French do not deal in these kinds of hallelujahs. The public, specially invited, will be distributed along the "lady's mile" of the central alley; on arriving at the opposite extremity, the Marshal will make a kind of half-turn, and retire by one of the side entrances. The visitors may then break the ranks, and do as much of the structure as they can.

The last of the scaffolding is expected to be taken down on the 30th, with no prospect of necessitating re-erection; most of the giant symbolical statues are in place and the *salles* of the Trocadero are being washed and dusted. There will be no official prayers, for France has no official religion, though she endows three different churches. An overture in the shape of a concert could not be organized, France has no trained choruses, and the leviathan organ will not be in full blast before a month, when Fortune's finger may play on any pipe it pleases. The concert-room at the Trocadero is a very beautiful construction, and the ceiling is particularly graceful, the sculptures elegant, and the mosaics charming. Its acoustic properties are reported as next to perfect.

It appears that Don François, ex-King of Spain, is to take precedence of the popular Prince of Wales; there is a second ex-King, the Duc d'Aosta, where will he be stowed away? However, pensioners always in processions, precede the active army. Russia will furnish a grand duke—the most important of her exhibits, add the wags, for her section has quite a Siberian aspect, and perhaps hence the more truthful. Austria is undecided, like her politics, to lend us an arch duke.

The photograph requirement for subscription tickets causes a large flow of bile against M. Krantz, who is believed to be made of iron, like his palace. Many would vote him the heathen for an inheritance, provided he would at once enter upon the enjoyment of the gift. To appease the underswell of discontent, the Marshal has had his two photos taken like any other citizen's; if subscribers remove their beard after handing in the official likeness, why to avoid mistaken identity, they had better have the "clip" in their pocket, as a *piece de conviction*. Bonapartists will naturally keep their *imperiales*, and princes would do well not to part with their *favois*. If visible, only keep themselves cool, raise their hat to every official, regard him as a savior of society, or the possible future president, not the slightest difficulty will be experienced with men who are fanaticism itself, in executing the letter of their instructions.

There will be no lack of free seats in the Exhibition; besides many owners of stalls have provided chairs, on which visitors may recline while enjoying explanations. The *Chalets de la necessite* will be as numerous as along the boulevards. Outside the building there are wooden hotels, where a party can hire one or more rooms for the day, hold their pic-nic therein, write their letters and transact their business. Many ordinary hotels will rent a room for a day. The refreshment establishments are not numerous inside the building, but they are plentiful as the sand of the sea outside, and form a fringe round it. As a rule, persons with whom money is no object, may enter what restaurant they please; but visitors with limited means, and this class have power to add to their number since late years, will consult their peace of mind, by avoiding every bar and tavern, where a fixed price is not posted up. Let strangers bear in mind, that in France people do not bestow a thought whether you are King or Kaiser, peer or peasant; still less about where you eat, or what you eat. Great numbers are already flocking into Paris, and the boulevards are becoming very picturesque from the variety of costumes—Orientals above all, to be encountered; happily they are silent; strangers do not generally like "to hear themselves talking" in foreign streets. The present influx of visitors will retire to the country or the sea-side after six weeks; then other tidal waves will succeed. September and October are the months preferred by aristocratic voyagers, and are those when Parisian shop-keepers reap their golden harvest. The French trains will not run many *trains de plaisir*, or rather *misere*, this year; they will issue reduced fare tickets available by all trains. Excepting on the sunblinds that every tradesman of any standing is bound to patronize, the Exhibition will be free from all eye-sores in the way of posters. Finally, it is proposed that the Champ de Mars, which since 1790 has been baptized, *Federation*, *du Massacre*, and *Reunion*, should be called till November next, *Champ du Progres*, and then to be named for ten years, *Champ du Repos*.

Less confidence is felt in the maintenance of peace, and the opposition is becoming more intense against permitting Russia to civilize Bulgaria. The popular solution with the French of the Eastern Question is, to bring forward Austria and Greece, to conserve the supremacy of Turkey in those districts the latter nations cannot effectively control, under a general European commission, and to reward Russia's "disinterestedness," by a moderate slice of Asiatic Turkey. No one doubts, that while Russia is able to conquer Turkey, she cannot civilize her, as the physician must cure himself first. It is also hoped, that the Danubian quadrilateral will not be razed.

To reform the War Office, in the sense of making it Republican; to finish with the forty corrupt elections awaiting the ratification of the Chamber, and to prorogue the Legislature till autumn, constitute the "home rule" movement here. In the country districts, the Republic is now as heartily welcomed as in the towns. Excepting the advanced Republican press, that will never forgive the clergy for their political attitude last year, no other journals have yet pronounced on the Encyclical of Leo XIII.; the opinion so far expressed, is very hostile to His Holiness. It is urged that much allowance must be made for the Pontiff, who cannot change his policy, as rapidly as a "consistent politician" his opinions, and that the Holy Father has shown by acts, whatever may be his words, that he does not desire to slavishly follow in the footsteps of his predecessor, against modern society.

A curious movement in the order of ideas, or rather of tastes, is taking place in France, viz., the avidity displayed to erect statues to eminent *Civilians*. No warrior would have the ghost of a chance of having a monument erected to his prowess, beyond a "sacred to the memory" tablet in a cemetery. These observations do not apply to the statue recently erected to Bastial, the French Cobden, and the great antagonist of Proudhon. The Minister of Finance inaugurated the monument, having for aim also, to open the campaign in favour of reciprocal free trade. Since some months the protectionists have had matters, so far as publicity is concerned, all their own way; the Republic was too occupied with its struggle for life to undertake a campaign against a new coalition. The moment has now arrived for giving battle, and such is the significance of the Bastial memorial. The majority of Frenchmen are for limited free trade, based upon commercial treaties; they desire that the state levy tariff, not as a prohibition on importations, but as a fiscal agent. The interests of the consumer, have the most important claim on the legislature, and the iron masters and cotton interest, born protectionists, do not represent more than one-third of the total articles manufactured in France for exportation.

