A PARLOR BOMB.

A TALE OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

I have been recently reminded of an episode of the siege of Paris, which, I flatter myself, reflects no small credit on me. But be not alarmed. I shall not lead you among the shot and shell of the ramparts, nor the dangers of the outposts.

The incident I speak of took place in a quiet street. In the house of my old friend Durand, a wealthy manufacturer of chemicals, the husband of an estimable lady, the father of a charming girl, a good patriot, and though perhaps a little hot-headed in his politics, on the whole one of the best men in the world.

I was not the only guest at the hospitable table, for my next neighbor at the table was Victor Lamont, the head clerk of the chemical works. He was an excellent young fellow, dark and slender, somewhat retiring and apparently very much in love with his employer's daughter, Gertrude, who seemed not insensible to his attentions.

Though not a word had been spoken on the subject, the union of the young couple was tacitly accepted by all. Unfortunately the war prevented its accomplishment. Victor was a corporal in the Paris militia and performed his duties with the same conscientious care he exercised in all things.

I was surprised one evening to find my place at Mme. Durand's right hand occupied by a stranger—a swash-buckling individual with a bull-neck and a very red face. He wore captain's epaulettes, his uniform looked as if he might have found it in the property-room of some theatre, his enormous boots were midleg high, and altogether it was easy to see that he posed as a hero.

"M. Morin," said Durand in introducing us, "Captain of the Montmartre Zouaves of Death."

The captain curled his moustachios and scowled a salute. Before the soup was over I recollected who this Morin was. His exploits consisted in removing from the deserted houses of the suburbs such furniture as would be likely to arouse the cupidity of the enemy, and putting it in a place of safety until its owners should take it away.

I was wondering how this iron-jawed braggart came to share our meal, when Mme. Durand explained the matter to me with considerable show of emotion. While out walking, late in the afternoon, she had slipped on the sidewalk and fallen, and Morin, who happened to be passing at the time, assisted her to rise, and, as she was somewhat faint and nervous, had accompanied her home. She could do no less than ask him in to dinner.

This explanation reassured me; I hoped we should see no more of him.

"The war," he said, "had led him to Paris, whose safety required his presence." As to his exploits in the suburbs at the head of his "Zouaves of Death," they passed all belief. "The enemy could do nothing! With my five thousand wolves at my back I made a breach," etc., etc.

Mme. Durand listened to this rhodomontade with complaisance; Durand, with undisguised admiration. As to the poor militiaman Victor his existence seemed totally erased in the presence of this great blusterer.

The discredit into which he had fallen became plainly apparent after the bloody fight at Le Bourget, where the poor lad had done his duty nobly and received a painful wound in the forearm.

Victor had a fever and kept his bed, and for some weeks he did not appear at the table. The captain meanwhile energetically established his pretensions to the hand of Gertrude.

I saw that it was time to interfere in the interest of these poor creatures. It was the last day of the year, and as we were talking of the new year we decided to celebrate the anniversary together.

"Egad, Mme. Durand," said the captain, "I have a surprise for your new year's present."

This put an idea in my head.

On New Year's Day Durand received us, radiant and with open arms. The strategical editor of Le Temps had just struck a terrible blow at Prince Charles in the neighborhood of Evreux. Durand offered us this good news for our New Year's present. Victor brought a flare which he had trapped beyond the fortifications. As to the captain, he presented Mme. Durand with a bag of marrons glaces in a Uhlan's helmet.

"Madam," said he, magnificently; "I am sorry I did not bring in it the head of its owner."

"What!" cried Mme. Durand, almost speechless with emotion, "did you kill him?"

"Aye, to get this bon-bon box, madam—a performance which I make bold to say would not have been attempted by many men."

"Well," said I, "I would not think of rivalling such a hero as the captain; but I also have my little surprise. But it has not yet arrived, and I hope you will dine without waiting for it."

