

THEY ARE THINKING OF YOU.

Did you ever sit down in a room all alone,
Far off from the world you have lost,
And feel as if something were hovering
"Round."
Like a soul from the land of the blest?
Did you ever commune with a something
unseen,
A presence you could not explain;
And then feel it vanish and leave you
alone.
To plead for its presence in vain?

O, friend, if you haven't just given me your
hand,
And so where you never have gone,
Where no kindred spirit, no one that you
love.

May greet you, and you are alone;
Alone amid thousands who flit to and fro,
With laughter and mirth in the halls,
And out in the corridors, out in the street.
The sound of their merriment falls.

Go years as I've yearned for the touch
of a hand.
In friendship unselfish and true;
Will come in the spirit when you are
alone.
Because they are thinking of you.
—(Both Lowrey.)

DIRTY DICK'S DEN.

Londoners Indignant Over Its
Coming Renovation.Bently Found His Wife Dead in
Her Bridal Robes.He Lost His Sweetheart and Mourned
Her Constantly.Was a Friend of Princes, Lords and
Men of High Degree.After His Misfortune His Tavern Became England's
Most Filthy Hovel.

The march of municipal improvement in London is as ruthless as the car of Juggernaut. The number of old landmarks that have been crushed out of existence during the last quarter of a century is large enough to make an antiquary despair of the human race. Only a few years ago, the venerable "Cock," vanished, and with it its eternally young "plump head waiter"—there has always been a plump head waiter there, even after the functionary immortalized by Tennyson was gathered to his fathers—its mutton chops, marvels of culinary art that left the chefs of rival establishments in despair, and its wonderfully carved oaken chimney-pieces, three or four centuries old.

No wonder then that Londoners have been disturbed and rendered passably indignant by the intelligence that "Dirty Dick's," another famous memorial of the past, is to be, not destroyed, but renewed from top to bottom. To renovate "Dirty Dick's" is to deprive it of the charm that has allured generations of aesthetic persons in every rank of society. To understand the historical importance of this unique "public," it is necessary to relate a few incidents in the life of the founder, to whose impossible filthiness it is as much indebted for its fortune and fashion as it is to the tyrannical caprices of its present proprietor.

BENTLEY, THE BREWER.

Early in the second half of the last century a brewer, in a small way, named Nathaniel Bentley, bought a house in Bishopsgate-street-Without, obtained a license for the sale of alcoholic beverages from the authorities, and opened the present public. He was a brisk, shrewd little fellow, got a reputation for the sterling qualities of his tipple, was very deferential and obsequious to his customers, and had only one eccentricity, that of setting the bells of all the churches for miles around ringing a "bob major" on his birthday. When he died he left his son, on whose education he had spared no expense (and this was very unusual in one of his class at the time), a fine fortune, the tavern in flourishing condition, and an elegantly furnished country residence as well.

Young Richard Bentley was gay and handsome, and fond of pleasure. He would hardly be received among the magnates of the Carlton Club, nor could he compete with the modish exquisites who lounged along Pall Mall. But he ruffled it with the best as a buck of fashion in the society of the young bloods of the middle and lower middle class. It was the age of Emmentel, and of His Royal Highness "the Fat & Akinous of Pitt," when the shade of a waistcoat and the new cut of a riding-coat were matters of anxious meditation to Dick Bentley, as well as his betters.

Dickens, who took some pains in investigating the career of the dashing tavern-keeper, shows him exhibiting his graceful person in the most ultra-fashionable attire in the Crown and Anchor, where he was on terms of easy intimacy with men like Reynolds, Romney and Graham, and conversed in fluent French with certain exiles, among whom were Pauli, Prince de Polignac, Pichereu and Carondelet. He was also a well-known figure in the Earl's Head, behind the Mansion House. It was on top of the haunts of Sheridan, Pitt, Fox, Lord Stanhope, and of a melancholy, half-starved emigre, who was to fill the world with his fame and return to the scene of his early privations as a splendid ambassador, Vicomte de Chateaubriand. He was treated by these distinguished persons with great affability and good nature, which was not so surprising, as he had attained quite a reputation for the elegance of his manners.

DICK'S DISAPPEARANCE.