With the opening of the Exhibition will commence the real season of balls, and fast cosmopolitan life. The Ministers, well provided with funds, will maintain the honor of the Republic for hospitality. There will be numerous private balls also, the Princesse de Sagen leading, by giving one of marked sumptuousness in honor of the Prince of Wales. This lady is daughter of the celebrated Orleanist banker, Baron Sellier, who died from grief it is said of not being able to spend his rent roll; a subject that Mr. Mackay ought to bear in mind. The Princesse is separated from her husband a never-do-well, to whom she allows an annuity, on condition that he will never come within 45 degrees of latitude of her. Perhaps she is the wealthiest "unprotected lady" in France, and no king has an establishment equal to hers. By marriage and relations, her salons are next to neutral political ground, and so a kind of Holy Land in Paris. Formerly, the Princess de Metternich filled this useful role, till she encouraged smoking and *cafe* ballad singing. The Almack residents of the capital purpose giving a splendid ball to the Princess of Wales when she comes to visit the Exhibition. The Prince by his popular manners and sincere interest in the Big Bazaar, has contributed almost successfully to dissipate the coldness between the two nations consequent on the German war.

The summer circus—or Francois, as it is called—is about inaugurating its new season; the establishment has not any marked novelties, but this does not the less prevent its being well supported by aristocratic subscribers; it has its fashionable nights like the Comedie-Francaise. The green-room gossip is concentrated on Mme. or Mlle. Ambre, who has appeared in the role of Traviata; she failed in the first act, and for the rest, why she cried and coughed neither better or worse than any other *Violetta*. The attraction connected with her consists in her having jilted the King of Holland, who it is said, "would follow her were she but to walk before;" he intended to retire from business, and being a widow to privately marry her. The Dutch admit she has been loaded with riches, but protest in the name of all the herringbones on which Amsterdam is said to be built, against her having been ennobled by the King.

In the gingerbread fair, the "man" that is most devoured," is Napoleon III. It is said that the bakers cannot turn out his ex-Majesty rapidly enough. In Reims, there was the celebrated sign of "gingerbread manufacturer to the Emperor;" it has been removed, and the house now sends cases of Napoleon III. in the rye flour and honey commodity, by the hundred to the Paris fair. It was prohibited to produce a "Jesuit" in the same material—a measure a journal deplores as a leaning to clericalism.

There is no more to be recorded respecting the woman Giller, than that the two young men confessed they knocked her down with a sledge hammer, then cut her up, and sent the remains by rail, keeping some of the members in Paris. When the corpse was pieced together in the morgue, frightfully decomposed, the murderers implored the Judge, on their bended knees, to have pity on them, to take their heads, but not to ask them to view their horrible work; they turned their backs on the sight.

A member lately read a paper at the Academy of Sciences, wherein he stated that the character of the Norman people has become quite changed since the coasts of Normandy have been converted into fashionable sea-side resorts, such as Deanville, Trouville, &c. The inhabitants have become drunkards, gamblers, and sluggards; gross in their manners, insolent in their business relations, and the annual percentage of insanity has doubled.

A grand lady, to her friend, a newly bereaved widow: "How I sympathise with your loss: such a noble husband." "Yes, said the widow, "he is a great loss, the misfortune is trying, for we know well what we lose, but we can never know what we may refind."

French law has just ruled that when a house stands on the confines of two parishes, the legal parish is that on which the door opens.

PARIS, France, April 27th, 1878.

A YOUTHFUL political aspirant, after a canvass harangue, met his particular friend with, "Well, my dear sir, did you hear my last speech?" "I hope so."

MUSICAL JONES' doctor last week forbade him to eat pastry. Musical Jones simply responded to his medical man by singing dolorously, "Good bye, sweet tart, good bye."

THE following is a specimen of Chicago journalism: "The Clerk of the County Court wore a diamond pin in his shirt-front and a sardonyx smile on his brow, as he slung out dispensations to throw tea-kettles at each other to the following couples yesterday."

A YOUNG lady of Hamilton, having received very urgent proposals of marriage from an old gentleman, sent the following answer by mail:

"Why thus urge me to compliance?
Why compel me to refuse?
Yet though I court not your alliance,
Perchance a younger I may choose;
For 'tis a state I'll ne'er disparage,
Nor will I war against it wage;
I do not, sir, object to marriage,
I but object to marry age."

SOME time in 1876 a female anaconda was torn from her home in South America and transferred to the London Zoological Gardens. Whether the ocean voyage seriously impaired her health, or whether she was homesick, is uncertain; but after being consigned to her English abode she utterly refused to take any thing to eat. Dainties which naturally would be most attractive to her were offered in vain. A short time ago she surprised her keeper by swallowing an unfortunate duck, and so, after a fast of over a year, her appetite appears to have suddenly returned.

A GENTLEMAN, writing of a "long" acquaintance, says there is among his acquaintance one, at least, who enjoys a "high" reputation, for he stands over seven feet in his stockings, and, though a talented member of the bar, he is a good-natured, modest citizen. He was sitting in the stall of a theatre; when the curtain rose and the actors advanced to their positions, a cry of "Down in front!" became general throughout the audience. Their attention was directed towards the tall B——, who, feeling himself the object of remark, thought he was required to settle a little. Looking as if he would like to settle through the floor, he proceeded to raise himself to a standing position, in such a manner, however, as to convey the impression that there was no end to him. At last he did get straightened out to his full length, when, slowly glancing around at the astonished audience, he very deliberately remarked: "Gentlemen, to satisfy you that I *was* sitting down; I now stand up!" A burst of laughter and applause succeeded, the audience became convulsed, the curtain descended rapidly, and the manager, with beaming face, came forward, and, amid the wildest applause, conducted the gentleman to a private box.

New York Fashions.

THE SHORT PRINCESSE DRESS WITH SCARF.

The short princess dress with scarf is a model very popular in Paris for the short suits worn on the street. It is a convenient dress, because it is all in one piece, and is so simple and light that it may be used for all kinds of materials. A vest plastron covers the buttoned front and extends to the top of the scarf, simulating a basque. It has long breadths from the neck down, with side forms that begin in the armhole. The fullness necessary for the back of the skirt is added in the back seams far below the waist, and this is concealed beneath the scarf. The lining for the waist extends below the waist line and covers the hips. Some ladies shorten the skirt to the ankles, but the greater number prefer to have it reach the insteps. Morning dresses of buff or blue linen or of linen lawn made in this way have the edges scalloped and bound with white linen braid. Scotch ginghams, in checks or stripes of two colours, or in solid colours, are finished in the same way, or else there are narrow frills of white cambric wrought with colours to match. Young girls in their teens have print and percale dresses made by this pattern.

