

Grain

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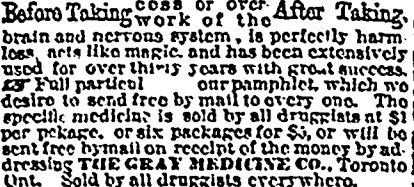
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TORONTO, ONT., NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 161.

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

In our next issue will be commenced a powerfully written story, in two parts, entitled

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BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

We have in preparation a couple of intensely interesting serial stories, of which due notice will be given.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

The close of our first Biblical competition is approaching; and those who have delayed entering the lists had better delay no longer. No decision has been made as yet, nor will be until the close of the competition on the 20th inst., so that those who now send in their names and answers with 50 cents, may still have a chance of winning one of the prizes offered, and will, at any rate, get TRUTH weekly, for three months. Delay no longer, the time is short, and it is not every day you get a chance of winning a watch for fifty cents.

The battle of the school books still goes on. It will never be known how much has been distributed in the way of bribes for this and that one's patronage. In any

case the amount must have been simply enormous. Many along-tongued blatant philanthropist who pretends to be animated simply by the love of goodness, and souls knows right well that he has been bought to shout as if he had been a beast in the market-place. And why such a hurry after all! The present readers are as good as those that are paraded with such fantastic zeal. Nor is it to be forgotten that these old present books can be legally retained in any school in the Province till 1885. Why not wait and use up all the old books! By that time it may be much more evident which of the new series is the best.

It has generally been thought that the agitation for Government subsidies to denominational colleges had come to a final termination a good many years ago. Apparently this was a mistake. Principal Grant is knocking again at the door of the Provincial Treasury, or at least saying none shall get it if Kingston does not. The Principal is an astute, ambitious, and uncommonly zealous individual, with a great deal of plausibility, a great affectation of liberality and withal a large measure of something like jolliness. But like many meaner men he has a tendency to talk nonsense occasionally or something very like *blague*. He knows, and no one knows better, that Kingston University and College do not occupy the same ground as the University and University College of Toronto. He knows that the one is a Provincial Institution under Provincial control, and that the other is simply a private speculation, managed by private individuals without any government superintendence or control whatever, and that it would be as fair and as reasonable for the Government to give a bonus to every ladies' school in Toronto, as to this seat of learning about which he so often spreads himself so wildly, and with an air of such serene self-satisfaction. He has lately solemnly assured the world that it is an awful thing to be a fool. It is. But TRUTH would most respectfully ask the Principal not to believe that the people of Ontario are mostly in that unpleasant condition. When the managers of Queens are prepared to surrender the whole affair charter, and all, to the State and make it a Government Institution it will be time enough to talk of its having any claim to a bonus from the public purse, but not till then. Dear Doctor Grant, your tendency is to presume too much on the foolishness of your hearers and readers. Pray don't.

Perhaps before TRUTH makes its appearance this week war between France and China may have been begun. Those best informed seem to think that things have gone too far for a peaceful result. If so God forgive the blunderers or worse who have pushed things to such a disastrous issue. Any thing more monstrous than the people of two great countries setting about and cutting each others throats

for all the quarrel that can be between them is not easily imagined. Would any body tell distinctly what it is all about! Is it worth the sacrifice of two lives to say nothing perhaps of two hundred thousand?

The earthquakes are by no means over for the season. Smyrna and Bermudas have been lately getting some sharp admonitions, though in the latter case no very great damage was done.

Things are going to come all right with Victor Emmanuel after all. It seems he was not such a bad fellow as some folk said he was, and that he died within the pale of the Church, if not absolutely in the odour of sanctity. So far so well. His statue may go up in the Pantheon after all.

Last Saturday the Marquis and Princess left Canada for good. TRUTH is neither sycophant nor toady, but after all must be allowed to say a good word for those who have gone. In some respects they may not have been as popular as those who went before them, but upon the whole they had better claims to the respectful good-feeling of the community. The Marquis had not so much gush as his illustrious predecessor. But with most people he would not be thought any the less of on that account. That the Princess was not very enthusiastic about Ottawa and the people she met there goes without saying, and who can blame her? The drunken rowdies that made her first ball perfectly horrible were enough to turn any stomach in the least degree squeamish. God help the country where such wretches could pass for gentlemen. And half a dozen of them hailed from Toronto! So much the worse for Toronto.

The Salvationists are causing riots in England. Why they should is more than TRUTH can find out. If they are let severely alone they will hurt or disturb nobody, and surely they have a right to hold to their own opinions, and to propagate their principles so long as they do so peaceably. Any one who does not like their ways has simply to leave them alone. They may be quite mistaken in their ideas about what is calculated to do other people good, but that is no reason why they should get their heads broken.

The Luther celebration in Toronto is to begin on this day week, and is to be completed on the 12th. On the Saturday there is to be a meeting in St. James' school-room at 3 p.m., presided over by the Bishop of Toronto. A good many clergymen will take part in the meeting. The Rev. Dr. Thomas, of the Baptist Church, will read a paper on the necessity of the Reformation. The Rev. Principal Caven will read another on "Luther and the Biblical Scholars of the Reformation." The Rev. Canon Dumoulin will discourse

on the "Conversion of Luther," while Mr. Antliffe will speak of the Precursors of the Reformation, and the Rev. Mr. Burton will speak of "Luther at Home." The addresses are to be limited to ten minutes each, and from the names of the gentlemen taking part may be expected to be both able and interesting. On Sunday references will be made to the event in the most of the churches, while on the Monday there is to be a grand commemoration festival in the pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens, at which there will be a great deal of good music, and it is to be hoped equally good addresses. TRUTH hopes that the whole celebration will be worthy of the occasion, and to all appearance it will be.

The young rascal that shot poor Maroney a few months ago in York street, or thereby, may thank his stars, the Judge, and the jury, for his delightfully lenient sentence. The idea of getting off with five and four years running concurrently, which is, in other words, just five years and no more, for shooting a man, trying to shoot another, and carrying withal weapons contrary to law, is as absurd and monstrous an escape from so serious a spree as can well be imagined. It seems to say to all blackguards, "Go and do likewise." The suggestion made by somebody that all that Andrews earns in prison should be handed over to Maroney's widowed mother, who then lost her protector and support, is worth considering. Hurrah for the lenity and uncertainty of the law. And what is to be said of the Judge? The less the better.

Poor Irish Canadian, and poor Patrick Boyle, for shortness called Pat. Has it come to this that the organ of Irishism and Roman Catholicism should be edited by a gentleman who is, at any rate, not Irish, not Conservative, and devoutly Protestant and Church of England? How are the souls of the faithful to be assured in such circumstance? It is simply a confession that Patrick has labored in vain, and spent his strength for naught.

Ought Governments to see to it that the people be provided with respectable houses? Why should not the people see about that for themselves? Government can't do everything and ought not to be expected to try.

Who would be a candidate for Parliamentary honors? Why he may be unseated before he knows what he is about. If he calls a public meeting, and addresses the promiscuous crowd in some such terms as "Well, friends, I hope you will all do your best for me," these simple words constitute every man jack in that crowd an agent, and if any one of them do an illegal act, however much it may be to the poor candidate's injury, he is responsible all the same. This seems awfully hard. Still it is all the same.

In a small way nothing can be more trying than the patronizing chatter of an ignorant, pretentious woman. It sets one's teeth on edge, and somehow or other while it is irritating is depressing at the same time. Under its torture one is tempted to think of suicide as a possible refuge, and then again more indignant emotions come to the rescue, and instead of suicide, there are grave speculations as to the fact that in certain circumstances killing is no murder. The chatter of some women is positively delightful. It may be very small talk, but after all it is nice, and the most inveterate grumpy cannot possibly get angry at it. But when there is chatter and not the slightest approach to sprightliness when there is a continual dropping and yet nothing said that is worth listening to. Oh then comes in the misery! What it is all about, no human being can make out. She speaks on all subjects, not because she has anything to say, but simply because she thinks it right to be gabbling. In a neighbour's house she criticises and applauds everything. Thus and that and the other thing is "so nice." The butter at table, and the bread are "just lovely." A receipt for the manufacture of that "hash" must be had. It is just "positively delightful." Even the book-case and the chairs don't escape her idiot babble, and she will praise the very spoons and the teacups from which she sips her tea. Then she has any number of exclamatory phrases, "Wonderful." "Just perfectly wonderful." "So nice." "You really don't say." "I am astonished." "Quite too awfully lovely," and fifty others equally stupid, meaningless and rasping. Why is all this? There is no use in trying to get at the philosophy of the phenomenon. But as to the fact there can be no doubt whatever. Dear foolish, stupid, officious ladies, don't for pity's sake think that you are bound to praise the butter, coffee, cups, and table cloth of your entertainer, or to say anything flattering about either his wife or his children. Leave all these things severely alone. So shall your presence be more acceptable, and your departure less rejoiced in. TRUTH is no oracle on etiquette, but this is certain that no person of any ordinary good manners says a word in praise of anything at table, especially in the way of patronizing wonder that they are actually so good!

The story told lately about Matthew Arnold, and Thomas Carlyle is very characteristic, and deserves repetition. Matthew the immaculate, it seems, called on the "True Thomas" sometime before the death of the latter, and found him cold, dull, and depressed. He went away with the impression that it was all over with the "Sage," and, meeting a mutual friend, said so. Away hurried "friend" to Cheyne Row, and was rejoiced to find the "old man eloquent" greatly better. The question was casually asked if he had had any visitors lately. "Oh, yes. Mat. Arnold was here for about half an hour, talking away as usual mostly about himself." True to the letter about Matthew, but true also of a great many more who have less reason for being high minded than has the apostle of sweetness and light. Thomas himself

had a very fair opinion of a certain personage who need not be named, and others of the *genus irritabile* have been, and are, equally impresssed with a *sensu* of the mighty obligations under which they have brought the world by the mere fact of their condescending to exist in it. There are poor fellows of this kind even in Toronto, who are equally sure with Matthew that when the Almighty had finally fashioned them into shape, *he broke the mould*. The way in which these walk the streets, is a caution. They want to appear unconcerned, but cannot manage it. They are so haunted with the delusion that they are the observed of all observers, that their naturally weak, shambling gait becomes always weaker and more shambling, and they look as if they were sure that every knot of talkers at the street corners were speaking about them, and that passers were whispering to each other as he went by, "That's he," "and that!" Oh you donkeys! Don't, pray don't. You may walk King street for ten hours a day for a month and nobody think of you, except by and bye, to enquire of a friend who those cross gartered, foolish-looking Malvolio sort of cads may be, who shake their heads and roll their eyes as if they were porcelain mandarins in a grocer's window. The world is too busy to take any notice of you, and if you were to hint that you are the celebrated so and so, rest assured the answer would not be flattering to your vanity.

The Russian system of Press censorship is as severe and oppressive as can well be imagined. Within the last two years it has become even more stern and relentless. Not a word can be published which has not previously been revised by the Censor. A paper can be stopped at any moment, and the editor or proprietor thrown into prison. But all this is of less than no use. It will only make the outburst more terrible when it comes. The way to make a rushing river as harmless as possible, is to get all obstruction out of the way. Russian authorities have yet, apparently, to learn that lesson.

It is always a blessed and comforting thing to notice how kindly persons take to apparently the most disagreeable occupations. Perhaps they don't like their callings so well after all, still they manage to conceal their disgust admirably. TRUTH has some quite unexceptionable occupations in view, and yet it would appear as if it would be terrible to be engaged in them. There is no use going into particulars. Every one can think for himself of such cases. One will say "Oh, dear me, I could not be an undertaker, oh no." Another feels a cold sweat running down his back as he dreams of the probability of his being a butcher and killing calves. A third recoils from whiskey selling, while a fourth exclaims, "A book peddler! Never! I'd sooner die." And yet coffin makers are often jolly. Butchers are proverbially fat and good sleepers. Whiskey selling is no doubt, pretty far down, and yet some in the trade manage to hold their heads rather high. And then book peddling? What has any one got to say against it? It is a good healthy occupation, involving plenty of walking and plenty of tongue.

A tolerable amount of lying has to be done now and then, but necessarily, and then the amount of apt and skillfully administered flattery is delicious. One man who had on his list some of the biggest names in the country, could not be satisfied if he did not get the signature of a friend of TRUTH. What is the value of all such names, he cried. If you withdraw your countenance we wither and die! Of course.

There are great varieties in the modes of suicide which some people adopt, but the latest is the funniest. A wealthy farmer near St. Thomas, swallowed a walking stick and died in consequence, in forty-eight hours. No wonder that he died. The only wonder is how he got the stick down.

TRUTH is always delighted with any thing that keeps the cause of the really suffering before the public. Among all the charities of Toronto it has an especially kindly feeling to the Hospital for Sick Children. The poor little nites! Blessings on the heads of those who take an interest in them. Now, readers of TRUTH, one and all, What have you done for the Hospital? Do you say nothing? Then be ashamed of yourselves, and go and do and give immediately. Go and see the place with your own eyes. Take nobody's word for it. If you do you will be a firm and liberal friend from this time onwards.

It is awful heresy, no doubt, on the part of TRUTH, but it can't be helped, and must be stated all the same, that the system of granting bonuses and exemptions from taxation to factories for so many years, is an altogether vicious and unjustifiable one. Of course there are excuses for it, but they won't hold water. If a man comes to Toronto to start a factory it is to be presumed that he thinks this the best place. If he don't, why not go elsewhere? If he does, he needs no charitable contribution from the community. If he can't walk alone, let him wait till he can.

At the late Sabbath School Convention a great many home truths were uttered, which it is to be hoped will do a great deal of good. One gentleman was specially hard upon tobacco, but not, TRUTH fancies, too hard. It seems it was the ruin of that poor worthless fool, Mann, the L'Original murderer. It has been the ruin of a great many better men. It is making a set of weak, nervous, wasteful imbecile, good for nothings, in spite of the fact that a good many sensible people smoke. To see the side walks of the principal streets of this city on a Sunday evening, is a caution. It would seem as if it had rained saliva. Faugh!

Sir Moses Montefiore has entered upon his hundredth year and is still, it is said, hale and hearty. Long may he continue so. His has been a life remarkably distinguished for kind words and kind acts. When the ear heard him, then it blessed him, and Jew and Gentile have alike had cause to be thankful as the recipients of his unstinted bounty.

It would not be at all surprising if

France have soon plenty of occupation at home, without needing to go to Tonquin or Madagascar. The feeling of restfulness in Paris, is evidently increasing, and the power of the present Governor to tide things successfully over, is more than doubtful.

Lord Derby has told the fillibusters of Australia that not only will their annexing tendencies not be encouraged, but they won't be allowed. If necessary, they will be set aside by a broadside and the standard whiff of grape shot. Perhaps this may be the right way to talk, but it will not make things any the pleasanter with a great number of Australians who have always suffered from the earth hunger very badly.

There is a Rev. Mr. Ireland over in Michigan who is getting into trouble with over much marrying and divorcing. Somebody said, at the time of the great Beecher scandal, that one of the inferences from the whole affair was that a man could not be too economical in kissing other men's wives. It is just so, and in like manner a clergyman will always find himself most comfortable and, upon the whole, safest in having nothing to do with the divorce court and subsequent marriage ceremonies.

It is now settled surely beyond all reasonable question that the "bulls" and bears of the market are simply a set of swindlers, blacklegs and thieves. The business, from beginning to end, is simply gambling, and of the worst description. Every decent man will give the manipulators a wide berth.

The C. P. R. steamers are not such models of perfection as they were expected to be. No doubt disappointment is the lot of humanity, and the C. P. R. even cannot expect to be made altogether an exception.

The Attorney General of Massachusetts has settled that according to law woman is not a "person." If not, one would say she must be only a thing. Come now, this is too much of a good thing. The other week that poor, bewildered don't know what of a Judge away in the west where the sun goes down, declared that a wife, by the law of England, was liable to reasonable punishment, and would not punish a husband who had nearly murdered the partner of his life because he had no evidence to show that what had been given was anything but reasonable. And now for women to be described as mere chattels, not more important than domestic cats, if so much so, is quite too awfully absurd. Mr. Attorney-General revise your law, or, at any rate, do something to make yourself and your calling respectable.

Did any of the readers of TRUTH know a boy of the name of Willie Thurman? If they did they will be glad to learn that he is doing well and making \$1,500 a year as newsboy in Chicago. He works hard, he says, but the earnings are worth all he gives for them. TRUTH would just think so. If all Toronto newsboys were as diligent as Will, they might not make

five dollars a day, but they would do better than they are doing.

TRUTH sees no reason why farmers should not be examined for agricultural degrees, and get them as well. The whole business of examining is no doubt over done. Still, as far as the farmer is concerned, it would be a great thing if a good many of our youthful agriculturists would read more, and whatever stimulates that is to be looked on as good.

TRUTH is sorry for *Grip*, though the plucky little bird needs very little sympathy from anybody. It has often passed through the fire figuratively before this, and has come out without having a single feather singed. No doubt the same thing will be true now that the ordeal of literal fire has been gone through. All hail to *Grip*! may its shadow never be less.

What is the use of sending poverty-stricken waifs to this country, and waifs that can never be anything else? Surely it is not fair to those who are sent, and it is equally unfair to the country to which they are sent. Canada needs workingmen and women, but it has no demand and no room for helpless, broken-down paupers, who could not do a turn of the easiest work though it were to save their lives. Is there no such thing as an N. P. in Canada? Why, if there is, do such contrabands come in free? Far better to have all immigrants paying a poll-tax, at any rate.

It is curious to notice a number of boys amusing themselves of an afternoon. Sometimes, but not always, they are intently impudent, turning up the sides of their heads in that queer, old-fashioned way sometimes seen in chickens when they are drinking water. But in a great many cases the only thing that occurs to one is the intense, irrepressible activity by which, apparently, they are possessed. They are never for a moment in a state of quiescence, and the reckless, dare-devil way in which they challenge each other is something not unpleasant to behold, though one is always afraid that some accident will be sure to take place. Well, perhaps after all, boys are not such savages and nuisances as they generally get credit for being.

The Torrence system of registration of deeds and titles to real estate seems wonderfully simple and convenient. The government, in each case, issues a certificate declaring that so and so is the owner of the particular lot of land, and guaranteeing him against all claimants. Nobody can go behind that. Whatever flaws there may have been this obviates them all. It is like a sheriff's title, and the same is renewed on every transfer.

That is an awful story that has been going the rounds of the papers about a young lady being very nearly buried alive when apparently dead, but all the while conscious, though unable to move hand or foot or make any sign. Well-authenticated cases there have been of people having been actually buried alive. And anything more awful could not be thought of. Would it not be well that the fact of death should be placed in every instance

beyond reasonable doubt before interment was permitted?

There is quite a little breeze getting up over Calvinism; and gradually one after another is getting into the fight. TRUTH will not meddle with the combat nor the combatants. But this occurs to it at the moment. Neither God nor man can foresee a mere possibility. If a thing is really prophesied, then it must be as certain as if it had been decreed a hundred times. What follows? Either that there can, in the nature of things, be no such thing as prophecy, or that all things foreseen are as certain as if they had been foreordained. But come, now, TRUTH won't travel out of its place.

The *Globe* had lately an article on "boulevards," ridiculing in a somewhat mock-heroic style the utter neglect shown to those intended ornaments of the city. One or two poor foolish featherheads have actually taken the thing in earnest, and have protested that the boulevards in question were really not so well kept as represented. It would be difficult to find children going further afield. It is even, if possible, worse than the Lardy Tardy, Hardy and Pardy of the *Mail* with all the fat-witted folly of other immitable prints.

Charlie Ross is again to the fore. A young man of 18 claims that he is the very person. The story has a very fishy appearance. Still one never knows. It is greatly more likely that Charley Ross has long ere this found a grave.

The crank Boyd has received his children from the hands of the law. It is to be hoped that he will drop the rather whimsical plan of moving his stool round when praying so as to give this one and that a cuff for not being duly attentive. The dividing line between crankhood and something worse is often very vague and indistinct. Some children and wives have a poor lookout when they are liable to be kicked and cuffed even when at their prayers. It is awfully difficult to settle when a man is really daft.

The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie is in much better health than he was. Everybody will rejoice at this, far apart altogether from politics. He is one of whom all Canadians are justly proud.

Running away from the Central Prison seems rather risky. At least so one prisoner found out lately.

Earthquakes seem still the order of the day. It is a great thing to be in a country where one has no particular fear in going into one's house, or in lying down to sleep. The people about Smyrna have no such comfort.

Curious that Bismarck feels now and then the pangs of jealousy. He has been a pretty successful individual, and has had his fill of flattery and power. But it riles him to see anyone honored in a way that he thinks ought to be reserved exclusively for himself. What though Dufferin has been tolerably successful? What though the Sultan has honored him in spite of his having out-gonorralled His Sublimity? A big man ought to have been able to stand

all that with equanimity. But no. Bismarck is human after all, just as those who profess to walk by a higher rule and to be influenced by higher motives are no better.

The area of duelling is becoming narrower every year. It disappears as chivalry disappeared, and in all moderately civilized countries is already a thing of the past. In the whole range of the British Empire it has gone down under the ridicule and contempt of a free, intelligent, and so far religious people. Occasionally a couple of featherheads may think of the *duello*, but it is altogether too absurd for ordinary intelligence or ordinary practice. Even in the Southern States, with all their fiery lawlessness, the thing is going, if it has not already gone. So far this is a token for good, a sign that the world is not going back. When one thinks what was the state of things in Britain fifty or sixty years ago and what it is now, it is evident that there is movement, and in the right direction.

The new Governor has arrived and after all the usual ceremonies have been gone through finds himself quietly settled in Rideau Hall. The political range of his work is very limited. He apparently has no individuality, but must do as his Ministers bid him or dismiss them and take the consequences. Socially, however, he may be a power, and is intended to be such. If he and his wife are to succeed in this work they will need to keep very wide awake. The small citizens of Ottawa will try to capture him. The Prime Minister's wife may try to boss Lady Landsdowne, and much else that is small and disagreeable may very likely take place. If they yield to such pressure they will be undone. If they play their cards aright the nation for years hence may very likely part with them in sorrow and with a profound respect which has in it all the best elements of affection.

It is said that a plot to murder the Marquis has already been discovered. This must be taken with the usual "grain" and more.

The Salvationists are in internal trouble, the style of some who rather affect to lead not giving satisfaction. Such things will take place in the best regulated families, and the Salvationists need not wonder if they are not an exception.

It is evidently intended to make a grand semi-centennial celebration in Toronto next year. This is all right and the leafy month of June, the time fixed upon, is exceedingly appropriate.

At the farewell meeting in honor of Dr. King a great many were called upon to speak, but surely it was an unpardonable oversight not to ask Dr. Wilson, of University College, to say a few words. He was there the whole evening, and it would have been at once a grateful and graceful act to have asked him among the others. Somebody blundered there. Who it was, TRUTH does not pretend to say.

The colored brethren are altogether making too great a fuss over the disallowance of the Civil Rights Act. It is not

possible to secure equal social rights by mere Acts of Congress or Parliament. In all the circumstances of the case the decision is to be regretted, but after all a man's recognition and treatment, whether he be white or black, depends greatly, ay, even chiefly, upon himself. The color prejudice dies hard, but it is dying all the same, and this very decision will do a good deal to help it to its grave. Let the colored men and women of this country be only more determined to show by their intelligence and becoming conduct that they deserve social equality and becoming treatment, and they will secure both the one and the other.

Woman Suffrage is looking up. The Liberal Conference at Leeds passed a vote in its favor. So has the Legislature of Washington Territory. And why not? Of course it is said that if women mix in political discussions and disputes they will become unsexed and all that. No fear of them. They have passed through greater dangers and have come out all right. Of course if any don't wish to avail themselves of the privilege nobody will force them. That is their own lookout. But why they should be treated as criminals or idiots is not very apparent.

When Mormon women are buried a black cloth is laid on the face of the corpse. This, it is said, can be taken off only by a husband. And if it is not taken off it is all up for eternity with the poor woman. This makes her, of course, very submissive, however many wives the husband may take, for he alone can take off the cloth. Did you ever?

It is said that fully three millions of dollars are paid during the year in Winnipeg alone for liquor. No wonder that things are in a bad state. There is unquestionably ample room for the Blue ribbon movement in those regions.

There are quite a number of saints connected with the 3rd of November, the most remarkable of whom is St. Rumald. This saint was quite a remarkable character if a little of what is said about him be true. It is said that he was born near the town of Buckingham in England. As soon as he was born he cried out "I am a Christian!" "I am a Christian!" made a full and explicit confession of his faith, forthwith asked to be baptized, appointed his own god fathers, and chose his own name. From this it is evident that he was quite a stirring baby, and not at all of the other character of youngsters. Bishop Widerin baptized the young hopeful, who as soon as the ceremony was over walked to a certain well near Brackley and there preached for three days in succession. After that he could not do better than make his will, which he did, bequeathing his body which was all he had, to be disposed of in a certain fashion. He then expired, the poor little precocious infant of three days old. His body was buried at Sutton, and was finally removed to Buckingham where a good deal of fuss was made about it in coming years. There was also a famous image of St. Rumald at Boxley, in Kent, about which many absurd and monstrous stories are told.

Temperance Department.

For Concert Recitation.

BY MRS. NELLA H. BAYLEY.

Let each come up in turn with his utter to make the motto.

