

# THE ABERDEENS IN CANADA.

## The Countess Takes in the Toronto Fall Fair,

### AND SEES THINGS THAT SURPRISE HER.

Buffalo Bill, Big Squashes, Acrobats and Horse Racing Fill the Programme—The People She Met—His Lordship Runs Up to the Cockney Show.

(From "Onward and Upward" for July.)

What a rash promise I made last month I believe I promised to escort you to some of the well-known autumn fairs of Canada, and now that the time has come for me to fulfil my promise, and I have begun to look up my notes, my heart misgives me, and I have almost a mind to throw you over. For how can I do justice to all that we saw? It is one thing to be guided and another thing to guide. But it is of no use making excuses. I must just do my best, so come along, to begin with, to the greatest of Canadian fairs, in the Queen City of Toronto. And we had to feel ourselves quite familiar with Toronto, for in our house at Hamilton was a telephone, not only communicating with nearly every other house in the town and thus saving many a note and interview, but having also communication with Toronto, on the one side, forty miles east of us, and London on the other, about thirty miles west. (Yes, London; I mean what I say—London on the Thames, in the County of Middlesex. Look in your geography books and you will find there is more than one London in the world, and when you go to Canada you will learn always to explain which London you mean—London, England, or London, Ontario. But, indeed, we have found ourselves that the more youthful of the two Londons has already made its existence known in the Old World, for when we were in Italy last year, and wanted on one occasion to send a telegram to London, we simply addressed it to London, without adding whether it was London in England or in Canada that we meant.)

But our first personal acquaintance with Toronto was made on the opening day of what is familiarly known in the country as "Canada's Greatest Fair." Here every autumn congregates thousands and thousands of agriculturists, fruit-raisers, manufacturers and pleasure-seekers. The fair goes on for a fortnight, and is held in grounds of 60 acres of public land specially set apart for the purpose for two months in the year, and on which handsome buildings have been erected for exhibition purposes, and are maintained by the Exhibition Committee. These grounds are found to small now for the exhibition of all the stock that is brought from all parts of the Dominion, not to speak of the agricultural machinery in which Canada excels, and the assortment of manufactured goods of every description, from pianos and furniture, down to the humblest articles of household necessities. And not only the useful and the amusing also were given their full place. Trotting races, the Wild West show—a performance after the manner of Buffalo Bill, with cow-boys and wild Indians and buck-jumping horses, and side performances of all kinds—were all to hand for the diversion of those who were not interested in the all-absorbing agricultural work and prospects of the country. And in spite of the vast concourse of people assembling daily (it is reckoned that 300,000 visitors attended the fair each week) no disorderly conduct or unseemly language are seen or heard. All strangers are struck by the good behavior of the crowd and by the evidence it gives of a high moral tone prevailing in Canada, and which, amongst other results, shows itself in a popular agreement that no intoxicating drinks shall be sold on the grounds during the fair. Lord Aberdeen had the honor done him to be asked to open this vast exhibition, and to give an address on the occasion, and it was on this occasion that we first visited Toronto, and that we were first brought into contact with a Canadian crowd. The opening ceremony is somewhat a trying one, for it takes place in the open air, the speakers occupying a platform afterwards given up to acrobats and jugglers, and having to address a vast crowd in an amphitheatre opposite, with the racing-course intervening. The ordeal, however, was safely got through, and the audience were very kind and appeared satisfied. But I wonder whether you will think me a very conceited wifely if I whisper that not only I, but a great many other people, thought that speech of Lord Aberdeen's very good and very wise.