THE PLAIN SACQUE, SHORT APRON WITH SCARF BACK, AND DEMI-TRAINED FAN SKIRT.

The plain sacque and suit with short apron over-skirt, now so popular is suitable for plain wool suits or for inexpensive silk dresses. For wool suits the sacque may be of the same material as the dress, and will be confined to that suit. Black silk suits made by this design are useful, because the sacque may be worn with various dresses. There are also sacques of black, gray, or brown cloths of light weight made in this way for general use. When made of two materials the sacque may be sleeveless, and the silk sleeves of the dress basque beneath will serve with it—a cool and comfortable fashion for summer. The over-skirt clings closely to the figure, and has a shorter apron than hitherto worn. The wrinkled gores are made to meet in the back, and there are very gracefully arranged back breadths beginning at the belt, lapped low down to conceal the seam of the over-skirt, and hanging thence plainly. The lower skirt has the fan breadths that are now added for fulness in the middle of the back.

WEDDING DRESSES.

The dresses worn by brides at the weddings which have taken place since Easter are, as are nearly all dresses now worn, combinations of two materials. White satin, instead of being the principal part of the wedding dress, as it formerly was, is now only an accessory, while the foundation is of silk, either plainly repped or brocaded, or else strewed with polka dots. Pearl bead passementerie, pearl fringe, and lace are the trimmings; flowers are less profusely used than they were last season, and are now white roses, white lilacs, clematis, or jasmine, with only a few orange blossoms among them, and these can be easily moved without spoiling the sprays, as it is forbidden a lady to wear orange flowers except at her own wedding. The favorite design for making is a basque and a trained skirt that measures nearly three yards from the waist behind. The basque, of the silk, is short and round in front, with rather long tails behind, ending in two tassels of pearl or of lace. The back is very high in the neck, with a turned-over collar, while the front is cut out square, and filled in with tulle, pearl fringe, and point lace. The sleeves reach to the elbows, and are formed of alternate lengthwise rows of lace and pearl passementerie. The three clinging front breadths are of white satin, trimmed straight down the front and across the foot with wide pearl trimming and lace; this represents a petticoat front. From this are turned black satin revers, nearly half a yard wide, that meet in front just below the waist, and have something the effect of a laveuse tunic. The flowing train is four widths of white silk, shaped gracefully but not trimmed. On each side, holding back the satin revers, is a spray of white flowers; a small bouquet is on each sleeve, and on the left corner of the Pompadour square. The veil is of Lyons tulle, held by a half wreath of blossoms.

Brides-maids wear dresses of two kinds of white silk, partly plain gros grain and partly figured silk, or else figured gauze in open lace-like designs. They are made similarly to the bride's dress, but far simpler, with tassel fringe and knife-pleating for trimmings. The front breadths are of brocade, and represent a petticoat rather than an apron, as they hang straight, and are merely bordered with a flounce at the bottom. If this is considered too plain, a fan-pleating of plain silk is set in each of the front seams, beginning about the knee, and the bottom of the breadths is cut in long squares, fringed on the end, and made to fall in a knife-pleating of plain silk. Light fluffy fly fringes of white silk are chosen for these dresses. The flowing train is four breadths of plain silk edged with a narrow pleating. The brocade and plain silk are in alternate gores in the basque, and the elbow sleeves are of the thinnest silk-muslin, with bands of the brocade laid lengthwise upon them. A new fancy is that of veils of the rich Spanish blonde lace for brides-maids.

The dress worn by the mother when accompanying her daughter to the altar is no longer the traditional pearl-grey or lavender silk, but is of any becoming color, and is of the richest materials, such as satin, velvet, or elegant brocaded silk; handsome lace flounces are used for the trimming. These flounces are not placed around the bottom of the skirt, but are arranged in three or four parallel rows as an apron front, and thence extend down each side as panels, or else they form a double panel down the middle of the long train. Chantilly flounces look very handsome arranged in this way on cream-color or pale blue satin front breadths, while the train is of black velvet. A revers of the light satin forms a panel down each side, and this is covered with the wide black lace. The corsage will then be of black velvet, with light satin vest covered with lace. When the season is further advanced, the heavy brocaded satins form the train instead of velvet. Some of these cost from $12 to $15 a yard.

For the bride's visiting dress to return wedding calls in, the antique brocades are used in combination with plain silk. These have small intricately woven designs of two or three shades of one color, with a few threads of the highest contrasting colors. Thus, mingled leaves of beige brown shades have vein-like threads of dark cardinal and of pale blue. The brocade is used for the long basque, sleeves, and side bands on the skirt, while the vest and lower skirt are of plain silk. Fringe of all the colors is used for trimming such brocades, and there are also rosettes of satin ribbons folded double and showing six colors, such as rose, old gold, pale blue, olive, and cardinal; these rosettes are on the front of the vest and on the wrists.

Travelling dresses for brides are of camel's-hair and silk; the preference is for seal-brown or for beige shades instead of grey for these dresses. The design is a polonaise with a short flat front, and over this a cut-away jacket front that extends to the under-arm seams, where the princesse back of the polonaise joins it. Knife-pleatings of silk and tinted pearl buttons are the trimmings. Long strings of satin ribbon are tied at the throat or on the bust; this is reversible ribbon, with some bright color on one side, while the other is the color of the dress.

Wrappers for brides are of gay plaid camel's-hair, made with plastron front of silk, and trimmed with the thick Spanish lace that is now made of thread in blonde patterns. Pink and blue together make a pretty plain, with pink silk for the plastron, on which is a jabot of white lace and bows of pale blue watered ribbon. Deep collars and cuffs of pink silk shirred in fine close rows and edged with lace trim this handsomely. Other wrappers are of cream-colored bourette, with two cream silk Carrick capes showing pipings of pale blue. Olive green pipings are on greenish-grey cashmere wrappers. Another fancy is that of using fine knife-pleatings of cashmere to trim rough-threaded bourette wrappers. The newest white wrappers are of Victoria lawn, made with a yoke entirely of open-worked embroidery; the lawn is folded in a Wattean pleat behind, the wrapper hangs loose from the yoke, and a flounce of embroidery trims the bottom. Very little pleating is added in the back of princesse wrappers, as it is now an object to make them hang very plainly, and they are consequently quite narrow. Beige-colored cashmere wrappers have pale blue silk pleating for trimming. There are also white nansook wrappers simply trimmed with deep round collars and cuffs of the nansook finely shirred and edged with Valenciennes. Down the front are puffings of nansook through which are drawn pale blue or else violet ribbons.

