

Dr. Carniff

# PURE GOLD

## A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR CANADIAN HOMES

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### PURE GOLD

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### Tales and Sketches

From HEARTH AND HOME.

### The Mystery OF METROPOLISVILLE.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

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

CHAPTER XV.

AN EPISODE.

I FIND it convenient to turn aside at this point to mention Dave Sawney; for how could I relate the events which are to follow to readers who had not the happiness to know Katy's third lover—or thirteenth—the aforesaid Dave? You are surprised, doubtless, that Katy should have so many lovers as three; you have not then lived in a new country where there are generally half-a-dozen marriageable men to every marriageable woman, and where, since the law of demand and supply has no application, every girl finds herself beset with more beaux than a heartless flirt could wish for. Dave was large, lymphatic, and conceited; he "came from Southern Elinoy," as he expressed it, and he had a comfortable conviction that the fertile Illinois Egypt had produced nothing more creditable than his own slouching figure and self-complaisant soul. Dave Sawney had a certain vividness of imagination that served to exalt everything pertaining to himself; he never in his life made a bargain to do anything—he always cawntacked to do it. He cawntacked to set out three trees, and then he cawntacked to dig six post-holes, and when he gave his occupation to the census-taker, he set himself down as a "cawntactor."

He had laid siege to Katy in his fashion, slouching in an evening, and boasting of his exploits until Smith Westcott would come and chirrup and joke, and walk Katy right away from him to take a walk or a boat-ride. Then he would finish the yarn which Westcott had broken in the middle, to Mrs. Plausaby or Miss Marlay, and get up and remark that he thought maybe he mout be a-gittin' on.

In the county-seat war, which had raged about the time Albert had left for Glenfield, Dave Sawney had become to be a man of importance. His own clam lay equidistant from the two rival towns. He had considerable influence with a knot of a dozen settlers in his neighborhood, who were, like himself, without any personal interest in the matter. It became evident that a dozen or a half-dozen votes might tip the scale after Plausaby, Esq., had turned the enemy's flank by getting some local politician to persuade the citizens of Westville, who would naturally have supported the claims of Perritaut, that their own village stood the ghost of a chance, or at least that their interests would be served by the notoriety which the contest would give, and perhaps also by defeating Perritaut, which, from proximity, was more of a rival than Metropolisville. After this diversion had weakened Perritaut, it became of great consequence to secure even so small an influence as that of Dave Sawney. Plausaby persuaded Dave to cawntack for the delivery of his influence, and Dave was not a little delighted to be flattered and paid at the same time. He explained to the enlightened people in his neighbor-

hood that Squire Plausaby was a-going to do big things fer the kyounty; that the village of Metropolisville would erect a brick court-house and donate it; that Plausaby had already cawntacked to donate it to the kyounty free gratis.

The ardent support of Dave, who saw not only the price which the squire had cawntacked to pay him, but a furtherance of his suit with little Katy, as rewards of his zeal, would have turned the balance in favor of Metropolisville, had it not been for a woman. Was there ever a war, since the days of the Greek hobby-horse, since the days of Rahab's basket indeed, in which a woman did not have some part? It is said that a woman should not vote, because she could not make war; but that is just what a woman can do; she can make war, and she can often decide it. There came into this contest between Metropolisville and its rival, not a Helen certainly, but a woman. Perritaut was named for an old French trader, who had made his fortune by selling goods to the Indians on its site, and who had taken him an Indian wife—it helped trade to wed an Indian—and reared a family of children who were dusky, and spoke both the Dakota and the French a la Canadian. M. Perritaut had become rich, and yet his riches could not remove a particle of the material complexion from those who were to inherit the name of the old trader. If they should marry other half-breeds, the line of dusky Perritauts might stretch out the memory of savage maternity to the crack of doom. *Que vous voulez!* They must not marry half-breeds. Each generation must make advancement toward a Caucasian whiteness in a geometric ratio, until the Indian element should be reduced by an infinite progression toward nothing. But how? It did not take long for Perritaut *pare* to settle that question. *Viola tout.* The young men should seek white wives. They had money. They might marry poor girls, but white ones. But the girls? *Eh bien!* Money shall wash them also, or at least money shall bleach their descendants. For money is the Great Stain-eraser, the Mighty Detergent, the Magic cleanser. And the stain of race is not the only one that money makes white as snow. So the old gentleman one day remarked to some friends who drank wine with him, that he would geeve one ten tousand tollare, be gare, to te man tat maree his oldest daughtare, Mathilde. *Eh bien,* te man must vary surelee pe w'ite and respect-able. Of course this confidential remark soon spread abroad, as it was meant to spread abroad. It came to many ears. The most utterly worthless white men, on hearing it, generally drew themselves up in pride and vowed they'd see the ole frog-eatin' Frenchman hung afore they'd marry his Injun. They'd ruther marry a Injin than a nigger, but they couldn't be bought with no money to trust their skelp with an Injin.

Not so our friend Dave. He wur'n't afear'd of no Injun he said; sartainly not of one of one what had been weakened down to half the strength. Ef any man dared him to marry a Injin and backed the dare by ten thousand dollars, blamed if he wouldn't take the dare. He wouldn't be dared by no Frenchman to marry his daughter. He wouldn't. He wa'n't afear'd to marry a Injin. He'd cawntack to do it for ten thousand.

The first effect of this thought on Dave's mind was to change his view of the county-seat question. He shook his head now when Plausaby's brick court-house was spoken of. The squire was awful 'cute; too 'cute to live, he said ominously.

Dave concluded that ten thousand dollars could be made more easily by foregoing his preferences for a white wife in favor of a red one, than by cawntacking to set out shade-trees, dig post-holes, or drive oxen. So he lost no time in visiting the old trader.

He walked in, in his slouching fashion, shook hands with M. Perritaut, gave his name as David Sawney, cawntactor, and after talking a little about the county-seat question, he broached the question of marriage with Mathilde Perritaut.

"I hearn tel that you are willin' to do somethin' han'some fer a son-in-law."

"Varee good, Mistare Sonce. You air a man of biness, perhaps, maybe. You undairstand tesse tings. Eh? *Tres bien*—

I mean vary well, you see. I want that my daughtare zhoule maree one respect-able man. Vare good. You air one, maybe. I weel find out. *Tres bien,* you see my daughtare weel maree the man I zay. You weel come over here next week. Eef I find you air respect-able, I weel then get my lawyare to make a marriage contract."

"A cawntack?" said Dave, starting at the sound of his favorite word. "Very well, musheer, I sign a cawntack and live up to it."

"Vare good. Weel you have one leetle pench of snuff?" said the old man, politely opening his box.

"Yes, I'm obleeged, musheer," said Dave. "Don't keer ef I do." And by way of showing his good-will and ingratiating himself with the Frenchman, Dave helped himself to an amazingly large pinch. Indeed, not being accustomed to take snuff, he helped himself, as he did to chewing tobacco when it was offered free, with the utmost liberality. The result did not add to the dignity of his bearing, for he was seized with a succession of convulsions of sneering. Dave habitually did everything in the noblest way possible, and he wound up each successive fit of sneering with a whoop that gave him the semblance of practising an Indian war-song, by way of fitting himself to wed a half-breed wife.

"I declare," said he, when the sneering had subsided, I never did see no sech snuff."

"Vare Good," resumed M. Perritaut. "I weel promcees in the contract to give you one ten tousand dollars—*deux mille*—two tousand averse yare for life yare. *Tres bien.* My daughtare is educate; she stooody fife, seex yare in te convent at Montreal. Zhe play on piano evere so many tunc. *Bien.* You come Monday. We weel zee. Adieu. I mean good-by, Mistare Sonce." "Adoo, musheer," said Dave, taking his hat and leaving. He boasted afterwards that he had spoke to the ole man in French when he was comin' away. Thought it mought kinder tackle him, you know. And he said he didn't mind a brown complexion a bit. Fer his part, seemed to him 'twas kinder purty for variety. Wouldn't want all women reddish, but for variety 'twas sorter nice, you know. He always did like sompin' odd.

### A NIGHT OF TERRORS.

(Founded on fact.)

BY DR. D. CLARK, PRINCETON.

IT was customary, about twenty years ago, in Highland districts, to carry the bodies of deceased persons on bearers of wood, instead of on wheeled vehicles. This was necessary in many places on account of the rocky and precipitous character of the roads. The bearers were usually kept in the church or vestry for convenience.

It was a clear frosty October day, in the year 1839, when John McLeod, the parish school master of Temintoul, died. He had taught, and flogged, and scolded the growing urchins of that locality for nearly half a century, and many of his early pupils had distinguished themselves in the navy, and on bloody battle-fields, in the forum, and among the literati of their country. Would that I could wax eloquent on their behalf! His dominical sway was benignant and patriarchal, and there was always a radiancy of graciousness about his countenance which cheered the faltering toiling up the hill of science, but as yet, not far from its foot. Well, his race was run, and his coffined body must be hid from sight. James Murdock, his assistant and successor, was deputed to go over to the "Auld Kirk" for the bearers. His eagerness to go was explained by the gossips at the wake, who stoutly asserted he was sure to pay a visit to the manse near by, and have a short *levo a tele* with Flora, the minister's daughter. He sped on his way and mission with all the alacrity of one whose breast was filled with 'love's young hopes.' Night overtook him on the hills, but the full moon was high in the heavens, and benignantly shed silvery pencils of glory over the heathy slopes of the looming mountains, and along the scarcely beaten track on which he trod.