But I must return to our Toronto Fair, and I feel I ought to take you round the dog show and the poultry show, and the honey show, all of which were excellent; and then I ought to tell you of all the strange implements for sowing, and reaping, and binding, and digging, and I do not know what besides, and then we ought to see the roots and the vegetables, and the magnificent show of fruit; and then we ought to stand in the ring and see the Herford, and the Shorthorn, and our own Aberdeen-Angus cattle being led out, and seeming very much at home; and the Clydesdales, too, and the roadsters, and the wonderful jumping horse, "Rosebery," who cleared the 7 ft. jump easily. Besides there are the Manitoba exhibits, and those from the Northwest and British Columbia. And there are the birds, and the insects, and the snakes to be seen. Well, what do you say to going through all these shows, and my pointing out the merits of each exhibit? If you were wise you would not absolutely trust yourself to my knowledge on all these subjects, even though I had the benefit of being shown all by our most kind friend, Captain Macmaster, Vice-President of the Fair. But even if you would, I am afraid you would not care for a whole number of the magazine to be devoted to Canada, which would be the result of your rashness, and if you or any of your friends want to know more in detail about the agricultural resources of Canada I would advise you to write to the High Commissioner for Canada, 17 Victoria street, London, S. W., and ask for some of the reports on Canada made by the British tenant-farmers, who went out last year on the invitation of the Canadian Government and visited every part of the country, and who have

# made most valuable reports on all they had seen, for the use of those wanting full and reliable information. Some of these tenant-farmers were present at the Toronto Fair the same day as we were (on our second visit), and we saw them going about everywhere making notes. And now I have a confession to make. Sir David and Lady Macpherson, prominent Scottish residents at Toronto, had been good enough to ask us to a garden-party where we might meet some of the leading citizens. I grieve to say that between lingering too long at the fair and our want of knowledge of Toronto geography, we only arrived after most of the party had left, and so we missed a great pleasure. Toronto is a fine city, laid out on the American chess-board system, but what, between the wide streets and the detached houses, with pleasant gardens all round them, it occupies a large space, somewhere about ten or twelve miles, for its 180,000 inhabitants, and those who mean to see its sights and pay visits must bear this in mind. Our drive to Sir David that evening occupied nearly an hour, and our apologies to our kind and hospitable hosts were very sincere. Their house is a beautiful one, full of treasures, and it stands in the midst of charming grounds.

But I have told you nothing yet of our host at the Government House. We had had the good fortune to be fellow-passengers across the Atlantic with the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Sir Alexander Campbell, and he had proved the best and kindest of friends, both as regards bodily and mental wants, for as to the former, he had made us free of his private provision of tea and butter, and Devonshire cream, and as to the latter, he told us much which enabled us to feel that we knew a good deal about Canada before we got there. I do not know what he will say to me, but I cannot resist the temptation of reproducing, for your benefit, a photograph of himself which he gave me. He has lived a long life of public usefulness in his adopted country, and we count the friendship with which he honored us as one of the solid gains which our trip to Canada brought us. And now, he and his daughter, Miss Marjorie Campbell, took care of us in their pleasant Government House, and through their kindness we made other friends—amongst others, Mr. Mowat, the prime Minister of Ontario, and the Speaker of the Dominion Senate, and the Hon. Mr. Allan; and we renewed acquaintance with our friend, Mr. Edward Blake, one of the leaders of the Opposition, and a well-known orator and statesman. Then Sir Alexander drove me all around the city next morning, and showed me the new and the old parts, the Queen's Park, and the different colleges and schools, and the beautiful University buildings, which were in large parts destroyed by fire last year. They still presented a grand appearance, and I am happy to say they are to be worthily restored.

Now for a peep at the London fair, and then both you and I must have a rest. A bad cold unfortunately prevented me from accompanying Lord Aberdeen to London, as I much wanted to do, but he came home full of praise of the bright appearance of this young city of 35,000 inhabitants, which goes by the name of "the Forest City," on account of the great number of trees planted along the well-laid broad streets. I have given you two peeps of London and its surroundings, but must leave you to imagine the rest, as I cannot give a personal report. But one thing I can tell you. Just after we left Canada, a very spirited little monthly paper for women was started in London, called "Wives and Daughters." If ever you go to Canada I advise you to take it in, and meanwhile I hope to give you extracts from it now and again. And now, good-night, ladies and gentlemen. I hope that my inefficiency as a guide to the agricultural fairs will not prevent you from allowing me to conduct you to the Falls of Niagara, and then to Canada's capital, and then we must bid away West. But now once more, good-night.

