

THE TORONTO MEDICAL AND ELECTROTHERAPEUTIC INSTITUTE.

The successful use of electricity in the treatment of nearly every form of disease is a comparatively new thing in Canada. A little over two years ago, the above institution, situated on the corner of Jarvis and Gerrard Streets—the finest streets in the city—was opened in Toronto. Its operations were at first confined to a building not more than a quarter the size of the present one. Before many months had elapsed, the premises were found to be too small, and the adjoining building was secured. But so popular had the electropathic system of Prof. Bolles become, that in less than a year the remainder of the row of buildings was required, simply to accommodate during their stay in the city, patients residing at a distance from it. It was speedily found that further enlargement would be necessary; and at the time the institution was closed for the purpose, a few weeks ago, many persons have long been waiting in vain for vacant rooms. We have pleasure in now presenting our readers with an illustration of the facade of what is practically a new building. This structure, which is sixty-seven feet long, has all the modern internal improvements and is thoroughly ventilated. An extensive dining-room, with kitchen, pantry, &c., occupies the greater portion of the basement, the remainder being fitted up as servants' dormitories. At either end of the building, on the first floor, consultation and operating rooms for both sexes are provided, and these are separated from each other by commodious reception-rooms which occupy the centre. The gentlemen's department is in charge of Dr. Vernoy, a physician of extensive experience. Both the upper flats are devoted to sleeping-rooms, in the appointments of which every regard has been had to comfort. The furniture is from the establishment of Messrs. Hay & Co. A striking external feature of the building is a handsome verandah, extending its entire length on the western side, at the height of one story from the ground. Access to this is obtained from the main hall.

The proprietors of this institution are ladies, Mrs. Jenny Kidd Trout and Miss E. Amelia Tefft, whose success in healing disease, acute and chronic, has been something marvellous. Mrs. Trout is a native of Scotland. This lady had cherished a desire to become a physician, and in the spring of 1875, she had not only the honour of graduating in Philadelphia, but the further honour of receiving the first license to practise medicine and surgery granted to her sex in Canada. She is still the only woman authorized to attach to her name the initials M. D. and M. C. P. and S., Ontario. While the recent improvements were being made in the premises, Mrs. Trout, in company with her husband, the publisher of "The Monetary Times," visited her native land, from thence passing over to the continent, where she spent some time in acquainting herself with the methods in vogue in various medical institutions of note.

When in Philadelphia, and also while attending as a patient an institution in the State of New York, she became acquainted with her partner, Miss Tefft, who is not only a graduate of one of the oldest women's colleges in the world, but has had eight or ten years' experience in hygienic, hydropathic, and electric institutions in Philadelphia and New York. Although both these ladies are graduates of one of the most exclusive allopathic schools, they learned enough in their student days to convince them that the treatment prescribed by that system was not always the most reliable, and they therefore determined that when they commenced the practise of medicine they would employ whatever remedies might promise the best results. The success they have attained has amply demonstrated the wisdom of this resolution. Electricity in their hands has proved a most wonderful curative agent. Any of our readers who may wish fuller particulars of what is now one of the popular institutions of the country, should address the proprietors.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

SOME one has discovered an analogy between Lord Beaconsfield at the Congress and the following passage in Zachariah viii, 23, "In those days it shall come to pass that ten men shall take hold out of all languages of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you."

AN ingenious puzzle has been contrived out of the present political complication, which illustrates with singular fidelity the popular view of the situation. Portraits of Gortschakoff, Andrassy, Savfet Pacha, and Bismarck are printed on a square, and the question submitted is to find the head among them which will solve the Eastern Question. By folding the paper so as to bring a quarter of the head of each Minister together, a fair portrait of the Earl of Beaconsfield is presented, with the words around it, "This is the head."

Two interesting Napoleon relics have been lately added to the British Museum; one is a chart of Cadiz Bay, sent by Napoleon Bonaparte to Joseph Bonaparte in 1809 (Add MS. 30, 247 B); the other a beautifully written volume of French songs, set to music, in the handwriting of Hortense, Queen of Holland, mother of Louis Napoleon. This charming specimen of musical calligraphy was given by Madame de

Montaran to Sir Robert Wilson, and by him to his daughter, Isabella Stanhope Randolph. Some of the songs which are contained in it are said to have been written by the Comte de la Garde: the first is "Le Beau Dunois," known popularly as "Partant pour la Syrie" (30,148). These two manuscripts were presented to the nation by the Rev. Herbert Randolph.