But one day morning, in the very heyday of his fame, Dick disappeared, the tavern was closed, and no one was seen to put a foot outside of it. The reason for the change was soon public property. Dick had married a charming young girl, with whom he had been for some time in love. The bride died a few moments after the ceremony, just as she was proceeding with her friends to the wedding breakfast, which Dick had set out in the largest room of the tavern. When he learned the fatal news, he dismis-

sed his guests, and locked the dining-room, declaring that no one should ever enter it again, and that the rats and mice might have the breakfast.
Next day he dismissed his bar-keepers, waiters and servants, determined to let things drift, to eat and drink which hunger prompted him, and wait for the end. However, through a sort of habit, he continued to open the tavern and serve such customers as entered. The counters were soon smeared with layers of repulsive dirt. Dust accumulated on the mahogany tables and shelves, and this was transformed by the liquids spilt on it into dark, gluey mud. The window panes were veiled with cobwebs, and constantly increasing in thickness, all no sunbeam could make a way through them. The floor resembled a black lane in Whitechapel after a thaw, and the odors in every part of the building were indescribably nauseous. Dick himself presented as sad a spectacle as his tavern. He never changed linen, washed hands or face, his hair and beard were matted with filth, and his clothes were frightful. Did the hideous condition of the house and its tenant repel customers? No; on the contrary, it attracted them.

At first the friends of Dick visited him through a feeling of pity; they did all they could to induce him to pick himself up, to recover his self-respect. But their kindly efforts fell before his hopeless discouragement. What was the use of washing his hands? Why should he sweep the house? What did he care whether people came or not? Such were all the answers these well-meaning comforters could get from the Job of Bishopgate.

But the reports of this strange self-abandonment quickly spread. Those who were not attracted by sympathy were moved by curiosity. Parties were formed in Belgraveia to visit Dirty Dick's just as they would be to visit a theatre. His wines and whiskies improved in proportion to the deterioration of everything else, and even the dirt did not increase as fast as the wealth which partly owed its origin to it.

NOT SWEEP FOR 26 YEARS.

Years passed by, during which Dirty Dick lived on, apparently resigned, amid all these horrors, preparing his own food and rejecting all attendance. When he died the fortunes of his tavern had attained the highest point of prosperity. For twenty-six years the place had not been cleaned. The report of the coroner who sat on the corpse of the owner is more amusing than such lugubrious documents usually are. "Pigs," says the disgusted official in conclusion, "would have blushed to inhabit such a sty!"

The new proprietor was not long in seeing that the house owed its great success to its unrivaled dirtiness. He disinfected the upper rooms and rid them of vermin, but the rest of the building was not desecrated. When a customer at the bar could not restrain his admiration at the unheard-of display of nastiness before him, the landlord would say with an engaging smile and a look full of promise:—"This is nothing. Wait till you see the kitchen and cellars; here are far filthier than anything here. Would you like to visit them now?"

The customer who was not proof against such a courteous invitation enjoyed a novel experience. As soon as he was ushered into one of the cellars he was confronted by putrid mosses and other nameless vegetation, rats as big as terriers, woodlice as large as beetles, and corpulent spiders that made one shiver. The walls were tapestried with cobwebs about a foot thick, and when the obliging cicerone approached them with the light in order to enable the visitor to admire their texture, legions of insects scurried away. The fee for examining the cellars was one shilling, but most curiosity seekers would willingly give twenty to get back.

ITS GLORY IS NEARLY OVER.

In 1870, just seventy-six years after the place had been last swept, the police ordered the proprietor to have the floor, counters and shelves cleaned and repaired and the walls of the barroom whitewashed or painted. The kitchen and cellars, however, were not interfered with, and after much entreaty the ceiling was spared. The latter is now not only covered with cobwebs nearly a foot thick, but they hang in fantastic festoons half way down to the counters and tables.

But the glory of Dirty Dick's will soon be a thing of the past. The proprietor has been notified that the cellars must be cleaned and repaired, for it would seem their present dilapidated condition threatens the safety of the building. Ruthless hands will tear away the cobwebs, which for him were the real philosopher's stone and transmitted everything into gold. All that will be left will be a numerous flock of bibulous friends and the name of Dirty Dick, which he will transmit to his successors from generation to generation. It is only fair to mention that, just as Barum's was a "moral show," Dirty Dick's has been a "moral public." No customer was served twice, though he offered his weight in gold, no language more flowery than that heard in a lady's seminary was permitted for a moment, and anyone using a big D was ejected on the spot.