P—ledged to total abstinence, we
With our temperance badge you see.
R—oyally we'll wear our crown
When King Alcohol is down.
O—neo enlisted you will see
What an army we shall be.
H—enceforth we will strive to win
Many from the ranks of sin.
I—n the thickest of the fight
We would be—ours is the right.
B—lest the ones who help to save
People from a drunkard's grave.
I—n this battle, one is small,
But we're mighty, counting all.
T—ake the boys and girls along,
Inspiring is our marching song.
I—n the name of God we come,
He will help us rescue some.
O—n "God and Home and Native Land,"
By the blessings of our Band.
N—o one dares to be afraid
With Francis Willard at our head.

John Bright on Temperance.

We select the following pointed sentences from John Bright's speech on temperance at his opening the Cobden Coffee Rooms in Birmingham lately.

I had been in bad health, but I found it prejudicial to use alcohol in that way (a medicinal stimulant).

I have been in the habit for the last more than ten years I suppose—of entire abstinence from all these things.

Now, what we want, and what all temperance reformers should now consider, is some plan which will unite the temperance feeling of the country and give it power, and make its advance and progress possible.

I recollect hearing Cobden say more than once, that although he was in the habit, as almost all people were in his time, of taking a glass or two of wine occasionally, and perhaps oftener to dinner—still I have heard him say more than once that whenever he was driven by hard work, or of much speaking or of much writing, he found it was far better for him to abstain from wine altogether, and that he could perform his work better without it than with it.

Houses such as this, established all over the country, in all towns and in some of the considerable villages, must have results highly beneficial to the character and conduct of the people. For generations, the people have been so accustomed to the consumption of alcoholic, intoxicating or strong drinks of one kind or another, that the idea of refreshment or enjoyment among the millions is inseparable from the consumption of those things. Therefore, temperance coffee houses are a new discovery and are hailed with pleasure.

Some people have an idea that this mischief (intemperance) is a mischief that affects only what are termed the working classes. Nothing can be a greater mistake. I believe that the sympathy of those who wish for this reformation is required for the multitude who are not ranged among the classes ordinarily described as "working classes." In point of fact, every class supplies victims to the terrible temptation of drink, and, indeed, from experience and I suppose the experience of others must be much the same—there are very few families in this country whose members cannot point to some persons nearly or not remotely connected with them who have fallen victims to this terrible evil.

I may say, then, that I am not without hope. I believe the wisdom of Parliament may do something may, indeed, do much. I believe that the Christian Churches may do much. I believe that the education which is now in progress in all parts of the kingdom will tell largely even upon the present growing up generation, and with this combination of the attempts of Parliament, the energy

and zeal of the churches, and the effect of the educational movements, I think that we may hope at some day to banish the evil of drunkenness from the nation—an evil which darkens so many homes with sorrow and despair. There are men who say "You cannot make people sober by act of Parliament." Well, that is a phrase which I will not discuss, but I have no doubt whatever that by act of Parliament you can remove to a very considerable extent the temptation which meets men now at almost every step of their lives.

How Workmen May Help Themselves.

BY CANON FERRAR.

I met with a passage in the Times, which gave me some insight into this, and I never was so startled in my life. It is a quotation from the *Lancet*, which is, I believe, the leading medical paper. The passage contains the statistics derived from twelve of the leading London hospitals, and there is a list of the amount of beer and spirits taken by numbers of the working classes who have been in these twelve great London hospitals during the last year. There are some fifty instances I will only give you a few. It says that many of these patients were there because of their previous habits, and here is the quotation showing what certain patients are reported to have been accustomed to previous to admission. One had a daily consumption of ten pints of beer and ten glasses of whiskey, aged 33; one hard drinker, chiefly of rum, aged 30; another indulged in great excesses, often drank two bottles of brandy a day, aged 43; one, eight pints of beer a day, aged 42, one or two pints of beer a day, with ten glasses of spirits, aged 36, one, ten or twelve pints of beer a day, and four glasses of whiskey, aged 22; one, twelve pints of beer, and eight glasses of spirits, aged 38, and so on. Fifty or sixty items of this kind, ending with, "The largest consumer of beer said he never exceeded 26 pints a day, aged 35; the largest consumer of spirits only took twenty to thirty glasses of gin daily, aged 30."

Now these are not statistics invented by me, or by anybody. The facts are taken and recorded by purely disinterested persons, and the remarkable thing is that in the long list only one total abstainer can be discovered. Another thing—the absence of high ages. A third is that a large proportion of these diseases are self-induced. A single ounce of fact is worth a ton of argument and reason. And I put these plain facts before you as a proof not only of the vast quantities of drink taken at very young ages by members of the working class, but also that they are taken by a class which, as I said, can least afford that enormous drain upon their resources.

And now, perhaps, you will answer me—"Very well, this man spent sixpence a day on something that was good for him—beer." In answer to that I will simply say that whether it is good or not, this is certain—it is not necessary, and our illustrious chairman, to-night, Dr. Richardson, has done more than any living man to bring home to the minds of Englishmen the truth that alcohol is not in any way necessary as food. He would say—and I believe with absolute scientific truth on his side that it is not a food. That I will not say, because I know it is disputed; but at any rate it is not a necessary food. Baron Liebig came to the conclusion that nine quarts of beer contain exactly as much nourishment as you might put in a little sprinkling of meal, or on the end of a table knife. In other words, if you were to spend £36 in buying so many gallons of beer, you would have bought as much nourishment only as you could get out of a 5 pound loaf.

That it is not necessary for health, I think is capable of the most easy proof. I believe there are a great many people who say that after middle age they do find it useful to them. I think that is only because they have not discovered some-

thing which, without any danger to themselves, would produce the same result. But that alcohol is not a necessity for health can be proved in one moment by the fact that there are hundreds of thousands—it is said 5,000,000, but I do not know of total abstainers in England who are notoriously as healthy a body as all England contains. It is proved decisively and irresistibly by the fact that there is, it is safe to say, less mortality among the 20,000 now in prison in England than among any other body, and there is no way of accounting for that so decisively as the fact that from the moment that they enter the prison, no matter how large their previous consumption of beer, they are not allowed a single drop, and the fact of their being deprived of alcohol is one of the cases which tend to their extraordinary longevity.

The Ohio Campaign.

In Ohio the Prohibition question was undoubtedly the great issue during the late State election, and in consequence of that issue the Republican party was defeated. As a party it refused to commit itself to the temperance question, and in consequence there was a split in the ranks, the prohibitionists running a ticket of its own. The result will, no doubt, have the effect of carefully considering whether it will be safe, in future, to ignore the temperance question.

We clip the following items from the *National Temperance Advocate* of this month:—

"One of the most significant features of the Ohio campaign was the work of the women on the day of election. All-day prayer-meetings were held in the churches, which which were largely attended. Places were opened near the polls for hot coffee and cakes, with bouquets and amendment tickets for voters. Songs were sung. The children were marshalled in bands and marched through the streets with banners and songs, and voters were entreated to cast their ballots for the home and against the saloon. All honor to the zeal and devotion of these noble women who spent the day for God and home and native land! Politicians will hereafter be compelled to take this element into consideration in making calculations as to the results of elections.

The executive board of the Brewer's and Liquor-Dealers' Association of Ohio met about ten days before the election in that State and passed a resolution recommending to brewers and distillers that, owing to the threatening aspect of the prohibition amendment, no grain would be purchased by them until the result of the election should be made known. Still they say "prohibition don't prohibit," and that there is more liquor sold under prohibition than without it. The combat thickens, and if the dealers would never buy another dollar's worth of grain it would be the greatest blessing the poorer classes ever had in this country."

Death of Rev. T. Gales.

We very much regret to announce the death of Rev. Thomas Gales, so well and favorably known as the Secretary of the Dominion Prohibitory Alliance, which took place at his residence, Montreal, on the 23rd ult. He has been sick for some months past, of some rheumatic affection, and heart disease, and weeks ago it became evident that there were poor prospects of his recovery. Mr. Gales was yet a comparatively young man, being but 42 years of age, and until recently he promised well for many years of life and usefulness. His place in the temperance ranks will not easily be supplied, as few men have given more careful study to the question, and directed their energies so entirely to this important matter. It was much owing to his perseverance and tact that the Prohibitory Alliance, and especially the Quebec Branch, have been so successful. He was ever watchful of the interests of the work, both so far as the legal and moral phases of the question

were concerned, and his labors were held in high esteem by those who were most intimate with the work in which he was engaged. Last winter a number of influential temperance men in Montreal and vicinity presented him with a very fine address, accompanied by a purse of some \$400, in recognition of his services. Mr. Gales leaves a wife and six children, all comparatively young yet, to mourn their irreparable loss. He was buried at Dixville, near the Vermont boundary, where he has resided a considerable of the time during the past few years. Mr. Gales was a minister in the Baptist Church, but for years his whole attention was given to the promotion of the Temperance work.

EASILY CHANGED.—Mark Twain in his "Tramp Abroad," gives the following:—When we got back to the hotel King Arthur's round table was ready for us in its white drapery, and the head waiter and his first assistant, in swallow tails and white cravats, brought in the soup and the hot plates at once. Mr. X. had ordered the dinner, and when the wine came on he picked up a bottle, glanced at the label, and then turned to the grave, the melancholy, the sepulchral head waiter, and said it was not the sort of wine he had asked for. The waiter picked up the bottle, cast his undertaker-eye on it and said, "It is true; I beg pardon." Then he turned on his subordinate and calmly said, "Bring another label!" At the same time he slid the present label off with his hand and laid it aside—it had been newly put on, its paste was still wet. When the new label came in he put it on—our French wine being now turned into German wine, according to desire. The head waiter went blandly about his other duties as if the working of this sort of miracle was a common and easy thing to him. Mr. X. said he had not known before that there were people honest enough to do this miracle in public, but he was aware that thousands upon thousands of labels were imported into America from Europe every year to enable dealers to furnish to their customers in a quiet and inexpensive way all the different kinds of foreign wines they might require.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MRS. CLARKE'S COOKERY BOOK: Comprising a collection of about fourteen hundred practical, useful and unique recipes. Toronto: The Grip Printing and Publishing Co., 55 and 57 Adelaide St., East.

It is a well known fact that to reach the average man's heart you must work through his stomach. Hence the immense importance of the Cookery Book in the domestic economy. Of the making of books, we are told, there is no end, and certainly there appears no end to the "making" of cookery books. From the "first-catch-your-hare and-thin-cook-it" book of our ancestors down to the work under consideration, how many cookery books have been published? Enough, one would imagine, to educate the whole feminine world in the mysteries of the kitchen; nevertheless here is another candidate for public favor, and a very admirable one it is. Mrs. Clarke has done her work well, and in her own way is a public benefactor—for how intimate is the relation between the kitchen range and the moral well being and general good temper of the world at large? It makes one's mouth water merely to read some of her toothsome recipes for tasty dishes, and a gongoness about the gastronomical regions is the result of a contemplation of the possibilities which such recipes open up before one's mental visions. But the work is more than a mere cookery book, for in addition to the ordinary cooking recipes we have a number of excellent receipts for the sick room, and also a number which, under the title of "The Doctor," will be found invaluable. Lastly there is given a very complete list of Christian names with their derivations and meanings which will be found very useful when that all-important question comes to be discussed, "What shall we name the baby?" Altogether the work is one that deserves the success with which it is meeting, and we can unhesitatingly recommend it.

Good Templars' Departm't.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada.

T. W. CASEY, G. W. Secretary, Editor.

Provincial License Inspectors.

For the information and convenience of all those interested we have obtained, and publish herewith, a complete list of all the License Inspectors for the Province of Ontario, appointed under the provisions of our Provincial license law. As the name of the District and the post office of each Inspector is also given it will be well to preserve this list for future reference.

It is our intention to give, from time to time, in the columns of TRUTH, the fullest possible information at our disposal in regard to the workings of our laws in regard to the liquor traffic.

Addington, Jas. Aylsworth, Tamworth; Algoma, W. L. Smith, Manitawaning; North Brant, Geo. Inksater, Paris; South Brant, S. Cole, Brantford; South Brant, J. B. Merrett, Scotland; Brockville & S. Leeds, Reuben Fields, Mallorytown; Bruce North, James Muir, Port Elgin; Bruce South, A. Stewart, Lucknow; Bruce South, Ambrose Leoetsch, Amble-side; Cardwell, Thomas Hauton, Caledon East; Carleton, Jno. O'Callaghan, Kars; Cornwall, Wm. Pollock, Cornwall; Dufferin, Thomas Anderson, Orangeville; Dundas, Edward Kor, Chesterville; East Durham, James H. Ford, Port Hope; West Durham, W. R. Clinio, Bowmanville; East Elgin, A. McIntyre, St. Thomas; West Elgin, Alex. Beaton, West Lorne; North Essex, Thos. Jno. Elliott, Windsor; South Essex, Alanson Elliott, Oxley; Frontenac, Jno. Dawson, Wolfe Island; Glengarry, G. H. McGillivray, Williamstown; East Grey, James Campbell, Clarksburg; North Grey, C. C. Pearce, Owen Sound; South Grey, Thomas A. Harris, Durham; Haldimand, Jno. Doyle, Caledonia; Halton, James A. Fraser, Milton; Halton, G. W. Black, Scotch Block; Hamilton, J. I. Mackenzie, Hamilton; E. Hastings, M. Lalley, Read; N. Hastings, Edw. Mouncey, Madoc; W. Hastings, M. J. Grainger, Belleville; E. Huron, F. S. Scott, (acting), Brussels; South Huron, Wm. Ballantyne, Seaforth; West Huron, Stephen Yates, Goderich; East Kent, Thomas Boon, Bothwell; West Kent, Israel Evans, Chatham; Kingston, Wm. Glidden, Kingston; East Lambton, H. G. Taylor, Wyoming; West Lambton, R. C. Palmer, Sarnia; North Lanark, J. W. Manning, Almonte; South Lanark, Henry Stafford, Almonte; Leeds & South Grenville, Charles Chapman, Prescott; Lennox, G. B. Sills, Napanea; Lincoln, Robt. Fowlie, St. Catharines; London, R. Henderson, London; East Middlesex, W. H. Niles, London East; N. Middlesex, Danl. Shoff, Clandeboye; W. Middlesex, I. M. Banghart, Strathroy; Monck, I. W. McCallum, Dunnville; Muskoka & Parry Sound, E. F. Stephenson, Bracebridge; North Norfolk, J. F. Chadwick, Simcoe; South Norfolk, Jas. H. McCall, Vittoria; East Northumberland, Geo. S. Miller, Brighton; West Northumberland, Jas. B. Haig, Cobourg; North Ontario, Thompson B. Frankish, Sunderland; South Ontario, Jno. Ferguson, Whitby; Ottawa, Jno. O'Reilly, Ottawa; North Oxford, W. G. Mackay, Woodstock; South Oxford, G. H. Cook, Ingersoll; Peel, Geo. Blain, Brampton; North Perth, A. M. Fisher, Amubree; South Perth, J. S. Coppin, Mitchell; East Peterborough, Hugh Drain, Norwood; West Peterborough, C. Leary, Peterboro'; Prescott, J. H. Malloy, Fournier; Prince Edward, W. H. Blakely, Pieten; North Renfrew, A. J. Fortior, Pembroke; South Renfrew, M. J. Harty, Renfrew; Russell D. McLaurin, Metcalfe; East Simcoe, Geo. Tudhope, Rugby; South Simcoe, Thos. Macouchy, Gilferd; West Simcoe, David Morrow, Barrie; Stormount, D. P. McKinnon, South Finch; E. Thunder Bay, Amos Bowerman, P. A. Landing; Toronto, Thomas Dexter, Toronto; Ter-

onto, Jno. Wilson, Toronto; N. Victoria & Haliburton, A. D. McLaughlin, Cobocok; South Victoria, Jno. Matthe, Lindsay; North Waterloo, Thomas Tilt, Waterloo; South Waterloo, S. D. Martin, Preston; Welland, A. Thompson, jr., Welland; Centre Wellington, Jno. MacDonald, Elora; South Wellington, A. E. Goodfellow, Guolph; West Wellington, G. Moore, Arthur; North Wentworth, E. B. Parker, Dundas; South Wentworth, J. Davis, Hamilton; East York, J. Eckardt, Unionville; North York, W. Malloy, Newmarket; West York, Jas. McConnell, Richmond Hill; Nipissing, B. J. Mulligan, Mattawa; West Thunder Bay, Frank Gardner, Rat Portage.

Manitoba.

The Grand Lodge of Manitoba was successfully organized at Winnipeg, on Wednesday Oct. 17th. We have not received any full report of the meeting, as we had expected. We learn, however, that Bro. Hon. J. W. Sifton, of Brandon, was commissioned as Deputy for the purpose of organizing. There were 26 delegates present representing 8 lodges, located respectively at Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Moosejaw, Birtle, and Emerson.

The following officers were duly elected and installed:—

- G. W. C. T., Hon. J. W. Sifton, Brandon.
- G. W. V., Miss E. Elliott, Portage la Prairie.
- G. W. S., W. Blackader, Winnipeg.
- G. W. A. S., Chas. W. Cowan, Winnipeg.
- G. W. T., Dr. A. H. Ferguson, Winnipeg.
- G. W. C., R. Clutterham, Portage la Prairie.
- G. W. M., J. G. Hallady, Winnipeg.
- G. W. D. M., Miss Kelly, Winnipeg.
- G. W. G., Miss Lizzie C. White, Winnipeg.
- G. W. S., W. A. B. Hutton, Winnipeg.
- P. G. C. T., Thomas Nixon, Winnipeg.

Bro. Thomas Nixon was also elected the Representative to the R. W. Grand Lodge.

It was arranged to hold a regular annual session the third Wednesday in January next. The new Grand Lodge starts with 13 subordinate lodges, and an aggregate of 1,500 members is claimed. The prospects for future success are good, as members of the Order, from various lands, are constantly immigrating to Manitoba and the North-west, and there are now many localities where former members are located.

Amberley, Huron Co.

Bro. W. Welsh writes:—"Our lodge is getting on nicely, and quite an interest is taken by all to make it a school of instruction, as well as recreation. As an aid we intend to introduce vocal music with harmony. An Anti-tobacco pledge has been got up for the sake of those who may not have fallen into the tobacco habit,—especially for the benefit of the young. I hope it may be of great value, and I am pleased to say that most of the young people have signed it, and also many of those of riper years. Some who have been previously addicted to "the weed" are trying to give it up.

Omemee.

Bro. Robt. McQuade writes:—"Our Good Templars lodge still prospers, and I think that during the coming winter we will be able to do a good work." A Juvenile Templar is spoken of in connection with this lodge.

Toronto.

St. Johns lodge reports 132 members in good standing, with 10 initiations last quarter. It holds its own well as a leading, reliable lodge.

Receipts from Lodges.

The G. W. Secretary hereby acknowledges the following receipts from lodges during October.

FOR TAX.

Burlington, Hamilton.....	\$4 48
Wilberforce, Muncay.....	2 73
Woodstock, Woodstock.....	4 27
New Hope, Oro.....	2 17
Mount Hobron, North Buxton....	3 50
Cumberland, Matawatchan.....	0 54
Hope, of Parkdale.....	1 89
Safe Guard, Welland.....	3 22
Lyn, Lyn.....	2 45
Hope of Maidstone, E. Centre....	7 84
Blooming Valley, Caintown.....	1 00
Prince Arthur, Thorold.....	1 40
Huron, Seaforth.....	7 42
North Star, Lonesboro.....	4 76
Blooming Rose, Woodville.....	3 50
Superior, New Sarum.....	2 59
St. John's, Toronto.....	9 24

FOR SUPPLIES.

Woodstock, Woodstock.....	\$3 00
Richmond Hill.....	4 00
Lorne, Markville.....	5 00
W. H. Rodden, Toronto.....	9 00
Wm. Drury, Rothsay.....	0 35
Thamesford, Thamesford.....	0 35
Dunchurch, Dunchurch.....	2 70
Cookstown, Cookstown.....	1 00
Cape Crocker.....	0 50
Sydenham Valley, Alvinston....	0 60
Beaver, Guelph.....	2 00
Beaver, Cobourg.....	0 60
Manotic, Manotic.....	0 50
Beacon, Ingersoll.....	0 50
Zion, Tupperville.....	0 50

Seaforth, Huron Co.

Huron lodge reports 106 contributing members, with 31 initiations during last quarter. It is the largest lodge in Huron County.

Essex Centre.

Hope of Maidstone lodge reports 112 members, with 12 initiations during last quarter. It embraces among its members some excellent Temperance workers.

New Lodges.

On the 24th ult., Bro. W. H. Rodden instituted a new lodge at Cooksville, called "Best Endeavor." Night of meeting Wednesday. Wm. Haines, W. C. T., Dixie, P. O.; Neil McGillivray, W. S., Cooksville P. O.; A. E. Talmage, D., Dixie P. O. There were 21 charter members.

A new lodge is about being organized at Marksville, Algoma District, by Rev. A. A. Wood, of Thessalon lodge.

How it Happened.

He was a bank teller. He had been sent off on a vacation, his books overhauled, and he had been found \$9,000 short. This fact stared him in the face as he sat amidst the Board of Directors.

"Now, then," said the President, "I presume you acknowledge the embezzlement?"
"I do."
"And how did you use the money?"
"In speculating."
"In what?"
"Well, I was a bull in X, Y, Z railroad stocks, but there was too much against me. I didn't have a fair show to make anything."
"Why—how?"
"Well, while I was using \$9,000 of the bank's money to buy the stocks, the cashier was putting up \$20,000 to bear them, and so I lost all!"

Our Boys.

Oh, the boys. Yet when we are ready to give them over and ask ourselves in sheer despair, if they will never learn by cuffs and kisses to stand in awe of anything, all at once we see them husband and tender at the bedside of a sick mother, risking life and limb to bring her wild flowers, and softening into tears at the mention of her name. What an unaccountable contradiction our boy is! What an amiable scold! What an unrepentant saint! Shall we preserve the type? Well, I was a boy once myself.

A New Version of an Old Story.

The fair Imogene D'Eustis had been wedded to the knightly Samuel Higgins. The clergyman had been handed two dollars in cash to pay for the splicing, the guests were filling themselves up with catables, and everything was sliding along as smoothly as a cider mill sailing down on a spring freshet, when all at once the bride was missing.

Her newly found husband looked under the table but she was not there.

The guests separated to search. Some looked down the well—others down cellar—others in the hen coop and smoke-house, and behind the pig-pen. No Imogene.

Then some one said that she had been abducted, while others scoffed at the idea of a girl weighing 190 pounds and having a scream which could be heard two miles, being carried off in broad daylight, and in a neighborhood where the Democrats had over 200 majority.

A detective was called in. He looked at her old shawl, measured the length of her shoes, and decided that it was a mysterious affair. He would take the case if he desired, but would not promise any satisfactory solution under a year and a half.

The fair Imogene's father hadn't betrayed much excitement up to this point. The wedding feast was the first square meal he had tackled for six months, and he wanted to fill up before giving way to emotion. He was now full. He turned around upon the excited and distracted guests, commanded them to hush their hullabaloo, and disappeared up-stairs.

When the coy Imogene slipped away from the feast it was to see if her husband would miss and follow her. She slid upstairs, mounted to the garrot, and after brushing the cobwebs off her nose she advanced to the big blue chest in the corner. This chest had been made to hold her father's government bonds, and was hooped with iron and provided with a spring lock, which never cost less than a dollar. Her mission was to hide in the chest and see if her husband would be soft enough to climb up there and throw up the lid and call peck-a-bo. As the reader knows he wasn't the man to catch on.

The old man D'Eustis walked up-stairs and made his way to the garrot through the same trap-door the bride had used. He thought she might be up there to take a last farewell look at the catnip, moldy school books and broken spinning-wheels. He could not see her. He called aloud, but the whistle of the tug on the river was the only answer. He turned to go, but something whispered to him that perhaps he might find a plug of tobacco or a bottle of stomach bitters in the old chest. He advanced with beating heart and threw up the lid.

"Why, pop, is this you!" cried the fair Imogene as she sprang up and ripped her bridal dress clear down the back.

"Yes, this is me!" growled the old man, "and what the jimcracks are you doing here?"

"Hiding from Sam."
"I've a ternal mind to box your ears, big as you are! Here you've raised a regular city convention all over the house, spoilt a dress which cost me \$14 with the making, upset your mother, and scart old Mrs Spigot into a fit!"

"Please, pop, I—"
"You git! Drap yourself through the trap-hole, skip down there and tell the crowd that you don't know beans when they're untied."

And the bride got. And her husband was so mad that he burned up a free railroad pass to Chicago, and her mother cried, and her father went off down town to play poker, and, taken all in all, the coy bride and the spring lock business didn't pay ten cents on the dollar.—Detroit Free Press.

Very Narrow.

"It's no use," wrote a Yankee editor, "for Veritas to send us more 'Narrow Escapes' until he can beat this: 'Last night, as the express train was nearing Dashville, a stranger accidentally got on the rails; but, seeing the engine and cars coming, managed to fix himself bolt upright against a bank, and 'drow in' until he was as flat as a board. The train shaved him so close that it cut the knobs of the bone studs off his shirt, but otherwise did him no damage.'"—London Society.

When a drove of cattle got to bellowing you can't get so far away from them that they will not be heard.

AN AWKWARD FIX.

The express from New York to Philadelphia was rather crowded one bright May morning some years ago, and a gray haired old gentleman, with bent shoulders and kindly but rather melancholy dark eyes, walked nearly the whole length of the cars before coming to a disengaged seat beside a young lady with a baby, the latter crowing and kicking with an energy somewhat embarrassing to his smiling young mother.