When he reached the minister's house he saw a light shining through the sitting-room window, and curiosity getting the better of his sense of propriety, he peeped through the lattice, and saw Flora stitching swiftly one of the white collars which he so often admired upon her snowy neck. A gentle tap brought her to the door. It is not our intention to chronicle the sayings of the lovers, for who wishes such love scenes depicted to the ignoble vulgar? The hours of night were fast wearing away, and the "wee short 'oor ayont the twal,"—which some body sings about—was numbered with the past, when he was found scrambling over the stone wall which separated the garden of the manse from the grave-yard, in which stood a spectre white. (These gentry never appear in any other color, for some good reason of their own.) It appeared to him of monstrous dimensions and of uncouth appearance. It moved and moaned and sighed in apparent unquiet, so that it could not be a white monument made grotesque by the light of the moon. Superstitious by inheritance, his blood froze within him at the sight, for all the ghosts, wraiths, dead-candles and horrid apparitions, nestling in some nook or cranny of his brain, came vividly to his remembrance; and now was living evidence of their existence, for what else could it be? Sliding back over the wall, he hastened to Flora, and told the wonderful tale, with shaking knees, dilated eyes, and fierce gesticulation.

"Now, Murdock," said the tidy maid, "what a silly 'gouk' you are to be sure, it is only my father's white horse, which has jumped the stiles to feed in the yard."

Murdock, ashamed of his cowardice, especially at such a time, mustered courage to march with firm steps towards the author of his fears, yet, he had been startled, and his nerves had not fully received their quietus. He was now among the dead, and with the living—horse. It was haunted ground. Here was the mound of McTavish, the miser, who drove his only daughter from his door, because he begrudged her the food she eat and the room she occupied, and afterwards froze himself to death, for want of fuel to warm his shrivelled limbs. There lay the bones of Urquehat, of violent temper, who, in blind frenzy, plunged a dirk into the side of his best friend, and then capped the climax by hanging himself. Here reposed poor Nellie, who died ruined, forsaken, and broken-hearted, because of the ruthlessness of a perjured villain. There slept—it is presumed—Baillie Rutheon, who treasured up riches by extortion and deceit, but now his children have squandered it all, and all that remains of him on earth are a few pounds of unctuous earth;—Enough!—but over him stands a splendid monument of Peterhead granite, as hard as had been his own heart, and on it a lie for an epitaph. Here lies saintly Munro, or rather his remains, but his hymnal chorus of adoration is now echoing in celestial courts. Each green mound has a history, either real or mythical, and Murdock had heard of the tortured spirits of those departed, periodically haunting the scenes of their earthly sepulchre. He believed that such was the case, and while he cogitated, his fears increased. Diabolus was always supposed to be lurking near churches and impregnating the air with satanic influences. He made his way to the church door, and finding it open, he entered. The bearers had been left near the pulpit, and Murdock determined to make a rush for the spot and retreat as quickly as possible. He gathered up one coat tail under each arm, and fixed his blue bonnet firmly upon the top of his head, and then made the grand charge along one of the aisles. But alas! for all his plans and hopes, the enemy had him in his clutches, and apparently his hour of doom had come. He felt a painful constriction round the throat, which was fast suffocating him, but he was determined not to fall into the hands of the Evil One without a struggle; yet, like the bewildered traveller in a morass, the more he struggled the more his difficulties increased, and the tighter the grip became. He beat the air with his hands and stamped the floor with his feet. He gurgled forth short prayers with gasping

emphasis, intermingled with the creed, and snatches from the shorter catechism, with now and then ejaculations, which seemed second cousins to profanation. His objurations seemed of no avail for strangulation by the relentless and untiring fingers of his adversary was increasing in intensity every moment. He made a rush for the door as he supposed, but blind with terror he had lost his longitude and latitude. No matter, any way out of the church, by window, vestry, or door would be acceptable. Over the pews and seats he went—now floundering on the floor between them, and anon perched on the top of them in vain attempts to gain his equilibrium, for his unseen enemy had entangled his legs and arms in the meshes of this terrible mysterious agency. He was partially bound hand and foot. Wherever he plunged a bloody trail was left behind. The bonnet was gone, the coat and nether garments,

"Like tattered sail  
Flung their fragments to the gale."

He attempted to scream but fatigue and a tightened throat forbade it. To add to his terror, his adversary leaped upon his head and scoured his face and body with merciless blows. These fell fast and furious, accompanied by unearthly screams, appalling enough to awaken the seven, or seventy and seven sleepers. The thought came up to his mind whether it would not be better to come to terms and capitulate on conditions to the Enemy of souls, by the barter of his body and soul for his release from thralldom, rather than be immolated at once, and never see Flora again. He called upon the Prince of Darkness to release him and he would be his abject slave forever. He would seal such a contract with his blood, only liberate him now; but no response except blows without stint, came from his Satanic Highness. The battle of life and death continued foul and fierce, and yet no truce was sounded by the enemy. In sheer desperation, Murdock made for a small glimmer of light, which met his eye, and which happened to be a gothic window. He plunged at it, and through it, on to the green sward outside, as a storm-tossed mariner steers for the streaming light of afar, which to him is a beacon of hope. A woe-begone creature told his "horrible tale" to an awe-stricken assembly at the house of the dead, and a *posse comitatus* was formed of all the "braves" of the vicinity to 'beard the lion in his den' and exorcise him with cudgels, instead of with "book and candle." With slow steps, and bated breath, and dilated eyes, the crowd surrounded the church, and as the day dawned a goose with broken legs, and a cord fastened to one of them was found dangling from the window. The minister's wife had tethered the fowl in the church-yard, and as the door had been left open, it had found its way into the church, and sitting on one of the pews its cord had become entangled about Murdock's neck, and in the struggle he had wound it round his legs and arms, until the poor animal was dragged upon the top of his head, and in its fight for liberty, had beat him with its wings. Murdock fled the country for Canada, in very shame, and saw Flora no more. If this true tale meets his eye, we expect to be "called out," but we have provided pistols for two and wine for one. As poor Artemus would say "let him appoint the day for his funeral, and the corpse shall be ready."

A Detroit man wants to sell a patent-pistol-cane, or a promising Newfoundland pup—he don't care which. He went home the other night and set his cane, heavily charged, behind the door, and started in for a little romp with three bright little ones and the sportive pup. They got well enough along until pup spied the cane, and going for it, started on a promiscuous run around the chairs and table-legs with it in his teeth. The father remembered the effect of a slight pressure on a spring, and with rare presence of mind succeeded in throwing the children down the cellar stairs and placing himself on the top of a side-board before the thing went off. The ball only broke \$100 mirror, and the pup got a very few slight scratches in jumping through a plate glass window. The doctor says the children will all recover. No insurance.



## THE WOMEN'S PRIVILEGE.

"ALICE! Alice!" was called in clear, loud tones, which sounded through the large halls and up the wide old-fashioned staircase; but there came no response. Again the caller, a young girl, cried, "Alice! Alice! where are you? why don't you answer?" at the same time beginning slowly to walk toward the stairs. When still there came no answer, she said, aloud, "Well, I suppose, as usual, Alice is looking over father's old papers, and crying over them, too, as I found her the other day, so busy as well as after her," and she began lightly to run up the low steps. Soon her young voice might be heard in the upper hall breaking into the quaint, old-fashioned song, "Bonny Hodge." Through the hall and up another flight swiftly went Clara Maybury, and at the farther end of the second hall opened the door which led into what had been her father's library, feeling confident that there, poring over her father's papers and letters, she would find her sister.

These two, with the servants, dwelt alone in the house, their father having died over a year ago; but not until this spring had Alice Bradford felt as though she could look over her father's papers. Alice was a widow, the senior of her sister by many years, being now thirty-seven while Clara was still a young girl not quite twenty. Their mother had died when she was a little thing, and Alice had been both sister and mother to her; and even Alice's marriage had made no change, for she still remained at home, and her husband's death, six months afterward, had made her wedded life seem but a dream, and Clara hardly remembered him. Their father's death leaving them independent, they had decided to let their house and go abroad, and that was why Alice had for the last few days spent the pleasant May afternoons in sorting, arranging, and destroying papers and letters. But we have left Clara long enough at the door—longer, indeed, than she remained, for, stopping her song as she turned the handle, she said, as she entered.

"Alice, I am going to give you an ear-trumpet the first time I make you a present. I have called myself Hoarse. But where are you?" as she saw no traces of her sister, only papers in confusion, and a tall cabinet, of which she knew her father had always carried the key fastened to his watch-chain, standing open, one drawer pulled out and empty, but no trace of Alice. "Why, what can have become of her? and how strange of her to leave things in this way, and the door unlocked! How if I had done so—well, it would have been natural; but Alice! something must be the matter."

As quickly as she had entered Clara left the room, and descending the first flight of stairs, stopped at the door of the room directly under the one she had quitted, knocked softly at the door, then louder, and at last opened it; but the sight she saw checked the words on her lips. There on the sofa lay Alice, her quiet, self-contained sister sobbing passionately, while all around her were strewn letters, some opened, others still sealed, and one she held tightly in her hand. She had buried her face in the cushion, while long, quivering sobs shook her slight figure. She was so absorbed in her sorrow that she did not hear Clara enter, nor her light tread across the room, and for a moment the girl was actually terrified at the sight of such overwhelming emotion in the sister whom she had always thought, though loving her dearly, to be passionless. Kneeling down by the sofa, Clara gently laid her hand on Alice's, and said, tenderly:

"Ally dear, what is the matter? Tell me what makes you cry so." And here her voice faltered, and tears from sympathy filled her own eyes. At the sound of the soft, earnest voice Alice raised her head, with a great effort choked a sob, and answered, tremulously.

"There is nothing the matter that you can help, darling. I did not mean that you should see me in such a state. Leave me for a little while, and then I will come to you;" at the same time beginning to rise. She stooped to pick up the scattered letters, and Clara saw many were unopened, but the one in her hand she still tightly held; and Clara, feeling instinctively that this was some sorrow she should not try to fathom, left the room as noiselessly as she had entered.

Again she went to the library, and tried to imagine what could have caused her sister's rare tears; but no solution came to her mind, and after a few minutes pondering she began to close the drawers and collect the stray papers, and was thus busy when Alice, with her quiet step, entered.

"Thank you, dear," she said, gently; "I remembered I had left everything at those ends here. And now, what did you want me for?"

Clara looked somewhat anxiously at her sister. Though the voice was as quiet and composed as usual, it sounded faint and weary, and the pale face and heavy eyes made her heart ache, though she tried to speak in her usual bright manner.