We sat down to table, and a very pleasant dinner it was. We had just reached the coffee, when a servant informed us that an artilleryman had just deposited my present in the drawing-room. Repairing thither, we found the object on the table, wrapped in bright colored paper and tied up in blue ribbons.

"What in the world can it be?" asked Mme. Durand.

"Don't try to guess, my dear madame; it is a bombshell."

"A bombshell!"

"Durand has often expressed to me a desire to possess a bombshell, one that has seen service, and at my request my friend Roland, commandant of a battery, has sent me this. It is from Avron plateau, where it fell and failed to explode."

As I spoke I untied the blue ribbon, took off the paper, and the bombshell appeared black, sinister and menacing.

"My dear fellow," said Durand, "I am delighted. I shall hang it up in my study."

"But," objected Mme. Durand, "if it has not gone off"——

"Oh, have no fear; it was understood that Roland would only send it to me empty and harmless. However, there is a letter accompanying it."

I opened the letter, and was about to read it aloud, but at the first line my face began to express surprise, then anxiety, when every one cried:—

"What's the matter?"

"Great heavens!—I have—listen," and I read:

DEAR FRIEND: Here is the bombshell you desired. But I have been unable to find an artilleryman who knows how to unload it. Send it to the hatmaker in the Passage de l'Opera, who will fix it for you perfectly. But I warn you to take great precautions; not the least shock, not the faintest friction, for if you strike it with even a sheet of paper it will explode. Yours, as ever, ROLAND.

I was interrupted by cries of fright.

"Oh, take it away!" cried Mme. Durand. "Oh, this is terrible! A bombshell in my house!"

"For heaven's sake," said I, raising my hand warningly, "be calm! Do not be frightened; the artilleryman who brought it shall take it away."

"But, sir," said the servant, who stood trembling in the door, "the artilleryman has gone."

"Then," said I, "it is I who must"——

"I forbid you," cried Durand. "You are not strong enough to carry it. You would let it fall on the way, perhaps on the stairs, or even in this room."

Mme. Durand threw herself on me crying:

"No, no, not you! It is too dangerous. Not you."

"This," said Durand, "is work for a strong soldier. Happily the captain is here"——

"I?" said the captain, uneasily.

"Yes, you are as strong as a bull; and, besides, you are used to those dreadful implements of war. You play with cannon balls and bombshells as a schoolboy does with his tops and marbles."

"But—but pardon me," said the captain, who grew slightly pale, "a bombshell, you see—er—hum. Can we not wait until to-morrow and have it taken away then?"

Here Victor stepped forward.

"Do not put yourself to so much trouble, I beg," said he. "I will take the bombshell away."

"You are mad, my boy," cried Durand, stopping him. "Just off a sick bed, and with your wounded arm! Do you want to bring the house down about our ears?"

The captain did not like the situation, that was evident. But he was not the man to be disconcerted at such a trifle.

"You are right," said he, smiling uneasily; "that sort of thing is in my line. I was about to say, however, when you interrupted me just now, that it would be dangerous for a man on foot to carry it. The sidewalks are slippery, and a single false step in the street would be enough to blow to pieces ten men. To take it away in a carriage is the only reasonable way. General Lefevre, who brought me to your door in his carriage, is dining at Brebant's, and his carriage is in front of the restaurant. I will ask him to lend it to me. He is an old friend of mine—so the matter is settled. Suss let me buckle on my belt and I shall be back here in ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour at the outside."

I returned to the drawing-room, which was still all consternation. Mme. Durand vacillated between a desire to fly and curiosity to examine the bomb-shell. As if unintention-ally, I looked out into the street, which was brightly lighted up by the full moon.

"It was a very simple matter to let me take it away," murmured Victor.

"Tut, tut!" cried Durand, surprised at the young man's quiet courage. "It is better that the captain should do it."

"Let us hope," said Mme. Durand, "that he will not keep us waiting long."

"Not keep us waiting long, dear madame!" said I, gayly. "You may rest assured he will. For he will not come back."

"Good gracious. What does that mean?"