The baby was an objection surely, but here was no other seat to be had; so Doctor Lewis, with a polite "Good morning," took the vacant place. For a moment the baby was still, staring at the new-comer with solemn, childish curiosity; then there was a sudden crouch and a leap, for which his mother was quite unprepared, and both the child's chubby fists were buried in Doctor Lewis's beard, while an infantine scream of delight and triumph almost succeeded in drowning the rumbling and jarring of the train.

"Oh, Harry, Harry!" cried the mother in horror and consternation, vainly doing her best to force the child to let go his hold. "I beg ten thousand pardons, sir; I must have been very careless!"

"Don't make yourself uneasy madam," replied Doctor Lewis, smiling, "I am fond of children, and really feel quite flattered at this fine little fellow's notice. Perhaps he may find my umbrella as attractive as my beard."

As he spoke, the gentleman offered for the child's inspection an umbrella adorned with a shining silver handle, to which the child immediately transferred his attentions, striving for several minutes, with an energy worthy of a better cause, to swallow the new plaything. The lady tried in vain to tempt the child to leave his new acquaintance; but such shrill screams attended any attempt with this object in view that she gave it up in despair, fain to believe Doctor Lewis's kindly assurance that the baby was not troubling him in the least. This, by-the-way, was not the polite fiction usually resorted to in such a case, for the old gentlemen was strangely attracted towards the rosy, laughing boy gazing up into his face with big confiding dark eyes, in whose depths lay some unaccountable fascination for him.

"You evidently have plenty of children or grandchildren at home," smiled the mother. "It is easy to see that you are accustomed to children; Harry doesn't often take so readily to a stranger."

"No, madam," replied the gentleman, a little sadly. "I know unhappily very little of children. I lost my only child sixteen years ago, when I lived in New Orleans. His name was Harry too, and he had eyes very like your little one's here."

Yes, that was the charm in Baby Harry's eyes, which Doctor Lewis realised only as he spoke of his long-lost child; and for a few moments the old man was lost in painful retrospection of the great sorrow and remorse of his life—the sternness, which he now magnified into cruelty, which had driven his high-spirited motherless boy of sixteen to leave his father's house one night when too heavily punished for some boyish escapade, never to return. It was supposed he had gone to sea; but, as nothing had ever been heard of him, his father had long since given him up as dead; in all the long years which had passed however he had never forgiven himself for being what he morbidly called the destroyer of his own child.

"Do you live in Philadelphia, madam?" Doctor Lewis asked, when Harry had at last been induced by the bribe of an orange to return to his mother's arms.

"Oh, no, sir!" was the reply. "Our home is in California. We are visiting now in New York, and Harry and I are going to my cousin's wedding in Philadelphia; my husband went yesterday, and will meet us at the station if possible."

Doctor Lewis found Harry's bright, pretty young mother quite as entertaining as her child, and his journey that morning was a much pleasanter affair than he usually found such a trip. Harry's father was not at the station; so Dr. Lewis established the mother with her baby and a small valise, in a carriage, and, after expressing sincere wishes for another meeting, rather regretfully saw the carriage drive away, while he was left standing alone on the pavement.

The day was still young, and, after taking an early dinner at a restaurant, Dr. Lewis—valise in hand—forthwith went his way on the business which had brought

him to Philadelphia—a weekly meeting of a society of geologists and naturalists, these branches of science being Doctor Lewis's hobbies. For weeks he had been busily engaged preparing a paper on fossils which he was to lay before the society; and this, with reports and other papers of interest to the society, of which he was secretary, formed the contents of the small leather travelling-bag he had brought with him. The meeting that afternoon was preliminary to the official one in the evening, and there Doctor Lewis was to read the paper which had caused him such profound study to a few kindred spirits before bestowing the precious gift upon the public.

About a dozen elderly gentlemen were present when he entered the room, and very soon Doctor Lewis was called upon to contribute his share to the evening's programme. A long-nosed solemn naturalist had just been giving his ideas on worms, and Doctor Lewis—bag in hand—advanced immediately to the place he had vacated before the table.

"Gentlemen," he began, with a gravity suitable to the dignity of his subject, "I shall now ask you to listen to a few remarks I have written on the subject of antediluvian fossils."

As he spoke, the Doctor opened his bag, and, in full view of the circle of spectators, grave professors, drew therefrom an elaborately-embroidered baby's bib! Yes—there was no disguising it—no amount of imagination could transform this, in the circumstances, most startling article into anything like the fossil it ought to have been; and, utterly bewildered, without daring to glance at his amazed colleagues, Doctor Lewis hopelessly laid the bib on the table, and drew forth a pair of pale blue socks.

At this a decided murmur went round the table, which, issuing from any other than such learned and dignified lips, would certainly have much resembled a titter; but, when Doctor Lewis—with face growing every moment redder—hurriedly produced from the bag a nursing-bottle, the roar of laughter echoing through the room might have proceeded from a troop of the veriest schoolboys.

"Gentlemen, this is easily explained," said Doctor Lewis at last, laying down the bag and laughing heartily at this joke at his own expense. "I travelled with a lady and her baby from New York, and in leaving the cars I evidently took her bag—exactly like my own, I see—in exchange for mine. You certainly will own that the fossils I contribute to the cause of science to-day are of a new and startling character. Fortunately I remember the address the lady gave the hackman, so I can return her property and recover my own still in time for our meeting this evening."

Harry and his mother were safely deposited at the house of the bride-elect whose wedding was the cause of this trip to Philadelphia, destined to be so eventful. It was Harry's first appearance among his relatives and of course the homage laid at his shrine occupied the first hour of the visit. The marriage was to take place at home; and immediately after the early dinner the party separated for the important occupation of donning wedding-garments. Harry was with difficulty torn from the daintily armed aunts and cousins, and disappeared with his parents.

"I have not told you yet what a delightful acquaintance baby and I made in the cars to-day, Harry," the young mother remarked to her husband, as, after depositing hat, cloak, and baby on the bed, she threw herself on the sofa for an instant's repose, to fortify herself for the important task of rendering master Harry resplendent enough to completely dazzle the eyes of his admirers—ridding a serious risk of quite throwing the charms of the bride into the background, his fond mother thought in the depths of her heart. The straitened means of the young couple had never allowed the expense of a nursery-maid; but this was a deprivation which had never as yet troubled mother or child in the least. "Of course he admired Harry immensely, and I don't think he was wholly indifferent to the charms of Harry's mamma."

"Some disreputable old scamp, I've no doubt!" was the sympathetic reply of the husband—a dark eyed, broad-shouldered young man, who, as he spoke, was gazing at his fair young wife with eyes full of proudest love and admiration.

"He was no such thing, I assure you," she retorted. "He was—Harry, my precious child, do you imagine yourself to be an ostrich?"

With a spring, she reached her son's side, and seized just in time a rusty nail which he was endeavouring to swallow. Harry greeted his mother's interference with an energetic roar of disgust, to soothe which required all her energies for a moment, after which she opened her travelling bag preparatory to making the child's toilette.

An instant later the husband was startled by an exclamation of utter dismay and alarm.

"Harry, Harry, come here this moment and tell me what has happened!"

The young man hurried to his wife's side, in a limp, hopeless way, for she had sunk upon the floor beside the travelling-bag, the contents of which she was surveying with eyes twice as large as they ought to have been, her husband thought.

"Louise, my dear wife, what in the world is the matter?"

"That is exactly what I want to know!" cried Louise, on the verge of tears, while the baby cowered lustily at his successful attempt at tearing a large hole in the lace-edging of the pillow-case with the rusty nail which had unfortunately been left within his reach. "See for yourself; here is the bag in which I packed all baby's things for the wedding this morning, and look! All his lovely embroideries have turned into a pile of stones and a lot of papers. What shall I do? What can it mean?"

In utter amazement Harry emptied the bag, and sure enough found it to contain nothing at all but a few stones and fossils and one or two papers, which seemed a discussion of some abstruse point in geology. Quite at a loss, he fell to studying the bag. Suddenly a light broke over his face, and he bust into a merry fit of laughter, which, in the circumstances, of all things seemed most heartless to his aggravated wife.

"Ha, ha—my dear, it's plain enough now! This isn't your bag at all, though very like it. Some musty old professor must have walked off with Harry's frills and furbelows, and left you these stones in their place. Don't I wish I could be somewhere about when he finds out his mistake."

"But what shall I do?" cried poor Louise, fairly bursting into tears. "I haven't any other things for Harry with me, and there is no time to get anything. He was to have been so perfectly lovely!"

"Never mind, darling," said the young man, doing his best to stifle his laughter and console his wife. "Scrub him and comb his hair, and wrap him up in anything. He is sure to be the beauty any way." And with this assurance Louise was obliged to find what comfort she could; but her anticipations of pleasure for the day were completely spoiled.

Her own toilette was soon made, and the child rendered as presentable as circumstances would allow, the deficiencies of the attire he had travelled in being covered as well as might be by a white opera-cloak lent for the purpose by a sympathising but very rash cousin; and an hour later the wedding ceremony was over.

The bride, the wedding presents, and the dark-eyed crowing baby in tumbled dress and embroidered opera cloak were disputing the attention of the few guests at this quietest of weddings, when Mrs. Laurence, the mother of the bride, was called from the room, returning a few moments later and approaching Harry's mother with rather a perplexed face.

"My dear," she said, drawing her guest aside, "there is an old gentleman waiting in the library to see some one who, I think, must be you. He says he doesn't know the name; but he should be glad to see the lady whom he had the pleasure of, travelling with this morning. From the description, it can be no one else; you are the only one who arrived with a baby."

"Yes, it must be my old gentleman!" replied Louise, a little wonderingly. "What can he want?"

"Perhaps he knows something about Harry's petticoats," suggested her husband, "I think I will follow you in a moment, to see what your admirer is like."

Hurriedly Louise accompanied her hostess into the library; and there, sure enough, stood her acquaintance of the morning; and—yes, on the table beside which he was standing was the brown leather bag the loss of which she had so mourned.

The old gentleman saw the direction his companion's eyes immediately took, and laughed heartily as he advanced to greet her.

"Yes, madam, I have come to restore your property, for which I have as little use

as you probably have for mine, and must beg a thousand pardons for the stupidity which has doubtless caused you a good deal of inconvenience."

"Thank you so much," replied Louise, with a sigh of relief—her cherished instant might even yet be able to dazzle the eyes of the assembled guests before their departure. "I am so glad I didn't throw out your stones. I was thinking of it."

"I am very glad too," said the old gentleman, smiling. "By-the-by, I had some difficulty in getting into the house at all, not knowing your name. The servant evidently had the strongest doubts as to my respectability."

"I shall ask my aunt to discharge him immediately," Louise responded promptly. "How odd that I shouldn't have told you my name! I am Mrs. Lewis—Mrs. Henry Lewis. I beg your pardon; is any thing the matter?"—for the old gentleman had started violently as his companion spoke.

"No, no, nothing at all, Mrs. Lewis," he said slowly, after leaving the question for a moment unanswered. "I had a very dear relative of that name who died some years ago; but it is a common enough name. In fact, my own name is Lewis."

"Is it possible?" cried Louise, with deep interest. "I wonder if you could be any connection?"

But Louise's speech was never finished, for the sound of a hurried exclamation from the open door behind her made her turn quickly, to see her husband standing spell-bound for an instant, paler than she remembered ever having seen him. Then, with a half-smothered cry—"Father, father!"—he passed his wife with hasty strides, and grasped the hand of her visitor in both his own, while for a full minute the two men gazed silently into each other's faces with eyes asking an eager, momentous question which their tongues as yet hardly dared to utter.

"Harry—my son—my own boy!" said Doctor Lewis, at last, in a broken voice. "Do my old eyes deceive me, or has this greatest of all mercies been vouchsafed to me in my old age?"

"There is no deception, dear father. For years it has been my great grief that you—as I supposed—died before I could beg your forgiveness for the sin and disobedience of my boyhood; and now I find you again when I had long ceased to hope for it."

"My boy, it is for me to ask your forgiveness for the unnatural harshness which drove you forth from your home. But tell me of your life—remember, I know nothing since you disappeared sixteen years ago."

Louise had been standing quietly near the door, fairly sobbing with delight and intense sympathy; but now her husband turned, and drew her towards him.

"Here, father, is the crown and glory of my life," he said quietly, as he placed Louise's hand in that of his father. "If I have anything in the world to be proud of, it is that half of myself which I call my wife."

"Thank you, my dear, for what you have been to my boy," said Doctor Lewis gently, as he bent forward and kissed his daughter-in-law's white forehead.

"I ran away to sea—as perhaps you suspected—father," the young man related. "We went to China, Australia, South America, and almost every civilised county under the sun, before I returned to New Orleans, three years after; and I assure you that for a while I had hardships enough to make me bitterly repent my headstrong folly. When I last saw New Orleans, you had left the place a year before; and no amount of inquiry, then or since, resulted in the slightest clue to your whereabouts. Finally I heard that a Doctor Lewis had died months before in New York; and, though I for a long time refused to believe that it could be you, I was at last forced to the sad conclusion that I should never again see you in this world. I went to California, and have been working there ever since, though I am a poor man yet. But I have my wife and child—and now my father!"

"Yes; and I, thank Heaven, have now children to help me to enjoy the wealth which of late years has come to me, and which has seemed only like a mockery of fate in my loneliness!" the old man exclaimed fervently. "Can't I see my bonny little grandson, my dear?"—to Louise. "Is it any wonder that the child's eyes seemed to be looking into the very depths of my heart to-day?"

"Yes, I will bring him, of course," said the mother eagerly. "How lucky that I

have something respectable to put on him! He deserves to be clothed in velvet and diamonds to-day; for without him we should never have found our father, Harry."

Leaving the two men alone, she went off proudly to seek her son, and found that infantile promoter of family joy and peace an object hideous to behold, having just fallen headlong into a tub of exceedingly dirty soapuds, used by a servant for scrubbing the floor; while beside him knelt the too trusting cousin, bewailing the utter ruin of her opera cloak.

M. M. E.

The Baby Walks.

I received a very important letter this week: It contained the announcement that "The baby walks." It is with no desire to pun that I say that this is a great step forward for the baby.

Of course this event has not been entirely unexpected in our family. I have been looking every day for the news for some time past. Our baby has been a remarkable baby from the very first, and a large number of his immediate relatives have been waiting with bated breath for the tidings that his long journey had commenced. The particulars of the auspicious event are not to hand but I can see in my mind's eye just how the wonderful occurrence took place. The baby is out in the country staying with his "sisters and his cousins and his aunts" and I suppose if they had been near enough to a telegraph office they would have sent me a dispatch about the supreme event. Although the baby's fat legs are ridiculously sturdy, he has had all along a great diffidence in trusting to them. Now last Sunday I held, and till maintain that the baby took one distinct step towards his devoted father. The news was incredulously received as being too good to be true, and the whole family, from his grandmother to the kitchen girl, collected around to see if he would take another, but the little rascal seemed to think it was the biggest kind of a joke to bring his father's reputation for veracity into question by laughing and holding on to a chair, but refusing all the while to move away from it. It was all in vain that I held out my hands and all the endearing inducements I could to get him to take the necessary steps to come to me. He would keep one hand on the chair and reach out with the other but not until he had clenched his pudgy hand around my finger would he let go the chair. Once I had enticed him in this manner to quit the chair, and then suddenly withdrew my hands from him, leaving him standing alone. He hovered a moment in wavering indecision and then instead of stepping forward set emphatically down and resumed his favorite style of locomotion. He never crept as an ordinary baby would have done, but sort of hitched along. He would sit down, and, putting a hand now one side of him and again on the other, his fat little body swaying this way and that would hitch along with his little dumplings of feet ahead of him like a railway cowcatcher, and in this way he moved over the floor in a sitting posture at a speed that was wonderful. Practice had made him so perfect at this sort of movement that he evidently came to look on walking as an ornamental superfluity. It was most comical to see him forge ahead, as the boat racers call it, with both hands full holding them up from the floor and swaying forward without any help from them. He occasionally took to his feet, and with breathless haste would work his way along the wall in a hand in hand fashion until getting too elated at his new excitement, would upend and roll helplessly over on the carpet. These accidents shook his confidence for the time being in the stability of things but happily a baby's memory is as short as a baby, and the perils of pedestrianism were braved again and again. Often the poor little fellow looked like a battle-scarred veteran after his tumbles, but it is a lucky thing that babies are exceedingly elastic, otherwise the population of this country would not be as great as it is now. Anyhow, another competitor has entered into the great walking match: "The baby walks."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Any one who has had the misfortune to injure the coating of a rubber umbrella will be glad to know that it is not without a remedy. A preparation of damar varnish and asphaltum in about equal quantities, with a little turpentine, will make an easily applied coating which makes the umbrella about as good as new again. Spots on gossamer coats and cloaks can be covered with this also.

JULES VERNE ON THE SEA.

What his Sailors Say of him—How he Writes his Books.

Universal as is the reputation of M. Jules Verne, and much as he is admired as an author, but little is known of his private life. To make his acquaintance it is better not to go to his pleasant home at Amiens, where he would be almost too deep in his work to receive his visitors, but to see him on board his small yacht when he is cruising off the coast of France. You will then, besides the author, admire the man. See him walking the deck, now as Captain giving commands to his two assistants, now busy with sail and reef, his fine face lit up with evident delight at the prospect of a long holiday on the sea, and you will understand something of the vigorous vitality which is the pre-eminent characteristic of all his works.

M. Jules Verne is about 50 years old. His hair and beard are turning white, and his once supple and elegant figure is beginning to give way to a comfortable embonpoint, but his intelligent face is still full of youthful ardor. A veritable sailor does he look in his blue pea jacket and leather sou'wester, not differing in outward appearance from his mates, whose adoration for their Captain is only marred by his indifference to fishing, a sport dear to their hearts. One of them, talking of his master with enthusiasm and affection, said, with the deepest conviction: "He has but one fault—he does not know anything about fishing, and believes in fish only when he sees it at the end of his fork. How can a man of such superiority be afflicted with such a defect?" The master, however, though himself not inclined to share the favorite pastime of his men, does not interfere with their pleasure, and will often watch their operations when, on a calm day, tackle and lines are produced, and the two fishermen prepare for work, sometimes disturbed by a mocking remark of the Captain or galled by his hearty laugh when an heroic fish returns to his element before it can be secured.

After a few months of such holiday life Jules Verne returns to his home refreshed and strengthened for his winter's work, his ever-active brain full of fresh ideas gathered in earth, sky, and sea. Before beginning to write a new story M. Verne carefully studies the country which he is about to explore, gathering information on all possible details, and then clothing them in the garb of his powerful imagination. Love, in most of the author's works, shines by its absence. Queer scholars, full of fantastic ideas, and hardy adventurers, such as Ferguson, Hatteras, Clowbonny, Glenarvanny, Paganel Arroxax, Captain Nemo, Michel Ardant, and Phileas Fogg, give rich life to his pictures: but among all the thousand unexpected, original details love and passion find no room. Perhaps the fact that for some time he was the collaborator of A. Dumas fits has not been without effect on his writings. Though they separated after a short time, their relations have remained such that to-day it is said of M. Dumas, "He loves him as he loves when he loves." And as by M. Dumas, so he is regarded with esteem and affection by all who know him—from his humble sailor friends to the leaders of society.

Novel Separation of Husband and Wife.

Recently a husband and wife left Montreal about half past seven, on the South Eastern train, full of the hope of soon returning to their home near Boston. While passing through the Victoria Bridge, the conductor made his appearance, as he usually does, for the purpose of taking up or punching the St. Lambert tickets. No sooner had he entered the car in which the husband was seated than he rose from his seat where he had been playing cards to go to his wife, with a view to producing his tickets when the conductor came along. In passing from one car to the other he became mystified in some way through the smoke and exhaust steam from the locomotive and fell off against the side of the bridge, head foremost. His hat, to use a common phrase, was of the plug or stove pipe pattern and it is well it was, for it came in for the concussion which his head might have received had it been a low head-gear.

After reaching St. Lambert search was made by the conductor, through the train, for the missing man, but he was not est, and the wife, being a respectable looking person, was allowed to proceed, in hope that

some light would be thrown on the matter. In the meantime the bridge-walker came to a missing man near the entire span of the Victoria Bridge, and had him towed out by the aid of a lighted lamp in a rather confused manner towards Montreal where he remained until Wednesday evening when he again resumed his journey. A letter was received next morning announcing that he arrived home right-side up this time and was joyfully received by his wife who had been in a terrible state of mind about his absence. Several enquiries had been made about him in the meantime, but neither tale nor tidings was heard of him until he made his appearance in person. He informed his wife that he had written her stating all the particulars about his sudden disappearance, but, strange as it may appear, she says she did not receive the longed for tidings.

A Bigamous Preacher.

The career of a bigamous Episcopalian parson, one Hughes, is exciting attention in England. In 1875 he got five years for fraudulently obtaining a certificate for the burial of his stepdaughter's child, of which he was the reputed father. In 1879 he left jail with a ticket of leave, and in 1881 he left his wife and, although obliged to report himself periodically to the police, got a chaplaincy. As curate of Wellesbourne, he deluded a girl into matrimony in February, 1881. In October, 1882, he assumed sole charge of Bickenhill parish, in the vicar's absence, and made himself very popular, especially with the vicar's cook, whom he soon afterward married. Yet another bigamy has now come to light. While curate in Staffordshire in 1872 he married under a feigned name a young and handsome governess, by whom he had two children. She went to America and died. Since July he has lived by borrowing and writing begging letters. His second victim has lost her reason from the shock at the perfidy of this roverend scoundrel.

The Bridegroom's "Best Man."

The custom of a bridegroom's being attended on his marriage by a friend or relative, who is styled the "best man," so practiced at weddings in the present day, is of great antiquity, descending from our Saxon ancestors. In their time marriages were always celebrated in the house of a bridegroom. On the day before the wedding all his friends and relations, having been invited, arrived at his house and spent the time in feasting and in preparing for the approaching ceremony. Next came the bridegroom's company mounted on horseback, completely armed, who proceeded in great state and order, under the command of one who was called the forewistaman or foremost man, to receive and conduct the bride in safety to the house of her future husband. The bride, in her turn, was attended by her guardian and other male relatives, led by a matron, who was called the bride's-woman and followed by a company of young maidens, who were called bridesmaids. The Saxon forewistaman of the ninth century is the prototype of the English "best man" of the nineteenth.

A Boy of the Period chooses his Profession.

A young Austin man recently married a rich widow, who died shortly after the ceremony, and left a bereaved widower and a large amount of property. One day he was visiting at the house of a friend who had a family of four little boys, and the widower began quizzing them.

"Well, George, what are you going to be when you grow up?" he inquired.

"I guess I'll be a poet," answered the little fellow.

"And what are you going to try and do, Willie?"

"I'm going to be an artist."

"An artist, ah! And what do you think you will adopt as a profession, Eddie?"

"Pa says he is going to make a minister out of me."

"That's good, very good. Now, Frankie, let me hear what you intend to be."

"I'm going in for money."

"Going into a money-making business. Well, what is it?"

"I'm going to be a rich widower, I am."

"The man who rides on a railroad train," said Mr. Stebbins, "is not necessarily prompted by contemptible feeling, though he be moved by a low-cur-motive."

The Egyptian False prophet.

A letter from a Khartoum correspondent of the *Daily News* gives a depressing account of the operations of the Egyptians against the Mahdi. Half the city officials are said to be already partisans of the rebels, and all through the rebellion trade has been carried on freely between the disturbed districts and those nominally loyal to the Khedive under the passports of the False Prophet. Meanwhile a proclamation from two officers of the regular army who have joined the rebels, to the army and civil officials is circulated, in which the Mahdi is spoken of in highly complimentary terms. They say:—"Friends, we are with the Mahdi, and as we have seen him regularly for the past six months, we watch his proceedings attentively, we hear all he says, and we have not found in him a grain of anything that is bad or unbecoming his holy mission (peace be unto him). By the great God and the excellent Koran, we swear that he is the true Mahdi, the expected one: there is no other but he, and the man who doubts his holy mission is an infidel, and God has already decreed it. As a proof of this, the large amounts of gold and silver and immense stores of goods which came into his possession have no interest whatever for him, and it lays in the Muslim treasury with a faithful and trusty man in charge of it all, and who distributes it to widows and orphans, auxiliaries and emigrants.

A SEEKER AFTER GOD.

"The Mahdi seeks nothing but God. He is kind, and speaks civilly to all. He shuns falsehood, and his pride is to spread the glory of our religion. He fights in the path of God, and only with those who refuse to obey Him. His daily life (peace be unto him) is quite opposed to worldly matters; nor does he care for its enjoyments. He is simple in his diet and plain in dress. Kisoret Dourra atroped in water is all that he eats. A plain shirt and trousers made from the native cloth is all that he wears. He is always smiling, and his face is as resplendent as the full moon. His body and form are of the sons of Israel, and on his right cheek is a khal (wart?) and also other marks which are written in the books of the Holy Law are stamped on him. He neither honors the rich for their riches nor does he neglect the poor on account of their poverty. All Muslims to him are equal.

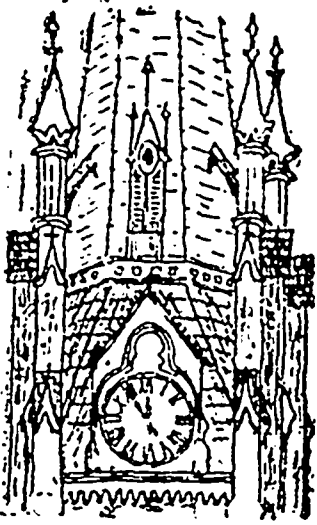
PARADISE AND AMMUNITION.