"Oh, nothing special; only I met Mrs. Boyd on her way here, and she wanted to know if we would not come and spend the evening there, for there have been some very rare engravings sent to Mr.

Boyd for sale, and he has asked several to come and see them. I thought I should like to go, but it is of no consequence. Ah, I—"

To her amazement, Alice answered, quickly, a slight flush coming into her face, "I should like to go very much, and as you have cleared away all these papers for me, I will go and rest awhile, and will be ready by eight."

Without waiting for any thing further, she left the room, and ere Clara had recovered from her astonishment, she heard her sister lock the door.

"Well," she exclaimed, "wonders will never cease: Alice one minute crying her eyes out, and the next being not only willing but eager to go to Mrs. Boyd's, when I know for years she has always made some excuse for declining all Mrs. Boyd's invitations; and I intended to say that I did not care much about going, and would not leave her alone. Hm! I hate mysteries, and I must find out this one." And for a moment the bright face was clouded, but only for a moment; then, wisely deciding there was no use in bothering herself about what was certainly no affair of hers, she caught up her garden hat, and was soon busy out-doors.

Punctually at eight Alice knocked at Clara's door, saying, "I am ready, and will wait for you in the parlor."

When Clara joined her there she found the usual Alice with a trifle more color in her cheeks, but dressed with the same simplicity; only as she put on her hood, the glitter of something on her hand attracted Clara's notice, and looking closely, she saw on the third finger of Alice's right hand a ring she had never seen before—a single stone apal, which flashed and glittered. She checked herself in time, just as she was going to exclaim, "Why, where did that come from?" and silently the two went the short distance to their friends'. There were several there, all of whom cordially greeted the sisters, but particularly Alice, who, though much liked, had for many years kept aloof from all society. Mrs. Boyd, though friendly, seemed to keep away from Alice, who made several ineffectual attempts to enter into conversation with her. At last, seeing her hostess evidently did not want to have any special talk with her, Alice, who had come there merely to have the chance of asking for some information she particularly desired, pleaded that it wearied her eyes to look long at prints, and withdrew to the further end of the room. She began a desultory chat with one of the guests, when a ring was heard, and she caught Mr. Boyd's hearty greeting as he advanced to meet the new-comer.

"Ah, Garrison, glad to see you; you will find plenty of old friends here. I did not tell any one but my wife that you were here, and you will take every one by surprise."

Alice stopped suddenly in her sentence, drew farther back into the corner of the sofa, and every thing swam before her, and it seemed as though her heart stopped beating. How long a time passed she could not say, but as in a dream she heard Mrs. Boyd saying,

"Alice, here is an old friend wishes to see you. I need hardly introduce Mr. Garrison to Mrs. Bradford, whom he well knew, as Alice Maybury." And then Alice found herself alone, with Edward Garrison standing in front of her. As she timidly raised her eyes she saw the tall figure somewhat bent to look at her, the hair she had known as black was thickly strewn with gray; but the dark eyes so earnestly fixed on hers were the same, and the voice had the same old ring in it, as he said, "I trust you are as glad to see me as I am to see you. Mrs. Boyd said she 'hoped,' but did not know whether you would come;" at the same time extending his hand.

Alice tried to speak, but no words would come, only a low quivering sigh; but she frankly placed her hand in his, and as his warm clasp closed over it, a weight seemed lifted from her heart, a sense of rest and comfort to which she had long been a stranger stole over her, and a warm flush rose on her cheeks, making her look more like the Alice of old than she had done for many a year. Ere he released her hand from that warm, clinging grasp, Edward Garrison's eye was attracted by the glitter of the ring, and he looked as keenly at it as did Clara. Apparently it was known to him, for he said, as he unclosed his grasp.

"Twenty years seem like a dream, as I see you, Alice, with that on your finger. Though I know much from Mrs. Boyd, when can I see you to talk with you?"

Twice Alice tried to speak, but the words died away inarticulately. Bending toward her, Edward said, earnestly,

"Pray forgive my freedom, Mrs. Bradford. As you say nothing, perhaps my presence here is unwelcome; but this meeting has deprived me of my control, and—"

Here, with a violent effort, Alice forced herself to speak, and interrupted him, saying, in a voice which, spite her efforts, trembled,

"Indeed I am most glad to see you; but I can not talk with you before all these people. Will you not come and

see me early to-morrow? But I must go now. I cannot stay here any longer."

Looking at him, she saw the same deep look in the eyes, and her own suddenly swam with tears, as, gently laying a detaining hand on hers, and drawing from his vest pocket a small book, he said, in a low voice,

"Wait an instant. See what has been my only comfort these many years. I have never let a day pass without looking at it." At the same time opening the leaves and showing her, where she remembered placing it years ago, a lock of her own fair hair.

Spite her struggle to prevent, Alice could not restrain her tears. Her nerves had been sorely tried that day, and hurriedly leaving him, she crossed the room to Clara's side, and in a voice rendered hoarse by suppressed emotion begged her to leave. Looking at her face, and startled by the agitation she saw there, Clara instantly complied, and a few minutes saw the sisters ready for their return.

As they came down the stairs Mr. Garrison was waiting in the hall. Without a word he drew Alice's hand to rest on his arm, and silently they went the short distance, the two feeling too much for speech, and Clara engaged in devouring her own curiosity as to who he was (she had not been introduced to him), where he came from, and what was the matter with Alice. At their door, she passed in first, but could not refrain from looking at others, and was certain that she saw the unknown touch his lips to Alice's right hand. Hastily passing to the stairs, Alice, with the face averted, bade Clara good-night, and without giving time for any questions or remarks, went to her own room. For some time Clara sat alone in the parlor, wondering what would be the end of this agitation, but at last said, half aloud, "Well, as father used to tell me, 'If you live you'll know, if you die you won't want to;' and as Alice is old enough to manage her own affairs, I will go to bed;" and she suited the action to the word.

Long after she was asleep Alice continued to pace up and down her room, trying to reconcile feelings with so-called proprieties. Wearied with the agitations of the last few hours, she finally drew out the letter she had held in her hand when Clara surprised her in the afternoon, and unfolding it, read it for the—well, we will not say how many times. It ran as follows, and was dated some fourteen years back:

"MY DARLING.—I am impelled, by I know not what, to write you to-day. 'Tis the anniversary of our engagement, and, though you have never taken any notice of my letters, and I have never heard from you since I left C—, and have only your father's cold letter. I cannot refrain from calling and thinking of you as mine. I toil for you, I make all my plans with reference to you, and sometime, somewhere my Alice and I will meet. You did love me, dear; and, spite your cruel silence, deep in my heart is the conviction that you love me still. Your image is ever before me, and at will I can bring your bright, loving face to my mental eyes; and as in life you have ever been my first thought, so also my last thought, hope, and prayer will be for you. Dear, could you not have waited for me a little while? And yet, my darling, believe me our happiness is so much more to me than my own that I do not blame you. Only be happy, and as long as no sorrow touches you, I will bear whatever loneliness and trouble may fall to my lot, joyfully for your dear sake. Good-bye, my first, my last, my only love, and believe no time nor change can alter my love for you. Now, as ever, yours,

"EDWARD GARRISON."

As she read, the resolved expression deepened in Alice's face, and kissing the signature, she said, softly, "I will do it; I owe him that much, and then I could not let happiness come so near without trying to grasp it." Then, looking at her ring, she pressed it to her lips, and with that and her letter as a charm against evil dreams and fears, sought sleep.

Clara's inquisitive glances in the morning amused her, but she took no notice of them, nor of her sister's artful attempt to gratify her curiosity without seeming to be curious. When, soon after breakfast, she heard the well-remembered voice in the hall asking for her, she rose and said, calmly, to the expectant Clara.

"I shall be engaged for some time; don't let anyone intrude in the parlor;" and with steady step, though a very fluttering heart, passed down the wide stairs. How vividly the last meeting came to her mind! On such a day as this they had parted twenty years ago; he a young enthusiastic man, and she a loving, trusting girl; and now they were to meet—as what? Youth had gone, and perchance love too; but her own beating heart told her, with her love remained, and might it not also have staid with him? She softly repeated the last lines of her precious letter "No time nor change can alter my love for you; and, quieted by their charm, opened the door of the parlor, where Edward Garrison waited for her more impatiently, if possibly, than at their last meeting. The sight of her, and the timid air with which she came forward to meet him made Edward forget the composed greeting he had intended, and hastily coming forward with outstretched hand, he said, eagerly, in his old impulsive manner,

"Oh, Alice my darling, tell me we have met as we parted, and these twenty years

of hope and despair will seem as a dream!" and clasping her unrepulsed in his arms, they passed into what unbelievers call "the fool's paradise." When after how long a time they could neither of them have told they came back to earth and realities, Edward, holding Alice's hand fast for fear, it seemed, if he once loosed his clasp, she would melt away, said:

"Now, dear, tell me why did you never write me or answer my letters? Think of the years of happiness we have wasted; for when your father told me you were going to be married, I lost all heart, and—"

But here, at sight of the crimson flush that rose to Alice's face, he stopped.

"Ah, Edward," she answered, "tis a sad story. I never dear received a line from you, and wrote you by every chance." Then before he could exclaim—"Yesterday, in looking over father's papers, I came to a drawer in his cabinet filled with letters, and dear they were ours."

Edward Garrison said nothing; he respected the feeling which made the child refrain from blaming the parent: and Alice went on, after a moment's pause:

"I took them, and O, my dearest, how much longer you kept your faith in me than I in you! And yet your last letter—words cannot tell you how precious it is to me. Do you remember it? Yesterday when I read it, I thought my heart would break, to find through all the years of silence you had trusted and believed in me, and remembered how faithless I had been to you. But, my dear love, believe me, though I did you a grievous wrong by marrying Mark Bradford, I did not deceive him—ah, had I but received your letter—I told him all. He knew, Edward, he had not many months to live, and he loved me so, that I was weak and yielded. It seemed as though, having lost all that made life dear to me, that if I could cheer and comfort the last remnant of his life, it was selfish to refuse. But what letter did my father write you?"

