

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

PARIS AND AMERICAN FASHIONS. Mrs. J. J. Stoughton, Edithors. Below will be found a pattern of a lady's wool jacket, from the December number of the Y. L. Journal. It is not at all difficult, and I am sure our lady friends will find it a useful as well as enjoyable pastime these long evenings when obliged to stay in doors.

KNITTED JACKET FOR LADY.

Material required: 8 oz. each sweater and grey double Berlin wool, two bone knitting pins, and a ribbed sock No. 7.

This jacket is very easy to make. It is knitted in three stripes, two grey and one sweater. The stripes are joined by a needle and wool. For the grey stripes, which are made long enough to pass over the shoulder and form both the front and back stripe, cast on twenty-one stitches, knit three and purl alternately; always slip the first stitch; continue to knit thus until you have made the stripe the length required, purling the knitted and knitting the purl stitches in every alternate row. About 174 rows will be required. The hands compose the two sides, knitted three and four. The stripe for the back is knitted with sweater wool in the same way, making it half the length. The light stripes are sewn one each side of the back, then each is folded and sewn up under the arm, leaving a sufficient space for the arm-hole. With sweater wool work a stripe of trikot one double into a stitch, four chains, one treble into first of four chain, pass over two stitches of trikot and repeat. This stripe is sewn to the jacket. A similar stripe serves for the sleeves, working on six instead of eight stitches. The jacket is fastened by pearl buttons.

DIFFERENT FASHION OF WEARING THE HAIR.—The "peruke," or wig, or at all events, false hair, was much used by all the very ancient nations. In the British Museum a peruke may be seen which was found in the temple of Isis at Thebes, the curling and arranging of which is worth the attention of the modern coiffeur. It is very large; every curl is placed with the utmost care, and can gather, from its state of preservation, that the artificers of Thebes possessed a secret which modern peruke-makers do not possess, and that—namely, that the thousands of years that have passed and gone, this peruke preserves its original shape and curl. It was an ancient custom for brides to be married with the hair disheveled; and in pictures representing the marriage of the Holy Virgin, she is thus represented by the old masters. When Henry VIII. married Anne Boleyn, she is reported to have worn her hair thus; and amongst the Eastern nations and the slaves, the practice still continues.

The most ancient style of hair consists of plaiting two long tresses and drawing them either hanging down the back or bound round the head. The plait of three strands is of unknown antiquity; and as it was the first and most enduring, so it probably will be the last style practiced, and we see that its return to favor every few years is almost a certainty.

The fashion of cutting the hair straight across the forehead was the style worn in England during the reign of Henry III. and Edward I. Upon the coins of that monarch, and during the reign of Henry VII., this style is visible, as worn by boys and men. The rest of the hair was worn very bushy at the sides, and rolled in two large and long curls. The same fashion re-appeared in the reign of Charles I., but was then probably introduced from Spain.

HOUSEWIVES' CORNER.

DEEP CAKES.—Pound some beef that is underdone with a little fat bacon or ham; season with pepper, salt, and a little shallot; mix them well and make into small cakes three inches long and half as wide and thick; fry them a little brown, and serve them in a good thick gravy.

SARATOGA POTATOES.—Take the number of potatoes required, peel them, and cut in very thin slices; wash and wipe as dry as possible; fry them the same as you would cutters; when well browned place into a colander with a skimmer, and sprinkle a little salt on them while hot.

VINAIGRE FROM MILK.—In several parts of France and on the Alps milk whey is used to make the sharpest vinegar. The process is simple. After having clarified the whey it is poured into a cask, with some aromatic plants or other blossoms, as it suits the fancy, and then exposed in the open air to the sun, where it soon requires an uncommon degree of acidity.