AN umbrella trick has been introduced by London thieves. The operator enters a jeweler's store with an umbrella in his hand, and having pulled down the silk covering, without securely fastening it, its folds hang around the handle and form an open-mouthed net. Into the bag thus opened it is not difficult to jerk a ring or two, or even a larger article, which will fall into it without the slightest sound. If the shopman misses the treasure thus abstracted, he will run after his customer, and as a matter of course the other will protest innocence. A search will ensue, at the end of which the owner of the umbrella will be struck by a bright thought, and will himself bring to light the desired object, apologizing in the blandest way and making merry of a joke which has so nearly, as he says, assumed a serious character.

THERE is nothing more puzzling than to find out Lord Beaconsfield's qualifications. He was the one man in the House of Commons, and he is now the one man in the House of Lords who never uses any language but English. You never hear him quote Greek or Latin or French, and it was supposed for many years that, like Thiers, he knew no language but his own. But a few years ago Lord Beaconsfield, when delivering his address as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, astonished the students by quoting from memory, with singular accuracy and with perfect pronunciation, a passage from Euripides that had puzzled even Professor Conington, and a few days before he left for Berlin he barbed one of the most effective of his shafts against Mr. Gladstone with a Latin proverb which is given even by scholars in three or four erroneous forms, and by giving it in its correct form. He held a long and very interesting conversation with M. Thiers when Thiers was in London after the German war, and Thiers notoriously spoke no tongue but his own, and was one of the keenest of Parisians in his style and accent.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PERHAPS the Paris establishment which profits the most largely by the affluence of strangers is the Grand Opéra, whose average receipts vary between 21,000fr. and 22,000fr. a night.

It may be considered as settled, that only the internal galleries of the Champ de Mars building will disappear with the close of the Exhibition. The "quadrilateral" will remain intact, for a covered park.

MARQUEZ de Souza, the famous gymnast, is creating a great sensation at the Paris Hippodrome, where he goes through his startling feat twice daily. The vast building, which will hold 9,000 spectators, is invariably crowded, and the doings of the performer call forth the most vociferous applause.

THE Jablonskoff electric is gradually superseding gas in the more fashionable parts of the city—the Place de l'Opéra, the Avenue de l'Opéra, and at some buildings, such as the Grands Magasins du Louvre, and the hotel of the *Figaro*, it has been employed for some months, and gives perfect satisfaction. The new light may eventually come into general use.

IN the Hungarian *auberge*, where the Tziganes fiddle like express trains, the wine in the green bottles is to be avoided, unless the visitor comes provided with a cholera mixture; endeavour to find admission to the select part of the little inn, say you are a personal friend of Kossuth's, or that you belong to the Upper Ten of Kamschatka, look as if you had the prospectus of a new Austrian loan in your pocket, and you will be admitted and invited to sit higher in the synagogue.

NEAR the Anthropological shed, full of horrors and instruction, is a model of scientific farming. The director of these beds of cabbages, beet, turnips, &c., is a M. Ville. He holds that plants only require for their growth the exact elements that analysis detects in their ashes. He prepares his chemical manures, and administers pill-box doses to the tender plants. His plan claims to make farmers millionaires. Oddly enough, there is a group of grinning man-sized stuffed baboons overlooking this experimental field.

A GREAT many yachts are quietly making their way up the Seine to Paris; owners and friends live on board, and so avoid hotel bills; a boat can pull them up to an entrance door of the building, and can wait for them like a carriage, with this difference, that it will likely be found. A great want is likely to be supplied; they are really the working classes who form the backbone of the paying element of the Exhibition, and refreshments from them are prohibitory; they are to be enabled to purchase, as if outside the building, and eat and drink where they please.

THE gem of the Paris Exhibition inventions is

the *ramassé mouchoir*, an instrument by the help of which lazy or very stout people can pick up their pocket handkerchief without stooping. It is on the principle of those zig-zag frames on which wooden soldiers are placed, and which children amuse themselves with by shooting out and drawing in. Supposing, then, a stout lady lets her handkerchief fall, she has only to dart out the limbs of her *ramassé mouchoir*, the instrument seizes the object, and the lady draws it comfortably towards her.

