

Dr Caniff

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## PURE GOLD

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## PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY DR. D. CLARKE, PRINCETON, ONT.

### "AULD LANG SYNE."

WE often hear the Pilgrim Fathers extolled, and relic worshippers go into ecstasy over a bit of prominent stone, on an iron-bound coast, called Plymouth Rock. The fact is, these wanderers had nowhere else to lay their heads, and, therefore, a virtue was made of a necessity. The poor pilgrims had the choice of being persecuted, hung, gibbeted, or burned, as an alternative to coming to America, and I think the choice could soon be made. But when they landed and went to work,—not in enacting "Blue" Laws, which smelt brimstone, nor in burning trances, wakers or hysterical women for witches,—then heroism had its more perfect exploits. The stroke of the first axe, made by unskilful but willing arms, was the aggressive effort of a coming conqueror, and the clearing of the way for Westward Empire. It was the knell of the bell of civilization over a doomed barbarism; and to this day the sound of the woodman's axe, in the tangled forest, speaks of victory, and aggression continuously persistent, on the skirmish line of an advancing mighty host. We have often odd ceremonies at the laying of the foundation stone of some stately edifice, or some public work; but no imposing ritual (except the dignity of honest labor and earnest endeavour can be called such) gave the initiatory impulse towards laying the deep and broad foundations of Anglo-Saxon dominion in America. The old log-houses, fast passing away, have a charm for me. The sight of them conjure up in my mind myriad memories of the past. There is the commanding knoll, with splendid beeches and maples, the work of centuries, adorning the highest point of the undulating prominence. As the rustling leaves, in autumn, glided obliquely downward, and performed strange gyrations in the air, as the gusty winds howled in savagery the requiem of the departing year, I gathered the pyramidal beech-nuts—it might be—in nooks or crannies of the ground, or being rocked gently in the curled-up corners of serleated cradles, or partially buried in the clefts of dead trees, or having refuge in the mould of decomposing vegetation. The merciless axe, like an invading foe, swept over the hill, and the fire finished the work of ages, leaving nought behind but smoking logs and smouldering ashes. The Nor'land wind, so often heard in the tree-tops, but never felt, now remorselessly blew over the denuded hill, and rage at the cruel spoiler filled my juvenile bosom. Groups of men came, one bright spring morning, and stood, and looked, and studied, and measured, as if a second Rome was to be laid out. Logs accumulated round this focus of coming greatness; and on a Friday morning the foundations of the representative log-house were laid in the midst of shouts, oxen, dogs, and christenings with deep libations of whiskey. A jacketed urchin-sat on a pecked bass-wood log, gazing in wonderment, as notched ends were joined, and the fabric grew up to the rafters, and roof of hollow logs, having the chinked holes plastered with primitive mortar, made from the red clay in the bank down by the brook. For chairs logs were split in two, placed with the flat sides upwards, and the legs protruding from one to four inches upwards

to keep us from sliding off. There were no backs to these seats, and strange to say, no permanent curvatures of the spines of the occupants followed. The stick fire-place, with its alternate layers of mud and timber—the buck-skin door-opener with its huge cross-bar—the rude windows, rejoicing in four flights, fastened with shingle nails—the floor, with its huge rents, the sad traps for many bare and pattering feet, the cobwebbed rafters, smoky, sooty, and festooned with gossamer adornments of sable hue, and the merry, riotous mice gamboling on roof, rafters, and logs, holding high revelry over stray crumbs of mince-pie, Johnny-cake, and dainty biscuits, perched on primitive shelves along the walls. And then, such a capacious fire-place,—none of your "cabined and cribbed" dainty "ingles," but wide enough to roast an ox. The stove abinations were as rare as the plague. Whom ever thinks of calling a stove "our ain fireside?" Black, ugly, sickening sultry, and head-achetive is its history. A cold blast of the breath of sullen Boreas on our faces, drives us to it, but we can't be cheery near it. The rollicking, jolly company, the ruddy cheeks, the brimful of fun, the shining faces have no abiding place around a stove. The "pale faces" are its presiding deities, and its victims can be counted by tens of thousands; but the heat of a fire-place is wholesome. We feel its exhilarating effects in every inhalation. It is fresh and spiritual, for it is a diffusible stimulant. The room where the wide and deep chimney stands has no foul, pestiferous vapors lingering within its precincts, and no "blues" afflicting humanity near its cleanly swept hearth. The stove in its heated blackness, produces sleepiness, fretfulness, and hence domestic scenes of hot strife; and the sable, uncouth fire-friend is, if not the cause, is the occasion of it. I believe such changes of domestic arrangement affect the patriotism of a people. The thought of a cheery home braces up the heart and nerves the arm. We are ready to fight for our "altars and hearths," but stoves have no hearths worth fighting for, and it takes the poetry of the thing to speak of "getting our backs up" about our altars and our stoves. The associations of a family circle gathered around a roaring fire, in winter, are potent for good. The harmless jests of the teened youngsters—the tales of scenes on flood and field, of the white-haired sire or matron, so intensely real as to make the listeners cower in mortal terror, even at the chirp of a mouse—the popping of nuts, and their sudden collisions or divorces, suggestive of life's episodes—the dreamy gaze into glowing coals, and the "bigging castles in the air," seeing towers, minarets, gorgeous halls peopled with soldiers in scarlet, or weird beings in gossamer garments, with "world's wombling up and down, bleecing in a flare," and then being brought back to the real by a punch in the ribs, of the most vigorous kind, from a fun-loving member of the group, are panoramas not to be forgotten. A cheering sight it is to peer through the window of an old-fashioned log cabin, in a wintry night, on such a circle, near Christmas time. It may be a re-union of the family. The big black-log lies like a sleeping giant in the back-ground, with a fiery, red abdomen, prominent and rotund. The forestick crackles, sputters, and shoots in sportive glee its sentillations up the wide-mouthed chimney, or impudently on the laps of the watchers. The well-polished and brass-headed andirons patiently suffer, year after year, their hot and hissing loads. The tongues of flame, like coy maidens, come up intermittently and bashfully retire; each lambent spire becoming more daring than its predecessor, always hungry and devouring as a Theban sphinx, first licking up the palatable combustibles of the centre, and then savagely attacking, with a withering fire, the enemy in front and rear. Like a victorious army, they march triumphantly onward, bringing up reserves, until sparks, smoke, fuel, and laughing groups disappear in the darkness.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.—An orator holding forth in favour of "woman, dear divine woman," concludes thus: "Oh, my hearers, depend upon it nothing beats a good wife." "I beg your pardon," replied one of his auditors, "a bad husband does."

## VARIETIES.

A poor woman finding herself in New York literally penniless, applied for relief at the office Public of Charities. A clerk interrogated her:

"Are you married?"  
"I am a widow, sir."  
"How many children have you?"  
"Five, sir."  
"What is the age of the youngest?"  
"The last one is dead, sir, but since then I've had another."

Some years ago the police caught in a club an "honorable Greek" who represented himself to be a Peruvian General.

"Was he a general of a division?" asked a bystander.

"Much more like a general of subtraction," was the reply.

"What is the rent of your little apartment on the seventh floor?" queried a man of a Paris landlord.

"Two thousand francs."

"Have you a stable as well?"

"You keep carriage, eh?" was the counter-question.

"No, but it would be wanted for a lodging for the ass who should pay you what you ask."

At a ball given in Philadelphia.

"Then you are fond of dancing, sir?" said a pretty girl to her partner.

"On the contrary, miss, I detest it."

"But this is our fourth polka, if I don't mistake."

"True, but the fact is, my doctor has ordered me a good perspiration at any cost."

A tradesman after having summoned a quack doctor of a certain city to the bedside of his son dying of phthisis, and finding his nostrils to be of no avail, at last decided to call in Dr. E., an eminent physician.

The latter came, glanced at the patient, and said to the father:

"Should he ask you for a bottle of brandy, you may give it to him; he has only three days to live. Good morning."

The worthy man, greatly agitated, accompanied the doctor to the door, and there, with a pallid countenance, said to him:

"Sir, I am a man, notwithstanding you have seen me unable to suppress my emotion; tell me, therefore, candidly, bluntly,—is there any danger threatening a father whose son dies of consumption?"

During one of his African campaigns, the late French Marshal Pelissier, whose passionate temper was so well known to every one of his soldiers, so far forgot himself on one occasion as to strike his aid-de-camp with his riding-whip for wrongly executing his orders. Without a moment's hesitation the young officer drew his pistol from the holster and fired at the general. It flashed in the pan. Pelissier, who had recovered his equanimity, checked him by a gesture, and then said:

"Sir, you will report yourself under arrest for eight days, for carrying your arms in bad order."

That "fine old English gentleman" of a now almost bygone school, Sir Harry Mainwaring, of Peover Hall, in the county of Chester, was as distinguished by his convivial habits as by his feats in the chase. A mighty Nimrod, he was not less a mighty toper, as indeed might well be believed of one who had in his youth been a boon comrade of the "wild prince," and of Charles Fox and Sheridan. Thus he had been for nearly forty years of his life a "six-bottle man," that is to say, a *bon viveur* who daily disposed of his half-dozen old "beeswing" port wine between the removal of the cloth and the adjournment to coffee and the ladies. Sir Harry, however, had for some time begun to show premonitory symptoms of a kind which at once attracted the attention of his friend and family physician, Dr. —, of Kuntford. In fact, his vinous devotions began to tell upon a naturally fine and hardy physique, more especially, too, that the worthy baronet had turned his sixtieth year. So one day the doctor thought fit to open the following conversation:

"This will never do, Sir Harry!"

"What won't do, man?"

"Why, you know you are not so young as formerly, and so much port—"

Sir Harry here glowered at the speaker, who, notwithstanding went on:

"—So much port at a sitting is playing the deuce with your constitution, Sir Harry."

"Bah, doctor, good honest port don't kill one."

"Not when taken in moderation, I grant, but—"

"But me no buts," interrupted the baronet; "and what the d— do you mean by moderation? Tell me I'm not moderate, eh? Why, sir, I've seen Pitt rise to make a three-hour after-dinner speech with seven bottles under his coat—fair, honest drinking, begad."

"Well, all I can say, Sir Harry, is that you cannot refer to the coat of his stomach. Yours, it is my duty to tell you is fast wearing itself out."

"The deuce it is—coat of my stomach going, eh? Well, never mind, there's the waistcoat left, and that's good for the time that that bin of the '24 port will last!"

Sir Harry's predictions was verified. He lived to finish his favourite wine.

A PHYSICIAN was walking along a road in the country one day. An old man met him, who had a bottle of whiskey sticking out of his coat pocket. "Is this the way to the poor-house, sir?" asked the old man, pointing in the direction in which he was walking. "No, sir," said the physician; "but this is," laying his hand on the bottle of whiskey.

ONCE visited a travelling tinker who had become lame, and was unable to follow his daily labor. He was in distress and required help. The pipe on the hob showed that he was a smoker. On my making some allusion to the pipe, he said, "Both me and my wife have smoked sir, ever since we were wed. We have never had more nor less than 'a pen'oth of bacca' every day." Having ascertained the length of time they had been married, I took out my pencil, and made a calculation as to the amount spent by them in these "pennies." Judge of the tinker's surprise when I thus addressed him: "My friend, if you had placed the money in the savings-bank (where you would have had interest allowed for your money), instead of wasting it in smoke, you might today have felt independent of others, for your pennies would have amounted to your bank book to the noble sum of ninety pounds" (nearly \$500).

On a recent Sunday, a worthy father of a numerous family was taking one of his little ones, a child of seven years, to church. On the way, the little fellow met a playmate, and stopped to play marbles. A quarter of an hour after, his father saw him coming towards him, bathed in tears.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Papa, I have lost all my marbles."

"Of course. God punishes you for not going to church."

"But, papa, neither did Joseph go—and he has won!"

Youth is the golden period of life and every well spent moment will be like good seed planted in an auspicious season.