"That means, friend Durand, that your captain is a bragging cur, and, that I am delighted to have unmasked the batteries of such a scoundrel in favor of such an estimable young man."

And taking a photograph album I struck it violently on the cap of the bombshell, which burst into a thousand pieces—of chocolate. It was made of chocolate, and showered over the carpet a fusillade of sugar plums, candied fruits and nuts!

A shout of laughter followed the explosion.

* * * * * *

It is perhaps needless to state that Victor and Gertrude were married as soon as the war was over.

It is also probably needless to state that the captain has never returned.—Translated from the French Victorien Sardou for the Argonant.

THE HORSES OF THE WORLD.

Interesting Equine Statistics—Canada Possesses Over Two-and-a-Half Millions.

Professor D. Leonhard of Frankfort gives in the Mittelrheinische Verbandkalender for 1886 the following statistics of the horses of various countries and cities.

According to Schwarzenecker, Prussia possesses altogether 2,313,817 horses, or 97 horses for 1000 inhabitants (91 per 1000). Omitting the detailed census of the number in each division of the Empire given by Prof. Leonhard, it may be noted that, according to the census of 1873, the German Empire contained altogether 3,352,231 horses, about fourteen per cent. younger than there years; of the horses older than this, in round numbers, 70 per cent. were employed in agriculture, 10 per cent. in commerce and industries, 3·2 per cent. in army use, 0·4 per cent. as stud horses, and 3 per cent. as saddle and carriage horses. This gave 82 horses per 1000 inhabitants.

Austria-Hungary possesses three one-half millions, or 99 per 1000 inhabitants. Hungary alone has 2,000,000. France has altogether 2,882,850 horses and 300,000 mules, or 78 horses per 1000 inhabitants, and 54 per square kilometer.

Denmark (census of 1881) possesses 316,570 horses; Belgium, 283,163 horses, or 60 per 1000 inhabitants; Holland, 250,000, or 73 per 1000 inhabitants; Italy (census of 1868), 657,544, but in 1879 she had only 615,457 horses, besides 293,568 mules; Switzerland, in 1866, about 105,000, or 40 per 1000 inhabitants; Spain (in 1865), 660,373, besides 2,319,846 mules and asses; every year there are killed in the bull fights 3000 to 4000 horses; Portugal, 88,900 horses, 50,390 mules and 127,950 asses; Russia (in 1872), 21,570,000 horses; Sweden and Norway, 655,456, or 115 horses per 1000 inhabitants; Greece, about 100,000; United States of America, 9,504,000; Canada, 2,624,000; Agentine Republic, 4,000,000; Uruguay, 1,000,000; Australia (in 1871), 304,000.

Prof. Leonhard gives for different cities the figures cited below: Berlin 32,827; Breslau 4681; Bremen 2199; Buda-Pesth 11,81; Cologne 1860; Dantzig 2385. Dresden 5641; Frankfort-on-the Main 3000; Hamburg 4171; Hamburg, with suburbs 7600; Hanover 4155; Konigsberg i. P., 4477; Copenhagen 5302; Leipzig 2483; Monaco 5833, Rome 11,733; Stockholm 3366; Stuttgart 2501; Vienna 14,317; Paris 64,247; (the Omnibus Company has most horses of any corporation, 12,000); London 200,000, of which about 60,000 are used in public carriages, 10,000 for street cars, and 60,000 for omnibuses.

The number of horses in St. Petersburg is not given, but is supposed to be about the same as in London.

The horses of the city of New York are estimated as being between 60,000 and 75,000.

A REPORTER ON DUTY.

A Story for Young Men Who Long for the Flesh-Pots of Journalism.

From the Chicago Herald.

For reasons not necessary to state the subject of this story lives four miles from his place of business. During the recent labor troubles his duties were not more onerous than usual. He was told to come to his office one day at noon. Then he was ordered to go to the scene of the strike, and there, in the dust and facing almost every conceivable object, he stood, climbed, ran and walked over railroad ties, over cars, across lots, up stairways and into places where men were consulting on private business. When he told his mission he was abused or given to understand it was none of his business. He persisted, and by putting his ear over a keyhole and pulling at every man, woman and child he succeeded in gathering some threads of information.