Husband and Wife Had Occasions
to Use It and Received Relief
from Catarrhal Troubles in Ten
Minutes.

"My wife and I."
So Rev. John Bochrer, of Buffalo, will tell the enquirer, were both troubled with distressing catarrh, but have enjoyed freedom from the aggravating malady since the day they first used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Rev. Mr. Bochrer is the aged and beloved pastor of the Evangelist Protestant Christ Church, and hundreds in his congregation are familiar with the improvement which immediately followed the use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Its action is almost instantaneous, giving the most grateful relief within ten minutes or even the most chronic cases, and straightway continues the cure until the last trace of catarrh is gone. And the cured stay, cured, as thousands of testimonials prove. Sample bottles and blower sent by S. G. Detchem, 44 Church street, Toronto, on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

RISING TIDE OF GOLD.

Annual Production of \$202,000,000 by the Year 1900.

Harper's Weekly.

Astonishing and pregnant figures are those which show the world production of gold for 1895 to have been above \$202,000,000. Nothing like it has ever been known before. The United States, Africa and Australia each put \$42,000,000, and Russia is not far behind with \$34,000,000. The total of more than \$200,000,000 represents a production half again as great as that of four years ago, and twice as great as the average yield throughout the years from 1870 to 1890. Indeed, it is within the brief interval since Mr. Cleveland's first election that the gold supply has doubled, as that supply has been known to this generation. It is now larger by half than in the years when the virgin fields of California and Australia poured forth their golden flood; twenty times greater than in any year from the opening of the decade down to 1840; equal to the entire product of two decades before the adoption of the gold basis currency scheme of 1835. The mere increase for 1895 over the year preceding—an increase of more than \$21,000,000—was nearly twice the whole world's output in any year down to the "bonanza" days, when nuggets worth a fortune could be picked up on the hillsides grow dim besides the achievements of modern machinery and modern science.

Yet ten years ago it seemed that yellow metal mining was doomed to undergo a steady decline. The best fields seemed approaching exhaustion, the whole earth could hardly yield \$100,000,000 a year. Then, in derision of prophecy, and to the setting of all calculations, a new dawn, the supply is doubled in seven years, and so great a yield is predicted for the immediate future that we are now face to face with a condition not merely novel to our day, but absolutely unique in history—a prospective glut of gold.

The causes so swiftly operating to produce so singular a change from three years ago, when precisely the opposite prospect was in full view of all eyes, can hardly be set out in a sentence; they have been many. The development of the rich placers of Russia and the discovery of new fields in Africa and Australia have contributed; so have the improvements in mining machinery, the spread of railroads and the cheapened cost of working due to the universal fall in prices. A mining journal before us computes from an elaborate table that in 1870 cost \$100 now cost but \$27.4, or roughly, one-fourth what it did a quarter of a century ago. All these things have been operative.

But in the most remarkable instance of gold development of recent times, that over which half the vesting world went mad, in South Africa, the whole story is told in a single word—cyanide. Without the new process there would practically have been no South Africa; and this means there would have been no general revival, at least at this time, of gold mining. The ores of the Transvaal are for the most part low grade, on the average they carry only about \$11 of gold to the ton of ore, and before the use of the new process, only about one-half the gold could be obtained. Treatment of the "tailings" and "concentrates" by cyanide gains from 30 to 40 per cent, additional of the values, and, broadly speaking, furnishes all and more than all the profit there is in working the mines. The total product of the Transvaal for the last year is \$42,000,000. So it may be said that the new process has, in a single instance, added at least one-third to the world's gold supply, as that supply stood through twenty years down to 1890. And this is but a beginning.

The cyanide process has come into general use only within the last five or six years, and the part it is destined to play in the gold production of the future is not easy to forecast. Its success in New Zealand has been even greater than in the Rand. In other instances it has signally failed. In California it has so far proved of little value. On the other hand, in Colorado and Utah it has been exceedingly effective. The recent article on Cripple Creek, in which the new process was briefly described, told of the hopes entertained in Colorado's wonderful new camp. There is little doubt of the existence elsewhere in Colorado and in surrounding states of immense quantities of low-grade ore for which this process seems peculiarly adapted. In view of these facts, and with the discoveries which must follow the revival of gold prospecting, it seems safe to predict that the production of gold in the United States will steadily increase for an indefinite period. Our production this year was a third greater than three years ago, and Colorado, which this year not merely turns from chiefly a silver-producing state to a gold state, but likewise becomes the first gold state of the Union, will turn out more than three times the silver-purchase act was repealed. The yield in California this year is considerably greater than for a long period, and the new fields of Utah and Washington seem likely to steadily swell the grand total.