"If we were to describe to you all the good qualities of the Mahdi it would take a long letter to do so; he is following the footsteps of his grandfather (peace be to his bones); and if you are Muslims banish worldly affairs and follow not the inclination of sinful souls, which leads its possessor to destruction, but look to the end and to paradise. With the numerous army of the Mahdi, which is about two hundred thousand fighting men, whose souls are offered to the Lord, we have also Remingtons, guns and rockets which have been taken from the Turks, besides an ample supply of ammunition. The Mahdi, however (unto whom be peace) trusts to God only and will prevent fighting by fire arms; spears and swords he fights with; his connection with the angels is well known, as we well know from the history of Mohammed."

Indian Monkeys and Tigers.

Monkeys in general, and the above species in particular (maracas) entertain the greatest antipathy to tigers and leopards; nor is this to be wondered at, for it is these animals only that attempt to molest them; indeed by the former, monkey meat is considered a high delicacy. When, therefore, their domain is invaded by the stealthy tiger, and his whereabouts detected, the violence of their anger knows no bounds. High up out of the reach of their foe, they give free vent to their enmity, and with prodigious chatter assemble in all their strength upon the trees beneath which the tiger is lurking; shaking the branches with might and main, and pattering down upon a shower of their would-be devourer such a shower of dried sticks, twigs, and leaves, that the latter is forced, with an angry growl, to quit his lair and seek other and quieter quarters. But no peace is allowed so long as he remains in their vicinity; and should darkness set in, these sagacious animals will, on the ensuing morning, search diligently to see whether or not their enemy has really taken his departure.

When the man with a deep voice sings, he is sure to get off his base.



STILL TICKING.

How Flat Things are—Business is not brisk—Stocks are not booming—The Outlook is not clear, and the Comet is not particularly visible—A Brief Epistle from the Upper Regions

Even the newspapers, whose writers are understood to keep everything right, are not particularly brilliant. Their wit is very poor. Their smart sayings are stale, flat and unprofitable. Their puns are simply execrable. Their funny man can do nothing but transform the street car into the editor's carriage with all the etc. Whither is the world drifting? Who knows? Aye, and chimes in a cynic on King street, who cares? One part of the world does not know how the other part lives, and very possibly does not care. Dives drinks his wine and wears his purple, and goes to church on Sunday and declares that he is a miserable sinner. Lazarus has quite a different view of life and its surroundings, and perhaps is finding that the Toronto dogs now are not particularly attentive in the matter of licking his sores. And yet amid all the poverty and all the pincher, the tavern flourishes. Seems to flourish the more the poorer the people are. Is all this drinking in many cases not the wild, recklessness of despair, when people give up the battle and try to forget their misery and their degradation? And if it were, would that not make the whole thing so much the worse? And then to hear, as I do, many crying out in the bitterness of their souls against the whole order of things, and wondering if this world is ruled by omnipotent benevolence after all.

IT IS ALL VERY SAD.

Why, now, if all the roofs were lifted off all the houses in Toronto and a window were opened in each breast, what an awful display there would be! And how could one stare clearly through all the profound, perplexing mystery? Have they, then to fall back on the fatalistic "whatever is, is right!" (one does not know). Thus any rate is clear beyond any reasonable doubt, that there is quite a large number of kind, sweet, generous souls that are working away as they can to make the world better from the fact of their living in it. That is beyond all question and every body ought to feel better on that very account! Just let any one go along to the General Hospital and see what is going on there. Plenty of misery,

no doubt. Bodies that seem veritable machines of torture. Almost every variety of this trouble or that. And yet in the midst of all that disease half-robed of all its ghastly repulsiveness by sweet charity, by kind attention, by pleasant visitors, by some sweet-smelling flowers. Blessings on the kind, dear women, whether young or old, whether pretty or the reverse, that play so fully the ministering angel though they are not thinking of themselves at all.

Aye, and look elsewhere and see the same thing. See how they are caring for and supporting as they best may Girls' Home, Boys' Home, Sick Children's Hospital, and many things also equally needed and equally blessed. The Clock feels softened in quite a curious fashion as it looks on all these women going their rounds of

MERCY AND MANIFOLD TENDERNNESS.

They may be mistaken sometimes. There may be about them occasionally a little of the Pharisee. But who has a right to say so? The most uncharitably inclined in judging are always the most economical in their own charities. So, you hard-faced imputers of bad motives, don't say a single word. THE CLOCK won't listen to you for a single moment. You know that you are not worthy to touch the very hem of these women's garments. So you just shut up, and let the world hear none of your noise. And then about those poor Irish and others what can be said? It is all very distressing, but let every one do what he or she can, and there will be a mighty improvement all round.

By the way, about these Women's Rights people that were down taking the Councilmen by storm the other night, what is to be said? THE CLOCK got awfully gallant on the whole subject and would go in the same direction as the majority of the aldermen, with all enthusiasm. Why should't women have a vote? Are they so stupid that they could not give an intelligent one? Are they so corrupt or easily swayed that they could not give an honest one? Are they so impulsive that they could not give an unbiased one? Are they? But what is the use asking? THE CLOCK would trust the average woman to come to a correct judgment on most things, sooner than it would trust the average man. It would not believe that the world would be turned upside down supposing woman had votes to-morrow. It does not believe that women would be unsexed by having the franchise, or that the political elections would be more corrupt than they have been, or are. Not at all. All the other way. If women had votes there are some political iniquities which would have to go in double quick time. There are some social ones which would have a short shrift and a long rope. There are some improvements which would at any rate be tried. In short the Clock has no fear of women: not a bit of it. Never had. Never will. As sure as fate or

THE STEEP.

P. S.—THE CLOCK is told that Canada is going to have hard time. Sorry to hear it. But let every one put his shoulder to the wheel and help. There are some sixteen or twenty different

charitable institutions in Toronto alone. Come now, you men of wealth, give liberally to them all. Do you know how much you are benefitted by them? For aught you know to the contrary, they may be very lightning rods to draw off the dire vengeance from a selfish, self-indulgent race, just like you. Come, now, don't send a single woman away without something handsome.

A MOST REMARKABLE CASE.

One MILLION Dollars Awaiting Heirs.

About thirty years ago a man came to Cochetor, N. Y., who gave his name as James Gardner. He was an Englishman, and for some time worked as a farm laborer, although he had an abundance of money. One of the farmers by whom he was employed was named Mitchell, and this man had a daughter named Matilda. After a short acquaintance the couple were married, and Gardner bought a farm near this village and settled down. This was in the year 1854. During their residence here the couple were blessed with five children, four of whom are known to be alive. In the year 1857, accompanied by their children, they sailed for England. Arriving in the latter country Mrs. Gardner discovered that her husband's name was not Gardner, but Isaac Poole, and also that he had been forced to leave England on account of crimes committed there. This proved a great surprise to Mrs. Gardner. After his wife made this discovery Gardner deserted her and she was compelled to return to her old home on the farm. This she did in the year 1871, bringing all her children with her. Gardner, through a third party, supplied his wife with money to pay her return passage, and also a sufficient sum to keep to keep her and her children for some time. After visiting her old home, Mrs. Gardner and children removed to Newburg, N. Y., and have since made that city her home. For many years she kept up a correspondence with her husband in England, and the children have now several letters, all of which are signed "Isaac Poole." In the early part of last August Mrs. Gardner was killed on the Erie Railway track in Newburg, and after that the family became scattered. Of the sons, Morgan and John still make Newburg their home, Sarah resides at Passaic, N. J., and the whereabouts of Thomas is unknown. Thomas A. Moore, a lawyer of Passaic, N. J., recently received a letter from England inquiring of the whereabouts of the children of James Gardner or Isaac Poole. The letter stated that Poole, who was dangerously sick, wished to learn the whereabouts of his children in order that his property, which amounted to over \$1,000,000, might be divided among them. Mr. Moore found trace of the family and discovered that Gardner was married to Miss Mitchell by Judge J. C. Curtis: that they lived here for many years, and that Gardner often boasted, while in his cups, that he was wealthy and received remittances from England. Mrs. Gardner's mother is still alive, and resides in Monticello, in this county. She made affidavit of her daughter's marriage to Gardner in 1854, and also that he received remittances from England under another name. Gardner's estate, it is claimed, amounts to upwards of \$1,000,000.—Correspondence New York Times.

Why Divorce is so Common To-Day.

This generation sees divorce more frequent, not because men and women are more wicked, but because married life is made more difficult by the excitement and complexity and manifold strains of modern life, which render unhappy marriages more unendurable. A broad gap opens between the hot present and the dull quiet of other days, when the husband passed his day in a steady and continuous round of work, when no avenue in life but marriage opened before most women, and both men and women passed lives from which excitement, worry and the anxious rush of the day were absent. Any candid man who will reconstruct the life of sixty and eighty years ago will be convinced that, while that day had in it much of secret wickedness—as court and church records show—it had also conditions much less likely to prevent two people from leading quiet, uneventful and reasonably happy lives together.—Philadelphia Press.

BICYCLE PARAGRAPHS.

The Hon. Ion Keith Falconer, holder of the two mile amateur bicycle record, 5 3/8 1/5, has been appointed lecturer at Cambridge University.

On Friday, Midgely, of Worcester, won a 100 mile bicycle race in Washington from Foster, of Baltimore, in 7h. 25m. and 25 1/2 without being at all pushed.

A short time ago H. D. Corey, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, rode 190 9/10 miles in the 24 hours. Corey afterwards felt confident that had he known the Lawrence Club had made 212 miles in the same time, he could have beaten the record.

The English National Cyclists' Union lately decided to attempt to control professional racing in England under the impression that the professionals would be agreeable. The latter, however, held a meeting and protested vigorously against amateur interference, deciding moreover to form a professional union.

A long distance run, recently made by the Lawrence (Mass.) Bicycle Club, places that club at the head of all clubs in America for long distance riding. Starting from Malden, Mass., at sixteen minutes past five in the afternoon, the run was finished at 5 o'clock the following afternoon. The whole distance of 212 miles was made in 24 hours. The time consumed for rests was four hours and 15 minutes. Time to spare, 16 minutes, making actual running time 19 hours and 29 minutes. Fourteen miles were made in the last hour.

Seven years ago the proprietors of the London *Sporting Life* gave a silver cup to the English Amateur Athletic Association for an annual fifty miles bicycle race. The seventh competition for this trophy took place on Saturday, Oct. 13, at the Lilly Bridge grounds. Among those who started was F. Sutton, the five miles amateur champion, and this rider was master of the situation all the way, but he quietly waited on his men until the bell rang for the last lap, when he went away and won as he pleased by ten yards. Time, 3h. 6m. 41s.

A Mysterious Machine.

Passers on unfrequented streets in Quincy, Ill., on recent evenings, have been startled by the appearance of a man moving swiftly along upon some odd-looking wheeled contrivance. It appears that an ingenious resident of the town has perfected an invention which is for the present being kept in the background, pending the issuing of a patent. A *Herald* reporter learns that the new-fangled machine has four wheels and is driven by a spring. Its chief point of excellence is said to lie in the improved method of coiling the spring. It is claimed that a child can run one of the mysterious motors for a long distance. Gentlemen to whom the inventor has shown the machine are enthusiastic in its praise, and predict that it will supersede all other modes of mechanical travelling. The inventor is now at work upon a model, which he will forward to Washington, together with an application for a patent. Two of the wheels of the machine are 5 feet in diameter and 2 1/2 feet across. The spring is 40 feet long and three inches wide, and when coiled will, it is said, lift a weight of 600 pounds.

"Strangers!" Oh, it is a sacred word! Be kind to them. Their homes may be afar; their hearts may be broken, and a kind deed, a kind word to them may be like dew to a fainting flower, a flash of heavenly light into a dark chamber.

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A Bad Boat.

The New York Times says that what looked like a long black box, tapering at both ends, with a lead-colored box on top of it and a black smoke-stack running up through the middle, lay at the New York wharf. It was Capt. John Ericsson's torpedo-boat Destroyer, which, the inventor thinks, will destroy vessels that are impregnable to shot thrown against their sides. In her gun, which pointed out at the bow about eight feet below the surface of the water, was a long steel cylinder. This was the projectile which in war would be supplied with a torpedo at the conical-shaped tip to explode on striking the side of a ship and blow her to pieces.

In the experiments a net will be lowered into the sea to serve as a target and fired at a distance of from 300 to 500 feet. On the bow of the little craft, which was almost submerged, were two wooden floats to support the net in the water. The projectiles are hollow and made so that they will float. The tendency to rise is so carefully adjusted as not to interfere with the flight under the water or to destroy aim. They are expected to come to the surface about 700 feet from the vessel, and they will pursue a perfectly horizontal course for 500 feet at least. They will travel the first 300 feet in three seconds, or a little less. They weigh 1,500 pounds each. In the experiments there will be no occasion to use the torpedoes. The object will be to test the distance of flight and the accuracy of aim. The experiments hitherto have been conducted in still water, and the firing off Sandy Hook will be the first deep sea practice. The Destroyer has attained a speed of seventeen knots an hour, and her fullest capacity has not yet been reached. Although her hull proper is almost entirely under water, she is seaworthy, for everything can be battened down, and no water can get into her. Blowers ventilate the boat perfectly. All her working apparatus is below, and it would be next to impossible to disable her in an engagement. If the iron house built on top of her and her smokestack were knocked off entirely it would make no difference. She would be as serviceable as ever. A steel plate 18 inches in thickness is set in front of the pilot's position to deflect balls if they should strike there. The pilot is entirely surrounded by iron work, and looks out through a small hole on a level with his eyes to get the bearings. He can touch off the gun when he goes in exact range, and immediately back off to safety. There is a dummy plug at the opening in the boat where the projectile goes out, this is shot away with the projectile, and a valve closes over the hole to keep out the water. Only enough water to fill the gun can get in any way, and this can quickly be pumped out by a steam siphon. So there is no danger from this source. There is no room to spare on the boat, but sufficient for the use required. The Destroyer is the only craft that shoots a torpedo under water.

A Dying Man Running away with an Engine.

As an extra freight train was going west from Pittsburg recently the drawhead of the car next to the engine was pulled out of place near Derry station. The engine was stopped, and the fireman, James Maloney, and a switchman, John Wey, went to work to repair the injury. Bley and Maloney were underneath the front platform of the car when the engineer of the pusher at the end of the train, not knowing of the accident, started his engine. Bley was caught under the forward truck and crushed to death. Maloney was caught by the platform and crushed against the tender of the engine. His left arm was broken in two places, his shoulder was crushed, and his skull was laid bare. He was carried to the engine and laid upon the floor. He suddenly jumped up and in a fit of delirium pulled the valve wide open. He had become raving mad from intense suffering. The engine start-

ed with frightful speed on a down grade. As the engine neared Latrobe, six miles from the scene of the accident, it was going with terrible velocity. Reaching the end of the grade the engine slackened its speed and finally came to a stop. Maloney was found in a dying condition on the "gor."

The Edible Fungus.

In spite of occasional fatal accidents through the inadvertent eating of poisonous species, fungi are largely consumed, both by savage and civilized man, in all parts of the world. Among the Fuegians, certain kinds form with shell fish, their staple food. The natives of Australia use largely a truffle, which attains a weight of more than two pounds, and is known under the name of native bread. The Chinese, who are singularly free from prejudice in the matter of food, are especially fond of them, and for some time past New Zealand has exported large quantities of an edible fungus to San Francisco and Hong Kong for the use of the Celestials. Consul Griffin, of Auckland, in a recent report, gives a full account of the new industry, the gathering and drying of the fungus giving profitable employment to large numbers of colonial children, as well as of Maories. The species grows abundantly in the wooded regions of New Zealand, and when dry, is worth from two to five pence per pound.

The Chinese use it, as they do the edible swallow's nest, as a chief ingredient in their favorite soup. They also employ it as a medicine, and, stranger still, for making a valuable dye for silk. Another remarkable edible fungus of New Zealand, is the *Sphaeria Robertii*, which grows out of the body of a large caterpillar, practically converting the latter into a vegetable substance. The caterpillar lives underground, and the fungus springs upward through the soil till it reaches a height of eight or ten inches. It is eaten by the Maories, who employ it also, when burned, as a coloring matter. Among the northeastern tribes of Asia, fungi are largely used as food. One species, when pounded, forms their snuff, while another—the Fly Agaric—which is utilized in Europe as a fly-killer, and is regarded as one of the most poisonous forms, is used by them as a substitute for ardent spirits, the eating of a single large specimen being sufficient "to produce a pleasant intoxication for a whole day." In many parts of Europe fungi are a favorite food, being eaten fresh, and also preserved in vinegar for winter use. For pickling purposes, all kinds, it is said, are gathered, the vinegar being said to neutralize the alkaline poison of the noxious species. The common mushroom, the morel, and the truffle are, however, the favorite edible fungi.

The Fress breathing apparatus for use in mines is recommended by the British Home Secretary. It consists of an airtight mask connected by valves with a vessel carried on the back, and containing a supply of oxygen and soda. When using it the wearer continues to inhale his own breath, the carbonic acid in which is absorbed by a supply of soda, and the exhausted air is replaced by the oxygen. The weight of the whole apparatus is twenty-eight pounds, and is stated that when charged it would sustain life for four hours.

For drilling holes in glass, a common steel drill, well made and tempered, is the best tool. The steel should be forged at a low temperature, so as to be sure not to burn it, and then tempered as hard as possible in a bath of salt water, that has been well boiled. Such a drill will go through glass very rapidly if kept well moistened with turpentine in which some camphor has been dissolved. Diluted sulphuric acid is equally good, if not better. It is stated that, at Berlin, glass castings for pump-barrels, etc., are drilled, planed, and bored, like iron ones, and in the same lathes and machines, by the aid of sulphuric acid.

Good Advice.

Don't be whining about not having a fair chance. Throw a sensible man out of a window he'll fall on his feet and ask the nearest way to his work. The more you have to begin with, the less you will have at the end. Money you earn yourself is much brighter than any you can get out of dead men's bags. A scant breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day. He who has tasted a sour apple will have the more relish for a sweet one. Your present want will make future prosperity all the sweeter. Eighteen-pence has set up many peddler in the business, and he has turned it over until he has kept his carriage. As for the place you are cast in, don't find fault with that; you need not be a horse because you were born in a stable. If a bull tosses a man of mettle skylugh, he would drop down in a good place. A hard working young man with his wits about him will make money while others will do nothing but lose it. "Who loves his work and knows how to spare, may live and flourish anywhere." As to a little trouble, who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns? Who must win must learn to bear. Idleness lies in bed sick of the mulligrubs, where industry finds health and wealth. The dog in the kennel barks at fleas; the hunting dog does not even know that they are there. Laziness waits till the river is dry, and never gets to market. "Try" swims it, and makes all the trade. "Can't-do-it" would not eat the bread set for him, but "Try" made meat out of mushroom. — *John Plowman.*

Seeing with a Rabbit's Eyes.

A remarkable operation was performed by Dr. Eugene Smith recently. The subject was Fred Meyers, aged 19, who had been totally blind for several years on account of an inflammation which caused the lower lid of each eye to grow up over the ball and pupil. Dr. Smith's operation consisted first of dissecting away the overgrown lid. In doing this the conjunctiva, or mucous membrane, necessarily came away with it, leaving the eyeball unprotected. The patient was under the influence of chloroform, and a live rabbit had been procured and also placed under an anesthetic. Skillfully removing the conjunctiva from one of the rabbit's eyes, Dr. Smith placed it over the ball of the patient's eye and sowed it into place. The operation seemed entirely successful, and after Meyers' eye has recovered and he is able to use the eye, the other will be operated upon in a similar manner. The transplanting of the conjunctiva, or mucous membrane, from the eye of an animal to that of a human being has been successfully performed in a few rare cases in Europe, but Dr. Smith's operation was the first of the kind ever attempted in this country. — *Detroit News.*

A man is "dead drunk" when the fluid which circulates through the arteries and veins contains one part of alcohol to 195 parts of blood. Should the proportion become one part of alcohol to 100 of blood death must ensue. In ordinary cases the drinker loses consciousness before so great a portion of alcohol has entered the circulation; but the fatal dose is sometimes taken when a large quantity of alcoholic liquor is swallowed quickly.

Since the wooden pavement was laid down in Pall Mall the clubs in that thoroughfare have for the first time obtained the full use of the buildings they occupy. So intolerable was the racket of passing carriages during the height of the season in the old days that conversation in any room which looked upon the street was practically impossible. All this has been changed since wood was laid down, and a party of diners can now sit at a window looking upon Pall Mall and converse with each other with ease and comfort.

SHORT TALES

For Marines and Other Folk.

A robber, having been arrested and brought into court, was asked by the Judge what he had to say in defence of his crime. "Why, sir," he replied, "I discovered a cave in a hill side," "What has that to do with the case?" "Everything. What use was the cave to me unless I turned robber and wanted to hide?"

[NOTE—What's the use of having a mother-in-law unless she splits the wood and does the kitchen work?]

DIAMOND TREASURE.

An old man whose daughter had taken a husband and brought him home to live, seized up his son-in-law and said:

"I am an old man and have only a short time to live. I have a buried treasure which shall be yours when I pass away."

The son-in-law went out behind the smoke-house and worked himself half to death to think he hadn't shipped the old man off to the Poor House, as he intended, before hearing of the treasure. Then he twisted his face into a smile and his mouth into a pucker, and for seventeen long years he pulled off the old man's boots at night, kept him in smoking tobacco and accepted his weather predictions without a murmur. When the aged pioneer finally pegged out a dive was made for the buried treasure, and the son-in-law soon held in his hands a gilt-edged Bible which never cost less than \$4.

[NOTE—Some old men would have buried a cheap hymn-book and lived on a non-in-law twenty-five years.]

THE PROFESSION.

A lawyer returned to his home one evening to find that a tramp had forced his way into the house and appropriated property of considerable value. He rushed for the police and by some unaccountable accident the thief was overhauled and conducted to the cooler.

"Ah! you rascal, you shall suffer for this!" growled the lawyer.

"I desire to engage your legal services to defend me!" was the sheet-iron rejoinder. "I will give you half the stolen property to clear me of the charge."

"Wretch! how dare you!"

"Oh, if you don't close with me some other lawyer will take all!" was the steady reply.

The lawyer reflected for a moment and then decided to plead the man's case and tearfully call the attention of the jury to the fact that his client had no intention of stealing anything, but that, in leaving the house in a hurry, the property got tangled up in his boot-legs.

[NOTE—Verdict of acquittal, and another triumph for right and honesty.]

The new Palace of Justice at Brussels which was inaugurated last week, is already a white elephant to the Belgians. Some idea of its enormous size may be obtained from the fact that it is somewhat more than one-third the size of St. Peter's at Rome. For a palace of Justice in London, Paris, or Berlin, that is perhaps not too large; but for a country like Belgium, the building seems too large. The Palace of Justice occupies a very commanding position, and is no doubt a great ornament to Brussels. But its cost about double what it was estimated to cost, and the pocket of the thrifty Belgian is vexed. It is said, indeed, that \$15,000,000, about one-fifth of the entire annual revenue of the country, will not cover the expenditure.

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For Purity, Durability, and Price stand Unrivaled.

Ask your Grocer for them and take no other. One trial will suffice to prove the economy of using a pure article.

RODGER, MACLAY & CO.,

Canada Soap and Oil Works, Toronto

Evening.

When evening's quiet shades
Around my head are thrown,
Adown the silent glade,
I wander forth alone.
Then every tinge is calm
And soothing to my breast;
A sweet and holy balm
Disperses the vague unrest.

Then, gently o'er me stealing,
Come many an inspired thought,
Embrued with untold feeling,
With manly virtue fraught.
Away with toil and care,
Day claims these as its own,
But evening's blessed air
Should breathe but peace alone.

It is the hour of love,
And blessed starry beams
Shine from the vaults above
Upon the poet's dreams.
It is the hour of prayer,
And orisons on high
Float through the rosy air
To centre in the sky.

Cool zephyrs fan my cheek,
And o'er my temples rove,
While voices seem to speak
From every sheltered grove.
Blest hour! thy mantle throws
A balm o'er every wound,
When gentle evening glows,
And stillness reigns around.

Remote from all the noise
Of civic revelry,
And all the false alloys
Of man's society,
'Tis sweet to be alone—
How sweet, and how sincere,
When Nature's every tone
Falls softly on the ear!

INA QUICKSLOW.

KIDNAPPED WHEN A CHILD.

A Lad who Believes Himself the Long-Lost Charley Ross.