CHINTZ CALICOES, ETC.

The old-fashioned French calicoes in chintz designs are imported by modistes for making morning dresses or robes de chambre. These repeat the palm-leaf and rose-bud patterns in dark mingled colors formerly worn. They will be made with yokes and pleated basques to be worn with a belt, and trimmed with white braid and pearl buttons.

The robes will also have a square yoke and flowing breadths that are belted or not at pleasure.

For ladies in mourning there are dresses and wrappers made of the black and white barred ginghams, and the English calicoes that have alternate stripes of grey and black. Knife-pleatings are used for trimming, or else the edges are cut open in long slits with two inches of space between, and are then bound with black binding.

Canvas grenadine with small square meshes is chosen for nice dresses for mourning, and trimmed with Englis crape. The design is similar to the handsome dresses worn by ladies in colors. For instance, there is a grenadine basque made over silk, with a crape vest and coat-tail. The sleeves have deep crape cuffs, from which fall pleatings of black crepe lisse; the collar is made to correspond. The skirt is a flowing demi-train, trimmed straight down the front with crape bands, and a pleating of crape borders the foot. Down each side is a broad panel of plain crape; the back breadths have no trimming.

From the foregoing hints it is evident that the fashion of making all rich dresses very simple is fast becoming popular. The plain petticoat front, the revers sides, and the flowing back represent the artistic Henri Deux dresses, described at the beginning of the season. Now that short skirts are so generally adopted, trained dresses are made merely with reference to house wear, and the richest laces are used for garniture.

'Kettle Drum Gossip"

(Toronto Saturday Night.)

This morning as I passed a pretty cottage, a poetical husband looking from his casement said, "Ah! May is the season for sunshine and blossoms." "Yes, and for freckles! and sunshine drawing color out of the new carpet, and wind taking starch from my clean curtains," interposed his practical wife, closing the window hastily and jerking down the blind with anything but a gentle hand, adding sharply, "so do stop talking sentiment John dear, and hurry with your breakfast or you'll miss the street cars again this morning, and be cross all day."

I daresay there was more truth than poetry in this wife's remark, but alas that man's sentiment should ever thus be crushed. But I do believe that romance died away when telegrams instead of carrier doves conveyed messages, when "fleet chargers were dismissed for special trains, and pretty girls asserted woman's rights—wore Derby hats and quoted slang. Now, this is therefore undoubtedly a practical age,—permit me consequently before I "pour out my soul on paper," to remove my *Courtenay* hat, take off my French coat, replace my pompadour heeled boots with soft grey kid slippers, and then with mind and body at ease I can without delay relate the doings of a fashionable circle at our last "Kettle drum." The hostess was charming, wearing a cluster of real velvets and snowdrops, primroses and daisies, to confine the green ribbon that belted in her Indian muslin "mob cap,"her suite of rooms with their tastly spring decorations looked so bright and cheerful, and I observed all the white lace curtains were lined with tarlatan the color of the tinted walls. The exception was in the drawing room, and there, the draperies were not lace as formerly, but of a beautifull tissue entitled "gaze de tunis," and which corresponding with the paper were sprinkled with raised gilt cresents. In lieu of doors every where, hung gracefully arranged curtains, whose poles and supporting cornices were most elegant and of designs adapted to each entrance. This custom is now becoming general, even in Canada, and when omitted, to my fancy, leaves a very unfurnished air. Light cretonne lined with sea green or pale pink cambric makes a very pretty "porte curtain or couvre-porte," for a morning or dressing-room, [especially when the window draperies are of white Swiss muslin trimmed with finely fluted rufles and looped back with flowers and ribbons corresponding in color with the prevailing tint of the furniture, walls and linings. Such indescribable details are often an index to the owner's good taste, and refinement, and there is acknowledged truth in the words of Sidney Smith: "It is very difficult to judge a woman's age or wealth by her costume or appearance, and comparatively easy to tell her disposition and feelings by the arrangement of her dwelling." My model hostess should endorse his opinion, for her home is a perfect paradise, consequently she must be an angel! The guests' costumes were varied, a few (slightly shivering even as they descended from the carriages) wore light suits with Martha Washington fichus in ecru-embroidered with linen floss and with linen fringe, very pretty for warmer days. Others had cloth coats with long velvet vests revers, pockets and buttons, the most distingue of the coat style is "the French coat," such as has been worn by our great grand mothers, and court beauties, the others are a "leetle" *too* pronounce, and give great breadth to the appearance of the waist. Concerning colors, mastic tints in every variety, from pale ecru, to what a comic young bachelor always calls, "*couleur de Toronto mud*," seem to have banished the previously popular and prettier grey. No costume can be better suited for travelling or repelling dust than a dress of drape de Beige, in two shades of mastic. At the Paris exhibition it has been observed so many appear in this style, whilst the carrick collar is universal. Adjustable trains are now made with every costume, only taking a few extra yards of any material, they are really essential, can be folded in a small space, and convert the neat walking dress into a suitable dinner or evening robe. We have to thank parisians for this idea, the Americans are adopting it universally, for though short skirts are en regle and prettier for walking, they look rather undignified in salons and receptions. A belle, like a peacock, seems deprived of her majesty when without a train. On a side table I noticed a small box labled, "Swiss marble's whistle." My hostess told me her children were getting up an entertainment for the benefit of some hospital and this clever little article was to play the leading part. The whistle is the invention of a Mr. Samuel McLain the great ventriloquist, and can be used by any one, it can imitate any sound from the crying of a child and singing of a bird, to the roaring of a lion. When concealed in the mouth in use, it is impossible for the closest observer to notice anything unusual about the users lips or face, and creates great merriment and astonishment. The entertainment was an original idea to introduce the new toy, and was somewhat in the style of Mrs. Jarley's wax works as we observed in the room a few stuffed animals—a large doll in a cradle and a bird cage, and heard the children were to form a sort of menagerie with side shows—I believe the buzzing of a fly, and canary singing could not be detected from reality by the keenest observers. The whistle looks like a silvered ring, and encloses the sound producer, whilst attached to it is what is called "the retainer," it is altogether only half an inch in length, and less than an eighth in diameter, and apparently will last a lifetime.