What is true of this country seems much the case in other lands. There is nothing to indicate that the South African fields have reached their maximum output. So far from that, eminent mining engineers have made predictions of a possible yield approaching \$100,000,000 by the close of the century, with enough ore to last for years to come. Indeed, experts of standing, presumably sane, have estimated the calculable gold deposits of the Witwatersrand at above \$2,500,000,000, and of the whole Transvaal at above \$3,500,000,000. That is to say, they declare that there is "in sight" in these fields gold equal in value to one-half the total output in all the world from the time that the two Americas were discovered.

Armed with such facts, as these, there are not wanting prophetic statisticians to offer a guess of a gold production in 1900 of \$300,000,000. Should these estimates prove well

grounded, the world's gold product will have been tripled within the present decade. To such vast consequences do the discoveries of the cyanide process and similar economical methods, and the revival of gold-mining which they have prompted, already seem likely to lead. Nor can we well set bounds upon the possibilities of the immediate future. If within five or six years revolutionary processes have been brought into use with such unlooked-for results, what may we expect of the next few years? Any one at all acquainted with the subject understands that there are incalculable quantities of gold-bearing ores and sands of too low grade to repay treatment at the present time. The revival of gold-mining will offer rich rewards to the inventive and scientific genius which will find a way to capture this sequestered wealth. New processes of constantly increased effectiveness will attack still lower and lower grades of ore, and as the new and perfected methods of extraction find their way over the earth the volume of gold must grow year by year.

Such a prospect is not without a certain speculative interest to the economist and financier. If the output for 1900 reaches the stupendous total of \$300,000,000, will it be possible for the nations to keep their mints open for the free coinage of gold? At the present time not more than a third of the entire output is consumed in the arts, and it hardly seems possible that this demand can keep pace with the rapid increase of production. A constantly increasing proportion, then, of a steadily augmented total, will seek coinage into money. The possible result is obvious. It would mean such a monetary expansion or inflation as not even the Populist dreamer has dared entertain in his most Pefferian reveries. Meanwhile, to speak more matters of fact it is worthy of note that the threatened "scramble for gold," of which we heard much but a year or so back, does not seem likely to come off.

Concerning Mandates.

Halifax Herald.

When concession to the Roman Catholic minority of Manitoba is the subject, the Winnipeg Tribune, the Greenway Government organ, is very firm on the "mandate to stand by the national school system." It says:—"However much all Canadians would like to see the question settled, it is difficult to see how Mr. Greenway can make any concessions that would satisfy the minority. With a fresh mandate from the people to stand by the national school system, no one would surely be bold enough to expect that he would commit political suicide by sacrificing the schools. The Government has all along professed to be most anxious to administer the school act in the most liberal manner so as to meet the wishes of the minority as far as possible, providing no great principle were sacrificed, but further than that it is difficult to see how they can go."

The "as far as possible," in this extract means absolutely nothing, no distance, not at all. That's what the "Government's professions" have meant from first to last, no concessions to the minority; and now the Tribune holds that "with a fresh mandate from the people to stand by the national school system, no one would surely be bold enough to expect that he would commit political suicide by sacrificing the schools." But in another article, the Tribune not having its mind directed to concessions to the Catholics, but rather to a perpetuation of their grievance, sees no mandate to maintain the school system as it is at all, but is quite ready to abolish the religious exercises which the majority of the people of Manitoba compelled Joe Martin to put in the law. It says:—

"If there is any truth in the report that Mr. Greenway made an offer to the Dominion Government to secularize the schools, we do not apprehend that any serious opposition to such a step will be offered in Manitoba. The fact is that the schools should have been made secular from the first, which was provided for by Hon. Mr. Martin in the original draft of the bill."