## NO CHANGE.

Some days ago a man accustomed to travel, and one who understands how to get out of a tight place, took the train at Detroit for this city. His pocket-book was pretty flat—nothing in it to defray expenses for some days to come but a ten-dollar bill. He must keep moving, or else he would find himself bankrupt in a strange city. Standing in the depot and looking at the train which was about leaving, his eye fell on the placard, "This car to Rochester without change." An idea which never occurred to him before, although he had seen a like piece of paste-board a thousand times, came into his head. He stepped on board the car, took a seat and sustained himself in a most upright and dignified position. The signal was given for the train to start. Out of the depot it passed in a few moments, along the suburbs of the city, and then the conductor announced his appearance by the word "Tickets!" Passengers began fumbling for their little pieces of paper or overhauling their wallets for their fare. Our dignified passenger never made a move. The conductor approached, and said shortly and quickly, "Tickets!" No attention given by cool passenger.

Conductor, with a sharp look—Your ticket, sir.

Cool Gentleman—Have none.

Con.—Then I'll take your fare.

Cool Gent.—Can't pay it.

Con.—Do you expect to ride without paying for it?

Cool Gent.—Yes, sir.

Con.—Tell me why.

Cool Gent.—Your advertisement says so.

Con.—Where?

Cool Gent.—That placard on the car says, "This train to Rochester without change."

The conductor, with a look of astonishment at the individual's assurance and cheek, passed him by with a smile, thinking to himself, "This is a new wrinkle in the confidence dodge."

## BENGAL.

FROM the census taken during the past winter throughout India, it appears that the population of the presidency of Bengal is much in excess of the number it has heretofore been credited with. With the exception of one or two districts, there has been found in all sections of the country a far greater sum total of inhabitants than had been calculated upon, even by the largest and most recent official estimates. Of late years Bengal was acknowledged to have a population of 40,000,000 or thereabouts. This figure has, accordingly, been imported into school geography, cited in all books of reference, and established as an authority in all matters of legislation and finance. The Blue Book for 1867 gave India a total population of 180,884,297, of which 40,852,379 belonged to Bengal, while the latest official report (after careful revision) placed it at 42,680,169, a maximum increased by the results of the census of 1861-2 to 66,000,000 inhabitants.

It must be remarked that of late years the increase of population in this division of the Anglo-Indian empire has been extraordinarily rapid. Wars have long since ceased to rage, and notwithstanding that calamity which not a very long while ago made the name of Orissa mournfully notorious, famine at the present day is a thing almost utterly unknown there. Besides, the general condition of the several classes of Bengalese society is one which eminently favors the increase of the human species.

Now that seventy years have elapsed since that keen observer, Sir Henry Strachey, in 1802, expressed himself in what have proved to be oracular terms respecting this question of population, let us in this place recur to them, as follows:

"In Bengal every one marries. It is becoming as difficult to find a bachelor of 25 as a girl of 15 without a husband. . . . The life of the poorer classes is simple and sober—a true domestic life, in fact. Every one lives at home, none are subjected to military service or to servile public labor, so common in many other countries. Women grow old soon merely because they marry too young, but barrenness is of rare occurrence. Polygamy, laxity of morals, religious austerity, the practice of widows not marrying a second time—all such unfavorable conditions as these to a regular increase of population have, on the whole, but a comparatively feeble influence over the general economy of the Bengalese. Finally, children, being less exposed to hardships than in other countries, grow to maturity with unchecked facility. They do not die, as amongst us, from sickness caused by cold, uncleanness, insufficient food. As soon as a Bengalese child is weaned he lives upon rice, runs about naked for two or three years, and grows up to manhood without needing special care. Poor though the people be, it is still possible to rear up a family in Bengal.

Some statistics in conclusion. The Blue Book for 1865 allots 666,828 inhabitants to the district of Midnapore; the late census exhibits 2,500,000. That of Gessor, previously quoted at 831,744, and that of Nuddea at 298,376, prove to have, the first 2,000,000, the second 1,900,000. Lastly, there are 2,000,000 residents in the district of Calcutta, instead of 707,182, as stated by the Blue Book aforesaid.



## Tales and Sketches

From HEARTH AND HOME.

The Mystery  
OF  
METROPOLISVILLE.

BY EDWARD EGLESTON,

Author of "The Hoosier School-Master," "The End  
of the World," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

## THE RETURN.

AS long as he could, Charlton kept Katy at Glenfield. He amused her by every means in his power; he devoted himself to her; he sought to win her away from Westcott, not by argument, to which she was invulnerable, but by feeling. He found that the only motive that moved her was an emotion of pity for him, so he contrived to make her estimate his misery on her account at its full value. But just when he thought he had produced some effect there would come one of Smith Westcott's letters, written not as he talked it is only real simple-heartedness or genuine literary gift that can make the personality of the writer felt in a letter), but in a round business hand with plenty of flourishes, and in sentences very carefully composed. But he managed in his precise and prim way to convey to Katy the notion that he was pining away for her company. And she, missing the giggle and the playfulness from the letter, thought his distress extreme indeed. For it would have required a deeper sorrow than Smith Westcott ever felt to make him talk in the stiff conventional fashion in which his letters were composed.

And besides Westcott's letters there were letters from her mother, in which that careful mother had never failed to tell how Mr. Westcott had come in, the evening before, to talk about Katy, and to tell her how lost and heart-broken he was. So that letters from home generally brought on a relapse of Katy's devotion to her lover. She was cruelly torn by alternate fits of loving pity for poor dear Brother Albert on the one hand, and poor dear Smith Westcott on the other. And the latter generally carried the day in her sympathies. He was such a poor dear fellow, you know, and hadn't anybody, not even a mother, to comfort him, and he had often said that if his charming and divine little Katy should ever prove false, he would go and drown himself in the lake. And that would be so awful, you know. And besides, Brother Albert had plenty to love him. There was mother, and there was that quiet kind of a lady at the City Hotel that Albert went to see so often, though how he could like anybody so cool she didn't know. And then cousin Isa would love Brother Albert maybe, if he'd asked her. But he had plenty, and poor Smith had often said that he needed somebody to help him to be good. And she would cleave to him forever and help him. Mother and father thought she was right, and she couldn't anyway let Smith drown himself. How could she? That would be the same as murdering him, you know.

During the fortnight that Charlton and his sister visited in Glenfield, Albert divided his time between trying to impress Katy with the general usefulness of Smith Westcott to be her husband, and the more congenial employment of writing long letters to Miss Helen Minorkey, and receiving long letters from that lady. His were fervent and enthusiastic; they explained in a rather vehement style all the schemes that filled his brain for working out his vocation and helping the world to its goal; while hers discussed everything in the most dispassionate temper. Charlton had brought himself to admire this dispassionate temper. A man of Charlton's temper who is really in love, can bring himself to admire any traits in the object of his love. Had Helen Minorkey shown some little enthusiasm, Charlton would have exaggerated it, admired it, and rejoiced in it as a priceless quality. As she showed none, he admired the lack of it in her, rejoiced in her superiority in her sex in this regard, and loved her more passionately every day. And Miss Minorkey was not wanting in a certain tenderness toward her adorer. She loved him in her way, it made her happy to be loved in that ideal fashion.

Charlton found himself in a strait betwixt two. He longed to worship again at the shrine of his Minerva. But he disliked to return with Katy until he had done something to break the hold of Smith Westcott upon her mind. So upon one pretext or another he staid until Westcott wrote to Katy that business would call him to Glenfield the next week, and he hoped she would conclude to return with him. Katy was so pleased with the prospect of a long ride with her lover, that she felt considerable disappointment when Albert determined to return at once. Brother Albert always did such curious things. Katy, who had given Albert a dozen reasons for an immediate return, now thought it very strange that he should be in such a hurry. Had he given up trying to find that new kind of grasshopper he spoke of the day before?

One effect of the unexpected arrival of Albert and Katy in Metropolisville, was to make Smith Westcott forget that he

ever had any business that was likely to call him to Glenfield. Delighted to see Katy back, would a died if she had staid away another week. By George! he! he! he! Wanted to jump into the lake, you know. Always felt that way when Katy was out of sight two days. Curious By George! Didn't think any woman could ever make such a fool of him. He! he! he! Felt like ole Dan Tucker when he came to supper and found the hot cakes all gone. He! he! he! By George. You know! Let's sing de forty-lebenth hymn! Ahem!

"If Diner was an apple.  
And I was one besideher.  
Oh! how happy we wou'd be,  
When we's skushed into cider!  
And a little more cider too, a-hoo!  
And a little more cider too!  
And a little more cider too—ah—hoo!  
And a little more cider too."

How much? Piffal! By George! He! he! he! That's so! You know. Them's my sentiments. Suppress the 'motions of my heart, bredren! Yah! yah! By hokey! And here comes Mr. Albert Charlton. Brother Albert! Just as well learn to say it now as after a while. Eh, Katy? How do, Brother Albert? Glad to see you as if I'd stuck a nail in my foot. By George! he! he! You won't mind my carryin' on. Nobody minds me. I'm the privileged infant, you know. I am, by George! he! he! Come, Kate, let's take a boat-ride.

"Oh! come, love, come;  
My boat's by the shore;  
If you don't ride now,  
I won't ax yer no more."

And so forth. Too hoarse to sing. But I am not too feeble to paddle my own Canoe. Come, Katy, darling. You needn't mind your shawl when you've got a Westcott to keep you warm. He! he! By George.

And then he went out singing that her lips were red as roses, or poppies, or something, and "wait for the row-boat and we'll all take a ride."

Albert endeavored to forget his vexation by seeking the society of Miss Minorkey, who was sincerely glad to see him back, and who was more demonstrative on this evening than he had ever known her to be. And Charlton was correspondingly happy. He lay in his unplastered room that night, and counted the laths in the moonlight, and built golden ladders out of them by which to climb up to the heaven of his desires. But he was a little troubled to find that in proportion as he came nearer to the possession of Miss Minorkey, his ardour in the matter of his great Educational Institution—his American Philanthropium as he called it—abated.

I ought here to mention a fact which occurred about this time, because it is a fact that has some bearing on the course of the story, and because it may help us to a more charitable judgment in regard to the character of Mr. Charlton's step-father. Soon after Albert's return from Glenfield, he received an appointment to the post-mastership of Metropolisville in such a way as to leave no doubt that it came through Squire Plausaby's influence. We are in the habit of thinking a mean man wholly mean. But we are wrong. Liberal Donor, Esq., for instance, has a great passion for keeping his left hand exceedingly well informed of the generous doings of his right. He gives money to found the Liberal Donor Female Collegiate and Academical Institute, and then he gives money to found the Liberal Donor Professorship of Systematic and Metaphysical Theology, and still other sums to establish the Liberal Donor Orthopedic Chirurgical Gratuitous Hospital for Cripples and Club-footed. Shall I say that the man is not generous, but only ostentatious? Not at all. He might gratify his vanity in other ways. His vanity dominates over his benevolence, and makes it pay tribute to his own glory. But his benevolence is genuine notwithstanding. Plausaby was mercenary, and he may have seen some advantage to himself in having the post-office in his own house, and in placing his step-son under obligation to himself. Doubtless these considerations weighed much, but besides, we must remember the injunction that includes even the Father of Evil in the number of those to whom a share of credit is due. Let us say for Plausaby that, land-shark as he was, he was not vindictive, he was not without generosity, and that it gave him sincere pleasure to do a kindness to his step-son, particularly when his generous impulse coincided so exactly with his own interest in the matter. I do not say that he would not have preferred to have taken the appointment himself, had it not been that he had once been a post-master in Pennsylvania and some old unpleasantness between him and the Post Office Department about an unsettled account stood in his way. But in all the tangled maze of motive that, by a resolution of force, produced the whole which men called Plausaby the Land shark, there was not wanting an element of generosity, and that element of generosity had much to do with Charlton's appointment. And Albert took it kindly. I am afraid that he was just a little less observant of the transactions in which Plausaby engaged after that.

I am sure that he was much less vehement than before in his denunciations of land-sharks. The post-office was set up in one of the unfinished rooms of Mr. Plausaby's house, and, except at mail-times, Charlton was not obliged to confine himself to it. Katy or Isa or Mrs. Plausaby was always glad to look over the

letters for any caller, to sell stamps to those who wanted them, and tell a Swede how much postage he must pay on a painfully-written letter to some relative in Christiana or Stockholm. And the three or four hundred dollars of income enabled Charlton to prosecute his studies. In his gratitude he lent the two hundred and twenty dollars—all that was left of his educational fund—to Mr. Plausaby, at two per cent. a month, on demand, secured by a mortgage on lots in Metropolisville.

