

# BARBER & ELLIS,

## WHOLESALE STATIONERS,

No. 15 Jordan Street and 10, 12, and 14 Melinda Street,  
TORONTO,

MANUFACTURE THE FOLLOWING SPECIALTIES:-

**ENVELOPES**—Our capacity is now three hundred thousand envelopes daily, or 90 millions annually. We make every conceivable shape, size, and quality.  
**PAPER BOXES** of every description for all classes of goods.  
**ACCOUNT BOOKS**—In stock in great variety, from the small pocket memorandum to the ponderous ledger. Special styles made to order at bottom prices and in manner unsurpassed.  
**LETTER PRESS BINDING**—Bibles, Law Books, Magazines, Music, &c., &c., bound to suit every taste.

**"PICTURESQUE CANADA"** and other Publications, by parts, bound in elegant style, at **LOWEST RATES.**

**MUCILAGE**—We are the only Wholesale Makers in Canada, and produce a better article, and **SELL AT LOWER RATES** than it can be imported.

**WE DEAL IN ALL KINDS OF NEWS, BOOK, AND WRITING PAPERS.**

# STATIONERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION IN STOCK.

Colored Papers, Leather, Binders' Cloth, Printers' Ink, Strawboard, etc., etc., sold at bottom figures.

Our travellers are now on the road soliciting orders for import in Xmas Cards, Toy Books, Albums, (Photo, Auto, and Scrap), Inkstands, Purses, Ladies' Bags, etc., etc. Correspondence solicited. Letter orders carefully attended to. A personal visit is invited.

### "WHAT A GOD'S GOLD!"

#### Some Specimen Misers and Their Glittering Hoards.

#### The Wretched Horrors Which Money-Grubbers Inhabit.

#### "Old Mary" and Her Lost Treasure—The Same-Time Slave and His Wretched Daughter.

The reporter was strolling along Dundas street in quest of an item of some sort or other. Why he happened to be on that particular thoroughfare need not be explained, because to explain a reporter's erratic movements is something which no one ever successfully accomplished. A little boy came along crying and the reporter stopped him to know what was up.

"What's the matter, little fellow?" he asked.

"And who is old Mary?" he asked him.

"Dunno—she's a miser and hates all us young ones."

"Well, why did you leave her?" queried the reporter, as an idea struck him.

"I didn't bother her nor give her any lip at all," declared the little chap, the tears starting afresh. "I found her money and give it back to her, and then she bolted me on the leg and said I was a thief and ought to be in jail."

And such proved to have been the case, as the reporter afterwards learned.

"Old Mary," a politician said, "was walking along and her old-fashioned pocket-book dropped from her side to the pavement. She didn't miss it till she had gone some fifty yards, but when she did it was a sight to see. She danced about and cried and tore her gray hair, and looked ready to die of grief. Just then along came a little boy who had picked up the old money bag, and gave it back to Mary without a moment's hesitation. Instead of rewarding him, or even thanking him for his honesty, she scolded him, and scolded him soundly. But no one is ever surprised at what old Mary does. She is the queerest character in the city, for a fact. In the old pocket-book were carried about three hundred dollars in silver and copper, and she had heard she found it enough to buy the whole town. She had just about the same amount in the bag for as many years back as I can remember her. How does she live, and where? Charitable people give her food when she makes the people with an old board, and occasionally some one will drop her a small coin. The house where she lives is a sight to see. Her room is in the back, and a blither place of residence cannot be imagined. And yet there the old dame will sit for hours and hours counting over her coins and 'anyway she is rich enough to run a bank. I do not know much of her past history, but I am told she has never been married, has come from Scotland, and is about as good a type of the miser as you ever saw. I guess she is eighty years old, at any rate. And she seems as sound as the old fellow on sixteen years ago."

It was during the embargo, enforced by the United States Government in 1808, that John Lettice began to be a merchant. His store was in Royal

street, where, behind a show of legitimate trade, he was busy running the embargo with goods and Africans. He wore the disguise carefully. He was cool and intrepid and had only the courts to evade, and his unlawful ventures did not lift his name from the published list of managers of society balls or break his acquaintance with prominent legislators.

#### The Pirates of Barbary.

Much ink has been spilled from that day to this to maintain that they sailed under letters of mark. But certainly no commission could be worth the unrolling when carried by men who had enjoyed themselves beyond all the restraints that even seem to distinguish privateering from piracy. They were often overstocked with vessels and booty, but they seem never to have been embarrassed with the care of prisoners.