Charles Augustus Pinkham, who believes himself to be the long-lost Charley Ross, tells a remarkable story:

"I was picked up in the street in Philadelphia, put on board a steamboat, taken to Boston, thence by rail to Portland and Winterport. I was kept in a large house in which there seemed to be a great many children, but I did not see any of them for a very long time, and I did not see a woman all the time I was there. After about two years they let a girl come to my room to play with me once in a while, and sometimes let us go out in the yard to play. It was a large yard, with high fences all around it. The girl's name was Fanny Prescott, and she said that a man named Jesse James stole her from Brazil. From the girl I afterwards learned that the men who stole me were Jesse James, Pinkham, and two men named Davidson. Pinkham was a very tall man, the tallest man I ever saw. Jesse James was not so tall, but was a good-sized man. James was of dark complexion. One of the Davidsons wore a black moustache, and the other side whiskers. James was commonly called Jesse by the rest. Jesse went with me when I was first taken, but did not stop long. After a long time the girl Fanny and I were taken on board of a vessel rigged like a barque, and were taken to the Southern coast. It might have been to Texas, but any way it was where it was warm. Here Jesse James and the others came on board and brought their horses with them. The horses would come when called, and would act like circus horses do. There were stalls for the horses on each side, and a section of the broadside of the barque was so fixed that it could be moved, and when we made a port they would run out a platform, take their horses and ride off. Jesse and the rest seemed to own the bark, and managed it as they pleased, and when they went on shore would leave a large man in charge, who was kinder to us children than the rest. The bark was nothing more than a pirate, and once we were chased by a cutter but escaped. The barque was loaded with lots of things, and had many guns on board. By guns I mean rifles. At last we made a small port in Brazil, and the large man was left alone on board. He had been drinking, I suppose, for he opened the door of our room and said: 'Here, you children, come out,' and then he told us to go. The girl took me, and we went ashore and wandered around for a while, and at last went to a Spanish hotel and stayed there three days until the barque sailed. Finally we got a passage to New York. That was about five years ago. After we got on shore the girl told me that my name was Charley Ross, and she told me always to remember it. It seemed to bring things back to me when she called me Charley Ross, and I remembered

things I had forgotten, I learned to cook and shipped on the barque Ada Carter, from Boston to Brazil, and Fanny went with me. She wanted to find out about her people and learned that her father and mother were both dead. When we got back she went to live at Lynn, and was at work in a shoe shop. From Lynn she went to Lawrence, where she was at work in one of the shoe shops in the finishing room when I heard from her last. I saw her last about two years ago. I then shipped in the J. D. Brayton, bound from Fall River to South America, and on the way I was very sick with a fever. My hair came off, and when it came out again it was darker than it had been. When I was sick things seemed to come back to me some way, and I knew that I was Charley Ross, but I did not know who Charley Ross was. I never read a book about Charley Ross, and I never heard of Charley Ross except what Fanny said, until about two years ago. I can read a little, and make letters, but don't know how to put them together. While on board with Jesse and the rest, I expected to be killed, I heard one of them say once, 'What shall we do with the boy?' and the others said, 'We'll kill him.' They didn't give me enough to eat sometimes, and then sometimes they'd whip me. This year I was in the schooner Lizzie M. Stewart, and we landed at a place called Winterport, and I went ashore with the Captain; while there I saw a large building and a lot of rocks and things near the house that looked natural to me. Still it might not have been the place. I don't know who I am, of course, but I think I am Charley Ross, I think Mr. Ross must be my father, and I want to see him."

Pinkham is very ignorant and is unable to recall names, except by a great effort, and is rather confused about ordinary matters, but he appears to be very honorable in his feelings, and to cherish a real affection for the mother he cannot recall. His great desire now is to see Mr. Ross, feeling confident he can prove himself to be the real Charley Ross. He relies chiefly on the hope that Frank James may be induced to tell what he knows about him. If Frank James fails to respond in the way he desires, he declares his purpose to make a personal appeal to him to right the great wrong done by his brother.

After Many Years.

Fifteen years ago a shoe man in Louisville, Ky., issued an advertising card, on the back of which was a unique little puzzle, and a small reward was offered to the one who would send a correct solution to it. The cards were distributed over the country, being mailed to every one whose name was ascertained. No solutions to the puzzle came in, and as the time crept by the card was forgotten by the issuer. Recently Mr. Troxler was in his store when the letter carrier came in and handed him an envelope bearing the Canadian postmark. Upon opening it, great was his surprise when he discovered that it was a solution to the puzzle which had been gotten out fifteen years before. The writer stated that he had received one of the cards and began to try to solve the problem. He laid it carefully aside, and every leisure moment at home he would devote to it, finally succeeding, after all those years of study, in obtaining the correct answer. It was thought that his perseverance certainly deserved some recognition, and the reward promised will be sent to him.

A Fish Story.

A well-known Providence lawyer recently went forth with rod, line, and bait to capture from a country pond the fresh-water bass. He got a bite, he gently lifted his pole he hooked the fish, he reeled him partially in. Suddenly an impediment prevented the rapid landing of the fish. "It must be it has gotten behind a stump. The reel works hard. I mustn't break the pole." He keeps up the tension on the line and runs the pole carefully down to explore, with negative results. A steady but hard pull on the silk line finally brings up fish and impediment. It was a pound bass, with the bail of a two-quart tin kettle in its mouth, the kettle pure and half filled with mud and leaves. In drawing in the fish, which struck for the bottom, its wide-open mouth caught the pail handle, which became entangled with the hook, and remained entangled until the two were brought to the surface.—Providence Press.

Taste and Skill in Hanging Wall Paper.

Of late years the manufacture of wall paper has been brought to great perfection. Some of the designs are artistic in the extreme, often presenting æsthetic beauties that are positively astonishing; and even in the production of the cheaper grades of paper there is much to praise.

Perhaps there is nothing of more importance in giving brightness to a pretty furnished room than appropriately papered walls. The pattern and colors should be in harmony with the general tone of the room. It is surprising what governing effect wall paper has when judiciously selected; its dainty neatness and touches of subtle beauty charmingly brighten the aspect of a wall regulated household.

The mechanical art of the practical paper-hanger is brought into requisition by the moneyed class when walls of luxuriously appointed homes are richly adorned with expensive hangings. There are less pretentious families with pretty surroundings who study economy, and are advocates of home industries. By using a few hints respecting paper hanging may be appreciated and at the same time prove a guide to any one of average capacity.

The first consideration in hanging paper is to prepare the walls properly. If old paper is to be removed, it is easily done by dampening the same with soft clothes wrung partially dry out of warm soap-suds; then take an old knife and cleave up the edges—they will readily give, tearing off without any difficulty. New paper should never be pasted over the old. Whitewashed walls must be scraped and sized; a bit of tin or an old case knife will do to scrape the bare walls, after which wash with the sizing that is composed of a piece of black glue soaked in cold water for six or eight hours, then add hot water until it dissolves. If the walls are inclined to be damp tack on thick brown paper. Sometimes when a house is surrounded by much shrubbery and tall trees with long branches, or ivy runs over the outside walls, the inside of the plastering is continuously damp, the wall being so permeated with the rain moisture. In cases of this kind the use of strong brown paper prior to hanging the figured paper proves of great benefit in retaining the adhesive quality of the paste, and in consequence the paper proper will never cleave up. There is great difference in making the paste. An excellent kind is made of wheat flour sifted. Beat up the flour to the consistency of batter, and add a little pulverized alum; upon this mixture pour boiling water; at the same time stir the paste rapidly. As soon as the flour changes in color the paste is ready, but must not be used until quite cool. In hanging, work all papers to the left; trim off the blank edge, left side, lapping carefully with care that the pattern matches; measure the length of the wall, so that the paper can be easily cut to match. A long table is required, or two boards laid on the edge of a couple of barrels, so as to form a work table, upon which lay the paper, face side down, paste with brush the back, giving to the whole surface the same thickness; when hanging the paper a soft cloth should be used to rub over the lapping and across the breadth that it may adhere nicely. Borders are put on after the walls are all covered.

Panel-work is only appropriate for large rooms and dining-rooms, even though they may chance to be rather small; in such cases the designs should be longer than wide. Painted panels, on rich, dark grounds, are very ornamental. A pretty style, and inexpensive, too, is formed of strips of tinted paper pasted on walls covered with paper of one hue.

Plastered walls, neatly painted, are exceedingly attractive. Measure the sides, and then calculate where to place the chosen designs. Before painting be sure to size the wall with a coat of glue.

Packed.

To say that Peley's was crowded on Saturday is using a mild term. It was more than crowded; it was packed so that the buyers could hardly get standing room, let alone be properly waited on by the large staff of obliging assistants employed in that well-known and popular establishment.

The *Pepolo Romano* says that a little lucifer match seller has been discovered to possess a most lovely tenor voice and great intelligence, and that he will no doubt be taken from his present life of mendicancy to be educated as a singer.

NEARLY BURIED ALIVE.

A Young Lady Comes to Life After Four Days of Supposed Death.

The sensation of the day at Buck River Falls, Wis., has been the return to life of a young lady who, to all appearances, had been dead three days. Miss Lena Richman, daughter of a wealthy German, had been sick for some weeks, and died, as was supposed. The body was prepared for burial. There were fears in the minds of some that the appearance of the young lady's face did not indicate death, but on the fourth day the funeral was held. While the ceremony was in progress Dr. Baxter, of Milwaukee, seeing the face of the supposed corpse, asked that the services might be interrupted long enough for him to attempt resuscitation. This was done, and he succeeded, so well that the woman arose from the coffin with a shriek. The scene which followed was highly exciting. Men turned pale with horror, and women fainted. It was a long time before anything like quiet was restored. Since then many have called to see and congratulate the lady, whom they never thought to see again in this world. She says that while in a trance like condition she realized with unexpressed agony that she was being prepared for the ground, but could do nothing.

Another Balloon Experiment.

The *St. Louis Globe Democrat* has the following item respecting M. Gentil, the inventor of the balloon, of which our Western contemporaries have lately had considerable to say: M. Gentil was a medical practitioner in France, but owing to political reasons he came to America in 1862, and settled in St. Louis as a locksmith. It has been his life dream to make an air ship, and he has constructed four different machines, each susceptible of improvement. The final effort is a cigar shaped balloon, with gas compartments, a rudder at the thick end, and screw shaped sails at each side to raise or lower the altitude. He claims that he can steer his air ship at will, work his pinions, and raise her when the lifting power of the gas is exhausted. The whole is enclosed in a network, from which depends the car supported by a series of guys, ropes, stays, and gaskets, having the look and gearing of the main deck and bulwarks of a full rigged ship. The model is suspended from the ceiling of his little shop in St. Louis, and is his idol. "It is for the scientific public," M. Gentil said, "the work of my life; and shall I, then, prostitute my grand work by putting it upon exhibition at ten cents a head, like a stuffed whale or petrified hog? I want no money. I give it to the people and I am happy."

A Curious Swiss Lawsuit.

A curious case, in which an Englishman is concerned, is pending before the courts at Lausanne. A dog began to chase a cat; the cat fled down an air shaft leading from the street into a wine vault; the dog followed, and both of them fell. In the vault was a large cask of Xvorne, not very securely tapped, and either the dog or the cat knocked up against the tap and the wine began to flow. The wine merchant clearly had a cause of action for the loss of his wine, and the landlord in his turn had sued his tenant for the damage done by the mess. But who is to blame on the other side, the owner of the dog or the owner of the cat? Unfortunately for the Englishman who owns the dog, the cat (like so many of the species) is an "unappropriated blessing," and the wine merchant has laid his action in consequence against the owner of the dog.

An Old Russian.

A case of extraordinary longevity is reported by Russian papers from a Bessarabian province, where Saytchuk, a man of above 130 years, enjoys perfect health and strength, but his white hair has a greenish tinge. He is a Little Russian by birth and settled in Bessarabia when it was yet under Turkish dominion. His eldest son who is more decrepit than his father is 57 years old. The village of 120 houses, where Saytchuk now lives, has risen from one cottage, which he built a long time ago with the help of a friend, and is exclusively inhabited by direct descendants of the first two inhabitants. The tribe of the Saytchuks is composed of fifty families, which live in peace and quiet without ever going to law.

IN A GYPSY CAMP.

A Graphic Description of a Romany Settlement in Sussex.

Of the younger fry there were as many as half a dozen, four of them girls, whose age may have ranged from eleven to fourteen, and they were worse clad even than the two women, nor were the growing boys better covered. As for the little children, whose skins, poor little wretches, for lack of washing, were the color of light mahogany, several of them were naked as they were born, and there, in the midst of an atmosphere pungent with the odor of onions and misty with the steam of stew, they were all cuddled higgledy piggledy on the ground, some reclining at full length, others squatted "nose and knees" together, discussing their supper with an appetite only to be obtained by a day's toil in a hop garden.

The tent contained no single article of furniture in the ordinary sense of the term. An empty barrel, that apparently had once contained flour, stood in the centre with a board across the top of it, and on this stood a shallow brown pan, which contained what had been cooked in the large kettle, and beside it were several loaves of bread. Two of the women presided. The three men squatted cross-legged, with a large zinc washing-bowl filled with the savoury mess on the ground in their midst, and a four pound loaf, from which, with their clasped-knives, they hacked a "chunk" as they required it. Plates and spoons there were none. They thrust their wedges of bread into the bowl, and so extracted the broth, and they helped themselves to meat with their dirty fingers tearing it asunder with their teeth when the piece was too large to put at once in the mouth. In a gallon stone bottle they had beer, which for convenience of drinking was tilted into a yellow pint basin.

Even less ceremony was observed by the children in eating. The female in charge of the bread cut a substantial "round" from a loaf and tossed it to the elder ones as they reclined on the ground, and then the custodian of the stew fished out a piece of meat and thrust it all hot and reeking at the end of a fork towards the eager hand held out for it, and the meat was clapped atop of the bread and so, without aid of a knife, the ration was devoured. The smaller children were served in the same way, but less liberally. When the men had had their bowls replenished and the women had enough, the pan with the remains of the broth and some bread broken up in it, was placed on the ground, and squealing and greedily hustling each other like so many little pigs, the gypsy infants made short work of it.

Convert and Parson Immersed.

Just after daylight recently, a band of colored persons marched to the water's edge on the Ohio, just below the Newport and Cincinnati Railway bridge, and directly opposite Sausage Row, Cincinnati, where the vilest negro desperadoes resort. They had come to take part in the ceremony of baptizing by immersion a newly-converted sister. The weather was very cool, and the early morning, when few people were stirring, was chosen to escape interruption. After a song and a prayer, the gowned minister and the candidate—a coal-black stout young girl—waded slowly into the chilling water. The girl shivered at first, but exhorted by the minister, she followed him until he halted where the water was waist deep. Suddenly she made the Kentucky shore echo these words:

"Lord-a-massa, I can't stan' dis; lem-me go!"

"But remember the Master's command, dear sister, and don't turn back to the wicked world," said the minister.

"But I mus' go; it'll kill me, I know it will," the girl replied.

She made a desperate effort to escape, but the parson held on, saying as he struggled with his obstinate convert: "No head mus' go under." In the effort to duck the girl's head both went under beyond their depth. They soon rose to the surface and floated down stream, shouting for help. Boats were at hand, and they were rescued in the usual way. Now the colored theologians are discussing whether or not this was a Christian baptism.

A Boot-Black's Eulogy.

"Brandy is dead!" So the men said, so the women said, and so the children called to each other as a piece of news.

A drunkon, good-for-nothing. A so-called man whose brain had become dissolved in liquor, whose mind was enfeebled, and who had disappointed everybody by not dying in the gutter, instead of having the roof of a tenement house over his head.

Why should anyone grieve when such a vagabond passes away? The world may owe him room for his bones to rest, but nothing further. So in "Brandy's" case men said that he was well out of the way, and women clattered their dishes in the rooms below, and cared not for the presence of the dead.

When the undertaker came to bear the body away a dozen people crowded into the room, and among them was a boot-black. Some said that "Brandy" looked well in a coffin; others spoke lightly about his face having at last lost its ruby color, and the dead pauper was no more than a dog in their minds, and why should he have been? One can be a man or he can be a vagabond. If he becomes a vagabond let him lose the respect of men. All had a heartless remark except the boot-black. He stood at the head of the coffin and looked from face to face and said:

"Brandy was low-down, and he died like a beast, and you are all sneering at him! Did any one among you ever give him a chance? Did he have a home when he was a boy? Did men try to encourage him and guide him aright? Is there a man in this room who ever took him by the hand and spoke one kind word? Didn't everybody abuse and ill-treat him? Didn't everybody look upon him as a dog?"

There was no answer.

"Aye! Brandy was low down!" whispered the boy as he laid his hand on the coffin. "He was ragged and hungry, and poor and homeless, and without one single friend. What man among you could have stood out against it any better? Poor old man! They know all about it in Heaven! Let me help to carry him down."

And when the dead had been driven away, and the boy had disappeared, more than one man said:

"After all, we might have made it easier for the poor old man. I wonder that some of us never sought to make a man of him, instead of helping him down."

The Laws of Trade.

"Twenty-three dollars for that 'ere stove!" she exclaimed, before a Wall Street News man, as she held up her hands in horror.

"Yes'm—twenty-three."

"But iron is down."

"Yes."

"I've seen in the papers during the last month where as many as six big iron companies have failed."

"Well?"

"That ought to make stoves cheaper and I know it."

"Madame, in the last two months death has laid his hand upon as many as twenty-five young 'uns in this town."

"Yes, poor things."

"But are nursing bottles any cheaper than three months ago?"

"No," she slowly admitted.

"Of course not, madam. The laws of trade are immutable. The best I can do is to throw in a horse-radish gracer, if you take the stove at \$23."

Loss of Voice.

Miss Wray Freeman, P. O. Ont., has been successfully treated by the Surgeon of the International Throat and Lung Institute, and Dr. M. Souville's wonderful invention, the Spirometer, used for the cure of Catarrh, Catarrhal-deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption in its first stages. Miss Wray had severe Laryngitis, Bronchitis, and COMPLETE LOSS OF VOICE for over seven months, was very much reduced in flesh and debilitated, severe cough and abundant expectoration. She can now talk distinctly and is improving every day. If you cannot call perfectly and be examined, write for list of questions and copy of "International News," published monthly, to 173 Church St. Toronto, or 13 Phillips Square, Montreal, P. Q.

Church music is not difficult to a choir. Not levelled by love—The rank of an orion.

"Mr." and "Esq."

But now comes another of our anomalies, one which greatly puzzles European continental, and which is not always grasped even by our American kinsfolk. This is the nature of the Esquire. A class of people are habitually called plain "Mr." in ordinary talk who would be greatly offended if their letters were so addressed. I am not speaking of those who claim a higher adjective description: I mean those who are spoken of as "Mr. A. B." but who, in any formal description, from the address of a letter upward, must be described as "A. B., Esq." In itself, Esquire, like Knight, is a title, if not of office, of something very like office; and it would not have been wonderful if it had been usual to call men "Knight A." and "Esquire B." But "Knight A." seems never to have been in use; and "Esquire," or rather "Esquire B.," can hardly be said to have ever been in polite use. Men like Hampden, who would have ranked as nobles anywhere out of the British kingdom, were simply "Mr. Hampden," and the like.

To be sure, "Mr." was more of a distinct title than it is now. I have seen somewhere in the early records of a New England colony an order, in which, among other pains and penalties decreed against a certain man, it is forbidden to speak to him any longer as "Mr." Possibly, though used to be spoken of as "Mr.," he did not hold the technical rank of "Esquire." For "Esquire" is a technical rank, as much as Earl or Knight; and one odd thing is when the word, in a contracted shape, is put before a name, it means something different from that technical rank. Many people put "Esq." after their names, not by mere assumption or conventionality, but of perfect right, to whom no living soul would ever think of tacking on "Squire" before their names. "Squire A." marks a position which, if not strictly official, certainly comes very near to it—a position which is not held by all who are described as esquires even by strict formal right.—R. A. Freeman in Longman's Magazine.

A cutaway jacket is the proper costume for an elopement.

A Voice from the Froom.

I take this opportunity to bear testimony to the efficacy of your "Hop" Litters. Expecting to find them nauseous and bitter and composed of bad whiskey, we were agreeably surprised at their mild taste, just like a cup of tea. A Mrs. Croswell and a Mrs. Connor, friends, have likewise tried, and pronounce them the best medicine they have ever taken for building up the system. I was troubled with costiveness, headache and want of appetite. My ailments are now all gone. I have a yearly contract with a doctor to look after the health of myself and family, but I need him not now.

S. GILLILAND.
People's Advocate, Pittsburg, Pa.
July 26, 1878.

A guilt frame—The prison window.

"ROUGH ON CORNS."
Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c.
Quick, complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

OWING to the great increase in our business and the many requests of our lady patrons, we have opened an office at 129 King St. East, two doors east of the English Cathedral. We have also secured the service of Dr. Strangways, who has for seven years made a special study of diseases of the Liver, Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys and the diseases peculiar to the ladies. Dr. Strangways will give free consultations to all parties calling, whether they purchase our remedies or not. He will also explain to inquirers the principle on which our remedies are founded, and how it is that they make so many wonderful cures, even where the best physicians failed. Don't forget that at our retail office you will find the cleverest physician in Toronto to give advice and tell you how to cure yourself and avoid ever being sick.

Correspondence invited.
Address

NOTMAN PAD CO.

120 King St., East, Toronto.

R. WALKER & SONS

—MAKE A—
GREAT DISPLAY THIS MONTH

In Mantles,
Silks and Velvets,
Dress Goods,
Carpets,
Blankets, &c.



TAILOR-MADE MANTLES

In all the most fashionable styles, are imported by us from the best makers in Germany and England, and we have a First Class Cutter constantly employed in the Ordered Department. Our stock of MANTLES for children of all ages, as well as ladies of all weights, is this season in advance of any we have held heretofore, and no lady who can possibly reach the GOLDEN LION, should think of purchasing until she has seen through our GIGANTIC STOCK. Wholesale Prices are the rates here as elsewhere through the house.

An Immense Stock of Velvets, Plushes, Silks, Velvetens, etc., in all the Prevailing Colors.

The Cheapest Line of All-Wool Blankets

—IS AT—
R. WALKER & SONS, 33 TO 37 KING ST. E., TORONTO.

I Long to Call Thee My Own.

By JOHN GOWAN.

PIANO.

Moderato.
mf

Ped. * *Ped.* *

VOICE.

1. Oh I feel so sad to-night for mem'ry brings me back to
2. But in spite of the sadness that mem'ry brings to me, my

Accompaniment.

Ped. *f* *f*

happier days that's past and gone to me,
heart bids me to be of good cheer,

When I think of the lov'd one that's far far a-way in a
For he's coming yes I know it I feel his presence near, though

Ped. *f*

strange land across the deep blue sea,
he may be far... far a-way,

For my poor heart is sad and I long to receive a
Oh!.... when he re-returns oh! what rap-ture what joy; that

f *f* *Ped.* * *p*

2

let-ter that will bring good news to me, for the last words he said are on my mem'ry fresh and green, I
 hap-py hour will ful-ly com-pen - sate, For I fancy now I hear him whisp'ring softly in my ear, I

mf *f* *Dim.*

REFRAIN.

Tempo di Valse.

long long to call thee my own.) — Good by dar - ling, Good
 long to call thee my own.)

p *Ped.* *mf* *Ped.* *Ped.*

SPOKEN. After 1st. Verse.—As the ship left the dock his last words were.—REFRAIN.

SPOKEN. After 2nd. Verse.—When the ship was out of sight the waves seemed to repeat his last words.—REFRAIN.

by dear love I'm go - - ing to leave you, I'm go - ing o'er the

sea,..... Be not down - heart - ed for I'll re - turn

f *Ped.* *p* *Ped.* *Ped.*

love, I long for the day when I'll call thee my own.....

f *Ped.* *Ped.*

EATON'S NEW STORE!

OUR MOTTO:—Pay as you go, then you won't owe.

\$3 Eaton's have a handsome stock of ladies' cashmere Jerseys, new goods, in black, seal navy, grenat and myrtle.

\$4.50 At Eaton's New Store, new cashmere Jerseys, with basque, in grenat, bronze, black and navy, splendid quality, price \$4 50 and \$5 50.

\$8 A very superior line of ladies cashmere Jerseys with basque, beautifully embroidered, with scalloped edge. Eaton's New Store for Novelties.

65c. You can buy at Eaton's New Store, Ladies' American Merino Vests, new goods, for 65c., 75c. and 95c.

95c. Is the price at Eaton's for a first-rate quality in ladies' Canadian lambs-wool Vests; a big stock of ladies' underwear

\$1.25 And you can buy ladies' Shetland lambs-wool Vests, very soft and warm, for \$1.25 and \$1.50; they have them in white for \$1.85 and \$2.40.

\$9.50 Is the price for an exceedingly fine quality in ladies' white cashmere Vests: every lady should see them.

\$2.75 Ladies' Combination Suits are in very great demand. Eaton's keep a large stock. The prices are \$2 75, \$3 50, and \$4 50.

\$1.25 Is the price we commence Children's Combination Suits. A large stock of all sizes at Eaton's New Store.

75c. Only Fancy for 75c. you can buy those new sleeveless Jerseys, in cardinal, seal, French, navy, myrtle, apricot and black, at Eaton's New Store. They have them also at \$1, \$1 25, \$1 50, \$1 60, \$1 75 & \$2.

20c. Is the price Eaton's are selling Children's Wool Hoods, in great variety of colorings.

38c. You can buy at Eaton's New Store those fashionable chamouis washing kid gloves. Only 38c. per pair.

75c. Is the Price for Ladies' Black and Tan Undressed Kid Gloves. Every lady should see them

\$1 For a splendid line of extra long Tan-Colored Undressed Kid Gloves Come and get a pair.

50c. For 50c. at Eaton's New Store you can buy a good corded Corset double busk, worth 90c. All sizes.

\$5 Will buy you one of the prettiest bonnets you could wish. Eaton's keep a splendid assortment of millinery, and are showing novelties of English and French style.

\$10 In the mantle department will be well spent on a lady's fashionable ulster, made from the popular Newmarket cloth, a most stylish and useful garment for ladies' wear, at Eaton's New Store.

\$2 Is the price at Eaton's New Store, for a handsome black fir tippet. A big assortment of the largest sizes for \$2 50, \$3, \$4 and up.