Silently Edward placed in her hand a letter. She glanced at the date, and saw it was the same as the year his letter, and one year before her marriage. Her father then, had written falsely. It was merely this—

"Sir,—As my daughter has never answered any of your letters, and will soon marry Mark Bradford, Esq., whom you may remember, I write in her name to beg that you will not annoy her by any further communications. Yours etc.,

RALPH MAYBURY."

Poor Alice! it was hard to find her father had been guilty of such baseness, but as she gave back the letter she spoke:

"Edward, yesterday when I found out how each of us had been deceived, I determined to find where you were, and accepted Mrs. Boyd's invitation, the first for many years, to ask her about you. I replaced your ring, which I determined should never again leave my finger; but the agitation of seeing you took away all my self control. I decided, however, last night to speak to you openly. I am no longer young or pretty, but I love you as tenderly, nay, more so than I did when I gave you my promise"—then, as he made an impulsive movement, she gently drew back—"and as the only reparation I could make for my lack of faith, I determined to put aside the woman's privilege of accepting or refusing, and offer you my love and heartfelt devotion, knowing well I have neither youth nor beauty to charm you; but such as I am, if you will—"

"Alice, hush! I will not hear you speak so of yourself. To me you will ever be young and lovely; and oh, my love! my love! I am too happy in hearing such blessed words from you to remember that I have any body or any thing to forgive; and it you love me, as your words avow, time nor change can ever come between us."

For reply Alice placed her two hands in his, and repeated his own words.

How long they talked, nor how swiftly the time past, they did not know; but at last Clara's voice was heard in tones of mock distress:

"Alice, can't we never have any more lunch? It is past three. And won't your friend let us have something to eat, and finish the talk afterward?"

Edward went to the door and led in the laughing girl, who saucily asked,

"Well, what is the result of all this pow-wow, Alice? Is it to be, or not to be, Mr. Garrison?—for of course I have set my wits to work to find out from Mrs. Boyd the meaning of all this, and know all about you now."

"It is to be," said Edward, smiling, for Alice had slipped away. "And will you be satisfied to take me for a brother?"

"Well, a real brother-in-law instead of a trip to Europe is the way the question stands in my mind; and as I can't help myself, I will gracefully say I prefer the brother-in-law.—And now Alice," as her sister entered, "did you or not claim the woman's privilege of the leap-year, because you looked so resolved this morning I knew something was to be settled?"

"I claimed a privilege," "But what it was I shall never tell you," added Edward. And as Clara went gayly down the entry, mischievously humming, "When young Love went a-Maying," he said tenderly,

"Dearest, your frankness has but enhanced the value of the gift, you gave me twenty years ago; and, if it were possible, your avowal will make me love more, my Alice, the woman of all women to me."

## Family Circle.

## THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPISWAY POTTS.  
No. I.

ONE of the faculty in a medical college said to me lately: "You leave one important item out of your homely, honest talks to women, Miss Potts, and I am a little surprised at it."

I blushed at the bare hint of any dereliction of duty, and asked what it was.

"You should say to women," said he, "that the one fruitful source of disease and sickness arises from improper attention to the feet. Tell them they must keep their feet warm and dry if they would have good health."

"Change the stockings frequently, and when they wash their feet they must rub them until they are all aglow, and perfectly dry, before going to bed."

"Wear shoes large enough to allow a free circulation of the blood, let there be no compression whatever."

"If the feet are dry and hard, bathe them in warm suds, or in tepid water in which a little sifting of ashes has been thrown, take them out, rub them well with a coarse crash towel, and put them back in the water again; bathe them, take out, rub briskly—doing this several times over."

"Sometimes, if warm water is inconvenient, and the feet are cold, rub them with a coarse towel or a piece of flannel until the blood circulates freely."

I was so fired up at the doctor's words and their importance that I felt like proclaiming it from the housetops to the poor, half-sick women I met every day.

It does seem weak to stand at the window and fight disease while we allow it to come in, full-handed, at the open door, without so much as saying, "Away," or raising a hand to prevent it.

I begin to think that mothers whose children have "out-mouths" are not aware that this uncomely feature can be rendered pretty in the hands of a skillful dentist.

A mother is culpable who permits her child—more especially a daughter—to come up to womanhood with a homely, over-jutting mouth, caused by crooked teeth. The operation will give no pain, and in years to come the mother will have the gratitude of her child.

A neighbour of mine, who has been afflicted with dyspepsia for several years, and was pale and cross and sunken-eyed, has, within a few months, grown very hearty, with cheeks as ruddy as Spitzbergen.

I said to him the other day: "You don't seem like the same man, Dicky, that you were one year ago. Do you mind, you and I had a little spat about your cutting down a fine young maple at the roadside, and you just as good as told me to mind my own business; and you said trees didn't look beautiful to you, and that you cared no more for flowers than you did for 'Jimson' or 'May-weed.'"

"I was a mean fellow, that's just so, Pipey, and I've been going to beg your pardon ever since, but I did hope you'd forgotten that unmanly act of mine. Fact is, I was sick—had the dyspepsia, worst kind, and I felt like snarling and showing my teeth all the time; but now I'm cured, and I eat heartily, and work well, and whatever my wife does is right, and my babies, that used to look like little brats, are little darlings now."

"A man out of the Reserve sent me his cure, and though it does seem really foolish, I'll tell you what it is."

"The first thing when I get up mornings, after I am dressed, I give myself a real good pounding all over my breast and stomach, including the whole chest. I rub with my open hands and inhale all the air my lungs will hold, and then I pound with my fists as if I were in dead earnest. One must begin gradually at first, throw back the shoulders, inflate the lungs, and work with a will."

"At first I could hardly stand it, it hurt my breast and stomach, but now I couldn't do without my daily pounding any better than Colty could do without her oats, I tell you, it has made a healthy man of me."

I believe I never saw a woman yet who handled warm bread just taken from the oven like my mother used to. She always laid a clean towel or a newspaper back on the table or shelf, and tipped the warm loaves up on it on their sides, and laid a cloth over them. Now, all the women I know of flip their hot loaves out of the oven, and lay them down flat on a table or shelf to cool. Of course, that table or shelf is made of cherry, walnut, pine, poplar, or ash, and it cannot be otherwise than that the lower crust will taste of the wood. All of us have found that unpleasant, liniment-y or turpentine-y taste in the bread, and it is not a bit good.

I can hardly stand it sometimes, when I go into a house and see the hot loaves lying flat on an old black table, that is used every day in the year to wash dishes on, and for the commonest kitchen purposes.



Pies should be baked hard enough that they can be slipped off while warm upon a folded paper or fresh cloth; if they stand on the plates or tins until cool, they will generally be soggy in the under-crust. Pie-plates should not be used after they become old and the glazing become cracked, for they absorb grease and dish-water, and are hardly fit for the children's play-houses.

Here, at the deacon's, we have a good deal of fun about "princes." Now, with us, a prince is no other than any one of these miserable old stragglers who go travelling about over the country; if a young man, he is generally on his way to "Chicago" or Pittsburgh, is a machinist by trade, and longs to reach his journey's end, so he can get to work again. If he is an old man, he is going away East or away West to his "broth-in-law's" or his "cousin's"—has not eaten anything for three days, and sleeps in barns and straw-stacks, and has the old cheesy, greasy smell of an emigrant who has been a steershead passenger.

If we hear a sneaking muffled tap at the door, I'ds will open it and hear the unintelligible jargon mumbled, not understanding anything except, "A little piece o' bread."

"Here is a prince of the House of Haspburg," she will sometimes say, turning to me; "his wants are limited to a piece of bread; what shall I give him?"

"Oh, the best the house affords—we have heard of people entertaining angels unaware," I reply, as sanctimoniously as I can say it. We always call them princes, even if speaking in their presence—sometimes they belong to one line of royalty, and sometimes another.

A few evenings since an old prince came to the front-door, spread out his hands and bowed graciously, saying, "Madam, I am unfortunate. I am stricken with poverty. Can you assist me?"

"What will you have, sir?" I said, very much amused, but self-possessed.

"I stand the most in need of money and tobacco," said he, with the utmost assurance.

"I cannot give you money, and no gentleman will use tobacco, much less ask for it from the hands of a lady," I said, coolly. "Anything else, sir?"

"I am hungry, too, madam."

"Sit down," I said, "and you shall have something to eat."

As I came out of the dining-room door, with a plate containing half a pumpkin and a slice of jelly roll, he waved me back with a kingly hand, saying: "Before I accept your hospitality, I wish to ask a favor, and it is that you will make me a nice lot of good, strong, black, hot coffee."

I was so amused at the prince's impudence, that laughing wasn't half expressive enough.

I put the plate away: "My dear sir, I am sorry that you cannot be accommodated, but the fire is dead in the kitchen-stove, shopped is over an hour ago, we have worked hard all day, and are just ready to sit down and rest and look at our day's mail. You will positively have to excuse us."

He bowed, and rose to depart, saying in his softest tones, as with bared head he made his best bow: "I bid you good-night, madam, and may the Lord bless you, and may you have good luck."

This was the most ludicrous farce I ever played. He seemed to feel flattered by the deference he deemed shown to him. I like to treat these princes ceremoniously, and see them try to show off.

I said to one once: "Your language is good. You should be teaching school. Why not go to Hoop-pole County, in this State, and teach?"

"They've bin a wantin' me down there," said he; and then when he left he turned around, and, thinking to display wonderful educational acquirement, to dazzle me he said: "I wish you would allow me to gather up a few of them apples that lay dilapidating out in your orchard."

It was through Lily that the tribe of shacks first acquired the name of princes.

We had been gathering flowers in the swamps and meadows along the railroad, and were coming home at sunset laden with our treasures, when we overtook a young man carrying a big satchel. I talked to him; and, among other motherly questions, asked him if he had money enough to bear his expense to Pittsburgh. He said he had if he allowed himself to go without eating much, and sleep outdoors.