Poor infatuated George Gray—the inhabitant of the Lone Cabin, the Trapper of Pleasant Brook, the Hoosier Poet from the Wawbosh country—poor infatuated George Gray found his cabin untenable after little Katy had come and gone. He came up to Metropolisville, improved his dress by buying some ready-made clothing, and haunted the streets where he could catch a glimpse now and then of Katy.

One night, Charlton, coming home from an evening with Miss Minorkey at the hotel, found a man standing in front of the fence.

"What do you want here?" he asked sharply.

"Didn't mean no harm, stranger to nobody."

"Oh! it's you!" exclaimed Charlton, recognizing his friend the Poet. "Come in, come in."

"Come in? Couldn't do it no way, stranger. Ef I was to go in thar amongst all them air ladies, my knees would gin out. I was jist a-lookin' at that purty creature. But I'druther die'n do her any harm. I mos' wish I was dead. But 'ta'n't no harm to look at her ef she don't know it. I shan't disturb her; and ef she marries a gentleman, I shan't disturb him nuther. On'y, ef he don't mind it, you know, I'll write po'try about her now and then. I got some verses now that I wish you'd show to her, ef you think they won't do her no harm, you know, and I don't 'low they will. Good-by, Mr. Charlton. Comin' down to sleep on your claim? Land's a-comin' into market down thar."

After the Poet left him, Albert took the verses into the house and read them, and gave them to Katy. The first stanza was, if I remember it rightly, something of this sort:

"A angel come inter the poor trapper's door.  
The purty feet tramped on the rough panchoon floor.  
Her lovely head slep on his prairie-grass pillar—  
The cabin is lonesome and the trapper is poor,  
He hears little shoes a-pattin' the floor;  
He can't sleep at night on that pillar no more;  
His Hoosier harp hangs on the wild water-willer!"

CHAPTER XVII.

## SAWNEY AND HIS OLD LOVE.

Self-conceit is a great source of happiness, a buffer that softens all the jolts of life. After David Sawney's failure to capture Perritaut's half-bred Atlantis and her golden apples at one dash, one would have expected him to be a little modest in approaching his old love again; but forty-eight hours after her return from Glenfield, he was paying his "devours," as he called them, to little Kitty Charlton. He felt confident of winning—he was one of that class of men who believe themselves able to carry off anybody they choose. He inventoried his own attractions with great complacency; he had good health, a good claim, and as he often boasted, had been "raised rich," or, as he otherwise stated it, "cradled in the lap of luxury." His father was one of those rich Illinois farmers who are none the less coarse for all their money and farms. Owing to reverses of fortune, Dave had inherited none of the wealth, but all of the coarseness of gain. So he walked into Squire Plausaby's with his usual assurance, on the second evening after Katy's return.

"Howdy, Miss Charlton," he said, "howdy! I'm glad to see you lookin' so smart. Howdy, Mrs. Ferret!" to the widow, who was present. "Howdy do, Mr. Charlton—back again?" And then he took his seat alongside Katy, not without a little trepidation, for he felt a very slight anxiety lest his flirtation with Perritaut's ten thousand dollars "mout've made his chances juberous," as he stated it to his friends. But then, he reflected, "she'll think I'm worth more'n ever when she knows I de-clined ten thousand dollars, in five annual payments."

"Mr. Sawney," said the widow Ferret, beaming on him with one of her sudden, precise, pickled smiles, "Mr. Sawney, I'm delighted to hear that you made a brave stand against Romanism. It is the bane of this country. I re-spect you for the stand you made. It shows the influence of schripcheral training by a praying mother, I've no doubt, Mr. Sawney."

Dave was flattered and annoyed at this mention, and he looked at little Katy, but she didn't seem to feel any interest in the matter, and so he took heart.

"I felt it my dooty, Mrs. Ferret, indeed I did."

"I respect you for it, Mr. Sawney."

"For what?" said Albert irascibly. "For selling himself into a mercenary marriage, and then higgling on a point of religious prejudice?"

Mrs. Ferret now focused her round eyes at Mr. Charlton, smiled her deprecating smile, and replied: "I do think, Mr. Charlton, that in this day of lax views on one side and priestcraft on the other, I respect a man who thinks enough of ec-

vangelical truth to make a stand against any enemy of the holy religion of—"

"Well," said Charlton rudely, "I must say that I respect Perritaut's prejudices just as much as I do Dave's. Both of them were engaged in a contemptible transaction, and both of them showed an utter lack of conscience, except in matters of opinion. Religion is—"

But the company did not get the benefit of Mr. Albert's views on the subject of religion, for at that moment entered Mr. Smith Westcott.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## GIBBIE STE'ENSON THE MISER.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

I CANNOT begin my little sketch of Gibbie Ste'enson, till I say a few words of my grandfather, from whom I got it. He was a herd-boy in the year '45; and but for his mother, who imprisoned him in an out-house, he would have been off with the Highlanders to do what he could for Prince Charlie. Many were the stories he had about the "rising," and used to tell them with all the enthusiasm of youth. He was quite satisfied it was best for the country, in every respect, that the enterprise of the chevelier failed; but it was plain that all his feelings were enlisted on the side of the adventurer. I happened to be his favourite and his bed-fellow, and came in for my full share of his old-world stories, which were neither few nor uninteresting. It makes me smile yet, when I remember, how he used to run down the tales I met with in books; no matter of what kind, or by whom written, they were denounced as "trash and baggage, and lies from end to end." The philosophy of his criticism was hidden from me at the time; but there was one advantage I took of it even then. When indisposed to gratify me with a new story, or the recital of an old one, I usually obtained my wish, by asking leave to tell him a fine one I had read in such a book. He was wont to fire at this, and let off his customary volleys against the "book baggage," and begin one of his own, by drawing up his shoulders, and pulling down his nightcap a piece.

Gibbie Ste'enson the miser, who was a school-fellow of his own, afforded matter for many a sketch; and I came at last to think of Gibbie as a man whom I had actually known. Even yet, the picture I formed of him, is vivid and complete. None of Scott's or Shakespeare's characters stand out half so steadily or life-like before my imagination. My grandfather, I presume, had not given me a set and chronological history of him; for the order in which the materials are arranged in my mind, and in which they always occur to me, is anything but regular or sustained. I shall endeavour, however, to break the ill-assorted chain, and put its links in their proper places.

Gibbie Ste'enson was scarcely weaned when his father died. His mother contrived to make a livelihood from the bit of ground attached to her cottage, and by acting as kind of cow-doctor, and as an attendant upon lying-in women. She was a brisk bustling body, but honest and shrewd withal, and bent on amassing as much of the world as she could. A variety of prudential maxims was completely under her control, and generally in active service. Yet few beggars passed her door without their pittance; and she had the character of being an obliging neighbour and a steady friend. Gibbie was turned of seven when he came to the parish school. A new scholar is always an object of some interest, but Gibbie created quite a sensation. He had on a jacket of hodden gray, which reached to his huddies, and hung about him like a sack. His trousers were of the same material, and a world too wide for his long raw shanks; and, but for a broad lap at the bottom, his feet would have disappeared in them altogether. The entire structure of his dress spoke as plainly as cloth could speak, that an intention was formed against posterity; and that the future would be saddled with the old clothes of the past. He had a cap to match, but no neckerchief; and in short, was piece, from top to toe, with a drab complexion, and flaxen hair, and a knife-like expression of countenance. His mother entered the school with him on a Monday morning in February 1743, as far as my grandfather could recollect. The confused hum instantly ceased, and nothing was heard for a time, but the clump, clump, of Gibbie's heavily tacketed shoes, as his parent led him up to where the master stood.

"Here's Gibbie t'ye, 'sir," said Mrs. Stevenson, better known by the name of Cow Katy: "and I hope ye'll do your best wi' him. He's gayin' gleg; and I'm thinking he'll jist drink in the lair!"

"Few come with sic a drowth," answered the master, ironically.

"Drowth or no drowth!" replied Katy, rather sharply, "haud the bowl weel to his head; and oup it down him, if he'll no tak it."

A roar of laughter from the whole school followed, and Katy turned about and scolded at them as "ill-bred nowt;"

but her words were swallowed up in the general uproar. The master, half angry, half pleased, tried to calm the tumult, but without effect. He took Gibbie out of her hand and set him down on a seat by himself; and partly coaxing, partly forcing, Mrs. Stevenson herself, conducted her out of the school into a little by-room he had, amidst the deafening and uncontrollable laughter of fifty pair of lungs. He remained fully ten minutes away—the time was not so precious then as it is now,—appeasing Mrs. Stevenson, and receiving her peremptory instructions about Gibbie. This was too precious an opportunity to be lost. Scarcely was the master's back turned, when a dozen faces, in every possible state of contortion, were grinning at poor Gibbie. Of course he could not feel quite at home, and in fact, was at an utter loss what to do with himself. The death-heads multiplied about him; and he sat like a condemned and sheepish criminal staring at the strange appearances around him. "Cow Gibbie," cries one; "Mealy-mou'd Gibbie," shouts another; "Samuel Side-pouches," cried a third; and one cried this, and another that term of reproach, till flesh and blood could stand it no longer, and Gibbie set up a grin, that took the field at once to itself. A terrible explosion of mirth ensued, but Gibbie kept twisting at them every variety of faces he was master of. A boy, who was the ringleader of the mischief, stole in behind Gibbie, and emptied his ink-horn on the victim's head. The deep colouring which was instantly given to Gibbie's sketches, was felt and answered by all. But Gibbie cut the exhibition short by springing to his feet, and rushing like an infuriated goat on his tormentor. Gibbie had him down in a moment, and would no doubt have slaked his vengeance on him, had not prompt assistance been rendered. Exasperated beyond all measure, he gave general battle to his persecutors, and both gave and received some hearty kicks and strokes. The master came in during the fray, and a general dispersion immediately followed. Gibbie was now staring and foaming like a raised bull; and, bolting past the master, made for the door and ran off. "After him!" shouted the head of the fierce democracy. Never was command more eagerly obeyed. A whole pack in full cry set out after the delinquent. Gibbie was evidently making it a life-and-death matter; for, heavy shoes and all, he kept the start he had got, till one of the boys cried to a man who was coming forward to "keep him." The man seeing at once how matters stood, laid hold of Gibbie, at the expense of some shin, till his pursuers came up. The truant, exhausted and breathless, made an ineffectual effort or two, and then permitted himself to be led back. As he gathered breath, however, and as they came near the house of correction, Gibbie began to wrestle and plunge furiously. Any ground he yielded now was locomotively given; and the bustle and clamour became tremendous, as they pulled and shoved him in at the school door. After some stern remonstrances and threatenings on the part of the master, a basin of water was brought, and Gibbie was ordered to wash his face, which, with sweat and rage, and ink, was scarcely human. He was then set on the middle of a form, with some of the strongest boys on either side of him as a guard. There he sat sulky for some time, till the persecution began again in wry faces, and nick-names, and nips and scratches. The best temper would have broken under such annoyances, and how could Gibbie stand? An unsparring thrust from a pin made him spring from his seat with a loud yell, that made everything stop. "Ye villains!" cried the molested boy, grinding his teeth like a hand-saw, and looking fiercely on his antagonists. Nobody, of course, was doing anything to him; and there being twenty witnesses to one against Gibbie, he could not expect any reparation. He was ordered to sit down and keep quiet; but Gibbie seeing all hope of peace or justice at an end, began the defensive, and left rainbows all around him. "Gibbie Ste'enson! master! O! Gibbie Ste'enson!" was shouted every now and then, as Gibbie added a new sufferer to his list, or favored an old one with a fresh demonstration. The master lost patience at last, and put Gibbie into a desk by himself. The school at length dismissed, and Gibbie had to fight and kick his way through a batch of boys, who had suffered from his bony fingers through the day. Sore and weary Gibbie got home, and neither scolds, nor strokes, nor bribes, could induce Gibbie to go back to the seat of learning. His mother managed, in her own way, to get the alphabet into him in the course of a year; and by another, he could hammer out some words in the "wee spell." About the close of the third, in the month of November 1746, Gibbie once more made his appearance at the parish school. He was now a tall boy of ten, with long sinewy arms, and a gaunt muscular frame, that bent slightly at the shoulders, arising probably from the domestic drudgery he was compelled to perform. The nature of his mother's avocations called her often out for whole days and nights; and Gibbie, in her absence, was cook, and dairymaid, and washerwoman, and everything. His dress remained unchanged, with the exception of a large letting-down of the lap