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\$5 And you can secure one of our black beaver cloth dolmans, trimmed in a variety of styles. These goods are much under the usual figure.

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55c. Many people wonder how Eaton's can sell their all-wool white twilled Canadian Blankets at less than wholesale prices. We buy from the makers. We give no credit. We employ no travellers, and sell goods at the lowest possible cash margin.

50c. Ask to see Eaton's black cashmere at 50c. per yard; it is of very fine quality, beautiful shades of blue black, every piece warranted.

32¹/₂c. Is the first price of Eaton's Tapestry Carpets. You can see a large stock of Carpets in the leading makes of Hemp, Tapestry, Brussels, or All-Wool.

12¹/₂c. At Eaton's New Store a big pile of dress goods can be seen for 12¹/₂c. per yard. They have some useful lines in tweed, cloth and fancy materials, suitable for fall wear.

Fashion Department.

Velvet is all the rage. Hosiery is very cheap this fall. The favorite balmoral skirt is black. Wool costumes are the correct street wear.

Paris affects English fashions at the moment.

Blouse effects on tight waists remain in favour.

Steel soutache appears among metallic braids.

The "Star" kid glove is the latest fancy of fashion.

There is a return of favour to clinging dress draperies.

Steel soutache on gray velvet is considered very chic.

Silk costumes are relegated to house and carriage wear.

Russian green combines with black, gray, or deep red.

Silk flounces are vandyked, scalloped, and sometimes pinked.

Basques, as a rule, are short, and are pointed both back and front.

Brides on the Continent no longer wear gloves at the ceremony.

The name Fedora is given to a very handsome new long pelisse.

Black stockings remain the first favorites of fashionable women.

Balmoral skirts are wider, but the yoke about the hips is invariable.

The silk, satins, and brocades of this season are dazzlingly beautiful.

It is again fashionable to wear a fancy pin in the bonnet bow under the chin.

A Parisian costume of pigeon gray is trimmed with the plumage of the blue jay.

Of all the forms of the feminine waistcoat that of fur bids fair to be most popular.

Velveteen is an exploded name: all velvet pile stuffs take the general name of velvet.

The sabot sleeve, full its whole length, and so popular in England, is gaining favor here.

Colored flannel skirts edged with woollen lace are preferred to white ones or balmorals.

Parisian dressmakers discard all sleeves except the close coat sleeve for street costumes.

Waistcoats of all kinds, superimposed on the bodice or corsage, grow more and more popular.

Silk cardigan jackets will be worn under dressy cloaks for extra warmth as the season advances.

Fedora waistcoats are sometimes made of black and white Spanish lace or Escorial lace scarfs.

Parisians are combining velvet with Victorienne, Sicilienne, and Bangaline for carriage costumes.

The jersey is condemned by the Princess of Wales, but it enjoys high favor in Paris and in New York.

Galignani's Messenger very pertinently asks, if English taste in dress is bad, why do the French copy it?

Tucks are used to success by some dressmakers, even velvet flounces being trimmed with two or three tucks.

All, or nearly all, basques have waistcoats. These are of soft silk or satin on heavy cloth and velvet costumes.

Some of the new greens combine beautifully with other colors, and are becoming alike to the dark and the fair.

Velvet flounces have deep hems, which are so heavily stitched as to be plainly visible even when the flounces are thickly pleated.

Velvet dresses are full, but in the more elegant costumes they are made so by extra breadths of the material and not by the flounces.

Imported cloth suits are elaborately made of several contrasting materials, such as cloth and velvet, cloth and satin or Sicilienne.

Flat gold braid, put on in embroidery or in rows, forms the decorative effect on many handsome tailor-made cloth and velvet dresses.

The Broton waistcoat, profusely embroidered, and frequently ornamented with coins and medals, is worn in Paris by women of taste.

Moss green in the cloth combines with golden brown velvet, in the velvet with pale blue, and all of the grays except Russian and slate.

Astrakhan is very much in vogue; even large Astrakhan collars lined with red plush are being made to be worn up against the ears in the Russian fashion.

The majority of imported Paris dresses are very much trimmed, but the plain, youthful costumes of the English and American artists are much more admirable and admired.

Flounces of Oriental and Escorial lace adorn the fronts of handsome dinner and reception dresses, and these flounces are scantily pleated over bias folds of velvet in the same or contrasting colors to the dress.

For ball dresses this season, tulle is revived. Pink, yellow, and cream are the great favorites, and for very young ladies the skirts are made quite bouffant and trimmed with ribbon and flowers rather than embroidery or lace.

While English women of exacting tastes, such as Mrs. Langtry and the Countess of Lonsdale, are ordering their dresses from Parisian dressmakers, the fair French women who leads in the world of Parisian society are ordering theirs of English tailors.

The corsage of black velvet dinner dresses are sometimes made like peasant waists, with low cut neck and narrow shoulder bands. The necessary yoke and sleeves are then formed of tiny frills of black Escorial lace, over black or gray satin, and this yoke is sometimes extended into a vest waistcoat, over which the corsage is laced or clasped.

The fancy of facing the bottom of the skirt with deep bands of fur, Astrakhan, velvet, and plush extends even to milliner's folds of soft silk. These delicate triple folds of silk, the same shade as the wool material of the dress, are put on in oblique lines running from the bottom of the skirt upward to a depth of eight or ten inches. The upper edge is simply turned under.

Reducing the Armies.

The kings of Europe have recently been conferring together. The emperors of Austria and Germany have met, and the King of Spain has paid a visit to several of his brother rulers. The result is said to be an alliance between a number of the leading powers to bring about a reduction of the several armies. In times of profound peace Europe represents a vast camp; nearly all the able-bodied men are drafted into the armies, and the financial burdens of the several nations have, in consequence become intolerable. It is believed that a congress of the several nations will be held to see if something cannot be done to retrench the military establishments, and save some of the money now wasted on costly and useless armaments. How happy is the United States! It has no military burdens, nor has it a navy worth mentioning, and its army is composed of only a few thousand men to keep peace upon the frontiers. Our revenues are so large, that we do not know how to dispose of the surplus. How fortunate that we have no powers upon this continent to dispute the supremacy!

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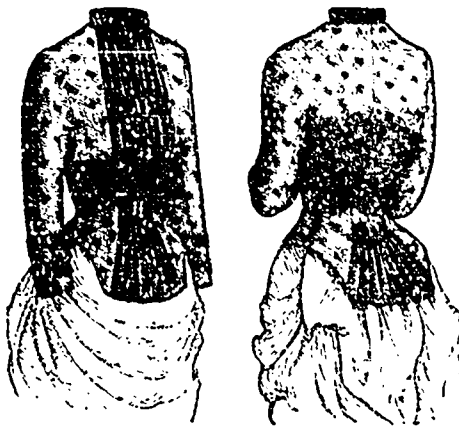
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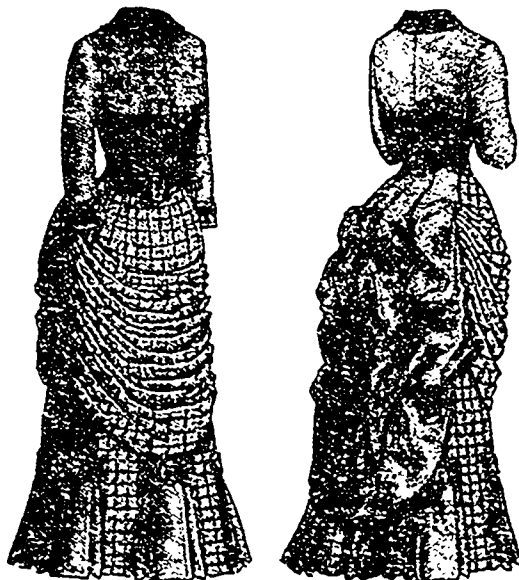
ARMINA POLONAISE.

A stylish; yet simple costume of garnet-colored woven *broche* velveteen, plain Nonpareil velveteen, and *faille* of the same color. The tight-fitting polonaise is of the garnet *broche*, and the front is cut away below the waist and falls in long leaf-shaped points, while the back is most gracefully draped as the illustration shows. The underskirt, of plain Nonpareil velveteen, is cut in battlemented squares falling over a deep box-plaited flounce of garnet *faille*. Bonnet of garnet velvet with full puffed crown, trimmed with ruffles of black and cream lace, and tiny pearl slides on narrow garnet velvet ribbon. A spray of dark red pansies is placed in front, and the velvet ribbon strings tie under the right ear. Price of "Armina" polonaise pattern, thirty cents each size. Plain skirt pattern, thirty cents.



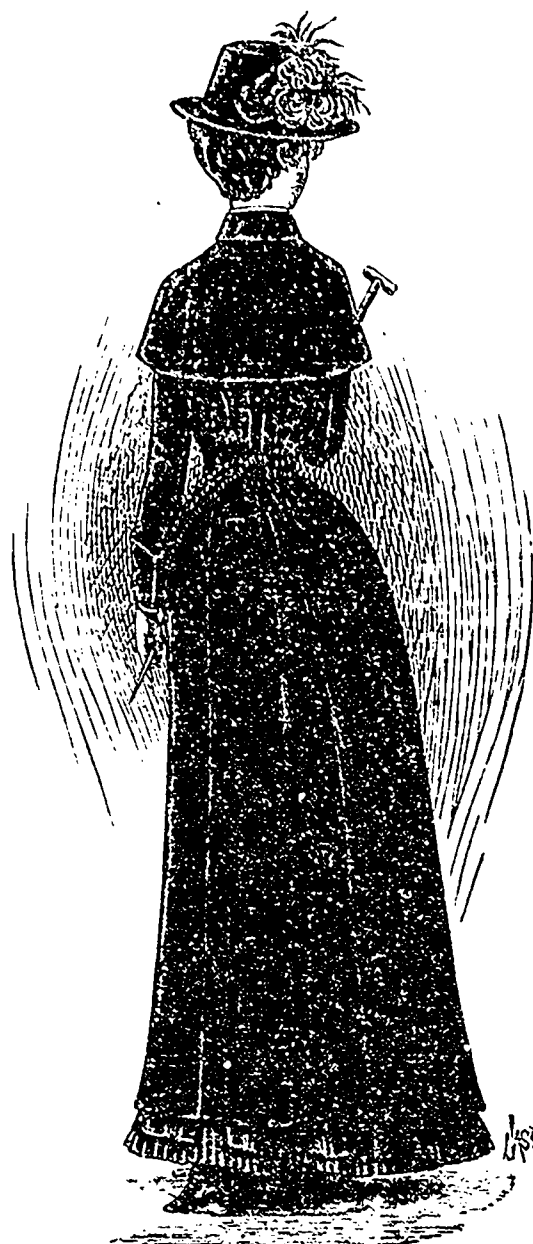
SYLVESTRA BASQUE.

An especially graceful and novel style of basque, short on the hips, the front finished with a plaited vest, and the back cut off just below the waist line and lengthened to the requisite depth by a plaited basque skirt. The basque is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. Pointed straps of ribbon velvet joined by buckles ornament the front of the basque, sleeves and plaited skirt. This model is appropriate for almost any class of dress goods, and is particularly well adapted to a combination of materials. The trimming may be of velvet and buckles, as illustrated, or can be selected according to the material chosen. Price of patterns, seventy-five cents each size.



UNA COSTUME.

Stylish, and exceedingly graceful, this costume has several novel effects. It is composed of a gored skirt trimmed with double-box plaits and a draped apron, and a polonaise which is tight-fitting, with a pointed waist in front and bouffant back drapery. A round collar and cuffs complete the model, which is suitable for almost any class of dress fabrics, especially those that drape easily. It may be trimmed as illustrated, with bands of velvet and buckles, or in any other preferred manner that corresponds with the goods selected. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



LAKME REDINGOTE.

This stylish garment is of dark golden-brown Nonpareil velveteen, over a walking skirt of satin Rhadames of the same color. The redingote, which is the model known as the "Lakme," is cut with tight-fitting fronts, and sacque shaped back shirred in to the figure at the waist. A small fitted shoulder cape, fastened in front with silk cord cloak loops adds to the graceful effect of the redingote, and mousquetaire cuffs and rolling collar of velveteen complete the design. A handsome silk *cordeliere* with tassels swings in triple cords across the front, fastening at either side of the shirring at the waist. Brown felt hat with high sloping crown and flat brim, trimmed with a band of velvet or cluster of ostrich tips and an aigrette. Tan colored Jersey gloves. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Women in the Water.

Fragile women, so often considered as a mere plaything for man, has more than once both astonished man and humiliated him by her exploits of endurance in the water. It is the fact, however, that woman can float more easily in the water than a man can, because she has the advantage over him in having smaller bones in proportion to her total weight than a man has, and has also a larger proportionate amount in her body of adipose matter, which is lighter in water, than man has. But nevertheless, for a fragile vessel she has performed feats on the frisky wave more marvellous even than those accomplished by her male rival and has done them far more gracefully, for it is

an undeniable fact that though woman cannot walk as gracefully as men, she exceeds him in her grace of movement in the water, and becomes in its embrace as fair a nymph indeed as ever floated in the mythic waters of Greek mythology.—*Chicago Paper*.

Married for Keeps.

The skipper of a coal boat on the Baltimore and Ohio Canal recently decided after mature deliberation and careful consideration, to marry his cook, who had been a tried and faithful servant to him for quite a number of his perilous trips on the straggling lashed canal. So he spoke to her about the matter one day, and after securing her coy

consent, he ordered the boat tied up at a small town, and being a practical skipper, skipped up the street after a parson. The nuptial knot was soon tied, the parson beaten down to a dollar and a half for his fee, and then the canal boat man said: "Well Melindy, we are married for keeps now. We are hitched for life and must pull together. I'm a little short-handed to-day, and as that lead mule has got saddle galls on his back, you just take the towpath and lead him down to Harper's Ferry, and I'll steer an' kinder ruminat on some plan to give you work on the boat without going ashore in the mud. I've got a powerful sight more respect for you now that you're my wife."—*Texas Siftings*.

Our Engravings.

The designs and illustrations of this department are from the celebrated house of Mme. Demorest, the acknowledged representative of Fashions in Europe and America. This house has always received the first premium at all the Expositions, and is the recipient of the only award over all competitors for patterns of Fashions, at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Paris, London, and New York.

The "Woman's Kingdom" is what George Augustus Sala calls the United States.

MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The Dominion Mutual Benefit Society of Canada, (Incorporated) provides a benefit of \$500, \$1,000, or \$2,000 for families of deceased members; also an endowment of \$250, \$500 or \$1,000 in ten years, and \$500 to \$1,000 in case of permanent disability or sickness or accident. A number of the leading business and professional men in the country are members. All claims will be promptly adjusted on maturity. Ladies admitted on equal terms with gentlemen. Agents wanted. Greatest inducements ever offered. Call or send for terms and by-laws. Home Office 30 Adelaide Street East Toronto.

MARTIN LUTHER'S LIFE.

Some Now and Interesting Facts about His Parents and His Career.

The approaching fourth centenary of the birth of Martin Luther, which is producing a crowd of books and pamphlets, has also brought to light a little volume of which there are probably not more than half a dozen copies in existence. It was published in Leipzig in the year 1752, and bears the title, "Life of Hans Luthor and Margarethe Lindemann, his Wife." It contains interesting information concerning the Reformer's parents and his early life that is not generally known, and cannot be found in other books.

About the year 1470 there lived in Monra, a village of Saxo-Meiningen, situated between Salzenau and Eisenach, a humble peasant, who afterwards became a miner. He was Hans Luthor, the father of Martin Luther. He engaged as housekeeper Margarethe Lindemann, who belonged to one of the oldest families of Eisenach, and married her about the year 1479. It is nowhere recorded what her age was at the time she entered the bonds of matrimony, but we learn from the little book above cited that "she was brought up by her parents in the fear of God, and as a good housekeeper," so that "she became possessed of many virtues which caused Hans to take her for his wedded wife, although she was but a poor girl."

The young couple soon after removed to Mansfield, a neighboring town. We are told that Margarethe Luther, on Nov. 10, 1483—it being market day—had gone to Eisenach, now a town of Prussia Saxony, and that here she unexpectedly gave birth to a son,

WHO WAS NAMED MARTIN.

Many years after the great reformer had departed this life, there was created on the site of the humble house in which he was born, and which was destroyed by fire in 1689, a free home for destitute orphans. This charitable institution for a long time found it very difficult to maintain its existence, until Frederick William III., King of Prussia, took it under his protection, and changed it into a "Luther Free School." An imposing edifice, the Teachers' Seminary, now stands immediately in rear of the old Luther House.

According to some writers, Hans Luther and his wife still lived in Monra when their son Martin was born. On the other hand "Magister Nicolaus Behnhn" relates in his "Church-History" that at that time they had already removed to Mansfield.

We read in the little volume already referred to that "Hans and Grothe were very poor, but God had given them strong, healthy bodies, so that they were able to labor diligently, early and late." Hans untiringly followed his vocation as a miner, while "his wife went to the neighboring woods to gather fire wood which she carried home on her back. Their son Martin tells that "his parents had no easy time of it, and worked harder than people did when he was a man." We are also informed by him that "they were very severe to their children," of whom they had a large number. It is generally understood that Martin had one brother and four sisters, but the Reformer in his letters contradicts this statement. He makes distinct mention of nine brothers-in-law, the husbands of his sisters. According to the little book which we take for our guide, the names of only one brother and four sisters are known, viz.: Jacob, Barbara, Dorothea, Maria, and Katharina. The names of two of his brothers who died with the plague are not known. The education of the children devolved upon the mother, who—Martin tells us—"had a hard task to perform, as his father had to be absent from home a great deal." In later years the Reformer expressed his satisfaction at having been brought up under

STRICT BUT SEVERE DISCIPLINE, although he mentions that his mother, while her intentions were best, sometimes was too strict; she did not know how to discriminate between the different characters of her children, and often punished those who deserved praise, and vice versa. Once she beat Martin "till the blood came for having taken a nut from the mantle shelf." And when his parents first took him to school—he was at that time so small that his father had to carry him there in his arms—the teacher was particularly requested not to be too lenient with Martin. His pedagogue made free use of the power thus granted him; he once flogged the poor boy fifteen

times in a single afternoon. Martin became timid, and mentions that this rough and undesired treatment caused a gloom to settle on his mind, which was never entirely dispelled, and in a measure became the cause of his entering the Augustinian Convent at Erfurt. The Reformer calls the German schools of those days purgatories, and the teachers tyrants.

It is well known that his parents had to suffer a great deal in consequence of the bold stand which the Reformer took, and through which at one time he became an outlaw both before Church and State. Evil disposed persons did not hesitate to criminate his father and mother, and "the slanderous tongues not only of strangers, but of neighbors, caused their hearts much pain and soreness. But they bore their cross patiently, and found consolation in the fact that men like Melancthon were engaged upon the same task with their son." In order to fully comprehend the trying position they found themselves placed in when the Reformer entered into his conflict with the Pope, it must be borne in mind that they lived in an age of darkness and superstition, and they, too, were children of their time, and not free from its prejudices. Thus Martin Luther relates in his "Table Talk" that his mother was sorely vexed and annoyed by a woman living in the neighborhood who was

GIVEN TO THE BLACK ART,

and that his mother had to do her utmost to gain the good will of this "witch," so that she should not bewitch her children. Melancthon praised Margarethe Luther as a woman upon whom all honest women might look as a model of true goodness and virtue. And when on the 25th of November, 1520, Melancthon was married, the plain woman, who at one time had carried firewood home on her back in order to prepare the humble meals for her family, was invited to the wedding, together with "her dear Hans." "Both were seated at the head of the table, where the guests of honor were sitting."

As a proof that the reformer dearly loved his parents, it is said that he dedicated to his father the book he wrote about "Content Life," and also that he was mindful of securing a lasting place for the memory of his parents by inserting their names in his "Book of Marriage Formulas," as follows: "Hans, wilt thou have Gretchen for thy wedded wife?"

Martin Luther's parents were granted the blessing of seeing all their children placed in comfortable circumstances. Hans Luther in time became quite a prominent citizen of Mansfield. "He acquired a house and two furnaces, and was several times elected a member of the Town Council. His wife was no longer compelled to go to the woods in search of kindling wood; she led a comfortable life, surrounded by children and grandchildren, and peace and happiness reigned in their home." This state of affairs, however, was not to last long. On the 29th day of May, 1530, Margarethe Luther lost her husband, and "from that time forth she was no longer the same." The Reformer relates how "she grieved sorely until her summons, too, came." She died a year and one month after her husband, June 30, 1531. Martin was not present at her bedside when she breathed her last. "Important duties which devolved upon him did not permit of his undertaking a long journey for the purpose of seeing his beloved mother once more. But he did not neglect his duty as a good child, and addressed to her an affectionate letter."

The beginning and conclusion of this interesting epistle read as follows:

MY DEARLY BELoved MOTHER. I have received a letter from my brother Jacob apprising me of your sickness, and am very sorry that I cannot be with you personally, as I would like to be. May the father and God of all consolation through His holy word and Spirit grant you a firm, happy, and grateful faith, so that you may overcome this and all affliction, and arrive at the conviction that He speaks the truth when he says: "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." I herewith recommend your body and soul to His mercy. Amen. All the children and my Katie pray for you. Some weep, some eat, saying, "Grandmother is very sick." God's grace be with you, and with us all. Amen.

Your affectionate son,
DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

Saturday after Ascension, 1531.

The balloon that will not go up is not good for ascent.

Usury.

Our English ancestors thought that it was shameful and unchristian to demand pay for the use of money. While they never declared that the taking of interest was unlawful, they made statutes to limit the amount. In time their views changed, and they saw that it was just that a borrower should pay for the use of the money loaned him, if the charge, called interest, was not exorbitant.

A trader who borrows money to use in his business, and thereby increases his profits, ought to pay for the use of the money just as he pays for the rest of his stock in trade.

In nearly all countries the rate of interest is fixed by law. In commercial countries it is also the rule that any rate of interest can be given and accepted if the agreement to pay it is made in writing. The reason for this is that the value of money like the value of any commodity is changeable. It is high when money is scarce, and low when it is plenty. It is right that the dealer in money should have the same advantages as the dealer in any other article.

To make or agree to take unlawful interest is usury. If taken unintentionally, or by mistake, the agreement is binding at the lawful rate.

Money lenders resort to many expedients to avoid the law. Some of these are allowable. A lender may deduct the interest from the face-value of the note, thus obtaining it in advance.

An agreement that a year shall be twelve months of thirty days each, for computing interest may be demanded and taken if expressly agreed upon, but the interest must be asked for when it falls due.

A lender who is obliged to borrow the money he advances, may charge for the trouble of raising it. The courts, however, always watch such cases with suspicion.

When a man borrows money to put into a business, the lender may charge more than the lawful rate. He has a right to receive pay for the risk he incurs. It is always lawful to buy up a note in the money-market for less than its face value.

The laws on usury do not apply to loans of anything except money. Any sum may be charged for lending articles of commerce.

Usurious agreements are worthless in the hands of the parties who make them. In some places, notes bearing usurious interest are not good in the hands of the persons who bought without knowing them to be so tainted. Nearly everywhere, however, an innocent holder may obtain his money.

Modern laws have made the usury regulations of little account. To-day in civilized lands, they are only a curiosity of ancient legislation.

Gold by the Chunk.

One of the richest strikes known to the mining history of California was made at the Neville, or Mammoth Mine, about three miles south of this place, lately. A pocket of quartz of almost unparalleled richness was found less than 100 feet from the surface, in which was contained from \$75,000 to \$100,000, and being about two tons in quantity. Much of this might justly be termed huge chunks of gold, instead of gold-bearing quartz. Some of the immense pieces of almost solid gold were about as heavy as a man could easily lift from the ground. The largest piece was of an oval shape, 16 by 22 inches, and 6 or 7 inches thick. This gold is almost black, and of the same character as the former rich strikes found in the mine, and which have therefore attracted the interest and attention of all parts of the United States. We have no doubt that this is the richest find of gold of this kind ever known in the United States at one single time.—*The Amador Dispatch.*

A Cont a Kiss.

In the case of Mary Ann Miller against Stephen Beck, an action to recover damages for breach of promise of marriage, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff in the sum of \$1,108.33. The case was a novel one. The parties were first cousins, and both have reached and partly passed the prime of life. The plaintiff was housekeeper for the defendant, and told how he had addressed her in the usual country style of courting. When asked if he had ever kissed her, she said, "More than a hundred thousand times." The verdict she gained is at the rate of a cent for a kiss, with a little interest thrown in.

A MADMAN AT THE THROTTLE.

An Engine Travelling at a Fearful Speed

An engine on the Pennsylvania railroad passed Latrobe recently at a frightful rate of speed. The operator in the signal station near by heard the rumble of approaching wheels and looked up the track in surprise. Like a flash the engine passed the signal station. The operator's eye caught for an instant the figure of a man standing at the throttle with blood streaming from his face. That was all. Then the engine disappeared in a cloud of dust.

An extra freight train coming west was not far from Derry station when it met with an accident. Derry is forty-six miles east of the city. The train was a heavy one. In addition to the regular drawing engine there was a pushing engine behind. Suddenly the drawhead of the forward car gave away, and

THE ENGINE, RELEASED FROM ITS HEAVY WEIGHT,

sprang ahead for a few feet, when it was stopped. A brakeman should have been sent to the rear to notify the engineer of the pushing engine of the accident, but it seems that this act of caution was omitted. Switchman John Bley and fireman James Maloney went to repair damages. Bley crawled under the front platform of the disabled car and Maloney was resting on one knee at the bull-nose of the coupling when the train started. In an instant Bley's body was being rolled over and over under the platform; he tried to jump to his feet, but was too late. He was pushed along by the platform and was caught between the car and the forward engine, which was standing on the track where the engine had stopped it. As soon as the train could be stopped the train men and engineer went to the assistance of the injured men. Maloney was shrieking with pain. He was speedily extracted and was suffering the most frightful agony. Tenderly the train men lifted the injured fireman from the ground and carried him to the engine. They placed him upon his back in the cab and went for switchman Bley. He was beyond all help. When his mangled and bleeding body was pulled from beneath the car life was extinct.