It was night when he turned his footsteps toward his office. He was hungry and dusty and dry. But he was expected to come to his post. He sat down at a desk and wrote until midnight—putting the threads together which he had picked up during the day. There was a little woman in a home four miles away who sat down to a table alone and partook of the dainty meal she had prepared for him with her own hands. When it was cold she knew he would not come. She had placed the little one in the crib, and had eaten her dinner with no companion about her save the measured strokes of a pendulum—and they grew louder and louder at each stroke. A little later she prepared a lunch and left it on the table and went to her bed. When he had finished his work on the duty of the day his superior said he would have to ask him to go over on the north side to the city limits and look up a case which had been reported.

It was nearly 2 o'clock when he came back and it was 3 o'clock when he finished the assignment. He had to wait for a car twenty minutes. When he arrived at home it was 4.30. He sat down to the table where tender hands had prepared the luncheon. Daylight and the thunder of the city had met for another contest when he went to his rest. Before doing this he pinned a note on baby's crib, addressed to his wife, asking her to call him at 10 a.m., as he had an assignment at 11. The little one opened its eyes and held up its hands for a kiss. The man actually had no time to give it, but he did, and then ran away. This young man has been working in that way—no exaggeration—for one, two, three and five years. Nobody ever calls him a laboring man, and when, the other day, I heard him tell this story, which I know to be true, the man to whom he told it said, "You are a fool to do it."

The man answered, "But if I didn't do it, there is another fool who would."

Woman's Best Friend.

A hair-pin is a woman's best friend, says the Buffalo Commercial. It fits a multiplicity of uses and she is never without one. If her hair is short you can depend upon it that in a recess of her purse or a pocket of her reticule you will find the hair-pin. If she buttons her shoe she uses her hair-pin, and who ever saw a woman button her gloves with anything else? If her head itches does she scratch it with her finger? Nonsense. She whips out her hair-pin and relieves herself. Suppose a nickle has dropped between the bars of the wooden foot grate in the street car. Does she soil her fingers as a man would, and then not get it? Certainly not. Out comes the hair-pin, and the coin is lifted out without trouble. If her shawl-pin is lost, where so good a substitute as the hair-pin? If she eats a nut does she use a nut-pick? Most assuredly not. The hair-pin again. It is with the hair-pin that she rips open the uncut leaves of a book or magazine; it is a hair-pin with which she marks her progress in her favorite book; if her trunk key is missing a hair-pin opens the refractory lock as neatly as a burglar's skeleton key would; with it she cleanses her finger nails and, if it is a clean one, even picks her teeth.

CHASED BY A WATERSPOUT.

A Curious Incident of a Homeward Voyage from Trinidad to New York.

Wm. Drysdale in New York Times.

On Tuesday, October 20, we had a sensation that woke us up a little. The Trinidad was chased by a waterspout. It was a very stormy day, with a rough sea, and raining hard. We were then in the neighborhood of latitude 27 degrees, or about 100 miles further north than Key West. Between 1 and 2 o'clock in the afternoon I happened out on deck, and saw just enough sun trying to shine to show that the sun was not entirely drowned out. But the sun, curiously enough, was still over in the east, when it should have been in the westward of us. After cogitating over this phenomenon for a short time I started aft to look at the compass, and found nearly all the passengers gathered on the afterdeck. The compass showed that we were moving southward and heading for St. Kitts again.

The passengers and all the steward's boys were watching a curious column that rose straight up out of the sea, and seemed to be chasing us. They lost no time in telling the new-comer that the column was a waterspout, and that the ship had been dodging it for the last half hour. It was said to be, when I first saw it, about two miles from the ship, and looked at that distance, about the diameter of a hogshead. The column of water must have been fully half a mile high, and from the top of it sprang a dark-colored tail, looking like smoke coming out of a chimney, but perfectly round. This upper part went up zigzag fashion as far as we could see and disappeared in the clouds. When first seen the waterspout was immediately in front of us, and the ship's course was changed to avoid it. Then it started after us, and we continued to dodge it for more than half an hour. At last we left it behind and resumed our course. We did not see it break, but lost it in the distance.