of his trousers, and the cuffs of his jacket, to keep up with his legs and arms which had shot out immensely. The body of his upper garment, as we have said, was of sufficient length and circumference to meet the demands of manhood if he reached it; and its texture promised to battle successfully with the tear and wear of twenty winters at least. A considerable number of his original enemies had died out, or left the school, for the curriculum of education in those days was short; but they had bequeathed their spirit to their successors, for a variety of petty annoyances were immediately set on foot against him. After a few victorious battles, however, he established a name that protected him. Thing now went on smoothly, and Gibbie was permitted to take a part in the diversions of his school-fellows. It was soon remarked that he seldom indulged in any amusement for its own sake, and usually tried to have a stake connected with it. His favourite games were the winning ones of the bowls, pins, and buttons; and he generally contrived to play with those who were younger, or less dexterous, than himself. He did not hesitate to cheat when an opportunity presented itself; and when charged with it, took the fashionable mode of clearing his reputation by a challenge. His stock of small wares accumulated on his hands, and he sold out among the boys, getting small coins or other equivalents in return. No solicitation, attention, or flattery, could induce him to part with anything gratuitously; and when he trusted, which was seldom the case, he persecuted his debtor till he paid,—only one was known to escape, and not till he had sustained a sound thrashing. The gains of Gibbie in this traffic were considerable, and as carefully hoarded, as if they had been the revenue of a kingdom. Even his mother was denied a share in his profits; and no one knew the general depository that held them. It is his parent took a few pins out of his sleeve over night, she got no peace till they were replaced; and when she put one of his buttons on his own jacket, it was instantly cut off and put back amongst its companions. It mattered not that she scolded, and threatened, and expatiated on the expense of his schooling, and food, and clothes, and lodging; Gibbie's sole answer was an inexorable grumph. He came, and went to the school during three successive winters, and left without having made a single friend. His progress in learning was small. He had reached the Proverbs class, but could neither write nor cast accounts.

TO BE CONTINUED.

**Family Circle.**

**THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.**

BY PIPESWAY POTTS.

At this season of the year the growing boys will want their crullers for dinner at school, and for lunch after they come home from singings, hungry and excited, and full of news.

It is a bad plan to eat before going to bed, but not so bad for the young and vigorous if they eat in moderation. Still, it is not advisable to eat after supper.

To make good crullers take one cup and a half of sugar, one heaping spoonful of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of soda, flour to make it as stiff as pie-crust, roll thin and fry in hot lard.

By changing this recipe, taking sour cream instead of sweet milk, you can leave out the butter and cream of tartar, and then they will not be at all greasy, and I think more wholesome. If you put no butter or shortening in they will not absorb the lard in which they are fried.

If in any kind of cooking your recipe tells you to dissolve soda in hot or boiling water, don't you do it, it injures it, let the water be merely warm.

As I write this I find myself smiling, and by the time I get through with the recipe, I ha, ha, ha! aloud. And this was why I laughed—I don't know when I've thought of that incident before.

I was fourteen years old when my mother died, and though I knew nothing at all outside of my few school books, I put on a great show of authority and tried to be quite like a mother to the four younger children.

My sister, two years my junior, was a real little Martha to make coffee and puddings and mash potatoes, and to give good tea and good advice to the three little boys.

I had read enough to know that over-eating, or eating at untimely hours was injurious, and I essayed to abolish the usual half-peck of walnuts, and crullers, and cider and apples, before bed-time. One time my sister, whose nickname was "Joel," read a pitiful story about a child crying for a piece of bread and butter before it went to bed, and the mother, from good motives, refused it. The next morning the child was found dead in its bed, and the poor parent's anguish was intense.

After this, if Rube wanted a piece before he went to bed he would go (until years afterwards unknown to me) to my sister, and say: "Now, Joel, just get me some-

thing to eat—if you don't, by Jimminy, I'll up an' die before morning, like that poor little boy did, and then how'll you feel?"

Poor, little, unsuspecting Joel! she has been a mother these many years and her family discipline is marked and marred by the same over-tenderness of heart that characterized her in her childhood.

[There's a kiss for you, Joel, to bridge over this breach of confidence.]

Here is a new thing I saw the other day and I like it very much and hope others may be benefitted by it. Back of a cooking stove which stood perhaps three feet from the wall, was a stout shelf covered with zinc, on which to set pans of bread to rise, or buckwheat batter, or to lay covers on while one is cooking.

Many a good batch of bread is spoiled in cold weather because there is no warm place of even temperature to stand the loaves while they are rising.

Women will find it an excellent plan when they have a good deal of sewing to do to take a whole day and cut out a lot at a time. As each garment is cut roll it up by itself with the buttons, lining, thread, and trimmings that belong to it, and lay it in a basket kept for that purpose.

One can accomplish a great deal more by following this plan and by keeping each garment separate.

A great deal of time is lost by careless housewives in rummaging around searching for mislaid patterns, a lost thimble, or the very spool of thread most needed.

I have told you that a good housewife always carries her thimble in her pocket, and I believe she does.

For my part I always have to carry a small knife, too, and as to going without a bit of wrapping-yarn in my pocket—could not think of it! Hardly a day passes in which I do not need a bit unexpectedly to tie up a swinging trumpet-vine, a spreading althea, a vicious rose-bush, or a gadding little grape-vine that has crept away from its ma.

That's a good plan—I read about it somewhere—after sheets are pretty well worn out to make window curtains of them.

Now, it is really in better taste to have old sheets, white as snow and neatly ironed, made into window curtains than to have these frail cottony shams called lace curtains. They are honest and then they don't look scanty and pinched.

Old sheets are burnt or stained or patched, make ironing clothes of them, but take the well-worn, best ones for up-stairs, dining-room or bed-room curtains. We have that kind in our kitchen this winter, and when they are let down at night they add the touch of coziness that without them would be lacking.

I've seen some girls pass the meat-plate at the table. They do that way at Sister Stout's, and they are nice Baptist folks, profess sanctification and all that sort.

Brother Stout likes pork, rare done, and he likes to have lots of "the good, rich gravy," as he calls it, taken up on the plate, too, and then they'll pass it round and the gravy will creep up to the very edge of the platter.

Pork is abominable, and I shall hail the day in which an enlightened people will vote the use of it hoggish, and eschew it altogether.

If you must have it on the table to please any member of the family, bear with it graciously—use as little of "the rich, good gravy" as possible.

Only yesterday I gave an unlucky tip sideways to the deacon's plate of pork, and a little thread of grease spun along a yard or more on our good floor, just missing the carpet. In less than a minute I had spread the place over with soap, but the soft ash floor had absorbed it and no washing or scouring of mine can remove it. The only remedy in an accident like this is to use a carpenter's plane, but ours were both loaned.

I don't like to see a woman scold over spilt grease or broken tableware or anything that cannot be helped, so when I saw Ida stand aghast at my mishap, I said: "Sister Potts, did you ever think what a royal poem could be written only about one's kitchen floor, come here!" and we both sat down beside the prettiest boards we could find, and then we counted the growths—wavy, ribbony, beautiful growths—and we counted fifty-nine.

Fifty-nine summers of God's own making—glorious summers of blessed sunshine and balmy airs and blue skies and soft rains, all this to make a board for Deacon Pott's kitchen floor.

What an exquisite poem it would make in the sweet creative power of the author of "The Drovers," and "The Huskers," and "The Lumbermen."

So, when our discordant harps were in tune again, I laid a paper over the unsightly place to absorb the grease, and then a rug over that, and it was well, and our housewifely eyes were vexed no more.

At this season of the year people are butchering and making sausage.

For men who work out in the cold you may save the pigs' feet. You know they dry away and toughen after they have been boiled a few days.

If you want to save some even until next spring, boil them well done and cover them with moderately strong vinegar. Put on a plate and have them pressed down so they will be covered all over. I wouldn't season them with mace and such things. They will keep very nicely.

If you don't want to salt down all your sausage, and prefer to keep some of them fresh as long as possible, hang them high up on a pole suspended in the coolest, airiest place you can find in an out-house, wood-shed, wash-house, or a spare upper chamber.

Old salted beef is not good. I always take a quarter or more of ours, cut it in three or four pieces, and lay it on a table in the coldest up-stairs chamber, with all the windows open. Put something on the floor to keep the blood off, look at the pieces occasionally and turn them, and if the blood settles in places take warm water and a rag and wash it all off. Beef can be kept a long while this way in cold weather. This is just as good for people living away out in the country as though they lived near a meat-market.

We shut up our house yesterday, and the girls and I attended the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance.

One old gentleman rose to speak often, and his queerly-fitting trousers didn't want him to stand up for the temperance cause, and they fought against it, and when he was up fairly they strenuously objected to his sitting down in them, and he had as much trouble as my Cousin Jerrymier Broady did with his'n.

Ida is just beginning to cut out and make the deacon's pantaloons, and, of course, she soon observed the belligerent breeches across the hall, and asked me what was wrong about them that they seemed so warped and twisted, and ill-natured, and at war with their wearer. I remembered that in my girlihood I had made pantaloons that seemed to be viciously inclined, and I said if you keep the edges even in making a pair of trousers, and sew up the outside seams first, they will draw and the legs will be all awist, like rails split out of timber that was winding. In making pantaloons always sew up the inside seams first.

It is a good plan, if trousers are cut out at home, to get a tailor to cut you a good paper pattern, and then do you write the owner's name on it, say "John Smith, his pattern," and always have one place for his pattern, too, that it may not be lost or mislaid.

**PURE GOLD. THE FALL OF DRINKING DICK.**

(A TRUE STORY.)

Some years ago in a Devonshire town, There lived a fellow of some renown— A fellow who went by the name of Dick, And whom people declared was a queer old stick.

He was not a butcher, a baker or tailor, He was not a soldier, nor either a sailor, But all day long, in stentorian tones, He used to bawl "Any old rags or bones?"

Now, on his two shoulders he carried two bags, The one for his bones, the other for rags, Thus burdened, he travelled through alley and lane, A sort of a living in order to gain.

For Dick was a drunkard, I'm sorry to say, And squandered the most of his earnings away In liquor, which greatly affected his tones, And he, himself, looked like a bundle of bones.

A circumstance happened one wintry night, When Dick had been drinking too much, and got tight, He foolishly ventured to take a short cut, And get home to his lodgings much earlier; but

His senses had left him, and Richard instead Went travelling on to the place of the dead.

The churchyard being open, he entered the gate, And found out his error, of course when too late; Among headstones and tombs Richard staggered along, And to keep up his courage he whistled a song.

In broad daylight he always was valiant and bold, But the darkness and silence combined with the cold Made him awfully shaky, till Richard, the brave, Went tumbling headlong right into a grave.

This pit had been dug for a man, I might say,

Who was to be buried the following day, And was never intended to shelter poor Dick, Any more than it was for the person of Nick.

But our hero went in. Though not very much hurt His face and his hands were all covered with dirt.

And the grave, be it known, was so awfully deep,

And the sides of it, too, were, of course, very steep, That he saw there was nothing left now but to shout, For though drunk he perceived that he couldn't get out.

He never before was in such a fix; 'Twould be hard to imagine a worse one than Dick's; All his shouting was vain, for in thundering tones, All day he'd been shouting "Any old rags or bones?"

Till his tongue had got tired and his throat very hoarse, And the folks all asleep, couldn't hear him, of course.

A farmer who happened to pass rather near, Heard the voice from the churchyard and thought it was queer; After halting a moment he went on his way— His reason for this I really can't say.

The grave-digger also, who lived not far off, Thought he heard either a moan or a cough, But declined to get up from his snug, cozy bed, Or see what was wrong with the living or dead.

Poor Dick had to bawl till the dawning of day, Or else make his bed on a coffin and clay; Exhausted with shouting, and shaking with fear, He stood in that grave—and with nobody near—

And resolved if he ever got out of that place, Never again to get into disgrace. His wife he'd be kind to, his earnings he'd save, And as long as he lived would keep out of the grave.

Until daylight appeared he remained in his cell, But how he endured it he says he can't tell, But the farmer who heard him the previous night, Came back in the morning as soon as 'twas light,

And delivered the captive both hungry and cold, And listened to Dick till his story was told.