Just before we parted Lily whispered: "I believe he is a prince in disguise, and that he carries his family jewels in his satchel; do please ask him to stay at our house to-night; why it would be an honor to us, you know."

Lily was old enough then to delight in fairy love and stories of poor girls marrying the king's son, etc., and I thought this would be a good chance to teach her a lesson, and to disburse her mind on all such folly. So I invited him to tarry at our house, and that would save paying out money for supper and lodging.

I introduced him to my family, and told them why I had brought him home with

us; and at Lily's earnest solicitation, I let the stranger sleep in her pretty room among her dolls, and toys, and pictures, and little books.

She talked so much about his jewels, that after he retired I reached in at one of the satchel and drew out the old, dirty, patched, muddy leg of a pair of sheep's gray pantaloons, saying: "Lily, here is a diamond of the first water, second only to the Kohi-noor in beauty and value it has been in the Bourbon family over two hundred years."

She said she knew the stranger's name was Clarence Fitzgerald, or Montrose De Alembert, or something of that kind, and to gratify her, before he started the next morning I asked his name.

"My name is Jacob Snyder," said he, with the utmost pomposity.

My heart was touched with the pitiful words of a poor, shivering prince one cold day. He had stayed here all night and in the morning—the mercury almost down to zero, his old ragged clothes, fastened here and there with pins, and nails, and strings, hung on him like loose shingles. I got the button-box, and everything necessary, and told him to sit down and wait until I had put buttons on his clothes—honest ones on his coat, a row on his vest, and replaced the missing ones on his pantaloons. While I was sewing a suspender-button on his waistband, a tear fell on the back of my hand. I was afraid he'd blubber right out, and I chatted away, and never stopped to even put in a comma. I was telling him that one man was just as good as another; no matter how shabby or patched he was, he had it in his power to be all that any common man was—that

"Many a lad born on rough work and ways  
Strips off his ragged coat and makes  
Men clothe him with their praise."

"What made you do this for me?" said he, "no woman ever did the like before; they're afraid o' me, they hate me, and wouldn't touch me or my clothes."

"What made you do it?"

"I did it because I pity you, and wish you well, and I'll feel so much better now in my good warm home when I remember that you, out in this bitter cold day are made more comfortable from the little work of my hands this morning."

And so I did. These old stragglers are a trouble, and when we do take them in and care for them, sometimes they are very ungrateful, and take us in. Though they do leave our beds dirty, and our rooms smelling like a sheep-pen, still I believe we ought to care for and make them comfortable, if only one out of ten is really an object of charity and a worthy but unfortunate man. So I'll stick to them, and patch up my old theory about "entertaining angels unaware," even if they do impose upon me and go away leaving me with a two day's headache.

Oh, I can do this in remembrance of a thin, haggard, half-starved face that looked sharply up into mine long ago after a wild, adventurous trip home from Denver City, and in answer to my inquiry of, "Why didn't you beg rather than suffer?" said: "Beg! Why even women are sometimes incarnate devils, and will drive a sufferer from their doors as though he were worse than any thief! You don't let know what some women are made of!"

My lips were white and sealed, and every half-mute face that looks up into mine since then seems stamped with his vain appeal for bread.

#### THE GAMES OF CHILDREN AND THE GAMBLING OF MEN.

AS our elderly and middle aged readers recall their childhood, they can remember but few games of chance or skill that were considered legitimate to the family, and these were such games as *Chequers, Fox and Geese, and Twelve-men Morris*, played with red and yellow kernels of corn or designs scratched on the opposite sides of a plain pine board. The various games of cards were generally considered contraband, and hence had wonderful charms for the boys who keenly enjoyed the stolen fire in back garrets, woodsheds, and hay-mows. In the youthful days of the younger of our adult readers the game of *Dr. Busby* and the *Mansion of Happiness* were added to the list recognized by the heads of most families, and we will remember our doubts concerning the propriety of repeating at home the fact that we had been exceedingly fascinated with the game of *Dr. Busby* at the house of a playmate, and also our happiness when the game, after becoming a little known in the neighborhood, was introduced to our fireside by parents who had the good sense to believe in making home pleasant to the youngsters.

From these simple beginnings a few other games came into general use, and parents began to learn that it was not beneath their dignity to devote a part of their evenings to making home interesting and attractive to the children.

The word "games" is at present used to denote a wide range of amusements and recreations adapted to the home circle, such as charades, parlor magic, for-

tunes, wax figures, pantomimes, etc., as well as games of chance and skill played with various kinds of cards, or on boards with dice and men, all of which we believe are each year becoming more popular in American homes.

But while this is so, we would not have a parent forget for a moment that the line should be drawn between innocent home amusements and what we understand as gambling. Many are unable to see where this line is and what it consists, and while they admit the necessity of making home the most attractive place to the children, argue that games played at home in childhood tend to gambling in manhood. This is not so; it is the use of the game that decides which side of the line it must be placed. That delight of every boy, the game of marbles, is as innocent as any other childish recreation, and yet many boys have received their first lessons in gambling when playing marbles for gains, and many parents have allowed their sons to count over the contents of their marble-bags at night in their presence, who would have held up their hands in holy horror at a game of *Beisique* around the evening lamp. Here is just the line we would draw. Never countenance any game played for a permanent gain, or in which money or its equivalent is the object played for.

That this must be the one and only distinction between innocent recreation and harmful gambling must be seen from the fact that the simplest recreation or amusement of chance or skill may be used for gambling purposes, and hence no dividing line can be drawn between two games unless, indeed, one of them involves vicious habits or practices in itself.

But if all games are made simply matters of amusement, it is not likely that those boys who stay at home in the evening to play them with their parents and sisters will be attracted in their manhood by the temptations of the gaming tables.

On the other hand, a boy who has been encouraged to be proud of his constantly increasing bag of marbles, as the reward of his shrewdness and skill in playing, will be apt enough to consider it legitimate in after years to keep his purse filled in the same manner, although ivory balls and pieces of card may be substituted for the marbles. It is a matter of satisfaction to all who have given the subject thought, that innocent games and home amusements are fast becoming a prominent feature in our homes, thereby establishing counter-attractions to those of the saloons and haunts of vice that crowd so closely to our doors, not only in the larger cities but in every country village in the land.

#### MEDICAL MURDERERS.

AN ambitious barber resident in a little Long Island village, becoming weary of shampooing and shaving and curling and dying and pomading, determined, not long ago, to set up in a line of business more respectable at least, if not more remunerative than his own. His aspiring soul was not to be satisfied with the high-sounding designation of "Tonsororial Artist," with which the modern barber sometimes consoles himself for the humbleness of his calling. Possibly he was of an inquiring disposition, and had learned the history of the striped pole, which stands all meaningless now, where once its colors indicated, among other things, that the village barber was also the village surgeon in all minor cases. At any rate, our Long Island barber took off his apron, removed his striped pole, packed his pomades, and announced himself a physician and surgeon. In this capacity he undertook to perform the operation of setting the broken leg of one Charles Sutter, with a success so very indifferent that a jury of his countrymen has decided that he shall pay to his injured patient the sum of one thousand dollars by way of compensation for damages done.

The verdict of the jury was doubtless a very proper one, and just here our interest in this particular case terminates. We have mentioned it only because it affords us a suggestion. If there is anything precious above all other worldly possessions, that thing is our health, and as we are reputed to be a reasonably prudent people, looking pretty sharply after all our interests, it seems incredible that we take almost no precautions at all for the protection of this, our most precious and most easily imperiled treasure. And yet such is the fact. In some of the States there are laws, more or less worthless, nominally intended to prevent incompetent persons from imposing upon the public with false pretensions to medical and surgical skill. In others there are no laws at all upon the subject. In none of them is there any real protection furnished. Practically, any-body whom it pleases to do so may set himself up as a physician, in any State in America, and in fact, men utterly devoid of medical skill do so set themselves up all over the country. Some of them are totally without professional education of any sort, while a larger number have managed to pass the very inadequate examinations upon the strength of which our medical colleges confer degrees, but are still radically ignorant of much that is necessary to make them competent physicians. Some of them—a good many, in fact—are plain block-heads whom no amount of culture could possi-

ly fit for their responsible business, while now and then we see one whose lack of moral character should exclude him wholly from professional standing. For all these facts we have the authority of eminent medical gentlemen, as well as the evidence of our own daily observation.

Now, when one is sick enough to need medicine at all, he certainly needs the advice of a thoroughly competent physician as to what the medicine shall be, as a blunder in this matter may prove fatal. That blunders are made every day by reason of the incompetency and ignorance of men who are themselves physicians, there is no room to doubt. That these cases prove fatal in many cases every year, is also unquestionably true. And when a man dies at the hands of one of these pretenders, it looks to the unprofessional mind very like a murder, even though the doctor of it have half-a-dozen medical colleges at his back. We have laws against murder, but no law which adequately meets cases of this sort. We constantly assume that the medical colleges look to the qualifications of their graduates, and we continue to act as though this were true, while we know perfectly well that it is not. "They make doctors very easily," said an eminent physician to us the other day, and we all know how true the remark is. Men whose preliminary training amounts to just nothing at all, enter medical colleges, and after attending a few brief courses of lectures they pass examinations upon the baldest technicalities, and are turned out upon the world as regularly-trained physicians. No proper effort is made to ascertain their real fitness or unfitness for the important functions they are thus pronounced competent to assume. If they have nominally been medical students during a given period, have attended a specified number of lectures, to which they may or may not have listened, and can manage to squeeze through an examination upon mere technicalities, which anybody may pass with a very moderate amount of "cramming," they are straightway made "doctors," duly labeled and ticketed for the delusion of the public.

Possibly the colleges can not wholly avoid the manufacture of incompetent doctors, but they might certainly manage, by a less technical and more searching system, to turn out fewer licensed blunderers than they do. And the state may do far more for the protection of the public by a little judicious legislation upon the subject. The law might very properly require every physician to practice for a considerable time in the hospitals, under the tutelage of learned principals, before setting up in independent practice; or it might establish examining boards, composed of men of recognized eminence in the profession, whose duty it should be to make real and thorough examinations into the real and true qualifications of all candidates for licence to practice medicine. In whatever shape it is to come, we should have a remedy of some sort, and that right speedily.