COFFEE FOR THE TABLE.—The roasted berries should not be ground until a few minutes before you wish to make the liquid coffee. The coffee should be heated, which may be done by means of boiling water, previously to putting in the coffee. The common custom of boiling water is unnecessary, as all the flavor is extracted by boiling hot water. Should it, however, be placed upon the fire, it should be only just a minute. To clarify the coffee, add a shred of singlass or, still better, a spoonful of the white of an egg.

STRENGTHENING BLEND-MANGE.—Dissolve in a pint of new milk, half an ounce of singlass, strain them through a muslin sieve, put it again on the fire, with the rind of half a small lemon, pared very thin, and two ounces of sugar, broken small; let it simmer gently until well-flavored, then take out the lemon peel, and stir the milk to the beaten yolks of three fresh eggs; pour the mixture back into the saucepan, and hold it over the fire, keeping it stirred until it begins to thicken; put it into a deep basin and keep it mixed with a spoon until it is nearly cold; then pour it into moulds which have been laid in water and set it in a cool place till firm. This we can recommend for invalids, as well as for the table generally.

STRAWED POTATOES.—Peel the potatoes and wash them in cold water. Put them in the steamer, and place it at once over boiling water, covered very close. It is best not to lift the lid till the potatoes are done. They take from thirty to fifty minutes, according to size. Keep the water steadily boiling.

IRISH PANCAKES.—Beat eight yolks and four whites of eggs, strain them into a pint of cream, put a grated nutmeg and sugar to your taste; set three ounces fresh butter on the fire, stir it, and as it warms pour it on the cream which should be warm when the eggs are put to it; then mix smooth at almost half a pint of flour. Fry the pancakes very thin; the first with a bit of butter, but not the others. Serve several on one another.

FRENCH BREAD.—As a rule the bread is always sweet and good, and two things contribute in a great degree to this—that is the manner and form of baking. They never make a thick loaf; no matter what the size or shape, it is always thin, and more than two-thirds crust. They bake their bread until perfectly cooked. The loaves being so thin the heat strikes through them very soon after they are placed in the oven; in the case of large loaves fermentation continues to go on after the bread has been in the oven for some time, and of course much of the sweetness is lost. Then, in baking so long, having so much crust, there is a peculiar sweetness given which can be attained in no other way.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

In education there is not only required the training of the moral, or intellectual powers, but also the physical, which taken with the others goes to make up the man. Each of these powers must be developed, and yet each must yield something to satisfy the claims of the others. For example: if we were to cultivate the physical powers only, we would have a strong resemblance to the savage; if we cultivate the moral only, we would be apt to become enthusiastic maniacs; while the education of the intellectual alone, would make one an eccentric oddity. Hence we may readily infer that the formation of the complete man depends upon the training and uniting of these three powers. We find that the ancients attached great importance to physical training, and the end at which they professed to aim in all their schools of culture was a sound mind in a sound body.

The Greeks and old English, entertained an idea that without proper physical training it would be impossible to find in a nation either warriors or statesmen. It was this same idea which drew from the Duke of Wellington, when looking on at the boys engaged in their sports in the playground of a renowned school, the remark: "It was there that the battle of Waterloo was won." Can the same be said of the young men of the present day? No we see among them, on the play-grounds, display of that physical energy which would enable us to point out the rising Napoleon or Washington of the nineteenth century? In reply to this question, we must say that there are many young men of the present day who are equal to, if not able to surpass, those of olden times in physical sports.

But it is not for this class we intend these few remarks, but for those inactive, discontented, stunted youths, who pass their time in a manner which will prove injurious not only to their physical powers but also to the moral and intellectual. They expend their fortunes in the vain hope of regaining their declining health, and change of climate or skillful medical treatment seems only to bring them nearer to the grave. The same words might be well applied to them which were addressed to a Syracusan prince by a Spartan cook. The prince being present at one of the Spartan public repasts, found the food very indigestible. "I do not wonder at your dislike," said the Spartan cook, "for the seasoning is wanting." "What seasoning?" asked the prince. "Flaming, perspiration, fatigue, hunger and thirst," answered the cook; "these are the ingredients with which we season all our food."