Dick stole to his home by a different cut, And appeased his thirst and his appetite; but Suffice it to say that from that very day, From the tavern and grog-shops Dick keeps clear away.

He has joined the Good Templars and taken their vow, And amuses them sometimes by telling them how

He fell in the grave and how he got out, And how it was always his duty to shout.

He still follows that calling, tho' its pretty work, And is now like a lamb, though once like a Turk;

His face has improved, and so has his tones, And he isn't a bit like a bundle of bones. Dick has sons and fine daughters, in fact quite a lot, But never will any be yoked to a sot;

And he boasts of his daughters, and boasts of his sons, And declares through the town "there's no handsomer ones."

And he boasts of himself and boasts of his wife, And boasts of the pledge which he's taken for life; One thing he regrets and will often deplore, That he didn't fall into the grave long before.

And in telling his singular tale to a crowd, He tells it so dry people giggle aloud; And many who called him a queer old stick, Whenever they speak of him call him a brick.

Thus Dick, once so low, and degraded a slave At length found repentance alone in the grave. W. E. M.

**HOW M. TAINE LECTURES.**

M. Taine has been Professor of the history of art for seven or eight years at the Paris school of fine arts, but his popularity has lost nothing with time. A Paris correspondent of the London News writes that the building in which he lectures is about as plain and unadorned a building as can well be imagined. At one end is a large-blackboard with a chair. French lecturers always deliver their discourses sitting, with a large table in front of them. The whole of the rest of the room is taken up by the seats of the audience, rising one above the other until the roof forbids them to rise any higher. As the clock strikes two M. Taine enters the lecture-room, and there is a slight buzz of applause among the students, with whom he is evidently a favorite.

M. Taine's success as a lecturer—for he is remarked in passing that he is almost as successful as a lecturer as an author—is not at all owing to any graces of delivery, or due to any tricks of rhetoric or elocution. His delivery, like that of all those who read from a previously prepared text is a little monotonous, and his tone of voice hardly changes from the beginning of the hour and a half, during which he speaks, to the end. Every one is obliged to listen, although, perhaps, few are convinced by M. Taine's daring theories.

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PURE GOLD

TORONTO, FEB. 28, 1873.

WHAT ABOUT THE STATISTICS.

BY THE REV. W. SCOTT, OSHTAWA.

(CONTINUED.)

BUT we have not yet inspected the breweries. Ontario boasts of 10, producing 4,700,000 gallons. Quebec 21 Breweries, making 2,822,490 gallons of beer. New Brunswick has 4, manufacturing 152,420, gallons, while Nova Scotia, with her 4 or 5 breweries makes 445, 788 gallons. Total 8,457,096 gallons of beer. Total of intoxicants, being 16,160,267 gallons exclusive now of Manitoba and British Columbia, and not including Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island which Provinces for the present are outside the Dominion, soon I hope to be included. But let us see what progress we are making towards the extinction of the beer business. My last estimate of the manufacture of beer by the brewers of the four Provinces was that they produced 7,432,685 gallons; The Inland Revenue returns for 1871 give the number of gallons made 8,457,096, showing an increase of 1,024, 411 gallons. The total increase therefore, of strong drink consumed by our population is dreadful to consider. The temperance hosts are not laboring in vain but they are working at a disadvantage. The legalized traffic is the most formidable enemy of moral suasion, as it is also the chief cause of public demoralization. Out of it comes the intemperance of our times, for which their is one official remedy, and that is persistent prohibition.

The cost is fearful. I previously said that I had sufficient data before me to put it down as a fact, that our Dominion Liquor bill amounted then to \$18,100,000. I cannot now make it less than \$21,000,000, more than five dollars per head for every man, woman and child in the Dominion. This is not the whole of the cost to the nation, but it is a heavy tax to pay, and get in return, misery, misfortune and woe. This is the amount we annually pay to keep alive the terrific monster intemperance, something like the beast Daniel saw in a vision, only worse in all its features and deeds; dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly, and it had great iron teeth, it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped he residue with the feet of it, and it was diverse from all the beasts that were before it, and there can nothing come after it as an instrument of evil, more frightful or more desolating. One secret of its power

is the license it holds, as Shakspeare says:—  
Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance, Rebel the night, rob, murder, and commit The oldest sin, the newest kind of ways? Be happy for Licence plucks The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog Shall flesh his teeth in every innocent.

A few words more about statistics. Every statement of facts, and every calculation of costs must be defective.

The whole of the evidence of robbery and wrong attaching to and growing out of the liquor traffic effect's has never been completed, and never can be. Charge us not with exaggeration. The traffic affects every thing and every citizen. It defiles all who voluntarily engage in it. The vendor of liquor as a beverage never gives an equivalent for what he gets, and for the country the business is the worst possible speculation that any country ever engaged, in and the employment of capital therein, the worst possible investment for the country at large. The whole framework of society is deeply cankered by it, and no varnish of sympathy or restrictive license can cover the blemishes or change the character of the structure. Destruction and misery are in its ways and the path of peace it has never known, and never can find. Pardon the mixture of figures and facts, and turning to the capital and investment, I am told that the government of the country derives an immense revenue from the traffic which we say ought to be abolished. Very true the amount is very large, paid chiefly by the working men of Canada. The excise duties, collected and occurring from distilled liquors, amounts to 3,341,306 dollars. The sum collected for custom dues on imported liquors, is about 1,250,000 dollars, which gives a total of four millions, five hundred and ninety one thousand three hundred and six dollars. This does not include the tax on beer, nor the income from licences &c. This government income is a large kettle of varnish, wherewith to cover up the rottenness of the system, which is denounced by social reformers as incurably evil, and not susceptible of improvement by any methods of patch work and varnish. To this gross system of wrong and ruin, the liquor business, I am tempted to apply the scorching sarcasm of Thomas Carlyle who says:—"Varnish! varnish! If a thing have grown so rotten that it yawns palpably, and is so expressively ugly, that the eyes of the very populace discern and detest, bring out a new pot of varnish, with the requisite supply of putty, and lay it on handsomely, don't spare varnish, how well it will look in a few days if laid on well! Varnish alone is cheap, and is safe, avoid carpentering, chiselling, sawing and hammering, on the old quiet house, dry rot is in it, who knows how deep. Don't disturb the old beams and junctures, varnish, varnish, if you will be blessed by gods and men. This is called the constitutional system, conservative system, and other fine names and this at last has its fruits, such as we see. Mendacity hanging in the very air we breathe, all men becoming unconsciously or half or wholly consciously liars to their own souls, and to other mens, grimacery, finessing, periphrasing, in continual hypocrisy of word, by way of varnish to continual past, present, future misperformance of thing: clearly sincere about nothing whatever, except in silence about the appetite of their own huge belly, and the readiest method of assuaging these." Strong irony, you will say; but there is a terrible truth at the root of it. Only few seem awake to the dreadful state of things prevailing around us in this year of grace 1873. We look up, and cry aloud, "It is time for thee to work, Lord, for my law is made void," by the pernicious legalization of the liquor traffic.

I am conscious that the duty assigned me, is very imperfectly done. Perhaps I could apologize, but I will not. One moment for conclusion can be better employed. My hearts desire and prayer to God is, that his great national iniquity of the liquor business as by law established, may speedily cease and never revive. Internal costs of the traffic to the people of this Dominion cannot be less, as I have elsewhere, shown than forty-five millions.

TEMPERANCE MEN ARE BRAVE MEN.

THE progress of Truth is slow. The lament of the ancient prophet was "who hath believed our report?" Gallileo for declaring the truth, and thus striking at the root of the false belief was incarcerated. Harvey declared the circula-

tion of the blood and was laughed at for his pains. Slow is truth's progress, but it is sure to overcome, in spite of the mockery of the conceited and vainglorious, and instances are by no means rare. Nay, they are multitudinous where the grain of mustard seed has grown into the wide spreading tree. Not mushroom-like, but bit by bit does it attain to stupendous dimensions.

Columbus was reckoned crazy, but the laugh of the scornful never for a moment shook his faith. The doubts of the great and the wise only served to confirm him in his purpose, ere long realized. The discovery of a glorious continent put to shame the unbeliever, and was the due reward of his own constancy and fortitude. Columbus' name is revered now and the names of the others just mentioned will be held in everlasting remembrance.

So is it, so shall it ever for the most part be, with all men working against the prejudices of the many. They set their face like a flint against some mountain of difficulty—they set themselves to reform some social abuse—they meet with keen opposition—one sturdy stroke after another makes, to most observers, but little impression, and so but too soon are the brave and willing workers deemed wrong-headed and fanatics.

The noble cause which PURE GOLD advocates has for how long a time suffered from the ignorant tongue of thousands, and from the too willing pen of thousands more. But praise, all praise to the brave temperance heroes, who, having once put their hand to the plough have never for a moment looked back,—this cause so noble, but so long despised, not only moves but moves ahead. They know and feel that they are right—to stop short of victory is not in all their thoughts. To stem and destroy the evil that the demon Drink is doing is the end and aim of all their labors. Who can count the drunkards that float like wrecks in society? Who can weigh or measure the woe, the misery, the wretchedness, caused by this fiery serpent? The brave Sons of Temperance work day and night to pluck from this monster its deadly sting.

"Man the life boat! man the life boat!  
Hearts of oak your succour lend:  
See the gallant vessel stagger,  
Quick! oh! quick assistance send.

Every eye looks with admiration on the gallant life boat men straining every nerve to save those who are ready to perish, and well may shouts of joy ascend to heaven when they land their precious cargo in safety on the shore.

A sight no less grand is it to see some temperance hero wending his way through lanes and alleys, 'mid winter's storm or summer's heat to save some poor heedless one from the greatest, blackest curse that overshadows the land.

A youth comes late to business, or he absents himself from it one hour to-day, two to-morrow—what causes this serious inroad on his wonted punctuality? His hand is feverish, his eye unsteady; here is a change, indeed. 'Tis but yesterday since the hour for business struck and he was at his post, his grasp firm and cool, his countenance bright and ingenious.—The temperance man can answer the "why." He looks behind the scene and discovers the leper spot. Strong drink has wrought the change. The strong temperance man lays his foot on the head of the evil and crushes it to death.

Make not light ye thoughtless ones of this drink curse. Here in the gutter lies one known in former years at school and college as able and intelligent. Horace and Homer were alike his favorite reading and he could converse intelligently on every subject. His fellows were proud of him— aspiring he was and successful.— But oh! what evil beast hath devoured him. Made but a little lower than the angels; as he is now there is not the slightest resemblance to his former self. He prates like an idiot—dim is his eye, and his hand is palsied—yes, what evil beast hath devoured him? The marks are too deep, the lines too plainly drawn not to know that the wildest wild beast that roams the earth has done this. The Sons of Temperance come to the rescue—they step forward—raise him out of the dirt, and make him once more God-like.

This awful curse roams through the country like a devastating plague: the heroic temperance men do their endeavor to stay its ravages. It enters the family and converts the once happy home into a place of desolation; the sunniest, bravest boy that ever father or mother were proud

of, it will metamorphose by its fiery touch into a thing most despicable and mean. Good it turns to evil; sweet to bitter.—The brave Sons of Temperance are ever and anon heard crying aloud, "Oh! youths and maidens, you old men and matrons, seek not a knowledge of its awful ways.

Many a great loving heart is breaking—many a fireside is being made dreary by this evil of evils. The youth leaves the parent roof-tree to push his way in the crowded city. Ask ye what creates most anxiety in the fond bosoms of those dear ones he leaves behind, and you will find that it is "this." Thus oftimes it is that the last words he hears from his mother's lips are, "Be firm! be steady! be sober! He goes forth into the great ocean of life all untried, but brave temperance men are on the outlook for the inexperienced one; they open their arms wide to receive him, and to abide by their counsel, is life."