The Nebraska Indians are allowed to ride free on all trains they can jump on while the latter are in motion. The tribe is being reduced very rapidly.

The falling of a skylight in a San Francisco church on the back of an empty pew woke up the whole congregation, the other Sunday.

A Memphis girl gets her living with a two-mule dray. She says she likes to drive the animals because they remind her of her old beau who has deserted her in her time of need.

A man in Leeds, Eng., was to play "Santa Claus" for the enjoyment of the children; but he made a mistake in the chimney, and when they pulled him out of the fire, he concluded it was wrong to deceive the children and refused to try it again.

A pair of horses ran away in Iowa the other day, dragging the lines on the road. After going a short distance they met a cow, and were stopped by the lines becoming entangled in the cow's horns. The cow sat down and waited until the driver came up and recovered his property.

An editor out West asks his subscribers to pay him, that he may play the same joke on his creditors.

A Yankee orator is said to have brought tears to the eyes of his audience by his "touching description of an erring Indiana hen, that had recently been discovered in the back part of a hardware shop, where the misguided fowl had struggled for three weeks vainly trying to hatch out a pair of white porcelain door-knobs, without sympathy or sustenance."

An Indiana Sunday school man writes to a Bible firm in New York: "Send me on some Sunday school books and papers. Let the books be about pirates and Indians—far as possible."

Our mailing clerk, says the Peoria "Review," seeing a handsome paste pin glittering on the bosom of a dry goods measurer, has wasted nearly all the paste around the establishment, and has not yet succeeded in making a satisfactory article of jewelry.

### Auction Sale OF PUBLIC AUCTION Estate Bank of Upper Canada

The following LANDS will be sold by Public Auction at the places and on the days hereinafter named.

Terms—One-fifth cash; residue in four equal annual instalments at 7 per cent interest, secured by mortgage on the property.

#### COUNTY OF LINCOLN.

TOWNSHIP OF NIAGARA

Part of Lots Nos 6 and 7, on the Niagara River 20 acres as described in mortgage of Dr Joseph Ham on to the Bank of Upper Canada, subsequently foreclosed

#### At the Village of Chippawa, IN SAID COUNTY,

On Friday, the 21st day of February, next,

At the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, at the British American Hotel

VILLAGE OF CHIPPAWA

Lot No 2, South side of Welland Street  
Lots Nos 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 18, 22, and 28 Welland Street

Lots Nos 13, 14, mortgaged interest, 17, 19, 23, 25, 27 and 29, north side of Welland Street

Lots Nos 16, 17, 18, 20, and 20A, South side of Main Street

All that part of 137, North side of Main Street, now conveyed by Cummings to Bossa

Lots 156, 155, 154, 153, 149, 147, 177, North side of Main Street

Lots Nos 45, 47, 49, 58, 60, 62 and Water Street

Grist Mill Lot, in rear of Bossa's Lot, North side of Water Street

Lots Nos 33, 35, 41, 45, 47 and 49, north side of Water Street

An irregular piece of land lying between Main Street and Water Street and between Hepburn's and Lyon's Lots and the Creek

Four Lots lying between Water Street and Chippawa River, to the north-east of Kirkpatrick's Lot

No 1, east Church Street

7 full Lots shown on the registered Plan of Chippawa, east side of Church Street, without number

Lots Nos 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, west side of Church Street

Lots Nos 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26 north side of Mechanic Street

Lots Nos 27, 29, 31 and 33, north side of Mechanic Street

#### At the Town of WALKERTON IN THE COUNTY OF BRUCE

ON

Tuesday, 25th day of February

At 12 o'clock, noon, at the American Hotel

TOWNSHIP OF SAUGEEN

Lot No 4, Con A, 14 acres  
Lot No 12, Con A, 100 acres

By order,

C. G. GAMBLE.

Toronto, Jan. 20th, 1873.

#### THE TORONTO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

PROGRAMME—TUESDAY EVENINGS—

JAN., FEB., MARCH, 1873.

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

14. ESSAY—E. H. Wallace, "How the Ancients thought and wrote."

15. ESSAY—J. H. Moxon, Chairman, "Ambition."

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

17. LECTURE—C. A. Morse, "The Pioneers." T. Dixon CRAIG, Chairman.

18. An evening of Song and Recitations.—C. A. MORSE, Chairman.

19. LECTURE—T. De Witt Talmage, Brooklyn, N. Y.—"Gumbo's Coo."

JOHN MACDONALD, Chairman.

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

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

W. W. ANDERSON, Chairman.

21. LECTURE—Geo. Hague, "Commercial revolutions and Panics."

DANIEL McLEAN, Chairman.

22. An evening of Songs, Recitations and Readings.

23. LECTURE—Rev. W. Morley Furness, L. L. D.—"Wilberforce."

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

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

Bible Class every Sabbath Afternoon at 3 o'clock.

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

YOUNG MEN, STRANGERS in the city are especially invited.

THOS. J. WILKIE, Secretary.

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## PURE GOLD

TORONTO, FEB. 21, 1873.

## A SOCIAL DIFFICULTY.

In the history of civilization, Buckle, speaking of marriage, says: "This immense social and religious institution is not only swayed but is completely controlled by the price of food and the rate of wages." The luxury of modern life tends against the matrimonial condition. The young man with a moderate income stands aghast before the expenses shadowed forth in house rent, furniture, and cost of living, and regards the summary outlays as so many barriers to a condition that he may desire but cannot attain. The consequence is that the number of bachelors is on the increase, and the number of women supported by profligacy is yearly growing larger.

Marriage then is not a question of social comfort only, but takes in the wider field of public health and morals.

We cannot or will not go back to the days of our grandfathers, when the country was young, and social distinctions less clearly defined, and when a young couple were willing to commence at a low round of the ladder, and work upwards.

Now, the lady demands, in her early life, the comforts she was accustomed to in her father's house, and the young man wants hotel luxuries at his private table. They want to move in the same set, and make even more show after than before marriage, and as this cannot be even attempted on the limited incomes of the majority of young men, the girl is either left to spinsterhood, or, "like an oyster, she seeks some old wreck to fasten on," and sacrifices youth and love to some elderly man with wealth and position, while the young man continues his club life and fast pleasures as the only substitute for the domestic life he cannot afford.

The evil is apparent; but the remedy is difficult of suggestions. It is little good denouncing immorality while the producing causes remain untouched. We cannot hope for a return to primitive simplicity, or that young men and women accustomed to broadcloth and silk will don tweed and calico, or that true love-sweetened crust of romance will be accepted for made dishes and French cooking! We can expect no millennium of cheap food and low rents, or a sudden accession of high wages, but we must expect an increase in immorality, and the bitter curse of ashes in the mouth for those who will only feed on the apples of pride.

We cannot provide a remedy for the evil, but we suggest an amelioration.—Means can be taken to lessen the cost of living. Rents might be reduced by the French style of house building, and food be obtained more cheaply by co-operative societies.

We might take a higher standpoint and finish the duty of morality and the holiness of wedded life; that marriage can be happy without luxury and that it is no disgrace to commence life lowly; but we fear that Right, Truth, and Religion itself would be rebutted by the terrible question. What will Souchy say?

## THE SLAIN BY DRINK.

JANUARY LIST.

THE curse of Canada which we so frequently hear about and which has become quite a set phrase among us when speaking of the evils of intemperance, has shown no signs of abatement during the first month of the new year.

When we looked back at the black catalogue of crime, murder, and horrid fatalities perpetrated under its influence, during the last weeks of the old year, and thought of the misery and heart-breaking grief which hundreds of families suffer in consequence, many of us look forward to the new year with hope, thinking may be the evil would be somewhat diminished by the new resolutions and fresh purposes which humanity is ever forming when a new year opens.

But our hopes have been blasted; the curse has been rampant amongst us, and the horrid results of drink which made December so notable, seems to have increased in number and horror with the month that has just closed. One thing almost as deplorable to a philanthropist as the deaths and murder occasioned by the Drink Demon, is the indifference and callous-heartedness with which men look upon the evil.

The sad accounts which from day to day are published in the papers are not ever read by hundreds of our wealthy families, and as a result, such make no effort to stay the curse until it enters their own dwelling and takes a son or a brother.

The amount of support and sympathy which the efforts of Temperance Reformers receive from our public men is both meagre and selfish; even those whose thrift and temperance principles combined have raised them to positions of wealth and affluence often grudge a dollar when the good of the cause needs it for very existence. The list of slain since the year opened is in itself reason enough for such to come over and help us. True, the victims are not those who have filled high positions in the land; many are those who for years have led a life of dissipation that ended in a drunkard's death, yet they were men and women like ourselves until drink unmanned them.

Surely the demand for prohibition has not come too soon, neither can the charge of fanaticism be laid upon us because we go in for a radical cure. Who of our legislators dare vote for the continuance of such a curse after looking down the following list of slain, or rather a portion of the slain during one month? :

1. Noah Goyette, St. Regis, Q., killed by the train while Drunk.—*Globe*.
2. Robert Chambers, architect, Halifax, frozen to death while Drunk.—*Globe*.
3. Lauchlin M'Innes, same place, frozen to death whilst Drunk near Sydney Mines.—*Mail*.
4. James Taylor, Elmira, from the effect of intoxicating drinks.—*Leader*.
5. Mary McGlade, Montreal, found dead in bed from the effects of excessive drinking.—*Mail*.
6. John Sanders, Cookstown, suddenly, from the effects of intemperance.—*Globe*.
7. Ellen Mott, Toronto, intemperate habits.—*Globe*.
8. Lucie Brisbois, Ottawa, from intemperance.—*Globe*.
9. John Truell, London, excessive drinking.—*Globe*.
10. Dennis Failey, Toronto, drink and a hard life.—*Mail*.
11. Mary Dalton, Montreal, drink, want and exposure.—*Globe*.
12. Joseph Seymour, North Dorchester, an over-dose of Scotch whiskey.—*Globe*.
13. John Wilson, London, excessive drinking.—*PURE GOLD*.