The old gentleman, who is noted for his love of gardening found his way to my side, and said *his* garden was progressing favorable, he told me that his wife had the handiest set of tools for her own use he ever saw, and he thought I could not do better than invest a dollar in purchasiug a box for my self. A tiny rake, trowel, hoe, fork and transplanter, forming, as he added with a chuckle, "a complete multum in parvo—the mode in which you ladies rejoice these days." —Two more pieces of information he subjoined, firstly, "the ladies floral tools" were Hart and Meads' patent and to be purchased at the establishment of Messrs. Wheeler & Bain, 278 Queen St., West, and secondly, "Tell your father not to have his squashes planted before the 20th of June, as this is the secret of keeping them undestroyed by insects, for squash enemies have settled elsewhere for the season before the plants come up." By the bye, he informed me amateur lady florists were doing all their own shipping and potting in Brooklyn and that they wore whilst gardening woven grass ganntlet cuffs to prevent them soiling their light sleeves and lace ornamentations, he offered to procure me a pair, but I do not think Toronto elegantes will envy them, though the idea is good for those whose domestic duties often make them "Belles of the kitchen.

The eldest daughter of my hostess showed me a charming opera cape of the new material called "Duvet." It was very warm, soft, and impervious to rain. The color was delicate blue, and each fold of the Carrick collar was edged with gilt braid and sequins, the tassels were blue chenille bullion—it was elegant in shape and most usfeul. I observed on the star table easel, a portrait of the authoress of "Bestsy Bobbet," chiefly placed there to inform a curious public as "to what was her name; and where her hame." This lady who has made a comical sensation by her "literary effort in a paper cover," resides in Whitestown, New York, and being still unmarried, owns the name of Miss Holly. In general society she is taciturn and reserved, and her most intimate friends have never laughed over her conversation as they have over her book.

It is enough to make timid literary women shiver, shiver with positive fright, when they hear American *Holly* receive such homage from Canadians as she has done. I feel terribly afraid our English laurels will be trampled under foot by "Betsey Bobbet," what do you say, dear public.

"You say adieu,"—well I believe you are correct, and it is the right thing to do, considering it is getting dark, and I have yet to add a postscript, an addition that gentlemen assert always contains the most important information in a lady's letter.

J. S.

P.S.—Boots with pompadour heels and opera toes have now found their way to Toronto. J. S. mentioned them in "Kettle Drum gossip" some time past. They can be procured at the establishment of Deering, 205 Yonge street.

The promised receipt for rendering laundry work easy, runs thus:—"The ill effects of soda on linen have given rise to this method. Dissolve 2 lbs of soap in 3 gallons of water as hot as the hand can bear it, add to this one tablespoon of turpentine and 3 of liquid ammonia, the mixture must be well stirred and the linen steeped in it for three hours taking care to cover up the vessel containing them as nearly hermetically as possible. Afterwards rinse and wash the clothes the usual way. There remains no odor from the ingredients, and they have no injurious effect.

The pretty table napkin rings with floral vases can be bought at "The Arcade," 449 Yonge Street, opposite the Yonge Street Avenue—they have them both in metal and glass. B. Mc. compliments J. S in asking advice, but had better use her own judgment in the selection—both are novel and beautiful.

"A fashionist" would find the real Scarabei difficult to obtain and most expensive. These insects are called "Egyptian beetles," or "Cleopatra's beetles," and were held in superstitious reverence by the ancients. Excellent imitations can be had very reasonably at the establishment of Mrs. D. Ward, 280 Yonge Street, who has also a pretty selection of small humming birds, especially adapted for turbans, or mounting on pins for coiffure decorations. Any jeweller would fix gold wires on the Egyptian beetles for a trifling sum, and they make most attractive earrings, or sleeve studs, we certainly advise our readers to purchase them, before others entertain the idea.

Finally, in reply to the request of "Lydia" not wishing "Kettle Drum gossip" to be too personal." J. S. declines offering any advice to "the gentlemen on King Street."

A Marvellous Wash for the Face.

This wash, which is said to have been known to the beauties of the court of Charles II., is made of a simple tincture of benzoin precipitated by water. All you have to do is to take a small piece of gum benzoin and boil it in spirits of wine until it becomes a rich tincture. Fifteen drops of this poured in a glass of water will produce a mixture which will resemble milk and emits a most agreeable odor. This delicious wash has the effect of calling the crimson blood to the external surface of the face. If left on to dry it renders the skin clear and brilliant. It is also an excellent remedy for spots, freckles, eruptions, if not of too long standing. It is easier to follow the advice given me by a distinguished chemist producing the same result: To buy of a druggist one ounce of the tincture of benzoin already prepared. Have it poured into a pint bottle, on this pour a pint of cold water. It must be understood that the water must be poured on the benzoin, and it assumes a dark, creamy color. No other preparation so thoroughly cleanses the pores of the face, neck, and hands, and makes the dullest skin after constant use clear and brilliant, the mixture forcing the blood to the surface. It is always important to have the skin purified before retiring for the night, especially where one is in the habit of using powder, otherwise the clogged pores will prevent the escape of the insensible perspiration during rest, and the result will be a muddy, unhealthy complexion and possible eruptions. The tincture can be used several times a day if chosen, and left to dry, and always before sleep without being wiped off.

Another necessary to the toilet is so simple and cheap that it comes within the reach of every one. It is now found upon the wash-stands of the most fashionable women of New York, Washington, and Philadelphia, in a little jar or toilette tumbler. It has a milky hue, and is called oatmeal! A handful of oatmeal at a time saturated with water until it assumes the color of milk is deemed indispensable. It washes the skin inexpressibly fine, soft and smooth, both of face and hands, this is the liquid. The soaked oatmeal is so glutinous that it is far superior to soap where the best cannot be had. I have known of a pair of red hands, the despair of the pretty owner's life, made white and beautiful by a constant use of oatmeal. It must never be forgotten, and in difficult cases of redness or roughness the juice of a lemon squeezed in the milky water will add materially to its virtue. Again, a pinch of powdered borax also adds to the smoothness of the flesh and the whiteness caused by oatmeal. The difficulty is that these innocent and excellent devices are not persevered in. One will use it while it chances to be prepared, and then forget to get a fresh supply for weeks.

The Fenians.

(Toronto Saturday Night.)