An angel hovering over our great city after nightfall, beholds scenes indescribably low and loathsome. Drink glories in its shame; what are sins and sorrows to it? The lion devours his prey, but men with pride call him the king of animals. Here is a beast without one redeeming quality—insatiate as the gravel—remorseless as the boundless sea. It prowls through every street. Its aim is to haul men and women into its den—not dark and dreary, but dazzling and brilliant. It draws all in rich, and casts them all out poor—naked and with honor lost. "It bitheth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Blessings manifold come down on the heads of the brave men who try to save from a fate like this. They stand by, and their cry ever is, "Taste not, touch not, handle not." What good? what good? say some. Great is the enterprise and incalculable good has been accomplished through it. They have worked on and the result is foolish errors have been exploded, hurtful abuses corrected, tens of thousands converted from drinking habits to the principles of abstinence. Multitudes saved from the drunkard's infamy, and many infatuated ones reclaimed." The brave Sons of Temperance have actually accomplished all this, and as intemperance still sweeps across the land leaving everywhere behind it blasted hopes, ruined reputations, wrecked fortunes, broken hearts, desolated homes, crowded jails and dishonored graves, they will not relax their efforts to save.

Let the greatest encouragement be given to their every effort. May the richest blessing come to them and theirs; let their brave hearts be gladdened by this consideration, that there is joy on earth at every victory they achieve, and what is more, there is joy among the angels in Heaven.

M.

MEDICAL TEMPERANCE DECLARATION.

We are glad to see that the physicians in various places are giving increased attention to the manifold evils resulting from the free use of intoxicating liquors. The reckless manner in which many of the doctors of the present day prescribe alcohol, has been a source of much anxiety to those who have witnessed its terrible effects. The medical profession of Montreal have recently issued the following important and timely declaration, which we heartily commend to the consideration of the members of the profession in this Province. The English physicians issued a similar document last year, extensively signed by the most distinguished of their class in the Kingdom. Is it not time that a similar movement was commenced in the cities of Ontario?

February, 1873.

We, the undersigned members of the medical profession in Montreal, are of opinion,

1. That a large proportion of human misery, poverty, disease and crime, is produced by the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage.
2. That total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, whether fermented or distilled, is consistent with, and conducive to, the highest degree of physical and mental health and vigor.
3. That abstinence from intoxicating liquors would greatly promote the health, morality and happiness of the people.

G. W. Campbell, M.D., Prof. of Principles and Practice of Surgery, and Dean of Faculty of McGill College; and ninety-five others.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

Anyone, who has read Mr. Hudson's *Journalism of the United States*, must be impressed with the great progress made in newspaperdom within, say, the last half century or even less. The newspaper is now the greatest power of the day, and the influence of magazine and newspaper literature upon the people of both the Old and the New World, is hardly to be measured. There are some, we know, disposed to regret the prominent place it now occupies. They fear, that soaring as it does above all other forms of literature, it will in a great measure supplant what they consider the more solid and thoughtful matter to be found in books. There are, however, many mistaken ideas concerning this subject, otherwise in certain circles, these opinions would never receive the credence they do. The periodicals of the nineteenth century, by that we mean those of the higher class, and they number many, are by no means a superficial production. They are conducted by the ablest men in the land, commendably fitted for their position, and number among their contributors the leading minds in science, art and literature. *Fraser's* one of the standard magazines of the Old country, is edited by the celebrated historian, Froude. Brete Harte for some time occupied the editorial chair of the *Overland Monthly*. *Harper's Weekly* is edited by George William Curtis, one of the most chaste and polished, as well as able writers in the United States. *All the Year Round* was the valuable property of the late Charles Dickens, under whose editorship it was conducted up to the time of his death.

Our popular novelists, Reade, Collins, Yates, Braddon, all of them issue their works through the column: of some of the weekly or monthly journals. Herbert Spencer's most thoughtful work, the "Study of Sociology," is being published simultaneously in the columns of the *Contemporary Review*, of London, England, and the *Popular Science Monthly* of New York; afterwards to be issued in book form. And these are but a small fraction of the facts that can be brought to show the high standard of the journalism of the present day. Because a writer gives his ideas to the world, in this shape are they necessarily any the less thoughtful, brilliant or carefully penned. Not a bit of it. It is sheer nonsense for men to condemn newspaper literature on this account, while so many able writers hold their connection with the press. If some journals are faulty in this respect, then let them alone, there are abundance of others to choose from. As regards their influence upon the book trade, proper, we are of the same opinion as Dr. Holland, and we speak from experience. In the *March Scribner's* magazine he says:

"We have no statistics on the subject, but our impression is, that through the universal diffusion of periodical literature, and the knowledge of books conveyed and advertised by it, the book trade has been rather helped than harmed. It has multiplied readers and excited curiosity and interest touching all literature. There are hundreds of good books which would never reach the world but for the introduction and commendation of the periodical; and books are purchased now more intelligently than ever they were before."

SCRIBNER.

Professor Morse, the inventor of the Telegraph, was an artist of the highest order, as well as a world's benefactor in giving to it the means of communication by electricity, throughout the known universe. He studied under the great historical painter, Benjamin West, the President at that time of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts. His paintings received the most laudable eulogiums from the men of art of both England and the United States. "Fascili, Northcote, Turner, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Flaxman, and other eminent artists; and Coleridge, Wordsworth, Rogers, Crabbe and other distinguished literary men, became fond of young Morse, for with an uncommonly quick intellect, he united all the graces of pleasant manners and great warmth and kindness of heart, which charmed the colder Englishmen. When in August, 1815, he packed his fine picture, "The Judgment of Jupiter," and others, and sailed for his native land, he bore with him the cordial good wishes of some of the best men in England. "Life in the new Diamond Diggings," is an interesting paper in the same journal. The different



processes which the gravel undergoes in the way of sifting, cradling, washing, &c., are carefully described. While many valuable facts regarding the climate, the best means and the likelihood of success are also related. "The climate is trying to new comers, the thermometer frequently registering 100° Fahrenheit in the shade." Langdon Greenwood writes on Napoleon II. George McDonald favors us with a poem, "A Spiritual Song," sweet and stirring. "Christ's Miracles Scientifically Considered," is an article we may have something more to say on at another time. These with "Topics of the Times," "Home and Society," "Culture and Progress," "Nature and Science," and other editorial departments, conclude a very readable number of *Scribner's Magazine*.

MY LITTLE BOOK, by Salathiel Doels, Toronto, Adam Stevenson, & Co. This is the title of a very pretentious little volume of about two hundred pages. The writer is one of the many who attempts to be witty and fails. Now and again, he of course, makes a point and delights us with a witticism, altogether, however, the amount of wit contained in these few pages is not very burdensome to anyone.

LITTLE HODGE, by the author of "Ginx's Baby," Dawson Bros., Montreal.—Mr. Jenkins first work "Ginx's Baby," found a rapid sale, and won praises on all hands. His subsequent works, however, though well written have none of them been as eagerly sought after. His latest production is published in the interests of a needed cause, and should be powerful for good. He, here, treats on the condition of the agricultural labourers, and with biting sarcasm spares not those who would depress this part of the human race.

EYRION.

We are in receipt of the M. S. S. of the poem, "Eyrion" from our now well known contributor Will H. Gane Esq. of Ingersol. This poem, which has already been published in a local paper and extensively copied, has been carefully revised by the Author, for the columns of PURE GOLD. We shall commence the publication of "Eyrion" in our next number we purpose concluding it in the one following, so that subscribers desiring extra copies, will oblige by giving us notice in time. We have read the poem with much interest, and as many of our readers will recognize the scenes vividly pictured by the author, it will be appreciated by them, not only on account of its high literary merits, but because it is a national poem abounding with scenes and incidents of our land and history.

NEWS.

Extensive fires have taken place in Canada during the past week. The oil refinery of Messrs. Adams & Co., of London, was destroyed, the company losing \$5000. In Listowel, on Monday, the Dominion hotel, Mitchell & Winter's grain store, the Wellington, Grey and Bruce Railway office and other property to the amount of \$18,000 were destroyed by fire. Montreal, Mount Forest and Port Hope have also suffered severely from the same cause.

A Mr. McGibbon has thought it advisable to make himself notorious by bringing an action against Messrs. J. Dougall & Son, of Montreal, whose endeavors to check the drinking usages of the city through their excellent paper are not appreciated by that gentleman.

It was suggested at the usual gathering in the Temperance hall in Ottawa, last week, that subscriptions should be taken up among the temperance men to indemnify the Dougalls, should the case go against them. We scarcely think the Messrs. Dougall need fear for the result, but should the case be adverse to them, the suggestion from Ottawa should be acted upon.

Mr. Banks' fishery bill carried with a majority of 115, although it was strenuously opposed by Butler and a few others of the same stamp.

The township of Walsingham, in which Port Rowan is situated, has carried the Dunkin Bill by a majority of nine. For some inexplicable reason the council have as yet refused to ratify the by-law. The people intend to take proceedings against the council.

A man named Minville was shot in the abdomen during a riot at the Hustings in Quebec east on Tuesday last. The fact that liquor was copiously supplied during the forenoon will perhaps give some clue to the origin of the disturbance and the sad result.

The prospect of the carrying out of the Ontario and Quebec railway scheme are flattering. Peterborough county having granted a bonus to the railway, efforts are being made to secure liberal bonuses from those municipalities in Ontario county through which it is purposed that the road shall pass. At a meeting held in Brougham this week the ratepayers carried by a large majority a resolution to the effect that it would be to the interest of the municipality to grant a liberal bonus towards the construction of the railway. The fact that F. W. Glen Esq., of Oshawa, has been appointed a director, augurs well for the ultimate success of the scheme.

Correspondence.

MATTERS FOR THOUGHT.

WE hesitated for some little time to reply to J. S. R.'s remarks anent a Good Templar's residence at a hotel, feeling a very slight degree of awe for him who so decidedly rebuked our superficial and thoughtless remarks.

J. S. R. says: "Though it would be well 'perhaps' advisable for all Good Templars to shun these places."

Does he mean to insinuate that there is a doubt about the matter, and that it may not only not be advisable for them to shun the hotel, but actually correct and beneficial for them to make it their constant resort. This would be progress of the temperance movement indeed, for if correct in the individual case it must be equally correct in the aggregate; and so according to J. S. R. it is doubtful whether all Good Templars may not make a hotel their home, thoroughly mix themselves in with the drinking customs, and loose that singularity and identity which has been the prime cause of abstainers increasing in numbers year by year, and bringing such an influence to bear on this great question.

Again he tells us, "that appearances might be against him and that it 'probably' would not look well for a Good Templar to be 'continually' passing in and out of a hotel, and that it 'might' even cause some to look upon such conduct with unfeigned horror."

Good Templars and temperance men generally, think of this, and when the whole argument in favor of your residence at a hotel is summed up in the statement that although appearances 'might' be against you, yet that there is no reason for you to leave the hotel, we say it is high time for you to flee. Remember it is not only the superficial and thoughtless 'some' who see you enter the hotel. There are numbers of others who see you enter and view your entry with anything but horror. To them it is an example to be followed, a passport, as it were, to practices at which your better spirit would shudder to think you had been the means of leading them. You cannot pass in and out from the tavern the same as from any other boarding house—it is an absolute actual impossibility.—Yes, truly appearances 'might' be against your entering, and with good reason, for no man can serve two masters. He cannot be a Good Templar and yet give the right hand of fellowship to the detested poison, and lead even one poor trembling, shuddering soul within the awful vortex of drunkenness.

Consider well the serious responsibilities involved in this and apart from the superficial thoughtless people who view your entry with horror, think of those who look to you for help and assistance in "the hour of their sore temptation."

You have voluntarily assumed the responsibility and become "your brother's keeper."

E. H. W.

COMMENT.

[The above remarks the reader will perhaps remember, have reference to an article which appeared in these columns about the first of the year. In that article, in contradiction to the opinion of E. H. W., we took the stand that a Good Templar might reside at a hotel, and yet not violate his obligation. Our correspondent, in his reply, however, ignores the real question at issue, and strikes out in a line for himself. He argues that the example of such a one would be in opposition to the profession of a Good Templar. This is a point we did not discuss. We did not say whether such was the case or not. Ours was a question of liberty, not of example, advisability, expediency, or anything of the kind. We opposed the introduction of such a measure, that is, a measure which would compel a brother to reside somewhere else, other than at a hotel, because we hold it is a matter in which our Order has no right to legislate or interfere, but one that should be left to the individual conscience to decide. F. W. Robertson once said "There are many things which are theoretically desirable but which are practically

impossible." It may be desirable to enjoin upon and request Good Templars to steer clear of these places, but it would indeed be unpracticable, if not impossible, to compel them by the constitution of our Order to do so.—ED.]

Temperance.

I. O. G. T.

COMMUNICATIONS for this department to be addressed: J. S. R., Box 308, Toronto, (P. O.)