While the trainmen were standing about the remains

A WILD SCENE WAS ENACTED

in the cab of the engine. In spite of his terrible injuries and the great loss of blood fireman Maloney's strength was not exhausted. His terrible suffering had turned his brain. Delirium had seized him. Jumping to his feet he danced about and uttered such wild, frightful shrieks as only madmen can utter. There was no one there to control him. It would have been dangerous to have attempted it. He was at home on the engine. With the blood streaming from his gaping wounds the raving man seized the throttle and pulled the valve wide open. The engine jumped away in an instant and started to run grade at a frightful velocity. It was all done in an instant. Fortunately the track was clear and the madman had nothing to hinder him in his headlong race. The six miles to Latrobe were passed over in a twinkling. Then the maniac's strength apparently gave way. Before he fell to the floor unconscious he seized the throttle and turned it the other way. Perhaps it was done in falling. At all events, when the engine had reached the bottom of the grade, a mile further on, it came to a stand. There a party of trainmen found it, and on the floor of the cab they found the body of Maloney lying in a pool of blood. The body was taken to the office of a physician, who dressed the wounds temporarily and pronounced them fatal.

Queen Victoria's Proposal.

Mrs. Oliphant writes, in the November Century: "There was a story current at the time, that at a state ball, very near the period of their betrothal, the young lady gave her princely suitor a rose, which he, without a button-hole in his close-fitting uniform, slit the breast of his coat to find a place for, and that this was a token to all the court of the final determination of the great event,—her majesty, as it is pleasant to hear, having shown herself a little coy and disposed to put off the explanation, as happy girls are wont to do. No more perfect marriage has ever been recorded; the Queen herself attributed the formation of her character to it, and all that is most excellent in her life."

DEATH-WARNINGS.

Promissions of Dissolution ascribed to Supernatural Agencies—Some Remarkable Instances.

A number of acquaintances were together recently, when the conversation turned on the subject of premonitions of death-warnings. No one confessed to a belief in such things, but each had a well authenticated instance to relate which no one was able to explain.

Said one "I am not prepared to say whether I do or do not believe in premonitions. What I am going to relate happened under my own observation, and made a lasting impression on me. Several years ago three of us were rooming together on Walnut hills. One of the number was formerly from Maysville, Ky., a man without any nonsense in him in regard to anything. Of his father's family he often spoke, and particularly of a little half brother, for whom he seemed to have more than a brother's affection. One night, probably about two o'clock, we were awakened by a cry of distress from our friend on another bed. We found him sitting up right and wide awake. In explanation of the cry he said he had just that minute seen his little half brother die. We tried to reason him out of such an idea, but he simply replied: 'I will not subject myself to your ridicule by saying anything more about it, but my fears will be confirmed when morning comes.' Sure enough, on the arrival of the first omnibus from the city in the morning came a messenger boy with a telegram announcing the death of the little half brother in Maysville. I know all this to be true. Make your own explanations."

"Some of you know," said another, "that my poor mother died in an insane asylum a few years ago. My eldest brother enlisted during the first months of the late war. I can just remember the fact from some of the incidents connected with his departure for camp. Three days later, before any word had been received from him, my mother aroused the household with her screams. It was about ten o'clock at night, the family, including my mother, having retired early. Mother said she had seen Tom in her sleep lying on a cot dead, with a fearful wound in his left breast. It was in vain that she was told that it all came about by her anxiety to hear from him, and the pictures she had drawn of the horrors of battle. She would believe nothing except that her boy was dead. We lived several miles from a telegraph office, but early in the morning father rode over and telegraphed to the captain of the company. While he waited, the answer came: 'Tom was accidentally stabbed to death last night. Particulars by mail. The particulars were that Tom, in attempting to separate two men who were fighting, received a fatal knife wound in the breast. My poor mother never knew when the body arrived. From the moment that the contents of the telegram were made known to her she became a maniac, and died after ten years of suffering without ever seeming to recognize either of the three young children who were left worse than motherless."

"When I was a boy," said a third, "my mother had a young lady doing some sewing for her. She was regarded as a most remarkable girl. Deeply religious, she carried her profession into her every-day life. Her prayers and exhortations were remarkable for one so young and uneducated. Her life was a beautiful one in every respect. One winter's night she and my mother were sitting by the fire after having put up their sewing, when she astonished my mother by asking whether she thought persons were warned of their approaching death. I was a small boy, and my presence was not regarded as of any moment. My mother made an evasive reply, and the young lady related the following. One year ago, one night my two sisters and myself were sleeping in one room, they in one bed and I in the other. I was awakened in some manner, I could not tell how, but with the most delightful feeling I ever experienced. I hesitated to open my eyes, although I was wide awake, but the delightful sensation I felt would leave me. I did open my eyes, however. The moon was shining brightly into the room, and for a moment I saw nothing unusual, while my eyes caught sight of a little child standing on the foot of my bed. I was not frightened and do not believe I was surprised. It all seemed so natural and a part of the pleasant waking I had just experienced that I wanted to see what else would come. In a moment the child said "You will live just three years," and it was gone. I did

not awaken my sisters, but the next morning I related the circumstances at the breakfast table. They all laughed at me except father, who looked serious, and has treated me with greater tenderness ever since. I believe I am going to die at the time designated, but I am making no preparation for the event beyond trying how much good I can do in the short time I am to stay here.. resolved to watch the date, but boy like I all passed from my mind. I only remember that two winters after, one cold Christmasday, I drove my mother in a sleigh to attend the funeral of her young girl friend. She had been sick nearly all winter, and probably died at the very date that she said she would."

"I believe I have never related this before," said another. My father had been an invalid for several years, but of late he had not seemed any more likely to die suddenly than years before. We lived many miles apart and certainly not a day passed that I did not think of him, but I had ceased to feel that constant anxiety that clung to me the first year or two of his illness. One night after I had retired I lay wide awake, but with my eyes closed, as was my custom, and with my face toward the front side of the bed. Suddenly I imagined that my father was standing beside the bed looking at me. Do not understand me to mean that I saw him. If any of you will close your eyes, by the exertion of your imagination you can, of course, bring any object before you. That was my situation, except that I did not purposely employ my imagination. The vision came instantly and unsought. This is as plain as I can make it. He did not appear as I had last seen him, but seemingly free from suffering and in the very best of humor. A pleasant smile was on his face, such as I had never seen in twenty years. It was all over in a moment. I opened my eyes involuntarily, and of course, saw nothing. I did not sleep for some hours, when I did fall to sleep I was disturbed by dreams, and got up in the morning unrefreshed and went to my place of business. About 8 o'clock I was handed a telegram, and realized what it meant. For a minute I was engaged, and put the telegram in my pocket. When I was disengaged, which was almost immediately, I commenced making arrangements to be absent, and was remanded by an associate that I had not read my telegram. I was so well satisfied what it contained that I had unthinkingly allowed it to remain unopened. The reading confirmed my fears. He had died suddenly the night before, and was dead perhaps a minute before anyone knew it. Was it then that his spirit appeared at my bedside? I do not know, but the time corresponded exactly."

One of the company had said nothing during the entire conversation. He was asked for his experience, and very unexpectedly to most of the company he had one to give. "As you all know, I have a wife and children, and I do not need to tell you that I am happily married. Away back in boyhood like most boys, I had a 'first love.' They are often laughed at and seldom make matches, but I believe that those early loves leave lasting impressions, and should not be made light of. We were separated in the most natural way, and years later we both married. We never met, and so far as I am able to judge, no regret marred the happiness of either of us. Such separations are regarded as natural and necessary, but I want to put on record here that I never thought of her without recalling the pleasant emotions of our early love, and which I believe are never felt in any future attachments, however true and warm they may be. "One night when I had certainly not thought of her for months, I was awakened by what I then thought and still believe was a kiss on my forehead, and she stood beside me in plain view. It was only for a moment, and the incident, imaginary or real, did not disturb me enough to keep me awake for five minutes. A week later I heard of her death. Good night, gentlemen, I did not know it was so late."

The company broke up, and the writer has tried to give a faithful recital from memory of the so-called incidents as related in the order given. —Cincinnati News Journal.

Denver Doings.

Mr. J. A. McBeth, Pacific Express Office, Denver, Colo., was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of an excruciating pain in the neck, and also toothache. One application did the work.

CANCERS AND OTHER TUMORS

are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp & pamphlet.

London has a weekly paper devoted to ballooning matters—the *Aeronaut*. It is probably published on fly-paper.

FITS, FITS, FITS, successfully treated by World's Dispensary Medical Association. Address, with stamp for pamphlet, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Is there a tonic?" inquires an anxious correspondent; and in our humble opinion it is most emphatically—a Tonic. **ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.** On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood purifier and strength-restorer,—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

There is not always honor among thieves. A society reporter is something of a pirate himself; yet he frequently attacks private cars.

They all tell the same story. Mr. W. Thompson, Jeweller, Delhi, suffered for years from Dyspepsia, got no relief until he used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. He says "I was just the medicine I needed. It has cured me."

The difference between a single colored man's moan for his sweetheart and a West ern storm is, that one is a dark, lone sigh, and the other a dark cyclone.

WHAT! LIMPING YET! Why should you go limping around when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor will remove your corns in a few days. It will give almost instant relief and a guaranteed cure in the end. Be sure you get the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor, made by Polson & Co., Kingston, for many substitutes are being offered, and it is always better to get the best. Safe, sure, painless.

One hundred and fifty Annamite convicts, erecting a lighthouse on the island of Pooleo Candor, 120 miles east of Point Cambodia, and belonging to French Cochinchina, murdered a Frenchman and a native warden, and seriously injured another Frenchman. Sixty of them seized arms and stores and decamped in boats. The rest fled to the woods.

A. P. 140



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINCY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages. The Charles A. Vogeler Co. Sole Importers for the U.S.A. Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

It may not be generally known to our readers that the REGISTRY HOLLOWWARE CO., who are the largest manufacturers of fine Gold and Silver-plated Ware in the world, have established a branch factory in Hamilton, Ont., for the purpose of supplying their CANADIAN customers with their wares at the same prices as they are sold for in the States. They have justly earned a reputation for quality and durability unequalled by any other makers, and have always been awarded the highest prizes wherever they have exhibited from the World's Fair in 1853 to the present time. The immense popularity and demand for their goods have induced other makers to imitate their name and trade marks, and for the sake of protecting our readers from such imposition we have procured copies of the trade marks, and purchasers will do well to cut out and take with them when wishing to get the genuine REGISTRY HOLLOWWARE COMPANY'S GOODS.



Trade mark stamped on all Hollow Ware, such as Tea Sets, Cruets, Butter, Fruit Stands, etc.

An Oregon Hunting Story.

Last week while a gentleman was out hunting in the woods near Hardy Eliff's place he shot a deer, which ran into the woods, and he was unable to find it. A day or two after Mr. Walker found where the deer had been dragged for some distance and partially devoured by a bear. He procured a steel trap and set it. The next morning he went to the place and found the trap gone. Young Mr. Eliff went back with him to the place and put the dogs on the trail. They had not proceeded far before they found the pile hanging from the forks of a tree, with the chain and trap on the other side, with the hind foot and tendons of the leg of a monster bear. The dog went a short distance further and commenced baying. Mr. Eliff went to where they were and shot a large female panther out of a tree, which he and the dogs soon killed. A young dog went back into the bush, and commenced barking. They went to the place and found two young panthers about half as large as a full grown cat, which they took to Mr. Eliff's house. The strangest part of the story is that an old cat with some young kittens adopted the young panthers and nurses them. Mr. Eliff informs us that it is amusing to see the old cat lug the young whelps up a flight of stairs and put them to bed in the garret.

G. R. GRANT & CO., 402 Queen St. West, Toronto,

Manufacturers of SHIRTS Collars & Cuffs. Our Paris Patent Shirt made to order, reinforced fronts: No. 5-3 for - - \$2.90 " 4-3 " - - 3.75 " 3-3 " - - 4.50 " 2-3 " - - 5.00 " 1-3 " - - 5.75 All our Winter Goods reduced. Bargains in Flannel Shirts and Underclothing. 27 Troy Laundry in con. cotton

G. R. GRANT & CO. 402 QUEEN STREET, WEST, TORONTO

146 & 148 King St. E. Cor. Jarvis. TORONTO WE INVITE YOUR Confidence and PATRONAGE. 146 pending New Ladies SHOES PARLOR.

One aim will be to make it a pleasant and profitable place of resort for ladies who value fair dealing and economy.

1847 ROGERS BROS. XI, OR 1847 ROGERS BROS. XII. This trade mark is stamped on all Knives, Forks, Spoons, Ladles, Cake Cutters, etc.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

When criticizing Bartley Campbell's "White Slave" on its first production in Toronto, we remarked that while it was a specimen of the work he would turn out if he could, his "Galley Slave"—the play that made his fame and fortune in a night—was a specimen of what he could do if he would. With the exception, perhaps, of his other famous play, "My Partner," none of his productions have enjoyed so wide, or so well deserved a popularity. It is a remarkably well-constructed play. It is intensely dramatic, strongly emotional, of great interest, and tersely and vigorously written. It is, however, already so well known to our theatregoers that to criticize the play itself is unnecessary. It merely remains for us to say that it is admirably acted by a very capable company. Owing to the indisposition of the leading lady Miss Margaret Lanner assumed, at very short notice, the role of Cecily Blaine, and under the circumstances gave a very satisfactory impersonation. The remainder of the company acquitted themselves admirably, and the play has been drawing good houses during the week.

Mr Henry Irving thus speaks of the stage, past and present :

Conservative critics have said that good acting died when modern stage setting was born. That there are no such actors now, there can be no such actors, as Burbage and Taylor, because they drew inspiration from the fountain-head so to speak. Did those men have such scenery as we have? Of course not; but I doubt not that they would have been very glad to have it. It seems to me that we have only to look back to the theatre of past days to see how little it would please the public to-day. How should we like to see Rosalind played by a half-shaven boy, with a shrill, piping voice and the angularity of a boy's gesture? How could a boy invest the part with the womanly grace and softness which we consider essential? If the public of Shakespeare's day was content with a boy Rosalind, may we not suppose that the performance of that day as a whole would wholly fail to satisfy our audiences of to-day? Then, I contend that Shakespeare constantly fretted under the poverty-stricken stage upon which he had to put his plays. In the choruses of Henry V. he laments the makeshifts with which he had to content himself. The same old cry of the slaves of tradition has always been trammelling the player's art. When Betterton substituted a painted background, in place of the customary drop of green stuff or absurd tapestry, he was set upon and criticised as a dangerous innovator. I hold that we should do everything that can be done to heighten the illusion without distracting the attention of the spectator from the essence of the piece. Macready did wonders for the stage, and successfully; he went so far as to make the birds sing and the leaves rustle in the forest of Arden. Kean allowed the ballet master to play too much of a part. When you magnify the *mise en scene* at the expense of the play, then I say stop. But up to that point I find nothing to apologize for.

Here is a pen and ink portrait of the famous English actor :

His complexion is swarthy and his face is so varied in its expression that it is difficult to convey an accurate description of its many changes. His hair is black and long; his eyes dark grey, and his height is slightly under six feet. His shoulders are broad, his figure is well proportioned and his tout ensemble is thoroughly artistic. Mr. Irving's features are not dissimilar to the portraits of Mr Oscar Wilde, but he is a more refined edition of the familiar type of that eccentric apostle of æstheticism. Mr. Irving's smile is peculiarly fascinating. His eyebrows are black and heavy; his forehead is receding but the lower portion of his face is decidedly of a classic cast. His mouth is large but shapely. He wears his hair parted slightly to one side. His manner of walking, however, is stogy. He moves, or rather "struts" as he moves, with a forward inclination of the body, as if he were about to seize the person whom he addresses.

Mr Henry Irving made his first appearance before a New York audience on Monday night last, as *Mathias* in "The Bells." The

night was a miserable one, the rain falling in torrents, but the audience was, nevertheless, one of the most select and distinguished ever seen in a New York theatre, and the social welcome accorded the great actor on his arrival has been followed, says the *Sun*, by one of the most brilliant triumphs that any artist from abroad has ever won. Of the impersonation of *Mathias* the *Sun* says: "It is one of the most distinct and striking characterizations that our stage has seen, thrilling in its intensity, and at moments inspiring to awe by its depiction of human self-torture and agonizing despair. The conviction of these matters that is reached is complete. No matter what may be thought of the singularity of the actor's stage personality, of his idiosyncrasies of utterance, of gesture, and of movement, the impression of his mastery of his art, of his plotuqueances, and of the refinement and finish of his performance remains unclouded and undisputed."

At Jena last week, a new drama by Otto Dovriant, was produced with immense success. It is entitled "Luther," and is called an historical characterization, in seven divisions. It tells the story of Luther's life very completely and dramatically, and is remarkable for its historical correctness. One hundred and twelve people took part in the play, which lasted from 3.30 to 9 p.m. The scenery was artistic and striking, and the impersonation of the characters of Luther by Dovriant, the author, *Katherina* by the Fraulein Kuhlman of the Weimar Court Theatre, and others, received great applause.

The Adelado Street Rank still continues to be crowded at every performance of Jacob's Novelty Co. This is the fourth—and last—week of the engagement, and there appears no reason why it should not continue for four other weeks with equal success, but that previous arrangements render such a course impossible. The Co. can at any rate count on a hearty welcome whenever it may return here.

Marie Antoinette's harp has come to light in an old curiosity shop in Berlin. Fleury, the Queen's valet, carried it off as a souvenir, but, being reduced to great poverty, he was forced to part with it, and sold it to a lady of Brunswick; after which it passed through various hands. The harp is richly inlaid with ivory, and still bears the name of the maker.

The attraction at the Grand next week will be the already familiar military drama "Youth," presented by a superior company. There will be the usual Thanksgiving matinee.

The Emerson Concert Co. will give four concerts at the Horticultural Gardens, commencing on Tuesday next, the 6th inst., with a Thanksgiving day matinee.

William Stafford the young tragedian is making an excellent reputation this season. He is now playing in Pennsylvania, and is being greeted with enthusiasm.

An Enterprising Firm.

Among the many enterprising business men of Montreal few are more enterprising in their own way than the well-known firm of James Lee & Co., of 517 Laguchetiere St., whose advertisement appears elsewhere. Their stock embraces a very large range of goods of all kinds, and the figure at which they are sold are something astonishing. A printing office for \$1.25, such as will enable many a school boy to turn an honest penny by printing his friends' cards for them. A barometer and thermometer combined, for \$1, which will be found invaluable to farmers and others; spy glasses at the same price, which will be found just the thing for tourists and travellers generally. The Family Record, for 25 cents, will recommend itself to all families as a useful and ornamental adjunct to the home pictures. The Harpette, a new musical instrument, which is becoming very popular indeed, from the ease with which it can be learned, \$1.50 to \$2.50 according to size; these are among the latest offers of the firm. Then there are any number of songs—good songs, which have long since become popular—to be had at a cent each; while the "Gold Watch Stationary Package" is an attractive feature in the business, for the particulars of which we refer our readers to the advertisement. The firm is a thoroughly reliable one, and all their offers are bona fide, while the articles offered are in every case first class, and can be depended on to fill the bill in every particular.

Underground Russia.

Underground Russia has a bold, and for the most part vigorous, periodical press. The printers of *Land and Liberty* boast that they have issued fifteen proclamations and pamphlets; those of the *Will of the People* claim to have put into circulation two periodicals and thirteen proclamations, or in all 52,600 separate printed sheets. Abroad, the revolutionary group of Russian anarchists issued 3,000 copies and two appeals to the people, while the Forward party published eight pamphlets and two appeals to the people, making altogether 34,600 copies. The circulation of the *Will of the People* is said to vary from 1,500 to 3,000 of each number, while the *Alarm Bell* is distributed every month to 1,500 persons. This may be thought a small circulation, when regard is had to the eagerness with which publications of this kind are read all over Russia, not only by those actually belonging to secret societies, but also by people who either sympathize with conspiracy or merely look upon it as spectators. On the other hand it must be remembered that forbidden literature of this kind is carefully passed from hand to hand, so that a copy reaches no fewer at the lowest estimate, than a hundred readers. And when the perils of printing and distribution are called to mind, it will be at once seen that "2,000 copies" is a circulation not small, but dangerously large.

Landsor's Retriever.

Sir Edwin Landsor is accredited with the following *jeu d'esprit*.—The sagacity of several retriever dogs was being discussed in his presence. "Not one yet mentioned comes up to mine," said he, "and thus: Upon a certain occasion I showed him a five-pound note of a well known country town bank, near to which I was residing. I rolled up the note, put it in my pocket, walked into the wood, hid it in the trunk of a tree, then strolled on for a mile or so, the dog at my heels. 'Back, find and bring, Trover!' I said, and the dog was off like a shot. I waited, and waited, and waited for a considerable time, but no Trover. Presently, however, he came—but without the note. 'Hi back, find and bring,' I repeated, 'or you shall know what stick means.' But instead of doing my bidding the animal came quite close to me and dropped from his mouth at my feet, one after the other, five brand-new golden sovereigns. He had not only found the note, sirs, but had gone to the bank and exchanged it. The intelligence of my retriever eclipses even the celebrated pointer Mr. Jingle, of Pickwickian renown, once possessed."

Au Fait.

"What kind of a man is he?" asked a gentleman about a young society man.
"Oh, he's mighty popular with the women."
"Is he intelligent?"
"No, not particularly. You see there's not much demand for intelligence in society."
"Does he dance?"
"Of course."
"Knows what's going on in theatricals, music, &c?"
"Of course."
"Au fait in everything I presume?"
"Well, I don't know whether he owes Fay or not, but I know he owes about every man of my acquaintance. Who is Fay? I'll look him up and see if he doesn't owe him, too. I'll bet he does."

Young lady: The word "call" in poker has a different significance from what it does in society. In poker, if your opponent "calls" you have got to "see" him, without any excuse of sickness or "not at home."

Trial proves that honesty is the best policy in medicine as well as in other things. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a genuine preparation, an unequalled blood purifier, decidedly superior to all others.

Saturday always reminds one of the wooden thing which shoemakers use when they make sick folk's shoes. Its the last of the week.

* Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a most valuable medicine for ladies of all ages who may be afflicted with any form of disease peculiar to the sex. These remedies are not only put up in liquid forms but in Pills and Lozenges in which forms they are accurately sent through the mails.

CHAPTER II.

"Madden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentleman—I suffered with attacks of sick headache, Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and exasperating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Flop Bitters.

"The first bottle Nearly cured me;"
"The second made me as well and strong as when a child."

"And I have been so to this day."
My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint,
"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—

"Incurable!"
Seven bottles of your bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"
In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters,
And many more are using them with great benefit

"They almost
Do miracles?" —Mrs E D Slack

Dispatches of the morning said: "Market acts tired. Think it will react."

Mr. Parquet Boileau, Ottawa says: "I was radically cured of piles, from which I had been suffering for over two months, by the use of Thomas' Electric Oil. I used it both internally and externally, taking it in small doses before meals and on retiring to bed. In one week I was cured, and have had no trouble since. I believe it saved my life."

The place where they "break the noose gently," is in the divorce court.

Mr. T. C. Wells, Chemist and Druggist, Port Colborne, Ont., writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure sells well, and gives the best of satisfaction for all diseases of the blood." It never fails to root out all diseases from the system, cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, etc., purifies the blood, and will make you look the picture of health and happiness."

"The bark went down," said the acute patient after he had swallowed a big dose of quinine.

YELLOW ASA GUINEA.—The complexion, in a case of unchecked liver complaint, culminating in jaundice, is literally "as yellow as a guinea." It has this appearance because the bile, which enables the bowels to act, is directed from its proper course into the blood. In connection with this symptom there is nausea, coating of the tongue, sick headache, impurity of the breath, pains through the right side and shoulder blade, dyspepsia and constipation. These and other concomitants of liver complaint are completely removed by the use of NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY AND DYSPYPTIC CURE, which is also an eradicator of scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, ulcers, cancers, humours, female weakness, jaundice, and lumbago. It tones the stomach, rouses the liver, and after relieving them, causes the bowels thereafter to become regular. High professional sanction has been accorded to it, and its claims to public confidence are justified by ample evidence. Ask for NORTHROP & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The wrapper bears a *fac simile* of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S
IMPROVED
BUTTER COLOR
A NEW DISCOVERY.
For several years we have furnished the dairymen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter; so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.
But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as the best in the world. It will not color the buttermilk. It will not turn rancid. It is the strongest, brightest and cheapest color made.
And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.
BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.
If you cannot get the "improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

ABDUL HAMID AT HOME.

A Familiar Chat With Royalty.

Mr. Hewitt, member of Congress for New York, has been received by his Majesty at a special audience at the Yildiz Kiosk.

Driving out to Yildiz we passed through the well laid out and well protected palace gardens. Reaching the main entrance we were received by Munir Bey and introduced to the ambassador, who ushered us at once into the presence of the Sultan.

