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HEALING THE SICK.

This is a sketch of the public and gratuitous healing of the sick by magnetic influence in Toronto. Consumptive people who are subject to epileptic fits, disease of the hip joint, St. Vitus dance, in curables of all kinds, who have been "given up by the doctors," come or are carried to this place every Saturday to be "rubbed down." The "Healer" in his introduction speaks complainingly of the Ontario Medical Act for the suppression of quacks, in not allowing him to use American M. D. degrees, but derives comfort in the assurance that this can't be put down. Socrates, Pythagoras and Our Saviour were all misunderstood in their day, but people do believe in the immortality of the soul, and Christianity, and notwithstanding the act aforesaid and the incredulity which prevails with regard to his treatment the street in front of his residence is blocked up with patients. He has performed some wonderful cures in the city by whatever means, although the process is silly enough to look at and may excite the humour of the sceptics in the back benches. A cure and his bill is all that a "legitimate" can claim, although it is questionable in the majority of cases if they have a right to either.

RAPID TRANSIT IN PARIS.

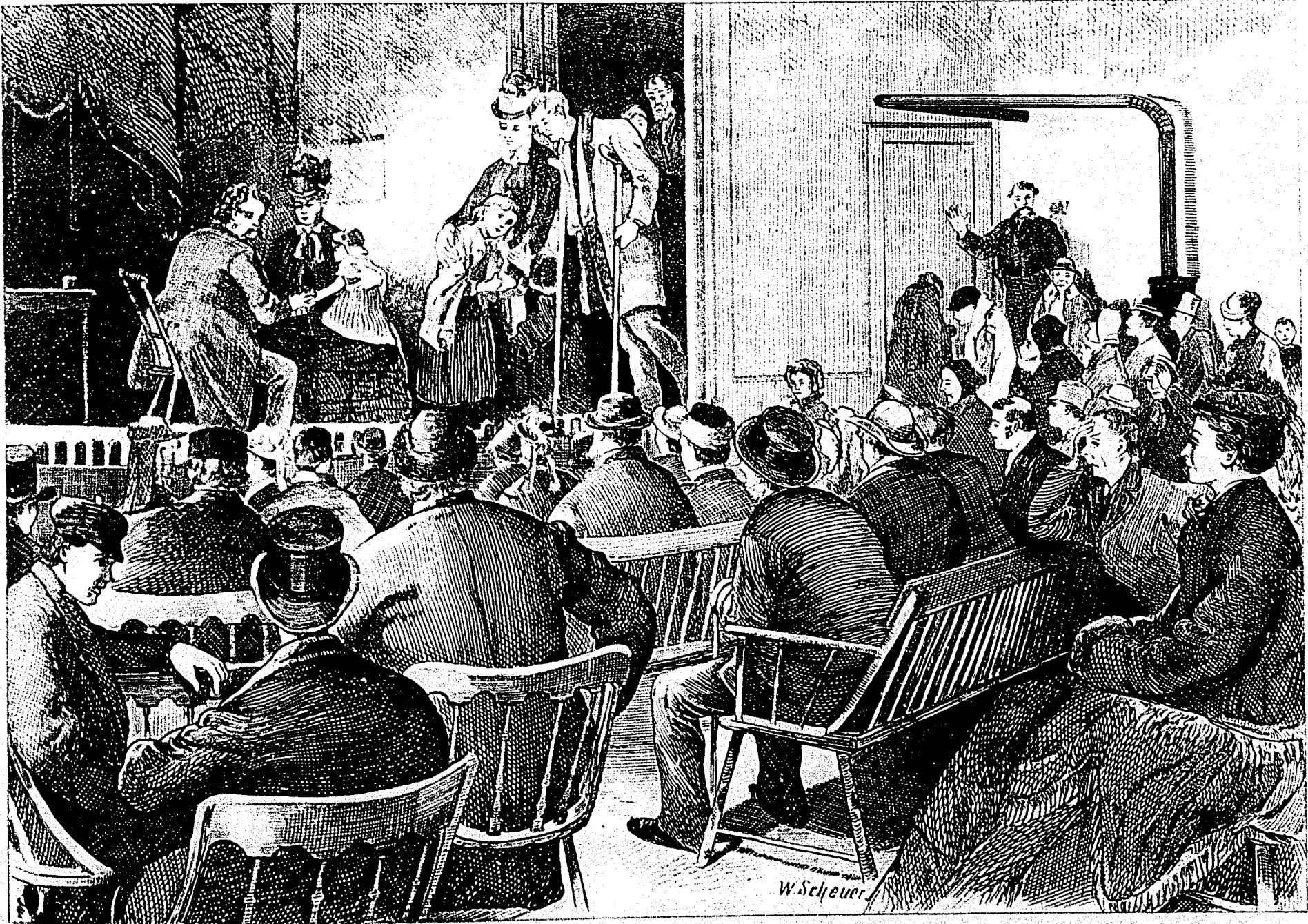
The municipality of Paris, though slow in adopting street railroads, is making rapid improvements in motors for propelling the cars since such railroads have been adopted. Successful experiments were first made on a line between Porte Maillot and the Bridge of Neuilly with a new machine driven by compressed air, which took the cars at a high rate speed with a small power, and with easy management in quickening, slowing, or stopping. More recently successful experiments have been made with still another dummy, driven by steam and with coke as a fuel, the inventor being Mr. Harding, an Englishman. Of one experiment with it the *Correspondence Havas* says: A car containing forty-four persons, all of them comfortably seated, was drawn by this dummy from the Place St. Germain-des-Près, over the line of the Southern Tramways of Paris through the Rue de Rennes, the Boulevard Montparnasse, the Avenue d'Orleans, and the Avenue de Chatillon to the fortifications. The trip occupied sixteen minutes going (up hill) and twelve returning, and was performed at the rate of twelve kilometres, or about seven and a half miles, an hour. The speed of the dummy was completely under control: the car was stopped