### Men We Hear About.

Emperor William has a sandy beard. Emile Zola is usually about nine months writing one of his novels. Dr. Hinkle, of Americus, Ga., has a piece of chinaware 791 years old. Dr. Taylor, of the Broadway (New York) Tabernacle, is paid \$16,000 a year. It is noteworthy that although James Russell Lowell was born and bred a Unitarian he was buried with the service of the Episcopal Church.

### Major Frank McLaughlin, who turned California's famous Feather River into a new channel, says most of the big enterprises in his state are now managed by Englishmen.

### Mark Twain is at Aix-le-Bains, under treatment for writer's cramp. His hand has given out from overwork in signing checks and making deposit accounts.

### There is no truth in the reports that the poet, Whittier, is dangerously ill. His health is as good as it has been for the last year or two. He is now with his friends, the Cartlands, at Newburyport.

### Jules Verne and his wife live in a delightful villa in Amiens. All his writing is done in a bit of a turret-chamber, through which boom every hour the chimes of the cathedral bells.

### Mr. Gladstone is now giving Sir John Millais sittings for the portrait of himself and his grandchild, which the artist is repainting.

### Ex-Senator Reagan, of Texas, a hard-headed, practical man of the world, got it from an old negro that it would bring him ill-fortune to put on his left shoe first, and never once in all the years that have sped has he failed to give the right foot preference.

### U. S. Secretary of War Proctor, who is to be the successor of George F. Edmunds as United States Senator from Vermont, is a driving, active man of affairs, immersed up to the ears in railroads, marble quarries, mills and other projects for accumulating money rapidly.

### Barrows' Luck.

"Barrows was always lucky."  
"What happened now?"  
"You know that \$500 watch the boys gave him?"  
"Yes."  
"He succeeded in selling it the other day for \$14."

—As much as \$10,000,000 is invested in baseball in America.

# IN ANURAD-HAPURA.

## Wonderful Ruins of the Great Brazen Palace.

One of the most noteworthy buildings of the "refulgent" city was the Lova-Mahapaya, or the Brazen Palace, erected by King Dutugemunu in the year 142 B. C. It stood upon one thousand six hundred granite pillars, and vied with surrounding bagoas in height, rearing its ninth story two hundred and seventy feet skyward; it contained one thousand dormitories for priests; its roof was of brass, and, according to the Mahawanso, the walls gleamed with resplendent gems; the great hall was supported on golden pillars resting on lions, and in the centre was an ivory thorne with a golden sun times the Brazen Palace was razed by iconoclastic invaders from India, and as often restored by the zealous adherents of the new faith, up to the latter part of the twelfth century, when the capital was removed to Pollonnaru. From the upper stories of this magnificent pile the priestly occupants could view the far-extending city, and look upon six great dagobas, all within a radius of little more than a mile, and lifting their huge white domes as high as some of the loftiest cathedrals in Europe.

The Ruanweli Dagoba stood near the palace; and according to the native archives, rested on a platform 500 feet square, its glass pinnacle glittering in the sun 270 feet above the city, its base surrounded by marble statues, and its outer walls mounting the north, beamed the great Jetgwanarama Dagoba, with its twenty million cubic feet of masonry. The beholder at the palace had only to turn his gaze in the direction of the rising sun to look upon the greatest of the relic-tombs, the Abhayagiri Dagoba.

From "The City of the Sacred Bo-Tree," by James Ricalton, in September Scribner.