#### Awards Under the Crimes Act.

The Gazette of May 1 contains a large number of awards, under the Crimes Act, to the relatives of persons murdered and to persons injured during the agrarian disturbances. Harriette Blake, of Rathville, county Galway, is awarded £3,000 compensation for the murder of her husband on June 29, 1882, while proceeding to Loughrea; Peter Doherty, of Carrighmore East, county Galway, £200, for the murder of his son, Peter Doherty, near Carrighmore East, on Nov. 2, 1881; Bridget Ruane, of Rathville, county Galway, £400, for the murder of her husband, Thady Ruane, who was shot along with his master, Mr. Blake, while proceeding to Loughrea on June 29, 1882; Michael Feerick, of Broomston, county Mayo, £450, for the murder of his son, David Feerick, on or about June 29, 1880, at Carrigrohane, Ballinacorney, county Mayo; Bridget Connell, of Coolteige, county Mayo, £150, for personal injuries inflicted on her on the night of July 13, 1882, at her residence.

#### Seeing by Electricity.

The most astonishing claim yet made in behalf of electricity is that it has been proven possible to convey by it vibrations of light, so that it is practicable not only to speak with a distant friend, but to see him. According to the Otago Times, Dr. Guidrah, of Victoria, has invented an apparatus, called by him the electroscope, which accomplishes this.

#### The Story of a Bear.

Mr. Forster, the late Irish Secretary, was born at Bradpole, in Dorsetshire, in a low straggling building still standing in the midst of a picturesque grove of elms, and shut in by huge iron gates. His mother, who followed the Quaker profession in its primitive rigidity, and the originator of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and her virtues live in the memory of the poor for miles around. One day a wandering showman dragged a jaded and foot-sore chattering bear through the iron gates, and asked leave to exhibit its antics to Mrs. Forster and her children. "Friend," replied the tender-hearted Quaker lady, "put away your stick. See how weary the poor bear is. Give it an afternoon's rest in our stable, and we will give thee thy dinner and three shillings." The offer was gladly accepted, and the showman dined and was paid. Some hours afterwards the stable door was opened. The bear and refreshed bear had eaten Mrs. Forster's favorite pony.

#### Little Johnny About the Pig.

One time I was in Mister Brily's shop and he had out of a pig's head and set it on top of a bar, and old Gaffer Peters he cum in and seen it, and he said, old Gaffer did: "Mister Brily, your pig is a gitten out." Mr. Brily he yared and then he said: "That's so, Gaffer, you jest take that stick and rap him on the nose fore he can draw it in." So Gaffer he take the stick and snook up real sh, and fetched the pig's head a regular nose-wiper, hard as ever he made with the stick, and knocked the pig's head off the bar, and you never seen such a stonish old man! But Mr. Brily he pleaded like he wasn't a lookin, and old Gaffer he said: "Mister Brily, you must excuse me, but when I struck at that pig it dodged and cut its head off agin the edge of the bar!"—The Argonaut.

#### He Forgave Her.

"No, Alfred, dear, I dare not, cannot let you kiss me."

#### Not So, Not So, My Sweet.

"Are you weary of me?—speak, speak!"

#### Not So, Not So, My Sweet.

"No, but dearest, listen—forgive me, Alfie, my own—I—I—I—I've been eating onions!"

It was cruel, but his great love served him to tender compassion.—Bloomington Eye.

#### Human Dwellings in Arizona.

D. M. Riordan, of the Navajo Indian Agency, writes from Fort Defiance, Arizona, that a boy recently killed by a member of Francisco Capitan's band was a slave of the murderer. The owners of slaves have always held that they have absolute power over them, and they think as little of killing one of them as of killing a dog. They had said to the boy, and set toward them as slaves do generally do. The agent said: "The Indians seemed unable to comprehend why I took so much interest in a dead slave. I learned from Francisco Capitan that the entire family of the murdered boy and five other persons were held as slaves. The original slaves were two Miami girls, who were bought for cash four generations ago. All their descendants were considered slaves and so treated. Some thought the father of the murdered boy asserted his right to be free. The killing of the boy was thought to be the proper way to remind the father of his dependent condition. I determined to secure the liberation of the remaining slaves, and demanded that all those now among the Indians who are held in bondage should be set free. They said it would completely ruin them. One old villain wanted to know who would take care of him if his slaves were taken away."

#### Class and Distinction.

"Mr. Gishner," solemnly remarked the proprietor of a regular contemporary to his financial and commercial editor, "why is it, sir, that since the late war you have constantly quoted the money market as 'close and stringent,' when the fact is the monetary movement was never so easy as now. How is it, sir?" "Well, the fact is that I applied for an increase of salary last month," said the O. and B. man sadly, "and it was refused on the plea of hard times, so—why, of course, I—that is, I naturally quarrelled with that, and said the market was 'close and stringent,' and the next day another English college graduate, with credits in his upper, was called in out of the west and given the editor's place at two and a half less per week.—San Francisco Post.

#### A Reporter of a City Paper Comes into the Office and Told the City Editor They were Trying a New Fire Escape on a Building Down Town.

"Well, what are you doing here?" said the city editor. "Go there and get the names of the killed and wounded at once." The fire escape will soon rival barons as a source of fatal accidents and deaths for the papers.