There was a total absence of courtly etiquette and ceremony. There were no servants and no guards about, the only person present besides ourselves and the Sultan being Munir Bey.

FRANCE AND AMERICA.

Seeing that the Sultan was, in his own mind, comparing the tranquility of the United States with the effervescence of France, I endeavored to explain the great difference between the two Republics.

His Majesty was very anxious to impress me with the idea that perfect religious freedom existed throughout the empire, and that the followers of all creeds were equally protected by law.

A LEADING QUESTION.

The Sultan finally asked me what I thought about his country and its condition. I naturally felt great hesitation in giving a reply.

His Majesty struck me as being a perfect gentleman. His manner was exceedingly courteous and friendly, tinged, however, with a little nervous anxiety.

Capol on Culture.

"The whole discussion," said the lecturer, "turns upon this single fact: Does all end with death? If so, we might say, as the Apostle Paul has observed, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'"

"The body, moreover, must be brought into subjection and treated with a certain amount of severity in order to make it subservient in carrying out the intellectual work we have to do.

The Future Feeder of the States.

A statement has been published on the authority of a St Paul correspondent that the wheat crop of the Manitoba district has been frozen and rendered valueless, and a doubt is expressed that the land north of the Canada line can be depended upon for permanent crops.

I have myself lived some sixteen years in the Canadian North-west and during my residence there have farmed extensively both in Manitoba and the Territories.

fertile belt of the North-west) the late August frost, even when it does come, cannot do substantial injury.

So far from wheat culture north of the Canada line being "doubtful," it is a fact well known where I live that the quality of the grain improves as you approach the north western limit of its growth.

You will then, I have no doubt, find the North-west Canadian farmer as willing to feed and trade with the kindred people of the United States on equal terms as to feed and trade with his fellow-citizens of the Eastern Provinces.

Yours respectfully, C. MAIR, Victoria Avenue, Windsor, Ont. Detroit Free Press.

SKINNY MEN.

"Wells' Health Restorer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, &c.

The first weather report—Thunder.

There is hardly an adult person living but is sometimes troubled with kidney difficulty, which is the most prolific and dangerous cause of all disease.

"I fill the Bill," said Willie when he got into his mother's preserve closet. "And I foot the Bill," remarked papa, overhearing his solitary squaw.

DON'T MISS IT!

Wells' "Rough on Rats" Almanac at druggists, or mailed for 2c. stamp. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City.

"Yes," said Mrs. Byrnesmonkey, "Tawms has met with a financial reverse. He's made \$50 somehow."

COUNTERACTING A TENDENCY TO CONSUMPTION.—It is well understood by medical pathologists that a tendency to consumption may be transmitted from parent to child.

Hundreds of letters from those using Ayer's Hair Vigor attest its value as a restorer of gray hair to its natural color.

A man may not want to buy the oat, but when he runs it out of the pantry he becomes a purr chaser.

John Hays, Credit P. O., says: "His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months has elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since."

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists would be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

PLASTERERS WANTED!

\$2.50 per doz. Steady Work. Apply immediately. M. J. HYNES & BRO., 83 York St., Toronto.

AGENTS,

You can easily earn \$100 to \$150 a month in any locality. No capital required. Enclose stamp for reply. Address E. A. SPARLING, Toronto, Ont.

BE' FAST LINEN WAREHOUSE

MCKEE BROS., 391 Queen Street West,

Importers of Irish Linen from Belfast; Double Damask, Table Cloth and Napkins to match; Sheetings, Hollands, Shirtings, Towels, and everything else belonging to the trade, wholesale and retail.



50c. | A GENUINE GERMAN | 50c. DYSPEPSIA CURE

No injurious mineral, no poison, no irritating acid. Acts on a different principle from other Bitters. Possesses tonic, aperient and digestive properties and a principle that soothes the inflamed membrane, opens up the absorbing vessels of the stomach and liver, cures dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach, liver complaint, constipation, &c.

Oh, my Back!

Is there a miserable, weakening pain in the small of the back? Is urination painful? Do you have palpitation of the heart? Do strange, indescribable feelings creep up your back and sides? Does the least exertion weary you? Does your urine show brickdust or albuminous deposit? Does any sudden fright cause an intense, sharp pain in the small of your back? Do you have an aching in the groin? Is your memory impaired? Is your breath short? Are there shooting pains about your vitals? Are you becoming dropsical?

These are all symptoms of kidney diseases. Be on your guard against them. If let run it may end in Bright's Disease, which is sure death.

Your best course is to procure at once a bottle of SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS costing only 50c. It will cure any form of Kidney Complaint, except Bright's Disease, it will relieve the symptoms and defer the evil day sometimes indefinitely.

SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS is a medicine as harmless as water. The world has not seen its equal as a cure for diseases which attack the Kidneys and for the complaints to which females are alone liable. It is of more value than any medical compound known to the medical faculty.

Sold by all Druggists and at Depot 120 St. James St. West, Montreal, Price 50c.



HEADACHES

Are generally induced by Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Costiveness, Deficient Circulation, or some Derangement of the Liver and Digestive System. Sufferers will find relief by the use of

Ayer's Pills

to stimulate the stomach and produce a regular daily movement of the bowels. By their action on these organs, AYER'S PILLS divert the blood from the brain, and relieve and cure all forms of Congestive and Nervous Headaches, Bilious Headaches, and Sick Headaches; and by keeping the bowels free, and purifying the system in a healthful manner, they insure immunity from future attacks. Try

Ayer's Pills.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

SCIENTIFIC.

Fruit put up in tin cans should be taken out entirely when the can is opened for use. If allowed to remain after the can is opened, the action of acid juices upon the solder when exposed to the air may form acetate of lead, which is poisonous. Pour the fruit out into glass or earthenware dishes, and the danger of poisoning is avoided.

The pike perch has a beautiful scale, indented like a maiden hair fern, which has long been used by the Irish for fish-scale embroidery. They saw the scales in clusters forming flowers, and introduce with them a happy combination of seed-pearls, china ribbon, and white chenille, producing a delicate effect difficult to surpass.

Select some of the flattest and smoothest stones to be found on a beach and rub one side all over with beeswax. Make this surface quite level by scraping with the edge of a knife. When it is dry and firm paint landscapes or groups of pictures, quo looking, foreign figures on them in oils, and afterward bring up the colors by varnishing, these painted slints can be used for door porters, letter weights, &c. It is, of course, necessary that the stone should be a good shape and flat.

An endorsing-ink which does not dry quickly on the pad and is quickly taken by the paper can be obtained, according to the *Papier Zeitung*, by the following recipe: Aurilac color in solid form, blue, red, &c., sixteen parts; eighty parts boiling distilled water; seven parts glycerine, and three parts syrup. The color is dissolved in hot water and the other ingredients are added whilst agitating. This endorsing-ink is said to obtain its good quality by the addition of the syrup.

Briefly stated, the process of rendering fabrics water resisting, yet not impervious to air, is as follows. First the cloth is put into a boiling bath composed of yellow soap—three quarters of a pound; water, one gallon, and worked through and about in this for about one hour, when it is passed through a roller-wringer to press out excess of the liquid, and suspended in the air for an hour or more, or until nearly dry. Next the cloth is put into a bath composed of ammonia alum, five pounds, water three and a half gallons, and remain therein for from eight to sixteen hours, according to the nature of the fabric and the requirements. The time of this exposure may be considerably lessened by working the cloth through a series of rolls, which cause the discharge of the absorbed liquid and admit of the re-absorption of fresh portions of the bath. Finally, after wringing out, the cloth is put through the soap bath again and, after rinsing in clean water, dried.

Apparitions of Dying Persons.

A correspondent writes: Twenty-six years ago, during the siege of Delhi, there was a bandsman in the same regiment as myself, remarkable as being the second tallest man in it, and a very good Christian of the Roman Catholic faith. On the day I refer to our regiment was off picket duty, and taking a much needed rest in camp. The bandsman—who, like his fellow musicians at the siege, had to use a rifle instead of a musical instrument—suddenly awoke from a disturbed sleep, sat up in his bed and exclaimed, "Oh, dear! what a dream I have had!" Our camp eclairman and myself were in the same tent with him, and the former asked him what he had been dreaming of. He replied, "I have just dreamt that we were engaged, and that I was hit fair in the throat with a bullet; I'll take it as a warning, for I feel confident the first skirmish we have that I shall be done for." The camp eclairman remarked, "Why, man, there is no use taking notice of dreams." The bandsman replied that he would take notice and go at once to the priest, which he accordingly did. The next morning about 4 o'clock the alarm sounded to arms, as the enemy had made a sortie from the city in force, and a determined one it was (25th July, 1857). The bandsman was in the same company as myself, and went through the day's work safely until about three o'clock in the afternoon. My company at that time had retired back to our own position, and were standing formed in close order, each man falling out as his name was called to drink a glass of grog, and then taking his place in the ranks again. The bandsman did just re-occupy his place again on the right of the company when a bullet struck him in the apple of the throat and he fell dead. During the

siege, which lasted from the 8th of June till the 14th of September, we used to send our wounded and sick men every month to the depot on the hills where the wives and children of the regiment had been left when the mutiny broke out. Strange to say the wife of the bandsman had told the other wives that she knew her husband was killed, as he had appeared at her bedside on a certain date, and that he was pointing to his throat, which seemed to be covered with blood. She was so convinced that her husband was amongst the slain that while waiting for news from headquarters she donned widow's weeds at once. When she received the usual monthly letter she found by it that the time of the appearance of the apparition and the date of her husband's fall corresponded.

Found By a Dream.

Recently, says the *Memphis Avalanche*, Samuel Dreyfus, for many years deputy sheriff in charge of the Criminal Court, died at his residence in this city of an affection of the lungs. Three days afterwards one of his sons visited Dr. Goodyear and inquired if his father had left any of his private papers with him, as it was well known the deceased had been a member of several benevolent institutions in Memphis, and a look over those papers found at home revealed but one policy on his life, and that was in the order of the Knights and Ladies of honor. It was known to his family and relatives that he had left policies in other organizations of a similar order to the amount of \$10,000. Dr. Goodyear, who had been on intimate terms with the deceased, did not remember his having left any papers with him, but to be certain, carefully examined the contents of his safe, but failed to find any. Benjamin K. Pullen, formerly chief clerk in the sheriff's office, was also questioned by the son of the deceased, but he, too, did not remember any papers being left in his care. Three days afterward the brother-in-law of the deceased called on Dr. Goodyear, and made the same statement regarding the missing policies as had the son. Another search was made, but it, too, proved fruitless. One recent afternoon, so relates Benjamin K. Pullen, he fell asleep in his office and dreamt that Samuel Dreyfus appeared before him and asked:—"What has become of my papers which I gave you while you were in charge of the sheriff's office?" He answered, "They are safe where I placed them," and, suddenly awaking, proceeded at once to the sheriff's office, which is on the floor above, and found the missing package intact, where he had placed it many months ago.

The package was without delay turned over to the family of the deceased, and in it were the missing policies.

An Iron Theatre.

A company is said to have been formed to carry out a "reformed theatre," a model of which has recently been exhibited. Everything possible about this theatre (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*) is of iron. All the scenes and curtains are lifted and lowered by hydraulic machinery, so that only about one-sixth the number of men usually required suffice to "work" everything; and the scenes can be changed in a surprisingly short time. The stage is in a number of rectangular sections, each of which can be raised and lowered independently by hydraulic power. This, it is said, gives power to produce many very remarkable and picturesque effects which are impossible with ordinary stage machinery. Thus the stage may be made to slope backward and downward, so that the audience may suddenly find themselves at the top of a mountain range, looking down into a series of deep valleys.

Who Were There.

Two dogs, which ought to have known better, got into a fight in the alley in the rear of a hotel yesterday, and in two minutes there was a jam of people around them. A servant in the third-story window raised the sash and upset a pan of flour with such aim that not over four or five of the crowd escaped marking. Among the "flour" afterward identified on the street were two judges, two doctors, three lawyers, four city clerks, five merchants, two insurance men, and a banker. Citizens having a nail in prospect will be reasonably sure of a respectable crowd in attendance.

Would a law against light-lacing be introduced to the protection of contractors?

Among the many leagues which are formed for the benefit of both man and beast, the last, and perhaps the most curious, is that which has for its object to protect against the use of the American lobster as an article of food, on the ground that it can only be obtained by torturing the animal or fish. A number of Parisians, the originators of the scheme, wear a badge on which is pinned a crustacean holding in its claws a small visiting card, with the simple word, "Thanks."

A school of pharmacy for women is to be opened at Louisville, Kentucky, this month, of which all the instructors will be men, with the exception of Mrs. Rachel Lloyd, the chemist, and Miss Kate Palmer, the botanist, of the school.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

(From the Boston Globe.)



Mrs. Lydia E. Finkham.

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Finkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Women," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of faulness of the uterus, leucorrhoea, irregular and painful menstruation, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration, flooding, all Displacements and the consequent neural weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, fatiguency, restores all craving for stimulants, and restores weakness of the stomach. It cures Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only \$1 per bottle or six for \$5, and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. F., with stamp for reply, at her home to Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Finkham's Liver Pills" is a true writer, "are the best in the world for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. Her Pills further works wonders in its special use and this fact to equal the Compound in its popularity.

All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others.
Philadelphia, Pa. CO N.Y. N.Y.

THE KING OF ALL

THE LIGHT-RUNNING

"NEW HOME"

Sewing Machine.

It surpasses all others for Simplicity, Durability, Reliability, and Beauty. And is unexcelled for Ease of Management and Capacity for Wide Range of Work. The Light-Running "New Home" uses a straight, self-setting needle, and makes the double thread "Lockstitch." It is adapted to every variety of sewing, from the lightest muslin to the heaviest cloth or leather, and will do a greater range of work than any other machine. The Light-Running "New Home" never gets out of order and will last a lifetime.

ST. BREVET MACHINE WARRANTED FOR 5 YEARS.

FOR SALE BY

C. GENTLEMAN,
343 QUEEN ST. WEST.

From MR WILLIAM MAGRATH, Brindale, Credit P. O., Jan. 8th, 1883.
 My DEAR SUTHERLAND: Some two months since I became so afflicted with Rheumatism of the neck and right shoulder as to render my right arm nearly powerless. I determined to try your "Rheumatism" and the result is that I am now free from pain, and enjoy the full use of my arm. My general health is also much improved by the use of the medicine. The first two bottles relieved me—the third bottle freed me from all pain.

Wm. MAGRATH,
 J. N. Sutherland, St. Catharines.

An exchange tel's of "a widow of twenty-two." Twenty-two what? Husbands?

Mrs. J. McPhee, Appin, writes:—During the last eight years I have used almost every medicine recommended for Biliousness, but found nothing equal to Carson's Bit era. If you suffer try it. Price 50 cents.

A Three Corned Weapon.—The triangular shape of the Triangle Dye Package added to their undoubted superiority have won the day and driven all others from the field. 30 colors. 10 cents.

Who wrote Shakespeare? queries a contemporary. Probably some fellow who wanted William's autograph.

FRENCH HORSES WHAT THE ENGLISH SAY:—The British Quarterly Journal of Agriculture says, "The horses of Normandy are a capital race for hard work and scanty fare. Have never elsewhere seen such horses at the collar. Under the discipline, post-carrage, or cumbersome cabriolet, or on the farm, they are enduring and energetic beyond description. With their necks cut to the bone they flinch not. They keep their constitution when other horses would die of neglect and hard treatment." The superiority of French stallions for crossing on the common mares of America is established. This fact has caused the development of the two largest importing and breeding establishments in the world M. W. Danham having imported from France nearly 1,400 Percheron-Normans to his "Osklawm Farm" at Wayne, Ill., now having there on hand about 500 pure bred, and 2,000 mares, and 21 imported Percheron stallions on Colorado ranges.

Beer was made in Egypt 400 years B.C. but it didn't pyramid other nations until some years afterwards.

Important.
 When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to 31 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

ROOFING.—CHEAP, DURABLE, FIRE PROOF, easily put on composed of 3 pl. Felt cemented together for flat or steep roofs. H. WILLIAMS, Manufacturer and dealer in Fire roofing materials, 4 Adelaide Street East Toronto.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS OF PREPARED RUBBER, Light, Elastic, and Cheap. First prize at Provincial Exhibition, London. Testimonials on application. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address: J. DUNN & SONS, Brantford, Ont.

195 ACRES—48 CLEARFD. 10 FOR HAY. 105 clay loam; no stone or rock; nicely level; well watered; large frame barn, with granary, log stable, and foreman's house, all nearly new; immediate possession; \$2,500 cash; also 212 acres 1/2 cleared, 1/2 pasture, clay and black loam; situated on Mary Lake, Stephenson township, large new two-story frame house, 21 x 28 and 16 x 16; stone cellar 21 x 28; partry, w.c., store-room, and washshed; new frame stable, with full price of 107 acres. \$5,000 cash, three prices if sold at once. CAPT. OPENHAW, Port Sydney, Muskoka.

WANTED—STEADY EMPLOYMENT and good pay given to every lady owning a sewing machine. Material sent and returned by mail. Send one dollar with your application as a guarantee that the material we furnish will be returned when finished. FINLEY & CO. Manufacturers, Detroit, Mich.

TINSMITHS' GOODS.

TIN PLATE—D. Everett's and Sons' Tinned Sheet Metal. Also TINNED SHEETS. CAN. TIN PLATE—D. Everett's and Sons' Tinned Sheet Metal. Also TINNED SHEETS. CAN. TINNED SHEETS. D. EVERETT & SONS, 200 ST. JAMES ST. TORONTO.



FOR THE Kidneys, Liver, and Urinary Organs. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by derangement of the kidneys or liver. To restore these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver, and Urinary troubles, for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetics ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N. Y., London, Eng.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY FAST OVER 5,000 SOLD!

A Book containing 25 very valuable money making secrets, sent to any address, post-paid and sealed, on receipt of \$1.00.

N. W. BOYD, Kewilton, P. Que.

WELLS' WINDOW SHADE CLASP (PATENTED 1875.)



Used for holding WINDOW BLIND SHADES without rollers, pins, or cords. Saves blinds, money and patience. Looks orderly and neat. Is durable and cheap. Retailed by all dealers everywhere. Trade supplied wholesale by the manufacturers. THE TORONTO INDUSTRIAL WORKS CO., 56 Church Street, Toronto.

THE BANK OF TORONTO

DIVIDEND No. 55.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of four per cent. for the current half-year, being at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum upon the Paid-up Capital of the Bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after

Saturday, the 1st Day of Dec. Next.

The TRANSFER BOOKS will be closed from the

16th to the 30th Day of NOVEMBER,

both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. COULSON, Cashier.

Toronto, 21th October, 1883.

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Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every alternate Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from Quebec:—
 Aarnia, Oct. 29 | Oregon, Nov. 19
 Montreal, " 27 | Dominion, " 21
 Ontario, Nov. 3 | Toronto, " 23
 Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool \$20, \$25, \$30; return, \$35, \$40, \$45, \$50, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate, \$14, \$16, \$18, \$20, \$22, \$24, \$26, \$28, \$30, \$32, \$34, \$36, \$38, \$40, \$42, \$44, \$46, \$48, \$50. These rates are applicable to passengers booked direct, and are applicable where but little reduction is made, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent, or to the General Manager of the Dominion Line, or to DAVID TORRENS & CO., General Agents, Montreal.

THE MUTUAL MARRIAGE ENDOWMENT Association of Ontario, Head Office London, Ont. Issues certificates from \$2.00 to \$100.00 payable upon marriage. A good investment for young people of either sex. Send for part circular. W. I. IMPLACH, Secretary, Albion Block, London.

THE LILY
 is a perfect gem, equal to an imported French Corset; fits like a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured only by **THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.,** 78 YORK STREET, TORONTO.

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 WEEKLY BETWEEN QUEBEC, MONTREAL, AND LIVERPOOL CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN AND BELFAST
 For lowest rates and all particulars apply to **Sam, Osborne & Co.,** 40 Yonge street, Toronto.

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 The leading work on House Architecture complete in Modern and Common-sense ideas. We visit at any distance for consultation. Circular of work sent on receipt of stamp. Price \$3.50.
FULLER & WHEELER, ARCHITECTS, Albany, N. Y.

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To Painters and those Painting
Ramsay's Concentrated Zinc has three times the body of lead and wears for years. One pound will cover more work than three pounds of best English Lead. Guaranteed and manufactured by **A. RAMSAY & SON, Montreal.** Should be sold by All Paint Dealers.

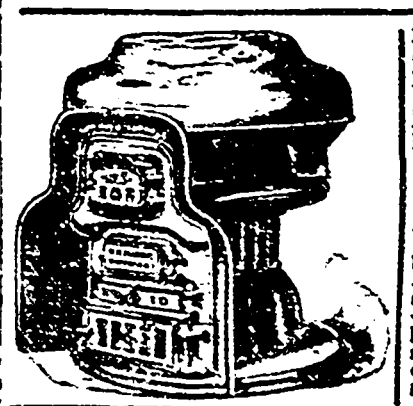
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 The Largest Assortment in the Dominion

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No. 42, S. R. C. 24-inch wheels, No. 21, S. R. C. 24-inch wheels, plated. No. 12, S. R. C. 20-inch wheels, half-plated. No. 2, S. R. C. 28-inch wheels, half-plated. No. 22, N. Challenge, 24-inch wheels, half-plated. No. 11, N. Challenge, 28-inch wheels, half-plated. No. 8, extra ordinary, 28-inch wheels, half-plated. Send 1 cent stamp for price list, come to Wm. PAYNE, London Ont.

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DO NOT ALLOW YOUR CHILDREN TO grow up deformed or crippled, but call and examine our apparatus for the treatment of Club Feet, and Disorders of the Hip, Hip, Knee and Ankle. Remember the world is progressing, and more can be done to-day than at any former period. We also manufacture Artificial Limbs, Trusses, and appliances for the relief and cure of all kinds of deformities. Will show at Toronto (Gurleigh and London Ex. Exhibitions, AUTHORS & COX, 91 Church St., Toronto.

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 Together with diseases of the Eye, Ear and Heart, successfully treated at the **Ontario Pulmonary Institute,** 214, 270 and 278 Jarvis Street.
M. HILTON WILLIAMS, M.D., M.C.P.S.O., PROPRIETOR.
 Our system of practice is by Medicated Inhalations, combined with proper constitutional remedies. Over 40,000 cases treated during the past 18 years.
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A Merciful Man is Merciful to his Beast.

AGENTS

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 Send 15 cents TO TRUTH OFFICE, Toronto, for a sample copy of a new HORSE BOOK. It treats all diseases of the horse and has a large number of receipts and is pronounced the best book ever printed for the price. Profusely illustrated and sells, at sight. Agents claim it to be the best selling book they ever canvassed with. 9 copies for one dollar or to agents 85 cents per dozen. Try it. Agents Wanted

NEW HARRIS HOT AIR FURNACES.

5 Sizes Coal Burners; 2 Sizes Wood Burners.
 Adapted for Warming Dwellings, Churches, School Houses, Stores, and Public Buildings. It is the most powerful, economical and durable Hot Air Furnace made. It has had the largest sale of any yet offered and has given universal satisfaction. Gas tight and entirely free from dust. For descriptive pamphlets and prices, address,
The E. & C. GURNEY COMPANY (Limited), BARNETBY, ENGLAND.

PIANOFORTE TUNING & REPAIRING.—R. H. DALTON, 211 Queen Street West. Leave orders personally or by post card.

FOR WRIGHT'S IMPROVED PILLOW Sham Holder call on or address MISS HENDERSON 54 Malvern St., Toronto.

MOULDINGS, Picture Frames, Mirrors, and Picture Findings generally. Trade supplied. MATTHEWS BROS. & CO., Toronto.

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, TORONTO. Students can enter from October until January. PROF. SMITH, S.V. Edin., Principal. Fees, fifty dollars.

ALBION BAKERY, 410 YONGE STREET. HARRY RUTHVEN'S is the place to get genuine Home-made Bread, also Vienna and Plain Bread. Delivered Daily. Bronze Medal for Wedding Cakes at Exhibition, 1883.

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Special attention given to the filling and preservation of the natural organs. Artificial Teeth inserted, so as to appear perfectly natural and life-like. Teeth extracted without pain. Fees moderate. T. H. SEFTON, Dentist, cor. Queen and Yonge Sts., over Rose's Drug Store, Toronto.

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Gents' Furnishings! Winter Stock Complete. All the Latest Novelties. INSPECTION INVITED. PRICES RIGHT.

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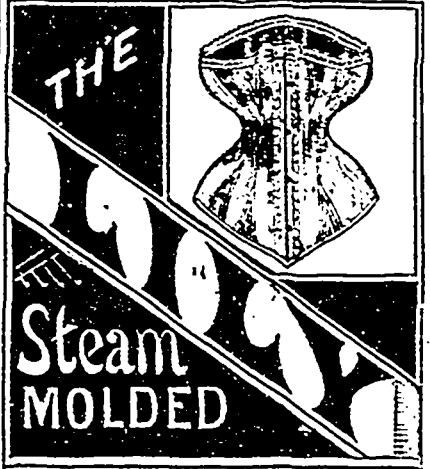
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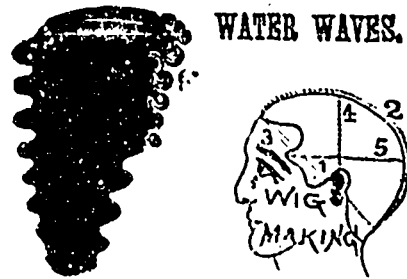
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