CURIOUS and disagreeable facts may be made public. It is a significant circumstance that in the Exhibition, though all French wines are said to be represented, the common *vin ordinaire* does not figure. There is Médoc, Clos-Vougeot, and Saint Emilion, as there are also the cheap wines of Narbonne, Beaujolais, and Samur. There are wines which we may find in our own capital, and indeed in every capital; but the peculiar *vin ordinaire* with which so many of our countrymen will be slacking their thirst in the hot days of July and August has no place in the exhibits of the Trocadero building. In fact it is not a wine—it is a mixture.

TREASURES OF THE TROCADERO PALACE.

To analyze in detail this admirable museum is impossible; all that I will pretend to is a bird's-eye view of its treasures the most worthy of attention. First on the list is the collection of arms and medals belonging to Mr. Carponos, dating back to the utmost limits of historic times. Here are Epirote autographs on lead and copper found in the temple of Dodona, acts for the purchase and enfranchisement of slaves, decrees of the Molossi, &c., all traced with a stylus, and legible only to professors of hieroglyphics. M. Alphonse de Rothschild has 40 pieces of Italian faience, estimated at over 1,000,000 francs. Adolphe de Rothschild shows two Venetian bronzes that cost over 300,000 francs, and an enamel, not larger than a silver dollar, valued at 30,000 francs. A magnificent casket in the collection of Gustave de Rothschild was purchased from a Spanish grandee, the duke de X., who had offered it for 40,000 francs to the great antiquarian, Strauss, by whom it had been refused on the ground that the owner, being a minor, had no right to sell. "Buy my watch, then," said the impecunious nobleman; "I have not a louis in my pocket." But Mr. Strauss was obdurate, although he is moved to tears now when he sees the coveted treasure in the possession of a rival. Eighteen marble bas-reliefs, bought by Mr. Spitzer for 100,000 francs, were for years in the back shop of a dealer of bric-a-brac, in the Rue Lepeltier, named Couvreur, who only by accident discovered their value. M. Strauss, even if he did miss the Spanish casket, has one of the most curious collections; his particular hobby is in objects connected with the Jewish faith. Some of these are of great antiquity; one, a tabernacle, dates from the year 3,000, a marriage contract from the year 1,500, and with them a collection of candelabra with seven and eight branches, tables of the law, wedding and betrothal rings, etc. By a strange coincidence—if it was not an intentional courtesy to this learned Israelite—the Gibelius tapestry above M. Strauss' exhibition is a picture of the passage of the Red Sea by the Hebrews. To use the consecrated phrase of the enthusiastic Frenchman: "You can mount the stream of time" in this strange gallery—not always, though, with the same interest in every case. The age of stone is curious but not amusing, with its flint arrow-heads and bits of bone and fragments of chariot wheels, supposed to have belonged to Gallic warriors at an epoch anterior to the Roman conquest, and a few incredulous souls ask whether it is beyond doubt that the distinguished amateur from the provinces who shows a case—"Objects having belonged to a soldier"—a skull and thigh-bone was perfectly justified in assigning them to the same individual, or whether this individual might not have been a respectable farmer of the time, instead of, as he says, a man of war? I have not space to describe Mr. Riggs' collection of armor, and of the Basilewski contribution will only notice his recent acquisition of a china plate, with the portrait of Charles V., for the modest trifle of 20,000 francs. Dr. Mandi exhibits 500 pieces of delf; among these is an immense plate representing a Chinese fair, with all the tricks of modern Japanese jugglery—the wrestler, the man with the bamboo, the child in a basket, all of which, it seems, were practised in the empire of the Celestials 150 years ago. The case of musical instruments is extremely curious, and amateurs of violins linger around specimens of Stradivarius and Guarnerius—three of these are valued at 45,000 francs. Mr. Benazet shows a basviol which he could sell tomorrow for 30,000 francs, and Mr. Jacques Hertz is kind enough to delight the ears of all particularly distinguished visitors by an air of Boccherini, played upon a harpichord from the ancient royal chateau of Blois. Mme. Louise Viardot is the proud owner of the original manuscript score of "Don Giovanni," entirely written by Mozart himself, and Mme. Pauline Viardot, not to be outdone by any of her family, calls your attention to a carefully-sealed packet inclosing a lock of Mozart's hair. Let us hope that the lock is really there, but certain skeptics would prefer, if they cannot handle, at least to be able to see this precious relic. As statistics are always good as proofs of the interest of the public in anything, I need only say that in spite of the

pouring rain on Sunday and Monday, over 50,000 visitors were admitted to this gallery each day, and as only 25 were allowed in at a time there was a crowd waiting their turn at the doors such as is seen at the great theatres for the first performance of some attractive spectacle.