I asked Capt. Frazer afterward what would have been the result if we had run into it, and he replied that the ship's going into it would undoubtedly have broken the column, so that a few hundred thousand tons of water would have come down on our heads very much to the detriment of all our "upper works." He thought it would not have damaged the solid parts of the ship, but perhaps it was just as well not to give it a chance to try. The weather cleared off in the evening, but we still had a rough sea—so rough, that steamers chairs would not stand steadily enough on deck to be used with comfort or safety. On the following day the weather was much cooler and more pleasant, and the sea smoother. On Thursday, with another rough sea, we got a welcome reminder that we were approaching cooler climates. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when we were said to be just opposite Hatteras, all the awnings were taken down. There was no further use for them.

Important.

—When you visit or leave New York City save baggage expressage and $3 carriage hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the Grand Central Depot. 613 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevators. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city. cd

AUCTION SALE

BANKRUPT STOCK

Jewelry, Silverware,

WATCHES, CLOCKS, ETC.,

16 QUEEN WEST.

Every Evening till the whole is sold. Commences 8 o'clock sharp. 246

MARBLE CLOCKS. 246

RUSSELLS

Time • Day

9 KING ST. WEST.

A FINE ASSORTMENT, VERY CHEAP.

IMPORTANT NOTICE—Strangers visiting the city are respectfully invited to call at T. Wicks & Sons, No. 77 Yonge-street, and inspect their fine display of souvenir jewelry, fancy goods, watches, clocks, &c. They have the choicest lines in the city. 1st prize coin engraving a specialty. Also 1st prize steel name stamps for mechanics' use. 246

PRINTERS LEADS, SLUGS AND METAL FURNITURE

National ELECTRO & STEREOTYPE Co.

SEND FOR PRICE'S. 187 VICTORIA ST. TORONTO

LADIES' FINE

LAWN TENNIS SHOES

At 90c., $1, $1.25 and $1.50.

In Kid Imitation, Morocco, Patent Leather and Canvas Uppers. 356

F. QUA & CO.,

49 King Street West.

OAKVILLE DAIRY,

451½ YONGE STREET.

Guaranteed Pure Farmer's Milk supplied retail at lowest market rates. 246

FRED. SOLE, Proprietor.

Semi-Centennial Dairy Co.

MILK!

Wholesale and retail, either by the quart or by bottle, at lowest rates. Quality our motto. Give us a trial.

CLARK BROS., 562

616 YONGE ST.

EGLINGTON DAIRY,

713 Yonge-street and 86 and 88 Davenport Road.

Guaranteed pure farmers' milk supplied wholesale and retail at lowest market prices.

136 EDD. COOPER, Prop.

AWNINGS,

Flags, Tarpaulins,

Prices and Samples of Goods on application by the Celebrated Gold Medal Tent Manufacturers. 136

NATIONAL MANFG. CO

70 KING STREET WEST.

MEN ONLY. A quick, Permanent Cure for Lost Manhood, Debility, Nervousness, Weakness. No quackery. Indisputable Proofs. Book by mail, sealed, 10 cents, unsealed, FREE. ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Fred Armstrong

PRACTICAL PLUMBER,

229 QUEEN STREET WEST

TELEPHONE 1066. 36

JOHN SIM,

PLUMBER,

No. 21 Richmond Street East.

Corner Victoria Street. 6

JAMES FINN,

PLUMBER, GASFITTER, ETC.,

All work personally superintended. 64

501 QUEEN STREET WEST.

W. J. GUY,

PLUMBER.

