THE WEEKLY MAIL: TORONTO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1874.

The Weekly Mail.

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Fashions for March.

(From the Young Ladies' Journal.)

However much I should like to give my readers an insight into the coming spring fashions, it is quite impossible, at yet, to do so. Judging from what happened since the fall of the Imperial ruler of Gaul, there is no possibility of any radical change. When looking was in vogue, not only the Empress's fancy adopted for the time being, fashions were, as that fancy, extremely variable. It is now quite different; fashion, being the result of collective tastes, have a chance of longer duration, when they are once hankering and craving for. Such is the case for winter. After this date, year by year, the fashions will gradually, but very gently, alter, as the fancy of a queen, but I do blame him for passing himself off as a noble—a plagiarism, by-the-by, from an Reading Page. It was once except Lord Lytton was likely to accuse the author of "Eny Sian" of borrowing from his "Lady of Lyons!" Both pieces, it may be observed, were produced in the same year, 1838.*

AGENTS! — $30 TO $75 PER Week, getting on our spiral door springs. G. T. KNOTT, Charing Cross, Ont.

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CANADIAN.

Mr. Francis Davidson, of Niagara, lost a child a few days ago under singular circumstances. It was playing with a number of bottles and pots, some of which it managed to fill with water, and died from the effects of drinking the contents. Thirty or forty years afterwards discovered in a bottle back.

A fatal accident occurred a few days since at Mr. Douglas', eight miles north of Medonte. He went to the woods with two others to get out logs, and while loading a log, which was in range of a tree they were falling. The top struck him, he died in half an hour, and died, it is believed, instantly.

Two boys attending school near No. 2 Arkona, on Friday last, found a keg which they thought contained powder. They placed it where the fire would explode it. The boy Shaddy, aged 12, was killed. He was conveyed home but lived only about an hour. The other boy, aged 10, was blown to pieces.

The members of the Grey County Council met recently at the Queen's Hotel, Owen Sound, and presented to Mr. Sydney Smith, ex-County Treasurer, a gold watch and chain, valued at about $200, on the occasion of his retirement from office after a service of 21 years.

St. Paul's Church, Elmira, was entered by burglars a few nights since, by means of false keys. In the vestry was a tin box containing a number of valuable and miscellaneous papers, the record book of the Church, and about $13 in money. The book and papers were destroyed, their ashes being afterwards found in the stove, and the money carried off.

Last week Mr. William Nelson, 7th concession, Usborne, was in the woods chopping, when he received a painful cut on his face. He was standing upon a log, and the axe glancing, swung round violently, catching him on the side of the face. It was not thought at first that the wound would be fatal, but it has proved so. Judging from what happened since the fall of the Imperial ruler of Gaul, there is no possibility of any radical change. When looking was in vogue, not only the Empress's fancy adopted for the time being, fashions were, as that fancy, extremely variable. It is now quite different; fashions, being the result of collective tastes, have a chance of longer duration, when they are once hankering and craving for. Such is the case for winter. After this date year by year, the fashions will gradually, but very gently, alter, as the fancy of a queen, but I do blame him for passing himself off as a noble—a plagiarism, by-the-by, from an Reading Page. It was once except Lord Lytton was likely to accuse the author of "Eny Sian" of borrowing from his "Lady of Lyons!" Both pieces, it may be observed, were produced in the same year, 1838.*

Confessions of Robert.

(From the Knowhow.)

This that say by those the dictionary is a good and a great book. I have lately a sermon for the Sunday tonight to take a consulted Turkish bath. He was a man then with a big belly and a red face. I find him next day, "Doctor would not a Turkish bath be a good thing." The doctor looked at my belly and said, "A good thing." I said, "Doctor, I am a good fellow for an." The doctor said, "Yes, I know you are." I said, "Doctor, I am a good fellow for drinking." The doctor said, "Yes, I know you are." I said, "Doctor, I am a good fellow for the ladies." The doctor said, "Yes, I know you are." I said, "Doctor, I am a good fellow for everything." The doctor said, "Yes, I know you are." I said, "Doctor, I am a good fellow for a Turkish bath