Mr. P. T. Barnum lectured lately in Pueblo, Col., near which place he has a large stock anch, on the subject of temperance. The court-house was full, it being the largest meeting ever gathered in the town. A. P. George, District Deputy of the I. O. G. T., called the meeting to order, and Rev. J. H. Merritt was elected temporary chairman. Of course Mr. Barnum did his part well. At the close of the lecture, a town temperance society was organized, auxiliary to the National Temperance Society, and Hon. Mark G. Bradford, Probate Judge, was elected president, and A. P. George, corresponding secretary. This society has held one public meeting, and propose doing so, as their constitution requires, once in each month. They now talk of organizing a temperance library and reading-room. The Good Templars work in harmony with this new organization, and at the last meeting turned out in a body. If any place needs temperance reform, it is Pueblo. It has 1,800 inhabitants, 32 liquor-houses or places where it is sold publicly, and only three stores that do not sell the poison.

From a perusal of the American papers we are glad to learn that in accordance with the action of the R. W. G. Lodge, the Good Templars are circulating petitions among the judges to Congress for the prohibition of intoxicating liquors.

The Grand Lodge Good Templars of Missouri are circulating petitions for the passage of a civil damage law by the Legislature.

On Monday evening last the Father Matthew Temperance Association, of this city, was the recipient of a handsome temperance banner, accompanied by an address, from their many lady friends and admirers.

It is much to be regretted that among some christian men there still exists a cold apathy and indifference to the temperance cause. And what is worse, that so few appear to comprehend the close relationship christianity and temperance hold to each other. Says a writer in N. Y. *Temperance Advocate*, putting the question in a very forcible light:

"It is a misconception which leads people so often to say, 'Temperance is next to religion.' There is no such distinction, practically, as is here implied.

If by religion we mean the principles and *regime* of the Christian life, temperance is as much a part of it as is any other virtue. As well say that honesty is next to religion; or, if a man can be but one, he had better be religious than be temperate or honest, but, if he chooses to take on something more, temperance or honesty comes next in value. This is an absurdity. You may have part without the whole, but you cannot have the whole without all the parts. Temperance is a part, an essential part, a *sine qua non* of intelligent religion.

We have, not infrequently, heard it said of temperance men that they are "mean" and penurious in all their dealings. The charge is a serious one, and if true, should if possible be removed. Once let meanness become the known characteristic of any society or a portion of its members, and its doors are immediately closed to every true and generous mind. "Apropos" to these remarks is the following story related by an American exchange.

"An earnest and enthusiastic friend of temperance, writing from a long distance to Edward Carswell, Esq., to go and lecture four nights on temperance, promises him full houses, and says the 'scenery' in the region about there will amply 'pay him for his coming.' Mr. Carswell thinks the 'pay' would neither feed nor clothe the little ones at home. This reminds us of the story of the country minister with a small salary, but whose people, with tender affection and kind remembrance, were accustomed once a year to take to him gifts as they could spare, and, amongst the corn, potatoes, beans, grain, etc., one poor widow brought from her garden-plot a peck of onions. The pastor was so overcome with the hearty self-denial and good-will that in a neat and appropriate speech, he cordially thanked them for the gifts, and said: 'It is such expressions as these that bring tears to the eyes of a pastor.'

Last week we published in these columns the Rev. C. L. Cuyler's opinion of the late Horace Greeley as a temperance man. Here we append to these remarks a quotation from the Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage's sermon on the same subject. Though the quotation is rather lengthy, it is yet written in such a vigorous and original style, that the reader, we hardly think, will weary of it on this account. He

says:—"There ought to be, in consequence of this providence, a great arousal on the part of the men engaged 'in temperance reform.' Horace Greeley was the champion of temperance in this country. His pen wrote more and effected more than that of any other man. You remember how he spoke last winter in the Lay College on this subject. He was a hater of all intoxicating drinks, from the rye whiskey that pitches the sot into the ditch, up to the wine-glass that makes a fool of the fine lady in the parlour. He had seen so much devastation of drunkenness amid the brethren of his own occupation; he had heard the snapping of the heart-strings of widowhood and orphanage, robbed by the fiend that squats in the wine-cask and sweats in the brewery, the smoke of its torment ascending for ever and ever. I think that yesterday all the gin-bottles in the grog-shop rattled with gladness when it was told that Horace Greeley was dead, and that drunkenness which 'biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder,' hissed for joy. But, boast not, O thou demon of the pit. If Horace Greeley is dead, the principles he advocated live. Elisha may be buried, but we will keep his grave open, and let down this inert cause until, touching his bones, it shall shall spring up with tenfold power, and go forward for the conquest of the world. Because Christ turned water into wine, men turned the pure juice of the grape into swill. Now that the standard-bearer of temperance has fallen, who will catch up the colours a carry them on to victory? I ask these fathers and mothers, before their sons wither under this hot simoon of hell, to come and join the standard. I ask men in all circumstances to deny their palates and save their souls. When next Wednesday the nation gathers round Horace Greeley's grave, I would like to have the little children whose fathers he redeemed from the cup come and throw flowers over that grave, and the woman whom he lifted up from the squalor of being a drunkard's wife come and pour her tears on the resting-place of him who has spoken his last word and written his last line in behalf of the reformation of the inebriate. 'Howl, howl, fir tree for the cedar has fallen.'

Soon the question of the legal prohibition of the liquor traffic in this Province will come up for discussion in the local legislature. We rejoice that the introduction of the bill for the erection of an inebriate asylum, has elicited such strong condemnation of the traffic, and the desire expressed that the evil should be "rooted out," did not, we are glad to say, meet with those smiles of derision which a daily cotemporary affects to perceive. Recent developments show that a strong feeling against the continuing of the liquor traffic in Ontario undoubtedly exists in the minds of our legislators, and though the bill may fail to pass owing to legal objections or because the question is beyond the jurisdiction of this Province we cannot regret the course adopted by the League, or the results following their action in bringing the matter before the Legislature of Ontario.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

Canada, Province of Ontario,  
County of York,  
To Wit.

In the County Court of the County of York, in the matter of RICHARD LAWRENCE, an insolvent.

On Wednesday, the second day of April next, the undersigned will apply to the Judge of the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.

Toronto, 24th February, 1873.

RICHARD LAWRENCE

By Harrison, Osler & Moss,

His Attorneys at Law.

87-5.

CERTAIN REMEDY FOR BALDNESS

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BALDNESS

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W. H. HAMMOND, T. D.

J. YOUNG, (Late from G. Armstrong's Undertaking Establishment, Montreal),

UNDERTAKER, & c.,

391, Yonge Street, Toronto.

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PURE GRAPE WINE, UNFERMENTED for SACRAMENTAL PURPOSES

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Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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GOLDEN GRIFFIN,  
128, 130, & 132, King-st., E.,  
Toronto, March, 1873.

We have much pleasure in announcing the arrival of the greatest part of our

SPRING IMPORTATIONS.

Our goods this season have been selected with the greatest care by our own buyer, whose long experience, together with the many advantages we have of buying in the best Foreign Markets, warrant us in saying that our stock will be found as

COMPLETE, VARIED, STYLISH and of as good value as can be shown in Toronto. The Stock is replete with the greatest possible variety of

FIRST CLASS GOODS

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MANTLES, SHAWLS, &c.

The largest Stock of CARPETS and HOUSE FURNISHINGS in the city.

DRESSMAKING

done on the premises in the latest New York and London styles.

The Ladies will please remember that our SHOW ROOM is on the ground floor.

GENTLEMEN'S TAILORING DEPARTMENT

We have received Special Novelties in COATINGS, TROWSERINGS & VESTINGS from the best makers, that will be made to measure in Latest Styles.

Workmanship Warranted, Four first-class Cutters employed.

TWEEDS FOR BOYS WEAR.

We have a large quantity from 40 cents per yard and upwards.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

We have specially got up with a view to supply the want long felt in Toronto of keeping in stock goods as well cut and as well made as any custom made clothing at much less price. Our great aim has been to keep the best goods in all departments, employ the best cutters and workmen, and turn out every garment "satisfactory, or no sale"

The Managers beg to thank their friends and public for the patronage bestowed upon them during the past year, and they take this opportunity of stating that it was the most successful season the house had ever had, their returns being more than double that of 1871, and they are determined to still keep it advancing by giving the public the best value for their money, and keeping a good staff of obliging assistants in every branch that our customers may be waited on without delay.

Hoping we may have the pleasure of showing you through our establishments,

We are your obedient servants,

PETLEY & DINKEN.

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Friends at a distance, and Temperance Organizations may make a good investment by sending a dollar for sample packets of books, tracts, etc., by mail.

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Offers every facility for producing Printing of all descriptions.

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Blank Books

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40 CHURCH STREET,

S.W. [Cor. of] King-street,

TORONTO.



## Miscellaneous.

FOR PURE GOLD

## A NAME.

BY JOSEPH GRIFFITH.

You breathed a name, the other day,  
A name the world has often heard;  
You noticed that I turned away,  
And that I answered not a word.

You asked what caused my silence then,  
And why I seemed so much distraught;  
My tale is not for common men,  
But I will tell you what I thought.

I thought me first of Gratitude,  
Before me rose a kindly face  
That beamed with every brightest good,  
That pictured every fairest grace,

Then waked within me Reverence:  
For I beheld a noble soul,  
A soul of manliness intense,  
Made meet for high and large control.

Next sprang to view the form of Love:  
My spirit felt its tenderness,  
Like some sweet angel from above  
That looks to comfort and to bless.

Last, Pity crept with stealthy tread  
To weep, beside a new-made grave,  
What men call the dishonored dead—  
A royal heart they would not save.

Such were my musings in that hour,  
Awakened by that well known name,  
Name once the synonym of power,  
Now everywhere suggesting shame.

But, as these visions troubled me,  
I closed my eyes upon the past,  
And sadly questioned destiny,  
Seeking the future for forecast.

I wondered what the years will bring  
As, one by one, they come and go.  
Will they sound forth Hope's joyous ring,  
Or toll the knell of doleful woe?

I thought on what may be my fate,  
And into what my life may turn;  
What need of favor or of hate  
From tongue or pen my deeds may earn.

I may secure no better praise  
Than Fame accords to-day to him;  
Some fault my virtues may erase,  
Some error make their lustre dim.

Ay, when this weary course is run,  
That stretches now so far away,  
And when the final goal is won—  
Amid the shades of darkening day,

I may beseech a brother's tear,  
The tribute of a generous mind,  
And learn, although it is not dear,  
That it is more than I shall find.

For most men's judgments are so hard,  
And most men's hearts are harder yet;  
They curse the lot by Fortune marred,  
And, where they curse not, they forget.

Montreal.

## THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

EVERY year thousands of infants perish victims to the use of soothing syrups. Every generation tens of thousands of children grow up only to enter the career of the drunkard, or suffer the prolonged death-in-life of the opium-eater, who can trace their vices and miseries to the same source.

It is a frequent practice among mothers to give anodynes of some sort to their infants when fretful or ailing. Some mothers make a daily and habitual practice of the use of some favorite or widely-advertised nostrum. Now it is Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup; again it is Godfrey's Cordial; or it may be Dewee's Carminative; or possibly Paragoric, plain and undisguised. Those mothers who use the latter are probably in the minority; but there are numbers of women who would shrink with horror from giving their infants opium in any form, who yet administer the other medicines without scruple, believing them perfectly harmless.

We have before us an article written by a California physician who gives two instances of death, which came recently within his practice, from the use of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. He adds that it is impossible to estimate the number of children who are sent to the grave by the use of this nostrum alone. He says: "There are very few children at the age of six months who would not be poisoned to death were they to take the syrup as directed (namely: six months old and upward, one teaspoonful three or four times a day until free from pain),

unless a tolerance of the drug be induced by its previous administration in small doses. The morphia in a teaspoonful of soothing syrup is equal to about twenty drops of laudanum. Here we have thousands of mothers and nurses, ignorant alike of the ingredients and the effects of this deadly nostrum, directed to give a child six months old morphia equal to twenty drops of laudanum while a physician would not dare to give a child of that age more than three drops."