It looks as if the people of Toronto would shortly be called to take up arms and go to the front to defend their homes from the ruthless invader who proposes to liberate Ireland from British rule by waging war on Canada. This is a roundabout way of settling the long-vexed Irish question to be sure, but Irishmen, and particularly Irishmen of the O'Donovan Rossa and General O'Neil stamp, are used to doing things in a roundabout fashion. If Jones have a disagreement with Smith he is not apt to sail out into the street and make an assault on Brown in the hope of getting even with Smith. He will as likely as not take it out of Smith himself and allow Brown to pursue the even tenor of his way. But this is not the Irishman's way of thinking. Being an Irishman he has probably imbibed the instincts of Donnybrook and believes that the correct thing to do it to hit a head wherever he sees one. Of course it is vey sorrowful to think that Canada should have to suffer for the crime committed by England seven centures ago. But then what right had our ancestors away back in the dim vista of the past to take a mean advantage of somebody elses ancestor? We have no business having such ancestors, and having them we must just abide the consequences. If the Fenians come it wil be our duty to give them a warm reception, and as it costs money to keep them in jail the best principle to follow would be that one which is expressed in the terms, "a long rope and short shrift," and as little ceremony as possible.

The Phonograph.

What consequences flow from this? It gives commerce advantages. It may save ships and lives. It would abolish the trumpet, fog-horn, and steam whistle. Already the machines is being tested, whereby the engineer on the locomotive may announce to the train of passengers the coming station. What advantages would accrue to the pulpit and choir of the church? All the minister would have to do would be on Saturday night to speak his sermon against the diaphragm of a telephone. The choir might sing their hymns after the same method. Sunday morning the cylinder is brought in, and by a reversed revolution the sermon goes on. No other physical power would be necessary than the dog power that is harnessed to a churn.

This has been a grand season for weather prophets, for if they said it would be wet any one day they were sure of rain; while those who said it would be fair were equally sure of sunshine.

GILMORE'S band will meet many similar organizations at Paris from various countries. The famous orchestra of La Scala Theatre of Milan will give performances during the summer on the Champs de Mars.

The phonograph may bottle up the voice and pass it down to future ages; but the smile that twists the face of a man as he seeks solitude and gazes upon his name in print for the first time, will always have to be guessed at.

AFTER the recent Oxford and Cambridge boat race the Government bought the two steam launches which had been carrying the "coaches," and the same evening the vessels were shipped on a steamboat which started the next day for the Mediterranean. They can make respectively twenty and eighteen miles per hour.

ADMIRAL Sir Hastings Reginald Yelverton, G. C. B., was born a short seventy years ago; he is a showy officer, brave as his sword, ready to take any amount of responsibility, and careful and wary in coming to a decision. His manners are gentle, his conversation is embellished with anecdotes, and withal he has a certain kind of honor, with the so-called chivalric bearing.

The Young Folks.

THE SILLY GOOSE.

AN OLD STORY RE TOLD.

There's a queer old story which you shall hear,
It happened, once on a time, my dear,
That a goose went swimming on a pond,
A pleasure of which all geese are fond.
She sailed about, and to and fro,
The waves bent under her breast of snow,
And her red feet paddled about below,
But she wasn't a happy goose—oh no!

It troubled her more than she could tell,
That in the town where she chanced to dwell,
The saying of "stupid as a goose,"
Was one that was very much in use.
For sneers and snubbing are hard to bear,
Be he man or beast, I do not care,
Or pinioned fowl of the earth or air,
We're all of the same opinion there.

Now, as she pondered the matter o'er,
A fox came walking along the shore;
With a pleasant smile he bowed his head,
"Good-evening, Mrs Goose!" he said,
"Good-evening, Mr. Fox!" quoth she,
Looking across at him tremblingly,
And, fearing he had not had his tea,
Pushed a trifle further out to sea.

She had little harm to fear from him;
For, with all his tricks, he could not swim,
And, indeed his voice was sweet and kind.
"Dear Mrs. Goose, you've a troubled mind;
I only wish I could help you through.
There's nothing I would not gladly do
For such a beautiful bird as you."
Which sounded nice, and was really true.

"Well, then, Mr. Fox" the goose replied,
"It hurts my feelings, and wounds my pride,
That in these days my sisters and I,
Who saved old Rome by our warning cry,
Should be called the *silly geese*. Ah, me!
If could learn something fine, you see,
Like writing, or reading the A. B. C.
What a happy, happy goose I'd be!"

"Now, would you, indeed!" Reynard replied,
As the floating fowl he slyly eyed;
"I hardly know what 'tis best to say,
Let's think about it a moment, pray,
I may help you yet, my dear, who knows?"
So he struck a meditative pose,
And thoughtfully laid his small, red toes,
Up by the side of his pointed nose.

"Ah, yes!" he cried. "I have it at last:
Your troubles, dear Mrs. Goose, are past;
There is a school-master, wise and good,
I know where he lives in yonder wood,
To-morrow evening, you shall see
In yon broad meadow his school shall be,
He'll bring you a book with the A. B. C.,
And he'll give his little lesson free."

But now just listen, and you shall hear
About that fox; he went off my dear,
And he bought a coat, and a beaver hat,
And a pair of specs, and a black cravat.
Next evening he came dressed up to charm,
With the little "Reader" under his arm,
Where the goose stood waiting without alarm,
For, indeed, she hadn't a thought of harm,

Had she looked at all, you would have thought
She need not have been so quickly caught,
For the long red bushy fox's tail,
Swept over the meadow like a trail.
But 'twas rather dark, for night was near,
And another thing, I greatly fear,
She felt too anxious to see quite clear;
She was simply *a goose of one idea*.

The school-master opens wide his book,
The goose makes a long, long neck, to look,
He opens his mouth as if to cough,
When, snipety-snap! her head flies off.
Now, cackle loudly her sisters fond,
Who are watching proudly from the pond,
While off to the the world that lies beyond,
The whole of the frightened flock abscond.

That day, the geese made a solemn vow,
Which their faithful children have kept till now.
That, ne'er shall goose or gosling look
At any school-master or his book,
So, if ever you should chance to hear
Them talking of school, don't think it queer
If they say some hard things, or appear
To show a certain degree of fear;
It is always so with geese, my dear.

Sam's Birthday.

On the nineteenth day of last month, Sam could and would have testified, from information and belief, that he was "eight yeahs ol', gwine on nine;" but on the morning of the twentieth, that interesting infant of colour was informed by his mother that he was "nine yeahs ol', gwine on ten."