It will thus be seen that the attitude of Greenway's organ is that if the proposed change is anything that the Catholics want, then the "mandate of the people" is against it; but if the proposed change is something that neither Catholic nor Protestant wants, then the mandate of the people is of no effect. Such self-contradiction on the part of the Tribune is ridiculous; but the explanation is not far to seek. It thinks that the secularization of the schools would help to defeat the Dominion Government on the Remedial Bill. It says:—

"It is easy to understand that the cry of 'Protestant schools,' which has been raised, has had a tendency to prejudice our national system in the eyes of many, and when the vote comes to be taken on the Remedial Bill (if it ever does) it is not improbable that some members would vote for the bill on the pretext that violence is done to the Roman Catholic conscience by the use of religious exercises in the so-called 'Protestant schools.' An offer from Mr. Greenway to make the schools secular would, it seems to us, go a long way to straighten out the tangle in the east, and it might materially assist in defeating the coercion bill in Parliament."

Ah, that's it; "mandates of the people" don't count when it thinks it sees a chance to defeat the Dominion Government by disregarding the mandate. It is true that the Protestants of Manitoba would be up in arms against the abolition of their religious exercises in the schools, and that Greenway would be compelled to restore them as Martin was; but Greenway is in power for four years, and can now secularize the schools if he thinks it will help his friend Laurier, and presently again can restore the religious exercises to the Public schools. It is a beautiful game, certainly. As to the character of the religious exercise, it may be well to remember that as pointed out by Principal Grant, they are substantially the same exercises as were held in the schools of the Protestant board before 1890.

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SAUCE.

PAREPA-ROSA'S CAREER.

ROMANCE OF THE FAMOUS
PRIMA DONNA'S LIFE.Old Time Opera Goers Here Admired and Loved
Her and Mourned Her When She Died.

On the morning of January 23, 1874, the music-lovers of America were startled to read of the death in London on the previous evening of Parepa-Rossa, the famous and popular prima donna. It was startling news to New Yorkers in particular, for the great singer had relatives here and more admirers than in any other American city, and not a word of her illness had preceded the sudden news of her death.

There are, of course, many veterans of the present army of opera-goers and patrons of vocal music of to-day who remember the warm place in the public's affections which Parepa-Rossa held, and to the younger generation her name and fame are familiar. Hers was a career of genuine romance. Her mother, an English lady named Secuin and a daughter of a famous basso singer, Edward Secuin, married a Walcherian baron, Georgia des De Boyesku, greatly to the displeasure of his family and friends. His grandmother was the daughter of a Turkish Grand Vizier who had been strangled by order of the Sultan.

Almost within a year of their wedding the Baron died, and his widow, by reason of the laws of his country on the subject of the marriage of Catholics with Protestants, was cut off from any share whatever in his estate. She was, therefore, at the age of one-and-twenty, left almost destitute with her infant daughter, who had been born in Edinburgh a few months before. This baby was the future prima donna and her name was the curious one, Euphrosyne. The mother went on the stage to support herself and child, and the latter, as soon as she passed babyhood, showed extraordinary talent for music and languages. Before reaching her teens the child could speak fluently in English, French, Italian, German, and Spanish, and her singing was regarded as little short of marvellous for one so young.

It was in her eighteenth year that her debut in opera was made, the scene being the Island of Malta and the part that of Amina in "La Sonnambula." Her success was such that engagements followed at many continental cities, and she was still less than 19 years old when she won the heart of musical London, where her debut was made in "I Puritani." She was soon afterwards called to Osborne to sing before the Queen and the royal family, and for upwards of six years remained in Great Britain, singing in English, German and Italian operas, concerts and oratorios.

It was in 1865 in London that she was wooed and won by a Captain Cavali, an English officer, retired from the employ of the East India Company, and her grandfather, the famous basso, then in his eighty-fifth year, gave her away at the altar. Her marriage, however, was destined to be a wretched one. In a few months her husband took to speculation wildly, and after seven months he left her to go to Peru to look after some mines in which he had sunk her fortune, and his own, amounting in all to about £25,000. She never saw him again, as he died soon after reaching Peru, and when her child was born it lived but a little while.

It was not until 1865 that she visited this country, and her debut was made at Irving Hall on September 11, 1865, in concert, another of the performers being Herr Carl Rosa, who also made his American debut. He was a violinist. The orchestra was led by Theodore Thomas. About two years later "Mlle. Parepa," as she was then called, married Herr Rosa, who became her manager.

She (an heiress)—"I cannot marry you. I've had twenty better men than you at my feet."
He—"Humph! Chiropractors?"

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