# EARLY BREACH-LOADING CANNON.

## Curious Old Gun Brought to America by Cortez.

It is a matter of common belief, says a Washington correspondent, that breach-loading rifles for small arms as well as for heavy siege guns and naval armament were invented during or immediately preceding our late civil war. This is one of the greatest of popular errors. In the naval museum of this city there is a breach-loading cannon which was brought over to this country in the sixteenth century by Cortez, the invader and conqueror of Mexico. This breach-loading cannon remained in the possession of the successive Mexican Governments until during our Mexican war it was captured at Alvarado. This cannon has an indentation in the breach in which a hollow flat iron is placed. In time of battle a line of artillerymen extended from the caisson to the cannon and each man would carry a cartridge which would fit the hollow tube in the flat iron. As the gun was fired from the breach the flat iron was lifted out, a new cartridge replaced, the gun again fired, while each soldier presenting a cartridge would rush immediately to the rear, procure another and follow in line. Thus it will be seen that well nigh 300 years ago the gun makers of the old world conceived and carried into effect the idea of rapid firing breach loading field pieces. The idea was evidently not properly developed, for no improvement was made upon this gun until the year 1858, when John B. Floyd, at that time Secretary of War of this country, improved the old Cortez gun by changing the flat iron into the form of a cylinder, acting upon a hinge, the cartridge to be dropped into the receptacle of the cylinder, dropped back into the breach where it was clasped, thereby enabling the gunner the more rapidly to load and discharge his piece in time of action. It was well nigh 300 years before this improvement was made.

# Women Who Can Wear Blue.

The question of the becomingness of blue is one that is continually arising, says Mrs. Mallon in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Napoleon blue, a grayish tint, is only adapted to brunettes, and the peculiar shade of blue which is sometimes called sapphire, sometimes called robin's egg, sometimes called electric blue, is also best suited to the ladies with dark hair and clear, dark complexions. These shades are very apt to make a blonde look colorless. A pure blonde with clear eyes can always wear baby blue in the evening, but if she wishes the whiteness of her skin and the blueness of her eyes and the yellow of her hair to be brought out most effectively, she will choose rose color. All the dark shades of blue are suited to her, and she will be wisest if she chooses them in preference to all other shades of the color.

# Perils of Modern Life.

Contacts with electric wires, railroad accidents, broken car and elevator cables, explosions of steam, natural gas and chemicals, poisons in adulterated food and drink, are a few; but all these dangers combined do not kill as rapidly as slow and sure consumption. The death rate, however, from Consumption is being yearly cut down since Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has given to the world his celebrated "Golden Medical Discovery," a cure for Consumption and Throat and Lung troubles that lead to Consumption, if taken in time and given a fair trial. The time to cure Consumption (which is nothing more or less than Lung-scorfula), is in the first stages. A cough generally sounds the alarm, and you should take the "Discovery" at once. There is a time when it is too late.

# About Averages.

The average weight of a skeleton is about 14 pounds.  
The brain of a man is twice as large as that of any other animal.  
A man breathes about 20 times in a minute, or 1,200 times an hour.  
A man breathes about 18 pints of air in a minute, or upwards of 7 hogheads in a day.  
The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 beats per minute; in manhood, 80; at 60 years, 60.  
The average weight of an Englishman is 150 pounds; of a Frenchman, 136 pounds; a German, 146 pounds.  
A man gives off 4.08 per cent. carbonic gas of the air he respires; respires 19,666 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas in 24 hours, equal to 125 cubic inches common air.

# MUCH BETTER, Thank You!

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# Humorists Met.

An amusing story is told of two of our best known American authors who are both in Europe at present—Charles Dudley Warner and Mark Twain—who live near Hartford. One day Mr. Warner called for Mr. Twain to take a walk with him. Mark declined the invitation. Mr. Warner insisted, but to no purpose. Finally he said (and very likely had planned the story before, knowing how loath Twain is to walk): "You should go; it is according to scripture."  
"No Mark—the perfect-man chestnuts for me. Where is your authority?" replied the author of "Innocents Abroad."  
"The fifth chapter of Matthew, verse the forty-first," was the answer, coming with unexpected promptness from the lips of Mr. Warner. "It reads thus: 'And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him, Twain.'"  
Mark went.—Chicago News.

# Treble and Bass.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are. In treble sweet piped little Grace, 'Catarrh, catarrh, catarrh, catarrh, What a horrid pest you are.' Grewled dear papa in lowest bass. When papa reads this, he will learn how to get rid of the pest. By its mild, healing, antiseptic, and cleansing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases. This infallible remedy does not, like the poisonous, irritating snuffs, "creams" and strong caustic solutions with which the public have been so long humbugged, simply palliate for a short time, or drive the disease to the lungs. It produces a perfect and permanent cure of the worst cases of Chronic Catarrh. "Cold in the Head" cured with a few applications. Catarrh headache relieved and cured as if by magic. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, smell or hearing, watering or weakness of the eyes, and impaired memory, when resulting from catarrh. Only 50 cents, by druggists.