Feb. 8th, 1873.

W. E. M.

## SPAIN.

WHEN too many rivals are contending for any particular object there is sure to be dissension. The vanquished in the strife is sure to be dissatisfied, and if an opportunity presents itself they generally are not slow to take occasion by the hand and advance their own particular interests as best they can. This is now the case with France and Spain. It is questionable if monarchy in these two countries will satisfy the people, because they are divided into rival factions by the adherents of each candidate for Kingly honors. Monarchy always flourishes where there are no "Claims" but one for the throne. Such is the case in Russia, Prussia and our own land where our Sovereign's right is undisputed, but is entrenched, also, in the affections and esteem of the people. However, it is hard to satisfy the mad-skulled people of Spain. If a republic is established it is probable that it will soon fare the same as its predecessors. It is hard to conceive where the necessary elements for a Republic are to be found, the land of Dukes and Nobles and traces of feudalism still extant is not in any way a nursery for republican ideas. Even if a Republic is established it will be without foundation and coherence.

In Amadeus they had a Monarch that any nation ought to be proud of, but the Spanish mind is like a volcano, is given to violent eruptions at certain periods. When he ascended the throne all Europe was satisfied that the future of Spain would be one of peace and concord. The constant intrigues, and cabals of factions, ostensibly supporting his administration, the disloyalty of the people and the efforts made to assassinate him, forced the young King to abdicate. After the deed had been signed in the palace of Victor Emanuel, and Amadeus received almost the unanimous call of the Spanish Cortes, willingly he and his amiable young wife set out from their home in the sunny South to sit upon the throne of the Ferdinand's and Isabella's. But their brightest days and hours have had an end, and sorrow followed hard upon the heels of pleasure.

The periodical, and aimless uprisings of Carlists bands. Insurrections the most chronic and pregnant with disaster to some contending party, have characterized the proceedings of that country for centuries back. The Phoenix like Don Carlos and those of a similar nature would be ruinous to any country. The people would profit if they would cast aside forever these contending parties, throw them into oblivion, and there let them rot ambitions honored fool.

## NOT PREPARED FOR IT.

WE heard recently, that a member of a temperance organization objected to sign the petitions, circulated for the suppression of the liquor traffic, on the ground that the "country was hardly prepared for the measure." We were not prepared for such an objection from one, whose conduct in connecting himself with the movement, would lead us to infer that he was in sympathy with the objects, set forth in the petitions. Did the brother ever think how he would go to work to make the country prepared for such a measure? Does he know of any means that can be employed to make the country better or more rapidly prepared for the measure than that adopted by the League? If they are right in requesting the legal prohibition of the traffic, if their principles are based upon a firm foundation—which the brother will scarcely have the temerity to deny—every contest in which these principles are publicly avowed, will gain them supporters, will give them strength, will make the temperance public more determined in the advocacy of their principles, and will bring fresh support to their ranks, in short will make the country more prepared for the measure.

The brother need not have feared that the bill, even if the petitions had had his signature, will be carried at the present meeting of the legislature. The action of the league, however, will, more than any movement which has been originated by the temperance party, make the country prepared for that bill, which in a few sessions of parliament will become the law of the land.

Close observation of the manner in which the measure has been received both inside and outside of the legislative shal,

has shown us that the bill has hitherto met an excellent reception. A scrutiny of the petitions circulated in this city, shows, moreover, that there are many more prepared for the adoption of this prohibition measure, than its sincerest well wisher had dared to hope for. Many of the inebriates themselves have signed the petitions with the hope that the government will banish from their lips what they themselves have not the moral courage to refuse. Many moderate drinkers have signed these petitions. One recently expressed himself to us to the effect that while he declared that liquor did him no harm he thought it but patriotic and right that he as well as others should join in banishing that traffic which brings loss upon the country at large. The wife and children of the drunkard are also praying for the period when liquor selling shall be illegal. There are some who will never be prepared for legal prohibition, but we only quote a truism when we say that the country at large will be prepared for the measure, when the measure passes the House.

(FOR PURE GOLD.)

## A GAS STORY.

BY JONES.

IN the year 186—, in the town of Brantford, gas was a novelty. A leading hotel keeper had surpassed his compeers by introducing gas as a means of lighting the spacious rooms and corridors of the building. That this mode of dispelling the gloom of night was not fully appreciated by all its patrons, a perusal of the following incident will show: Brantford had been favored with a session of the county court at the time of the incident, and consequently all available sleeping apartments were in demand. Two beds in one of the rooms of the hotel were placed at the disposal of four "hardy sons of toil" on which to rest their forms and to restore to order and system their ideas confused by the deliberate action of the garrulous attorneys.

The door was closed and locked. Four jets of gas which had hitherto illumined the room, were blown off by one of the party *a la chandelle*, before the jurors retired to the arms of morpheus. A short interval of silence followed this operation, soon to be expelled, however, by a vigorous exclamation from one of the jurors:

"Whew!" I smell a muskrat. Scissors! where is he?

This judgment of course was framed on the impulse of the moment, and more mature deliberation showed the speaker that he must have been mistaken.

That some outlandish animal, however, must have feloniously entered the apartments was the common opinion and the increasing stench brought our heroes from their retreats. By the light of the moon, which shone calmly into the room, a vigorous search was made for the offender. Every corner was subjected to the strictest investigation, but with no result. Suddenly an impression seized the mind of the wise man of the party that it might be the gas.

The consternation following the announcement of this idea showed that however others might regard dealing with this article, that to them it was no "laughing" matter. A retreat was made to the remotest part of the room, and after a hasty consultation, one was deputed to see what ailed the "works," but no advance was made towards the dangerous machine.

Affairs now began to look desperate. The gas-pipe intervening between the victims and the door, nothing could be effected in that direction.

The rooms being on the third flat, descent to the ground by means of quilts tied together would be impossible. But something was to be done and done quickly.

A ditty sung in an adjoining room showed that there was peace and happiness at no great distance. Human nature could stand the contrast no longer, and from four vigorous throats came a spontaneous cry of "help! help!"

This call was speedily responded to by the landlord, who soon entered and turned off the cause of the agony, to the satisfaction of the party, who minutely investigated as to how it was done. The landlord kept in the hotel for many years after, but never had the privilege of seeing the names of any of our jurors upon the hotel register.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

The *Christian Union* of New York has received a valuable acquisition to its editorial staff in the person of Professor Moses Coit Tyler, a very able writer, who will commence his labours on that journal about the first of March.

On New Year's day Mr. H. C. Bowen, the editor and proprietor of the *N. Y. Independent*, had a fall; from which, we regret to learn, he still suffers.

Hesiod and Theogenis is the latest issue in Lippincott's series of "Ancient Classics for English Readers."

Matthew Arnold has in press "Literature and Dogma; an Essay Toward a Better Appreciation of the Bible."

Cowden Clark is writing a series of papers on "Shakespeare's Jesters."

Edmond About is again writing letters from Italy.

It has been found since Lord Lytton died that "The coming Race" was one of his Literary Productions.

Mrs. Somerville, probably the ablest lady scientist of the nineteenth century, recently deceased, has left an autobiography in manuscript. It will, we are sure, find a host of readers.

The *Norwich Advertiser* calls its column of local items "Pebbles along the Shores of Time." That paper must keep a poet around.

A Maine statistician has discovered that that State has produced 479 authors and 1,340 books. The fact is interesting, though most of the books probably are not.

Touremine, a French painter of considerable talent, is deceased.

The essays of the Rev. Mr. Taylor of the (W. Y.) Tabernacle we have always found pleasant, and we believe, profitable reading. His new volume, "The Lord Found," consisting of short essays and sermons, will, no doubt, find many purchasers. It should.

Hans Anderson the popular fairy story writer has sufficiently recovered his health and eyesight to resume his literary labors.

"Figuer's Ocean World," says the *Boston Home Journal*, "is one of the admirable popularizations of science which have given this author, within a few years, a just distinction in this field of book making. It is comprehensive in scope, treating fully the movements and meteorology of the ocean as well as its manifold life, vegetable and animal."

The Wilson Sewing Machine Company of Cleveland, Ohio, are out with a new monthly, called Wilson's Reflector, devoted to the manufacturing interests of the country. It is illustrated, and promises to be ably edited, having the best contributors which can be obtained.

"Palmetto Leaves" is the title of Mrs. H. B. Stowe's new book, which consists of papers written in the South, and contributed we think, to the *Christian Union*, her brothers paper.

George Eliot can lay claim to having received the largest sum ever paid to an English authoress for a work of a fiction. She receives eight thousand pounds sterling for her "Middlemarch." Well certainly, if anyone does, she well merits it, for her novels are as superior to the ordinary "run" of fictions as the pure wheat is superior to the chaff.

An American Literary Journal is of the opinion that Charles Reade's "Wandering Heir," "is one of his best stories, if not his best." Certainly opinions vary. We have heard many who have read this work pronounce it one of "the silliest" and worst that ever emanated from the pen of Mr. Reade.

The "Miscellaneous and Posthumous works of Henry Thomas Buckle," a work of three volumes, edited by Helen Taylor, has recently made its appearance in London. The *N. Y. Tribune*, thinks the editing has been very carelessly and slovenly performed. There is no arrangement, taste or even feeling thrown into it, everything, so to speak, appears to have been huddled together "topsy turvy" fashion, as



though the editor was performing a distasteful task. All this is to be regretted, for it is very desirable that the works of this philosopher properly edited, should be placed within the reach of his many admirers.

(FOR PURE GOLD.)

FATHER, LET THE CURSE ALONE.

BY WILL HENRY GANE.

Father, let the curse alone!  
Do not blast thy glorious prime;  
Stamp not on thy splendid brow,  
Cruel marks bespeaking crime!

Father, let the curse alone!  
Listen to an earnest prayer;  
Now, that you are growing old,  
Let me half the burden bear.

Father, let the curse alone!  
See the silver threads entwined  
Round thine hair, as ivy creeps  
Round the nolum of some shrine.