Practical success in life depends much more upon physical health than is generally imagined. The success even of professional men depends in no slight degree upon their cultivated physical strength. Thus a well-trained, strong and manly voice is considered almost indispensable to the successful lawyer or politician. The lawyer has to climb the heights of his profession through close and heated courts; and the political leader has to bear the fatigue and excitement of long and anxious debates in a crowded house. Hence the lawyer and politician are called upon to display powers of physical endurance and energy even more extraordinary than those of the intellect. Such powers have been very often exhibited in a remarkable degree by many of our greatest lawyers and statesmen. The observation, for it is a sad but undeniable fact, that the mental training of youth is woefully neglected at the present day, and particularly throughout our enlightened land of liberty. But, as we have before stated, to form the complete man requires not only the cultivation of the moral or intellectual powers, but that of the physical powers also.—(Notes, Duane School.)

A DEER RUN DOWN WITH A TUG-BOAT.

(From the Chicago Times, Nov. 2.) Capt. Joe Greenlight, late owner of the tug D. F. Edwards, which he delivered to the purchaser at Sturgeon Bay, returned yesterday, and relates an exciting deer hunt on the tug. He says the tug was lying in the bay at an early hour on Monday morning, when they observed a large buck making lively time towards the tug, hotly pursued by hounds. Reaching the beach, the frightened animal plunged into the water, and swam rapidly from the shore. Thinking to capture the scared thing easily, the tug went in pursuit, but the race was more than he had calculated upon. Finally the buck was overhauled, but instead of allowing himself to be caught, he changed his course and went through the water at a wonderful rate of speed. The chase was continued in this manner until three hours had gone by and a considerable quantity of coal wasted, when Capt. Joe became desperate. He got out his heaving line, and when sufficiently near the animal threw the noose over his head, and with the assistance of the crew succeeded in pulling it aboard, where it was easily conquered by the application of a knife to its throat. It was found to be a buck weighing about 200 pounds. Capt. Greenlight has preserved the hide and head as a souvenir of his exciting and novel deer hunt.

EXECUTING A PRINCE.

When a prince of the blood royal of France disgraced himself by committing robbery and murder in the streets of Paris, Louis XV. would not grant a pardon, though eagerly solicited to do so by a deputation from the Parliament of Paris, who tried him, and suspended their sentence until the royal pleasure should be known. "My lords and counsellors," said the King, "return to your chamber of justice and promulgate my decree." "Consider," said the First President, "that the unhappy prince has your Majesty's blood in his veins." "Yes," said the King, "but blood has become impure, and justice demands that it should be let out; nor would I spare my own son for a crime for which I should be bound to condemn the meanest of my subjects." The prince was executed on a scaffold in the court of the Grand Chatelet, on the 12th of August, 1729.

A LEGEND OF THE NATCHEZ TRIBE.

One of the most interesting of the fast fading traditions of the Indian tribes, is a favorite theme to-day among the few survivors of the once powerful nation of the Natchez. These Indians were of a higher type of intelligence than any other of the North American tribes. They were almost as advanced in civilization as the white Indians of Peru.

According to the legend, the Natchez should have been of Asiatic origin, for they were sun or fire worshippers, and were mentioned and sincere in following the most unorthodox of all the idolatries of the East. Another curious fact is, that they held women in the highest respect, and with a gallantry quite uncommon among the aboriginals of America, they ascribed the salvation of their race to one of the too often degraded and despised sex. The tradition is in substance as follows:

Many thousands of winters ago, all the inhabitants of the earth, with the exception of a single family, were destroyed by floods and darkness and want of food. This one family managed to keep up a large fire of wood, and so survived for a time. But in consequence of the continued darkness, even this last remnant of human existence was about to perish. In this emergency, a young girl of the family, suddenly inspired with the idea that she might save her race by an act of self-sacrifice, threw herself upon the fire which served the despairing sufferers for a light. Her body was speedily reduced to ashes; but on the moment she arose perfect and apparently unharmed, in the eastern sky, surrounded with halos of surpassing glory. The darkness began to disappear before the new sun, and the last family of the Natchez was saved.