Best work. Lowest prices. Always ready. Estimates furnished. 246

275 QUEEN STREET WEST

WHITELAWS',

PLUMBERS,

Gas and Steam Fitters,

COR. QUEEN AND SHERBOURNE STS.

Personal attention given to all work. Job bing promptly attended to. 246

NORMAN WHITELAW. FRANK WHITELAW.

JAS. H. SAMO,

189 YONGE ST.,

Has now in Stock 100 Bedroom Sets, from $20 upwards, of our own manufacture, and warranted of the very best workmanship. Particular attention given to Upholstered Goods. All goods manufactured on the premises under my own supervision.

Bank and hotel fittings a specialty.

JAMES H. SAMO,

189 YONGE STREET. 246

IT WILL PAY

TO SEE

JOLLIFFE'S

STOCK OF

CARPETS

AND

LINOLEUMS

AT THE

Furniture Warerooms

467 to 471 West Queen St. 246

Upholstering a Specialty

Parlor Suites made to order. Workmanship and material A1. Old Parlor Suites made over equal to new in the latest style. All kinds of Upholstering work solicited—old or new. All work sent for and delivered to all parts of the city. 246

W. D. FELKIN,

5 SHUTER STREET.

PARLOR SUITES!

A SPECIALTY.

First Class Material and Workmanship Guaranteed. 246

T. F. CUMMINGS & CO.,

349 Yonge Street.

Desk & Office Tables

For Office, Library, Warehouse, Students, etc., in 10 styles; also the handsomest Cylinder Desk in the world for $25. 246

A. O. ANDREWS & CO., 151 Yonge-st.

Mattrasses, Bedding,

Disinfected, thoroughly cleaned and re-made if necessary. Lowest prices in the city. Send orders

ROYAL BEDDING COMPANY

412 YONGE STREET.

Wholesale and Retail. 246

PERKINS,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

293 Yonge-st. (5 Doors north of Wilton-ave.).

wishes to say for the benefit of his friends that in future all sittings will be made by himself, and that no work shall be allowed to leave the studio unless it gives perfect satisfaction. Ladies bring along your children and babies; now is your time.

ART PHOTOGRAPHY!

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

MILMAN & CO.,

Late NOTMAN & FRASER.

All Notman & Fraser's old negatives in stocks and orders filled from them at any time.

J. FRASER BRYCE,

Photographic Art Studio,

107 KING STREET WEST.

Portraits in Oil, Water Colors, Crayon, Indian Ink, etc. Life-size photographs made direct from life a specialty. Nothing to equal them in the Dominion.

CUT THIS OUT.

Mde. Dubois & Fils, Ostrich Feather Manufacturers and re-dyers, beg to inform their customers and the public that they have removed to 97 King street west, where in addition to their dyeing feathers, they have commenced the manufacturing of fine Feather Trimmings, in all shades and widths. A call respectfully solicited. Remember, 97 King street west. 136

J. HUNTER BROWN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Continues to do the Fine Trade of Yonge Street.

ALL who appreciate perfection in FASHION, FIT AND FINISH

Are invited to inspect his select Stock of New Suitings and Trouserings.

No Fancy Prices. Terms Cash.

283 YONGE STREET,

Corner Wilton Avenue. 135

J.F. CREAN

Merchant Tailor

AND

Military Outfitter,

89 YONGE ST. 135

Northwest Rebellion Miniature Medals and Regulation Waterproofs in Stock.

ADAMS' CLOTHING FACTORY

327 Queen Street West.

Five thousand pairs pants, strong, durable, well made, $1.25, $1.50, $2. English Silk and Worsted Tweeds, $3 and $3.50; made to measure, same price. Fifteen hundred Boys' Suits from one dollar. Youth's and Men's Suits, $3, $3.50. Strong Pure Wool Tweed Suits, well made, $6, usual price ten. Single coats. Odd vests at just what they will fetch. Suits to measure in every variety and well made, ten, twelve and thirteen dollars, cheapest in Canada; come and see them. Seventeen hundred hats, new styles and shapes, $1 and $1.50, just half Yonge street prices. Tweeds and Serges, any length, less than wholesale prices; cut free. 436

MACDONALD'S

FOR

SPRING CLOTHING.