and set in motion more easily than with horses, and the horses in the street were not in the least disturbed by the engine. The authorities expressed their entire satisfaction with the experiment."

PROOF READERS.

That much-abused individual, the proof-reader seldom has roses thrown in his way in the shape of pleasant words, and the following from the *Chicago Times*, will seem to most of the fraternity like an oasis in a wide desert:—There was a merry meeting at the old Portugal Hotel, in London, the other night. The proof-readers of the British metropolis had assembled to celebrate with a banquet the twenty-first anniversary of the London Association of the Correctors of the Press. Perspiring under blazing gas jets for three hundred and sixty-five nights of the year, cursed by writers on one hand and type-setters on the other, the proof-reader's lot is not an easy one, and it is not surprising that a short period of relaxation and enjoyment should be the occasion of much hilarity on the part of the sufferer, as the ban-

quet apparently was. The proof-reader is probably the most unanimously imprecated man in the world. It is impossible that he should satisfy anybody, and it were the sheerest folly for him to expect to please everybody. Through weary hours he must apply himself intently to matter which does not interest him; he must follow, not mechanically, but in his mind, disquisitions which are quite likely to be odious to him. He must correct the numerous blunders of writers, and rectify the manifold embellishments of the intelligent compositor. His information must be large and varied; he must possess an acquaintance with foreign terms in use in the language which he corrects, and must be able to rectify errors in orthography, grammar, geography and history. His task is the most thankless one under heaven, for no writer ever admits the possibility of an error on his part, preferring to make the proof-reader a scape-goat for every fault. It is pleasant, therefore, to see the press correctors of at least one city joined in social brotherhood, and celebrating the prosperity of their society in an elegant banquet. It looks as if the proof-reader is not disposed to give himself up entirely to hatred of everybody and all things, as he would be perfectly justified in doing.



TORONTO:—HEALING THE SICK BY MAGNETIC TREATMENT, IN THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.