This wonderful girl became the chief of the tribe, and it was decreed that her nearest female relation should be her successor. The worship of the sun, which she had revived in brilliancy at her resurrection, was at once established; and, in addition to this, a perpetual fire was kept, called the "Living Sacrifice of the Sacred Fire," and it was the belief of the survivors that so long as this fire blazed upon their altars, the Natchez would be powerful and happy. On the spot where the sacrificed maiden was reinterred, where the fire fell from heaven and surrounded her with glory, they built their great mound, to indicate that their wanderings were at an end.

It was on this mound, and at the Festival of Fruits, that the Priestess of the Sun showed herself to the people attired in robes of white, adorned with pearl feathers, her waist glittering with precious stones. She assisted in the early greeting of her ancestor (the sun), and as the God of day descended in the east, his rays fell first upon the sacred Priestess, which circumstance was hailed by the worshippers as a recognition of sympathy and acknowledged relationship between the real sun and his queeny representative.

It was natural enough to believe that the natural extinction of the sacred fire would bring ruin if not destruction upon the race. The sequel of the tradition is often related by Natchez Indians of the present day. A brave young chief of the tribe became enamored of a beautiful maiden.

With eyes as bright, and step as light, And graceful as the startled roe, Whose hair was like the wine of night, Waved in the sun's departing glow.

The young lover's passion was ardently returned, but cruel parents opposed them, and their interviews were stolen, and few and far between. The young chief was at times a watcher of the sacred fire, and on one occasion, while thus engaged, he heard the plaintive and melancholy song of a bird. Hastening into the neighboring grove he was overjoyed to find his beloved mistress. There the lovers pledged their hearts over and over again, and were the happiest of mortal beings. When he returned to the temple, the young man discovered, to his horror, that the sacred flame had expired, and that the altar, which had for centuries glowed with living fire, was dark and cold. When the sun again illuminated the hills, there was no response of the sacred smoke, and the priests hastened to the temple to learn the cause. As soon as they knew the truth, the maiden whose beauty had been the main cause of this terrible catastrophe was slain, a propitiatory sacrifice to the offended gods. The young chief was spared, but he was doomed to make atonement in long periods of fasting and prayer, after which, with solemn and imposing ceremonies, he was sentenced to imprisonment in the centre of the great mound, there to remain until he should woo back from heaven the lost fire.

The chief supposed that this would be an easy task, since he could produce fire by the friction of two pieces of wood, a practice common among the people. But, overcome by religious fear, his strength of arm appeared to have departed; and when, after long and patient labor, the fire was about to come, a tear of regret for his sacrificed mistress would fall upon the just-lighting wood, and leave his interminable task for another renewal. Although centuries have passed away since this tragic event, old men among the Natchez in their day-dreams often speak reverentially of the young chief, whom they believe to be still in the great mound, engaged in his sorrowful labor; and they confidently assert that when hereafter the sacred fire, he will appear at the altar, that the sacrificed maiden will rise in splendor as priestess of the Sun and Queen of the tribe and that the Natchez, resuming all their former power and glory, will rise and take possession of their desolated homes.

The last issue of the Whitehall Review contains the names of 600 converts to the Catholic Church in these kingdoms since Dr. Newman's change of faith. Our contemporary does not pretend to give more than the notable personage; nevertheless the array is formidable and must startle those people who imagine that the stream was after all too thin and broken to be ferried. Any one who takes the trouble to go through the list will be surprised at the mass of wealth, talent, and probity it presents.