Dewee's Carminative has long been considered among the best of quieting medicines for infants, and we have heard it recommended by those who use it, "because," they said, "it has no opium in it." There was never a greater mistake. We have not the recipe for the Carminative before us, so we cannot give its ingredients with their exact proportions; but we have seen the recipe, and we know that it does contain opium in some form. The mother who gives this or any other of the advertised cordials or carminatives to her babe, may stand prepared for its early death, or else expect to see it grow up with a ruined nervous system.

It is said that the use of opium is fearfully on the increase in this country. Who can tell how much this state of things is due to the use of morphia in its disguised form during infancy! The early use of this drug will naturally lead as the child increases in years, to the use of tobacco, opium, or alcohol, to satisfy a morbid and depraved appetite. There is another point in the case which every one should consider. Those only who have been addicted to the use of opium, and attempt to leave off and those who have been actual witnesses of such attempts in others know the dreadful suffering—the utter nervous prostration, and untold agony of mind and body—which attends the breaking of this habit. What refinement of cruelty it is that inflicts this suffering upon a child! Yet, as the use of these anodynes is abandoned when the child emerges from infancy, there is no shadow of doubt that it is made to undergo all the tortures experienced by the opium-eater who is striving to free himself from the iron bonds of habit. Only in the latter case the habit is generally relinquished gradually, and the misery, though somewhat prolonged, is rendered less intense; while in the former there is no system adopted in giving up these medicines. All is haphazard. The dose is neither decreased nor given at longer intervals. It may be abandoned suddenly, and then after the worst has passed and the system begun to recover from the effects of the drug, another dose, given for some trifling ailment, will place the child back at the starting-point with all the misery to endure over again. Again we say, what refinement of cruelty!

An infant well cared for, properly fed, frequently bathed, comfortably dressed, used to regularity in sleeping and eating, and allowed plenty of fresh air, will need no soothing syrup when it is well. If it becomes sick, drugs should be administered on the prescription of a doctor alone.

Mothers have a fearful responsibility in this matter. Not only have they the present comfort of their little ones in their keeping, but they have their future well-being to consider; nay, even life and death are in their hands. As mothers would not sorrow over little graves; as they would wish to rear children to a noble manhood and womanhood, free from perverted appetites which lead to vice, let them beware of these Infant Extremators. They are evil and evil only.

## THIS UNEVEN WORLD.

BY J. E.

"Now look at that fellow," said one poor man to another, as they walked home together; "Don't he take his ease? Nothing to do but ride around in his carriage and look after his money. If he wants a thing he buys it. If his children needs shoes they have them, and he lives on the fat of the land every day. Isn't it a mighty unequal world?"

"Not so very, Hugh. I'll warrant he has troubles and distress of some sort."

"But nothing like mine, I can tell you. To be always so cramped and crowded for money is a harder burden than he has ever had, I'll venture."

"You think you would trade with him, do you—just take his situation out and out, and give him yours?"

"Yes, if I could take my family with me."

"Ah, that's not in the bargain. His wife, I am told is a shrew."

"I'm thankful I have the advantage of him there. If it wasn't for Mary's sweet cheerful temper, I don't know how we should bear our poverty."

"Then his oldest son is a cripple."

"My Bob is straight and robust as that pine tree. It's something to be thankful for, Mason, that one's children are sound and healthy, isn't it, though?"

"I should think so. The rich man sometimes sits up whole nights in hard study over his business affairs, while you are soundly, comfortably sleeping, Hugh. More than that; I know he is sometimes

nearly distracted to raise five thousand dollars or so that must be had, feeling more cramped for money than ever you did in your life."

"Well, well, it may not be quite so uneven a world as we think for. But I am hungry enough for my good supper, if it isn't made of roast turkey and cranberry sauce. There come the children, running to meet me; so good night, neighbor, I hope you have as good a welcome waiting for you."

## A GOOD WORLD.

BY J. M.

MR. SIMMONS entered the dining-room one frosty morning, with a frown on his brow. His business perplexed him, and various other worries had disturbed his sleep. He did not feel very well satisfied with himself, or any one else.

Now, because he slammed the hall-door, do you suppose his wife rattled the tea-things snappishly? Such things often follow, I know. But Mrs. Simmons had learned a more excellent way from an old-fashioned book she loved to read daily. She had tried the magic of soft answers so many times, that she knew well their power. So she poured out the coffee cheerfully, and when the nice breakfast had begun to warm the heart as well as the frame she said, "I am so glad you fixed that step at the back porch, Robert; it is a great convenience, and so much safer. That drain, too, from the pump, is a great deal more convenient."

It was only a little thing to say, but the appreciation made Robert's brow relax, and he spoke in a pleasanter tone, as he said, "I am glad it suits you, Hannah. I hope I shall get another half-day soon, and then I can attend to a number of other little matters about the place, that need looking after."

How small a thing had changed the current of his thoughts and feelings. Truly "heaviness in the heart of man causeth it to stoop, but a good word maketh it glad."

Robert Simmons went about his work with a lighter heart, and a more energetic spirit for that little "good word" from the lips of his wife.

Very different would have been the case in many homes. The quick retort is there sure to follow a hasty word or act. A spark of ill-temper is quickly fanned into a flame of passion, that consumes all that makes home fair and lovely. Instead of the good word which maketh glad, all efforts to oblige are followed by fault-finding. No pleasure or gratitude is expressed or felt, but where one favor is granted, a dozen more are demanded.

Ah, any one who has even taken a peep into such a home, must agree with Solomon, that "it is better to dwell on a corner of a house-top alone" than there.

Belavish of good words in your household, and you will add largely to the sum of the world's happiness. You will, doubtless, prolong your life, and, certainly, you will make your presence a blessing and a joy wherever you are.

## HOW TO LEARN SELF-DENIAL.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

"COUSIN Aggie, you are a mystery to me. How you over manage to live I do not know, with so great sickness always in your home. Your husband was an invalid for years; poor Harry must needs break a leg, to enjoy your good nursing; little Carrie has had her ups and downs, pretty steadily all her life, and now your husband's niece is with you, wasting in consumption, and taking all your leisure, just when it seemed as though you might take a little rest."

"Hush, Jenny dear, and don't complain of poor Hattie. She is here by my express invitation. The poor child has no other home, and what can she do without one. She is so comfortable and happy here, it is reward enough for all the care I give her."

"I don't complain, Aggie; I only wonder you cannot love sound sleep and ease and comfort as I do, for instance, or you could not bear it."

"Ah, Jenny dear, it is a good thing to bear the yoke in ones youth. I never could have done half as well by my dear ones, if I had not served a long apprenticeship in self-denial in my early days. It don't matter much how the experience comes, so the lesson of self-denial is learned. It was just as hard for me as for any one, I assure you. I rebelled against it, and fretted under it for a time, but at last it grew easy."

"Taking up the same burdens daily, they at least become so much a habit that that you feel lost without them. I cannot tell you how I missed my brother's little boy when they moved away to the West. I had taken almost the sole care of him for a year, and no one thought I could save his life. He was always so wakeful and restless, I had little sleep with him, but it was a joy to see him grow stronger and heartier all the time. He has since become a very robust boy, they write me. After Allie went away I could hardly sleep for a long time. I missed the care so much. He kept me awake more after than when with me. It was my lot, Jenny,

to have much care and labor for others in my childhood and girlhood, and 't was his my preparation for the life-work God had in store for me.

"Self-denial cannot come to us by precept; we must have the sharp, hard practice, or we shall not attain it. It is a great blessing to have the lessons taught early before the opposite habits are fixed, for it is hard to take them up in latter life. God has given us all abundant means of putting the great lessons of self-sacrifice. He has taught us into daily practice. The way to do good is open to every one, and we need to walk in His footsteps, who pleased not Himself. So shall we be his disciples."

## A FACT CONTAINING A SUGGESTION.

IN several of the cities of our country an active benevolence led, during the summer, to the conveyance of large numbers of poor children out into the open country for a day's holiday. By this means vast numbers of little ones, who otherwise might not have been able to set foot outside the city streets, were enabled to breathe fresh air, and spend at least one day in the season in delightful healthful, harmless recreation.

But in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, they have gone further than this. When the hot weather sets in the railways and lines of steamers are filled with young travellers, who receive free passages to various points of the country, where mansions, rectories and farm-houses are thrown open to receive them, and where they are made welcome guests. In these snug country-places they remain two or three weeks, living on the best of country fare and taking part in active rustic sports. And when the end of their holiday is reached, they go back to their crowded city-homes ruddy and sunburnt, and with renewed life and vigor, bearing grateful and pleasant memories in their hearts, and no doubt eagerly looking forward to the next summer for the return of the old bright spot the year affords them.

For fifteen or twenty years this giving a lengthened summer holiday to the poor children of Copenhagen has been a regular thing, and all concerned in it have vied each with another in making it successful. The suggestion which this fact conveys we leave to our readers.—Exchange.

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THE TORONTO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

PROGRAMME—TUESDAY EVENINGS—  
JAN., FEB., MARCH, 1873.

Jan. 7. Meeting postponed on account of the Evangelical Alliance Meeting.

11. ESSAY—F. H. Wallace, "How the Ancients thought and wrote."

12. ESSAY—John Craig, "Ambition."

13. LECTURE—Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, "A Canadian Oxford."

14. LECTURE—C. A. Morse, "The Pioneers."

15. An evening of Song and Recitations.

16. LECTURE—T. De Witt Talmage, "Brooklyn, N. Y. 'Gumbler & Co.'"

(Admission to this Lecture, 50 Cents, being one of the winter course of pay lectures.)

17. LECTURE—Nicholas Flood Davin, of London, Eng. "Thomas Moore and His Poetry."

18. LECTURE—Geo. Hague, "Commercial revolutions and Papers."

19. An evening of Songs, Recitations and Readings.

20. LECTURE—Rev. W. Morley Punshon, L. L. O. "William Wallace."

(Admission to this Lecture, 50 Cents, being one of the same course as on 18th Feb.)

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Boarding Houses. Employment, (if possible, Free Reading Room. Good Company.

Noonday Prayer-Meeting, 12.30 to 12.55.

Literary Entertainments every Tuesday Evening at 8.

Young Men's Prayer-Meeting every Saturday Evening at 8.

Bible Class every Sabbath Afternoon at 3 o'clock.

We cordially invite strangers, and ALL who feel interested in our work to attend the above meetings. The undersigned may be found in the Rooms of the Association, between the hours of 9 a.m. and 1 p.m., or from 2 to 4 p.m.

YOUNG MEN, STRANGERS in the city are especially invited.

THOS. J. WILKINSON, Secretary.

P. S.—A well-assorted Library of some 2,000 volumes, to which access can be had by becoming a member. Members fee only \$2 per annum.

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Our goods this season have been selected with the greatest care by our own buyer, whose long experience, together with the many advantages we have of buying in the best Foreign Markets, warrant us in saying that our stock will be found as

COMPLETE, VARIED, STYLISH and of as good value as can be shown in Toronto. The Stock is replete with the greatest possible variety of

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Hoping we may have the pleasure of showing you through our establishments.

We are your obedient servants.

PETLEY & DINEEN.

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PRIZE MEDAL Cabinet Organs! AND MELODEONS,

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

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In the County Court of the County of York, in the matter of JAMES PARK, an insolvent.

The undersigned has filed in the office of this Court a deed of Composition and Discharge, executed by his creditors, and on the Seventeenth day of February next he will apply to the Judge of the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.

Dated at Toronto this 10th day of January, A.D., 1873.

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PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE.

HOUSE OF COMMONS THE CLERK'S OFFICE, Ottawa, Jan. 30, 1873.

Pursuant to the 50th Rule of the House, notice is hereby given that the time for RECEIVING PETITIONS FOR PRIVATE BILLS will expire on Wednesday, the 26th day of March, next.

ALFRED PATRICK, Clerk of the House.

All newspapers will please insert above in the meeting of Parliament.

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.

(Account Branch), Toronto, Dec. 19th, '72. NOTICE

Is hereby given that the UNSOLD LANDS

In Blake Township, Thunder Bay, are open for sale at One Dollar per acre each, under and subject to the provisions of "the General Mining Act of 1869."

Applications to purchase to be made to the Commissioner of Crown Lands, Toronto.

(Signed) R. W. SCOTT, Commissioner of Crown

Ottawa, Dec. 28th, 1872

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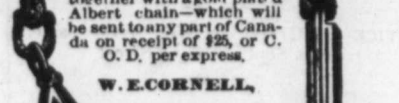


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