"Hoo-ee!" he cried, "whut a pow'ful while I mus' ha' slep'! Or else I grows wuss an' dat ar Jonus's gourd you tol' me 'bout, whut wuz only a *teenchy* leetle simblin at night, and got big as de hen-house afore mornin'—early sun-up. Hm! hey! look heah, mammy, is I skipped any Christmasses?"

"No, chile," replied his mother; "you aint skipped nuffin. Dis is yo' buff-day: de 'fects ob which is, dat it's des so many yeahs sence you wuz fust borned. I don't know how'll be, Sam,—folks is sim'lar to de coca-grass, whut grows up mighty peart, tell 'long come somebody wid a hoe to slosh it down,—but ef you libs long enough, an' nuffin happens, you'll keep on habbin a buff-day ebry yeah wunst a yeah till you dies. An' ebry time you has one, son, you'll be one yeah older."

"Fine way to git gray-headed," said Sam.

At this moment a mighty crash resounded from the kitchen, down-stairs, and Aunt Phillis descended the steps with great precipitation. Then Sam heard her shouting, angrily:

"You, Bose! Oh, you *bettah* git, you mean ole no-'count rascal! I do *'spise* a houn'-dog!"

Sam went on with his toilet, musing, the while, upon the probability of his ever getting to be as old as Uncle "Afrikin Tommy," who was the patriarch of the plantation, and popularly supposed to be "class onto" two hundred years of age; and who was wont to aver that when *he* arrived in that part of the country, when he was a boy, the squirrels all had two tails apiece, and the Mississippi River was such a small stream that people bridged it, on occasion, with a fence-rail. Thus meditating upon the glorious possibilities of his future, Sam got ready for breakfast, and went down. It was not until he had absorbed an enormous quantity of fried pickled-pork and hot corn-cakes, and finally with reluctance ceased to eat, that his mother told him what had caused the noise a little while before,—how old Bose, the fox-hound, had with felonious intent come into the kitchen, and surreptitiously "supped up" the chicken-soup that had been prepared for Sam's birthday breakfast; and further, how the said delinquent had added insult to injury, by contemptuously smashing the bowl that he had emptied.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

All Sorts.

PASSED to a third reading—Love-letters.

JOINT stock—The material for ox-tail soup.

THERE is some ice "up north" as old as the ark; so it is called Arctic ice.

WHEN is a small fish-pond like a bird-cage?—When there's a perch in it.

IN time the mulberry-tree becomes a silk gown—and a silk gown becomes a woman.

WHEN a person declares that his brain is on fire, is it etiquette to blow it out.

BALLET-GIRLS and geese are the animals that can stand the longest on one leg.

MOST people are glad to give their opinion. Lawyers, though, usually sell theirs.

IT'S your tall fellows who are luckiest in love. The ladies are all in favor of Hy-men.

CURIOUS to say, most horse owners, when in difficulties, prefer their greys to their duns.

A YOUNG swell is reported so dreadfully fastidious that he is even measured for his umbrella.

WHEN is the most dangerous time to visit in the country?—When the trees are shooting and the bull-rushes.

A LEARNED man has said that the three hardest words to pronounce in the English language are, "I was mistaken,"

WHY is a minister near the end of his sermon like a ragged urchin?—Because he's toward (tor'd) his close (clothes.)

IT is stated on legal authority that the stamps on the Rosebery-Rothschild ante-nuptial settlement instruments amounted to $20,000.

"Is your brother-in-law really such a lazy man?" asked one gentleman of another. "Lazy!" was the reply, "why, he's so lazy that he has an artist employed by the month to draw his breath with a crayon."

QUILP says he can't get butter enough at his up-town restaurant to satisfy his oleaginous appetite, and thinks it must be the foreign servants. Order as much as he may, it is always brought by one Pat at a time.

A MERRY light-hearted damsel rushed into a colored citizen's arms at Savannah, exclaiming, "Oh! you are my long-lost brother." She soon discovered her mistake, and rushed of in a confused manner, accompanied by her long-lost brother's pocket-book.

IT appears that one of the facts on which the believers in the Claimant rely as "an immediate and infallible test of his personal identity" with Sir Roger Tichborne is, that his photographs can be made to "blend" with photographs "purporting to be those of Mr. Roger Tichborne." It is stated that "the expedient of coupling together two negatives results in the production of a most effective portrait" with "a medallion-like effect," and that "the most inveterate blockhead will comprehend that in such cases the two negatives are, of necessity, those of the self-same person."

LOUIS XIII., speaking to Bassompierre, his Ambassador to the Court of Spain, remarked: "You cannot imagine how I laughed when I heard you entered Madrid on a mule,—just to think—a jackass on a donkey!" "Very true, sire, but you must remember I represented *you* at that time!"

A WOMAN went into a store and asked the proprietor if he had any black hen's eggs. "Don't know one kind from the other," said he; but there's a basketful of eggs there on the counter." "I can tell them," said the customer. "Well, then, help yourself," said the dealer. She did so, paying the ordinary price. What was the grocer's chagrin upon his customer's departure, to find all of his large eggs gone, and nothing but small, unsaleable ones remaining!

A MATTER-OF-FACT sort of chap used to be baggageman on one of our railroads. A man came into the baggage car one day, and was looking over the trunks. "What do you want?" said Jim. "I want to see my trunk," said the man. "Have you got a check for it?" "Yes." "Well, you go in the passenger car. It's my place to take care of the baggage." The man looked at him and said: "I know my business. When I am traveling I want my trunk under my own eye." "Then, why the d——l wasn't you born an elephant?" said Jim.

One Solitary Tick from the Clock.

(From the Toronto Dominion.)

Just one moment. I won't dare henceforth to peep or mutter. The avenging eye of Rine is on me, and I saw Mr. Matthew Crooks Cameron the other day looking particularly awful.

All I want to do is to give a little chirrup for Mr. McDonnel and to wish more power to his elbow. He preaches to the times and hits out right manfully when discussing either the eighth commandment or the seventh. I should say some of his hearers changed colour. I know at any rate they ought. They have heard the chimes at midnight I can swear; aye, and in very queer places too. Yes, Mr. Macdonnel, the CLOCK saluteth you, and bids you be strong and do exploits in the name of the Lord.