HAMILTON CATHOLIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The first of their series of entertainments for the winter months was given free by the Catholic Literary Association in their hall last evening. The hall was densely crowded, many persons having to go away for want of room. The officers and members with their usual courtesy did all that was possible to provide seats and accommodation. Mr. D. Smith, the President, opened the proceedings with an address by stating that the Association was now two years and a half in existence, during which period it had done an immense amount of good, being established solely for the moral and intellectual improvement of the members and the Catholic community in general. There was now about nine hundred volumes of choice literature in the library, and the rates were very low so as to give ladies and gentlemen an opportunity of enjoying them, and yet, with all the inducements held out, he was sorry to say that the Association did not receive the substantial support which their efforts merited. He concluded by reading a letter from the Rev. P. J. Madigan, late Chaplain of the Association, in reply to a communication from the Secretary, Mr. Hart, stating that he would give a lecture for the Association in the Mechanics' Hall, about the 29th of next month. Subject: "Canada, Our Home." The announcement of the rev. gentleman's name was received with bursts of applause, which is a proof—if any were wanting—of the high esteem in which he is held by the Association and the community in general.

The following programme was then proceeded with: A Song, "A Serenade," by Mr. J. Bassill, was well rendered, and on being assiduously encouraged he gave "The Wild Irish Boy." Mr. Goderich sang for the Catholic Brevity, London, sang, "Write me a Letter from Home," for which he received a well-merited encore, and responded with "Ten Thousand Miles Away." A recitation by Mr. J. Brennan, "XMAS CARDS," was highly amusing. He was repeatedly applauded, and his recitation of it was all that could be desired. Miss T. Sullivan sang "Pretty Princess" very charmingly and was most enthusiastically encouraged. She replied with "When we went a-lying." This young lady has a sweet and plaintive voice, which, together with her pleasing manner, never fails to please an audience. Mr. E. O'Brien next gave an essay, "The Pioneers of Canada," which was a good composition, depicting the great trials and sufferings of the Jesuit missionaries over 200 years ago. The song "Warrior Bold," by Mr. Goderich, was done amply justice to, and for an encore he gave the "Heart bowed down." Mr. J. Dunn next gave a humorous recitation, a parody on the famous scene—"Britts and Cesar." His recitation was good. Mr. M. J. Walsh, whose programme was greeted with applause, sang in his usual excellent style, "My Home is on the Boundless Sea," and for an encore he responded with "Nancy Lee." Mr. Walsh is undoubtedly a favorite especially with the ladies; some of them marking their approval by presenting him with bouquets. Rev. Father Maguire next delivered a short address, pointing out the benefit that accrues to the Catholic community by becoming members of the Association and Library, and earnestly exhorted all young men and women to join.

Mr. D. J. O'Brien presided at the piano, displaying his usual proficiency, and brought the entertainment to a close with the National Anthem.—Hamilton Times.

BAD FOR BOYS.

A rat of a boy, who had in vain searched the post-office corridors for the nickel which a careless hand occasionally drops at the stamp-clerk's window, yesterday took his position before a chestnut stand on Griswold Street, and eyed the fresh nuts a long time before drawing a deep sigh and groaning:

"Oh, I wish I was rich."

The chestnut-roaster made no reply, and the odor of the roasted nuts finally induced the boy to inquire:

"Are chestnuts healthy?"

"No, but they are prolific of indigestion," was the reply.

After a while the boy thought it was time to remark:

"Did you ever hear the story of the man who gave a poor boy a handful of chestnuts, and when the boy grew up and got rich he rewarded the old man with a diamond pin and a four-horse team?"

"No, never did; but I heard of the man who brought a poor boy to the edge of the grave by giving him a dozen chestnuts."

The lad took a turn up and down, scanned another strong sniff of the pleasant odor, and then leaned over and whispered:

"If I'll take the chance on the edge of the grave business, will you take the chance on the chestnuts?"

The vendor finally thought he would.—Exchange.

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