A BRICK FOR DUFFY.—The San Francisco *News Letter* has the following:—We learn with great pleasure that it is the intention of the British residents in California to present the Earl of Beaconsfield with a silver brick, beautifully mounted in California woods and adorned with quartz specimens, as a token of appreciation of his action with regard to the Eastern question. The gift which is to cost from one to two thousand dollars will be presented to the Premier by the Marquis of Salisbury, Secretary of Foreign Affairs. Large contributions have already been made, and we feel sure that all loyal subjects of Her Majesty, whether Conservatives or Liberals, will be glad of this opportunity of showing their esteem for a Minister who has done so much to uphold the dignity of Great Britain. The present attitude of England is one of which all her sons may well be proud, and whether war ensues or not, her conduct will have shed additional lustre on her ancient name. Lord Beaconsfield has been the means of this, and it is fitting that those whose ship has been so safely steered should show their regard for the "man at the wheel."

DRESSING IN SARATOGA.—"Eli Perkins," in his peculiar way, says:—There is less dressing in Saratoga every year. Now and then a "swell" girl gets in from Buffalo or Chicago with nineteen trunks, and "stuns" us with two new toilettes a day for ten consecutive days. But the genteel New York girl dresses very little. She comes to see the panorama rather than to be seen. She hides away with her beax in corners, under a dainty parasol, or forms a "clique," where they sit and abuse the Joneses, whose father, like their father, once kept a green grocery. I see several young ladies who always look sweetly in muslin. They came here with six white muslin dresses and twenty-four yards of ribbon.

"Well, we buy six yards of wide blue ribbon. This we make into bows, sashes, etc. When we wear blue, it is blue throughout—bibs on the hat, blue sash, blue bows, blue stockings, etc."

"And the other ribbon?"
"Why, we also buy six yards of cardinal, six yards of pearl, and six yards of straw color. So, you see, with six muslin dresses and three white chip hats, we can come out in a new suit every day, and if we have coloured parasols to match, why the taste is perfect, and twenty-four dollars' worth of ribbon does the business."

CHILD OF THE FREE HEMISPHERE.—"Now, you just skip out!" said a burly deck-hand in the ladies' cabin of a Fulton ferry boat, as he caught a thinly-clad, shivering, bare-footed boy by the ear and marched him towards the door. "Get on the deck—lively now!" The boy had been asking for cents, and the man had caught him at it. "Oh, please, don't," screamed the child as the deck-hand twisted his ear—"I'll go—I will!" A fashionably-dressed lady stepped forward, and her silks rustled and her eyes flashed fire as she said: "What has he done? Why do you treat the child so harshly?" "He's a young beggar, mum; and the rules don't allow beggars in the boats, mum." "Let him stay in here," said she. "It's cold outside. He is barefooted, and so young too—why, he can't be more than five or six years old!" "He can stay here if he behaves himself. He mustn't beg—it's against the rules, mum;" and the big man let go the little one's ear and stood watching him. "Poor little fellow," mused the lady, scanning the boy's pale, pinched face closely, "you look tired and hungry. I've a mind to give you something." "It's for rum if you give him a cent, mum; his folks will take it all away from him before his foot's put ashore three minutes," declared the deck-hand. But the kind lady handed the shivering child one of Uncle Sam's crisp fifty-cent promises to pry hereafter, saying, "He certainly needs shoes and something to eat." "Mistaken charity," persisted the valiant *employé*. "We know 'em all—he'll get no good of the money." "He's welcome to the little I gave him," she answered, and, noticing that the passengers were regarding her with interest, she added, "And I believe that every person in this cabin believes I am right, and that most of them are willing to give the poor child a penny or two." The passengers did agree with her, and they began dropping money into the little fellow's hat until the episode proved his gold-mine. The boat touched the pier. The boy skipped on shore and across the street to Fulton Market. The reporter followed him round into Beekman Street, and saw him wait at the corner; two minutes later he saw the well-dressed lady approach from the other side of the market, saw the boy empty the money into her gloved palm, and, passing the pair, heard her say cheerfully, "Well, Dick, I guess we'll try the Roosevelt Street boat now."

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.