Tell girls that the man who would hint at indelicacy in their presence, either by word, or look, or act, insults them after the deadliest fashion, and proclaims that he neither loves nor respects either themselves or their belongings.

Tell mothers to put well-known debauchees under the social law.

Tell brothers to think of their own sisters before they plot the ruin of those who are the sisters of some one else.

Tell sisters to be pitiful to the fallen and pitiless to the destroyer.

Tell husbands to flee from the strange woman.

Tell wives to be more anxious to please the husband, than they were to secure the lover.

Tell sons to be reverent and chivalrous to all the sex for their mothers' sake.

Tell all that general license is national ruin, and that Heaven holds no such sinners guiltless.

Tell this and much more in the same strain and you will always get a tinkle of praise from

THE CATHEDRAL CLOCK.

Business Items.

ANDREW JACKSON said Napoleon stood alone the man of his time, and that it would be five hundred years before the earth produced his equal. It will also be five hundred years before the earth produces a liniment equal to Hagyard's Yellow Oil. For burns, bruises, wounds, &c., it cannot be rivalled. In rheumatism, neuralgia, spinal complaints, etc., it proves a messenger of mercy. For sale by all dealers.

SOME of those women who are most afraid of lightning have hearts of steel.

Do not live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what ought to be done. If you have a cold, cure it; if you are hoarse, seek relief; if you are troubled with a cough, apply the proper remedy—Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. This pleasant and powerful remedy is the finest curative known for all colds and those bronchial and pulmonary complaints arising from a cold. For sale by all dealers.

The newest scarfs, collars, bows and cuffs are to be had at White's, 65 King St. West, Toronto.

THE VICTORIA HYPOPHOSPHITES is emphatically a nerve food; restoring the vital force, and re-invigorating all the funcional processes of life. It should be used promptly in every case of loss of nervous force or general debility, from whatever cause. It is also one of the most powerful tonics and blood generators known. $1, per bottle.

THE ladies unanimously vote Cooper's Shirts the best made. The buttons remain, button-holes perfect. Altering unnecessary. Order them at once at 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

IMPURITY.—The result of serious indiscretions which cannot be more particularly specified in the columns of a public journal can be immediately relieved and ultimately cured by the use of the only effectual preparation, the *Julep Iodini*. This remedy produced by the most careful manipulation of valuable pharmaceutical products, has never been known to fail in all scrofulous and other diseases of a confidential nature. Price $1 per bottle, or 6 for $5. For sale by all respectable druggists and by J. O. WOOD, 7 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

THE NEW TELEPHONE advertised by the Montreal Telegraph Co., is the most wonderful invention of the kind yet produced, and works in the most complete and satisfactory manner. There will no doubt be a great demand for them when their usefulness has been fully demonstrated.

Masonic and Odfellows Lodges who are about furnishing will do well to get estimates from the Oshawa Cabinet Company, No 97. Yonge-st. Special designs can be obtained from them, and their prices are very reasonable. The elegant and costly furniture of the Masonic Grand Lodge Rooms in Hamilton is from their factory at Oshawa. Church and school furniture also receive particular attention, a complete assortment of this class of furniture having been recently added to their stock.

50 TRANSPARENT CARDS, [*Nobby Scenes*] with name 15c. Agents Outfit 10c. H. T. WILLIAMS, So. Framingham, Mass.

STUMP MACHINE Farmers get *Farnsworth's Patent*, the best in the market, John Whitfield, 146 Front St., East, Toronto.

M. J. HYNES & Bro., 11 Victoria St., Toronto. Plaster and Cement castworks, centre flowers, cornices, trusses, etc.

MILLINERS Hat and Bonnet stands, Mantle stands, etc. Toronto Wire Works, 116 King street west. W. H. RICE.

$44 TO $66 a week at home. Outfit, worth $5, free. C. D. Pike & Co., Agusta, Me.

GOLD YEAST "THE BEST." Factory, 39 Front Street, Toronto. T. L. BUCKLEE, Maneger.

GET ONTARIO BAKING POWDER. Best in the market. Take no other.

Linen Window Shades, Spring Rollers, &c., for Stores, at R. H. SMITH & Co., 22 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

MIRRORS AND MIRROR PLATES, WHOLEsale and Ret ail. Send for price list, H. J. MATTHEWS BROS., 93 Yonge St., Toronto.

BONE DUST SUPERPHOSPHATE Send for circular. PETER R LAMB & Co. Toronto.

WATSON & HAGGART—BARRISTERS, ATTORneys, Solicitors in Chancery, &c., office 30 Adelaide Street East, Toronto, Ont.

BIG SALES DINEEN'S HAT STORE crowded all day. Selling the latest novelties. Cor. King & Yonge, Toronto.

40 MIXED CARDS IN A CASE, 13c.; in gold 20 25 Fun Cards, 10c. George Turner, Bristol, Ct.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Circulars free. Address C. C. STEWART & Co., 147 King West, Toronto.

LIVING WATER can be found any place by buying Star Well Auger. Send for circular. 68 Mary St., Hamilton.

MANTELS The cheapest and the best. Something new. M. J. HYNES & BRO., 11 Victoria St. Toronto.

W. H. THORNER, DENTIST.

Nitrous oxide gas, for painless extraction of teeth. 29 King street East. Residence, 183 Church Street, Toronto.

Royal Canadian Costume Depot

I am ready to furnish all kinds of costumes, masks, calcium lights, all color fires, in fact everything required for amateur and private theatricals. Tableaux vivants, masquerade balls, exhibitions, &c.

J. R. GILDERSLEEVE, Proprietor,
104 King St. West, Toronto.

CENTENNIAL MEDALS!

ST. CATHARINES SAW WORKS

AWARDED THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL For Saws at Philadelphia;

ALSO AN *INTERNATIONAL MEDAL*

Fully establishing the well-known reputation of our goods. We manufacture all kinds of Saws at prices equally as low as the same quality of goods can be produced by any other manufacturer.

Patronize home production, and keep your money in the country.

R. H. SMITH & CO.,
Successors to J. FLINT,
160 St. Catharines.

TELEPHONES.

THE MONTREAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY having been appointed SOLE AGENTS in Canada for the NEW IMPROVED TELEPHONE of the

AMERICAN SPEAKING TELEPHONE CO.

are now prepared to meet the requirements of all parties requiring Telephones for private use.

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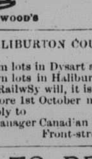

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