LATEST STYLES.

QUALITY AND FIT GUARANTEED. 246

A. MACDONALD

355 YONGE ST., Opp. Elm.

FASHION, FIT, FINISH

GARDENER,

30 VICTORIA ST.,

THE FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

Ensures to his Patrons Fashion, Fit and Finish. Try him once and be convinced. 624

Who's Your Tailor?

SEXSMITH & SON

193½ YONGE STREET.

FINE LINE OF GOODS,

REASONABLE PRICE.

LATEST SPRING FASHION

AT

SEXSMITH & SON,

193½ Yonge Street. 246

AUSTEN,

Late of Queen street east, has remove to 2 RICHMOND EAST, corner of Yonge, where will be found a full line of English and Canadian Tweeds, Suitings, Overcoatings etc.

H. ABEL & CO.,

Fashionable Tailors,

432 Yonge St., Toronto.

Select stock of Fine Tweeds. Fancy Worsteds New Pantings, etc., on hand. Perfect fit guaranteed. 461

LAWN MOWERS

ONLY $4.50.

WHEELBARROWS

ONLY $2.00.

RUBBER HOSE

3PLY, ONLY 10c. FOOT.

P. PATERSON & SON,

77 KING STREET EAST.

The Wiley & Russell Manufacturing Company's Genuine

"LIGHTNING"

STOCKS AND DIES,

Hand and Machine Taps, Bolt Cutters, Rim Wrenches, etc. Price List on application. Agents for Ontario.

RICE LEWIS & SON,

Hardware and Iron Merchants, Toronto.

Gentlemen's Slippers.

Garnet and Black Goat Slippers, Velvet and Cloth Slippers, Patent Leather and Kid low shoes, all hand-sewed and very nice. Prices moderate. 36

79 KING ST. EAST.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Quality, Quantity, Prices

RIGHT AT

ROBT. STARK,

462 Yonge St. 25

Oaklands' Jersey Ice Cream

Can now be obtained each day and evening by the Plate at the Oaklands' Jersey Dairy,

131 YONGE STREET,

Whose Ice Cream Parlor has just been fitted up in a style second to none in the Dominion.

The inspection of the public is cordially invited. 246

MACHINISTS TOOLS FOR SALE.

Having purchased the Building and Plant of the Wilson Machine Company, we will, in order to make room for our own tools, dispose of the following first-class tools still remaining:

10 Screw-cutting, 6 Self-feed and 1 Turret Lathe.
2, four and five Spindle Drills, 1 Pratt & Whitney Profile Machine.
2 Heavy Lincoln Pattern Milling Machines, 1 large Index Milling Machine.
1 Styles & Parker Power Press, 1 Engine, 1 Sheet and Bar Iron Cutter.
Vertical Drill, Saw, Bench, Buffing, Lathers and other tools. The whole are in good condition, and for the above reason can be bought at a bargain. Call and examine or send for lists to

LEITCH & TURNBULL,

ELEVATOR MANUFACTURERS, HAMILTON. 26

Hydraulic, Hand, Steam and Belt Power Elevators.

A New Treatment

FOR THE

RAPID AND PERMANENT CURE OF

CATARRH

To be had only of A. H. DIXON & SON

No 305 KING ST. WEST TORONTO CANADA

Opinions of the Press.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon treatment for catarrh. Out of 2000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished, the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him six years ago, are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street west, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star.*

OBSERVE—Our remedy is easily applied—it is used only once in twelve days, and its application does not interfere with business or ordinary duties. We give every case our special attention.

None Genuine Without Our Signature.

A. H. Dixon & Son

Toronto, Canada.