# Look Out For Wrinkles.

"The summer girls are going to come home in the fall wrinkled like hags," said a Madison avenue oculist, who sat in the sand at Spring Lake and eyed the belles and buds with a field-glass.  
"I know just what I'm talking about," he continued, "there is no protection for the eyes under those rick-rack straw hats, and the gauze-covered parasols are as good as tissue paper. If you will take the trouble to observe you will find that all the fashionably dressed women on the beach have to squint like sailors to see where they are going."  
"Now that makes wrinkles gather round the eyes, across the nose and forehead and frequently about the lips. They don't come in pairs, but in companies and, what is worse, they come to stay."

Little Johnnie, on seeing a skeleton for the first time, exclaimed, "Why, but they skinned her mighty close, didn't they?" She looks worse than Aunt Jane did, before ma gave her that bottle of 'Favorite Prescription'." "Aunt Jane" was so completely worn out, by prolapsus, periodical difficulties and nervous prostration, that she was a constant sufferer, day and night, but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription acted so promptly and favorably upon the uterus and other organs, that she suffers no pain at any time, and her general health has never been better. As a remedy for all female weaknesses, as a strength-giving tonic and quieting of the nerves, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or price (\$1.00) refunded.

# Cause and Effect.

Mrs. Solomon—George, I shall need a new pair of slippers this week. The soles of these old ones are completely worn out.  
Johnny Solomon—Papa, I shall need a new pair of trousers this week. The seat of these old ones are completely worn out.—Puck.

—In London the omnibus fare from Charing Cross to the end of the line has been reduced to a halfpenny. This was rendered possible by reason of the receipts for advertisements on the back of the tickets.

—The oldest newspaper in the world is the *Pekin Gazette*, a pamphlet 7 1/2 inches long by 4 inches broad, consisting of about 20 pages, bound in a yellow cover, in which form it has existed for 1,300 years.

A person wounded must die within a year and a day to make the person inflicting the wound guilty of murder.

What the summer girl is complaining about—"People, people everywhere, but not a man who flirts!"

# CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured, and I shall be glad to send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. BLOOM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

# A LOVER OF SENSATION.

## Tom Cranston as Told About in the Dundas "Banner."

The hero of the recent drowning fiasco has been written up in great shape by the Dundas Banner. Among other things it says: "The Hamilton Times had an interesting paragraph about the drowned bank clerk, and showed how he had insured his life in an accident company for \$10,000 for the benefit of his family. The Times was right in this, as he really did insure his life, and told one of the other clerks in the bank where the policy would be found in case anything happened to him. But when the policy was looked for it was not there. The statement that 'the body has not yet been recovered' is also perfectly true. Nobody about here has yet set eyes on it, and it is certain that the French habitans and fishermen around St. Anne's have not taken it out of the damp water of the raging St. Lawrence. It is supposed that Tom is carrying his body around with him and that it will not be recovered until he returns to Dundas. "Tom has had several episodes of late. He fell out of his canoe and was nearly drowned; he won \$2,000 in the St. Leger horse race, having drawn a lucky ticket; he narrowly escaped being poisoned a week or two ago by taking something in mistake into his interior; he mislaid the key of the bank safe and it took much time and trouble to open it, and now he has been drowned, or at least he seems to think he has. If he had really been drowned it would have been a good stroke of luck to have got the \$10,000 insurance, and would have beaten the horse-race ticket, but Tom couldn't have drawn the money himself, and insurance companies do not hand over the hard cash until the insured person is real dead."

—A man fishing at Jersey, England, was caught by the rising tide, and a boat had to put out to rescue him. The next day the Magistrate sentenced him to eight days hard labor "for the trouble he had caused."  
"Can your little brother talk now?"  
"Yes; he can say some words real well."  
"What are they?" "I don't know. They're words I never heard before."  
The potato disease has appeared in the flooded districts of Ireland.

D. C. N. L. 57. 91

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