We Want Active Agents To sell the Renner Combined Alarm and Door Bell

in every county in the United States and Canada. Geo. C. Owens, Modesta, Cal., says: "I have canvassed one day and took 22 orders. In same letter he ordered two gross. Wm. McKim, of Grand Haven, Mich., says: "he took 13 orders in 10 hours." Profit on Bell, $2.50. In our EXTRAORDINARY OFFER to agents we agree to take back all Bells unsold, if the agent fails to clear $125.00 in 30 days. Illustrated circulars sent free. Address RENNER MANUFACTURING CO., Pittsburgh, Pa. 135

GRAND OPERA LIVERY STABLES.

Mr. Ewing has just purchased some FIRST-CLASS LIVERY HORSES, Unequalled in Toronto; and has also on hand some handsome and perfect carriage horses for sale. Models for driving.

246 JAS. EWING, Proprietor.

NORTHERN LIVERY STABLES

Victorias, Coupes, Landaus,

With Drivers in Livery. Prompt attention. Telephone 350. 24

F. DOANE, Proprietor.

NEW BOOKS!

For Summer Reading.

"Mr. Isaacs," by F. Marion Crawford 50c
"Dr. Claudius," by F. Marion Crawford 50c
"The Heir of the Ages," by Jas. Payn 25c
"Army Society," by J. S. Winter 25c
"Pluck," by J. S. Winter 25c
"Her Own Doing," by W. E. Norris 25c
"Mayor of Casterbridge," by Thomas Hardy 20c
"Living or Dead," by Hugh Conway 25c

WINNIFRITH BROS.,

64 KING ST. EAST. 135

NOW READY,

The New Canadian Tariff.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

The Trade Supplied by

The Toronto News Company.

BILLIARDS!

Rossin House Billiard Room re-opened, after being thoroughly renovated, is now the most elaborate, handsome, and complete billiard room on the continent.

CHARLES HIGGINS, Proprietor. 246

REFRIGERATORS.

The Arctic Refrigerator the Best in the World.

From the smallest Family Refrigerator to the largest Cold Storage Building. Call and see samples and get references at WAREROOMS.

116 Queen-street East, Toronto.

WITHROW & HILLOCK. 351

$10 REWARD

Will be paid to anyone supplying information that will lead to the conviction of any persons of selling or manufacturing an imitation of the MAGIC SCALE (for garment cutting). Fraud detected by absence of autograph of Will. C. Rood, Inventor, which appears on genuine Magic Scales and Instruction Books.

MISS E. CHUBB, General Agent, 179 King-street W. 36

Telephone No. 3091.

T. FISHER, 539 YONGE ST

Express daily for Parkdale, Brockton, West Toronto Junction and Carlton. Ratest low. Central Office at Mr. Kidney's Real Estate Office, cor. Adelaide and Victoria streets. 4

FOR SALE.

A decided bargain. Solid Brick Dwelling on Jarvis, north of Carlton. Frontage 20 feet, 12 rooms, modern conveniences. Price only $3500.

246 WILLIAM HART, 49 Arcade.

PATENTS

PROCURED in Canada, the United States and all foreign countries. Caveats, Trade-Marks, Copyrights, Assignments, and all Documents relating to Patents, prepared on the shortest notice. All information pertaining to Patents cheerfully given on application. ENGINEERS, Patent Attorneys, and Experts in all Patent Causes.

DONALD C. RIDOUT & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1867

22 KING ST. EAST TORONTO

TELEPHONE NO. 3091

For T. Fisher. Express, Parcel Delivery and Furniture Removing Depot, 539 Yonge street. Double and single teams always in readiness for removal of furniture, baggage, merchandise, etc., to and from all parts of the city. Special low rates for removing furniture, etc., during winter months. French's patent truck for removing pianos.

SCHOOL TEACHERS

AND STUDENTS.

NOTICE.

We are preparing to give a special course of Private Lessons on Shorthand, Drawing or Painting, by highest masters, to School Teachers and Students during summer vacation.

All who can should come and study these invaluable arts.

Satisfaction guaranteed each student.

Send at once for special circulars. 246

The Union Shorthanders' Academy,

ARCADE, TORONTO.