Father, let the curse alone!  
Hear'st thou not an echo sweet,  
From thy dear old father's lips,  
As thou'rt kneeling at his feet?

Now the dear old man is gone  
Far along the shining road;  
Wilt thou not his warning take,  
With the love that he bestowed?

Father, let the curse alone!  
See the cheek begin to fade  
Of thy helpmate, through the toils,  
Through the sunshine and the shade.

Father, let the curse alone!  
Lean upon my willing arm;  
I will bear the hardest pull—  
I will shield you from all harm.

Just for my sake, shun the curse,  
Soon thou'lt feel th'approaching wave,  
Let it not of thee be said  
That thou filled a drunkard's grave.

Yes, thou'lt let the curse alone!  
Strength for thee shall be my prayer,  
This shall be my heart's desire,  
This be my most sacred care!

Ingersoll, Feb. 17th, 1873.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND COMMENTS

The following is a list of the officers installed at a recent meeting of Rescue Temple, No. 32, I. O. G. T.: W. C. T., Bro. Morris; W. V. T., Sister Lamb; W. R. S., Sister Martin; W. L. S., Sister Tate; W. S., Bro. Locke; W. A. S., Bro. Kidney; W. F. S., Bro. Bugg; W. T., Bro. Robertson; W. M., Bro. Crozier jr.; W. I. G., Sister Maggie Reid; W. O. G., Bro. Fox; Editors, Bros. Bugg, Burgess and Robertson.

It is the intention of the members of this Temple to hold a Magic Lantern Entertainment in the Temperance Hall, on Tuesday evening next. We would advise all who can to attend, as the committee are sparing no pains to make the meeting interesting.

Our remarks of a few weeks ago on Temperance Banqueting have not been without their purpose.

At a meeting of representatives from each city Temple, held at the residence, and at the invitation, of Bro. Dunns, C. D., it was resolved that on the 12th of March next, a temperance supper, as they termed it, be held. The real object of the meeting was to devise means for reviving the work of our Order in Toronto, and the above was hit upon as the most appropriate. The money which, it is expected, will be realized from the sale of tickets, is to be employed in the purchasing of books, to be presented to the Brothers or Sisters who, within a stated time, have initiated in their respective Lodges the greatest number of candidates.

Altogether the scheme appears very feasible, and, in any case, it is to be trusted our brethren will throw themselves heartily into the work, and be resolved that the Order in this city shall perform the work and become the power it is deemed it should.

The Rev. Theodore H. Culyer, D. D., of New York, is one of the few men so earnest concerning temperance work, that with voice and hand he is ever willing to lend a helping hand in this great reform. He makes it a point, for he believes strongly in the honor of the press, to write, at least, one newspaper article per week, and of these, a very large number of them are on temperance. In a late number of the *National Temperance Advocate*

he pays a noble tribute to Horace Greely, as a temperance man.

"From the start," says Mr. Culyer, "he was with us in the temperance reform. His persuasive tongue and powerful pen were always at the service of a movement which he held to be vital to human nature. In the *Tribune* and in the *Independent* published the most of his pithy and pungent arguments for total abstinence and the suppression of the dramshop. His articles were always racy, for he was the strongest writer of the English language on this continent. They were always brimful of thought, for Mr. Greely seldom wrote on any subject which he had not thoroughly studied. Speaking of a certain popular orator in Congress, he once said to me, "Mr. B—is a pretty man, a very pretty man, but he don't study, and no man can have permanent power unless he studies."

UNITED STATES TAXATION ON SPIRITS, &c.—The United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue reports that the returns for the fiscal year 1871-2 show a production of 69,033,533 taxable gallons of home-made spirits, and that two year's taxation on spirits, distillers, dealers, &c., produce nearly fifty million dollars. The tax received on fermented liquors at one dollar per barrel, amounted to rather more than eight million dollars.

NEWS.

Stokes has yet a chance, although he was refused a new trial by Judge Boardman.

Snow is so deep now at Madrid that railway progress is impeded.

A Republican is started in Portugal. Gaffney, the murderer of P. Fahey, was hanged on Friday. He met his death bravely.

The Spaniards are celebrating the establishment of the Republic by a grand celebration.

One of the measures contemplated by the new government of Spain is the separation of church and state.

The Mormons are forming a new settlement in Arizona.

The British squadron in the mouth of the Tagus has been placed at the disposal of the ex-king Amadeus.

The streets of Yokohama are to be lighted with gas.

The *Oshawa Reformer* has been sold out to the *Ontario Reformer* printing and publishing company.

It is now stated that France will compel Spain to sell Cuba to the United States.

The Italian parliament have decided to abolish the Heads of religious Orders, but to provide for the support of those who are thus deprived of their property.

A proclamation of amnesty has been offered to the Carlists now in insurrection if they will lay down their arms and submit to the government.

The Quebec Temperance and Prohibitory League will meet in Union Hall in Montreal on Thursday.

Prof. Pepper is lecturing now in Toronto.

The *Northern Light* of Orillia has changed hands. It will no longer be known as the *Light*, or *luminary* of the north, but as the "Times." We understand its size will be greatly enlarged.

It is intimated by some of the great powers that they will oppose the establishment of a Federal Republic.

Under the law for the punishment of intoxication recently passed by the Assembly, 122 drunkards were arrested in Paris within forty-eight hours.

The Woodstock organ manufactory carried off the palm in a competition between a New York firm and one of Guelph.

A New York presbyterian church fell from the weight of snow that had accumulated upon it.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

The Illustrated Annual of PHRENOLOGY and PHYSIOGNOMY for 1873, S. R. Wells, New York.

IN the annual issue, this being the ninth, of this little volume, of some seventy odd pages, we find one of the many proofs of the steady growth of the Principles of Phrenology. That this science has, within the past thirty years, made rapid progress and added extensively to its list of advocates, it is only necessary to observe the number and extent of the works now published bearing in some way or another on its teachings. Why it should not, long ere this, have made a greater impression on the minds of thinking men, can, perhaps, only be accounted for by the fact, that its doctrines were too often viewed erroneously, instead of looking upon it as a science founded on the ways and habits of man himself. In former days many believed it to be of an empirical nature, founded, supported and sustained by mystical and mysterious conclusions. This, of course, was all a mistake, but, then, so long as it was viewed thus, its progress must have been very slow indeed. Human nature is sceptical of that which bears a supernatural or unexplainable aspect. If they see a theory lacking all matter-of-fact material, then, how

ever much they may admire its author or his learning and research, they yet do not care to give it their endorsement. In the other case it is different. Show them that your theory has abundance of fact, plain every-day facts, to sustain it, then they will accept it. There are the grounds, if men would only throw off their prejudices, on which Phrenology lays claim to public notice and acceptance. Its teachings are based on certain truths, which no one need go so far to see. Let him observe the men who surround him and he will find abundant evidence of the verity of this science. Phrenology, says "the brain is the organ of the mind." We can hardly suppose anyone would question this its first principle. Everyone knows that his understanding, his observing, his reflecting powers do not lie in the feet, the stomach, or the heart, but in the head; that there the brain and the mind of man is. If the head becomes diseased, then the brain, and consequently man's reason is affected and injured in some degree. This fact is plain to the most ignorant. Principle No. 2 says, "The mind has many faculties, some of which may be stronger or weaker than the rest in the same person." This also would appear so clear as to require very little if any explanation. Some men, all know, are adepts in one study, while at others they are dunces. One man can calculate and cypher, and solve the most difficult problems, without, apparently, the slightest exertion. Put the same man at painting or photography, and you may find he can hardly discern one colour from another. Thus it is in regard to this matter. Principle No. 3 says, "Each faculty or propensity of the mind has its special organ in the brain." This is the great stumbling-block to numbers. The first two, as also many of the other principles are accepted without hesitancy; but No. 3, they stumble over. This mapping out of the head into "organs" is too much for their comprehension, though the accumulation of facts in this case is as great as in any of the others. If the head were not divided in this manner how could our practical phrenologist, by placing his hands on each "bump," describe everyone's peculiarities to a nicety. The fact that he is so accurate in his description shows that were the head not divided into organs, he could not perform this work.

Mr. R. T. Trall, M.D., in the work under review, puts this point very clearly. "Now, although the skin is the general organ of touch to prove that different parts of it exercise particular kinds of sensibility, one has only to manipulate his own surface in different places. And, although the brain is the general organ of the mind, to prove that different persons of its substance perform different functions, one has only to manipulate the head, or body even, so as to call different parts of the brain into exercise. Whatever errors there may be in the details of phrenology (and no one pretends that its art is yet perfected), the rule will be found universal and unvariable that large developments of certain portions of the skull are attended (other thing being equal) with corresponding manifestations of mental power." We read, not very long since the report of a lecture delivered by a New York Professor, who attempted to refute some of the arguments of Phrenologists. But like all others, these supposed arguments consisted only of opinions and assertions, not of logic and facts.

Temperance.

I. O. G. T.

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

CAUSE OF FAILURE.

ALL human experience, in every department of life, seems to bear evidence to the fact, that individuals and societies both, are more often measured by their own and the candid character and intelligence of their members than by any other means, and the standard of measurement is a very correct one. "By their fruits ye shall know them." If the members of a religious organization are frivolous and giddy, and as they sometimes are, in their individual conduct, very unchristian-like—the public seeing this are not likely to anticipate much christian work from the society itself, no matter how favourable may be its pretensions. It is the deed, not the promise, they look at and judge.

Or in the case of a literary society. If a number of individuals club together and decide to organize a society for mutual mental improvement, so long as the purposes adhered to, all are satisfied, but so soon as the members themselves, or a portion of them, forsake this object and transform the society into something far different, into say, a society where light and entertaining gossip is the programme of the evening, there those having the fond object in view and where time can be spent only in that which will profit them—in this case these parties would soon withdraw their connection from the society in question, and who could blame them?

How often do we societies organized on the highest possible standard; by these professions enlist the sympathies of the most influential and able men in the country, yet in after time so deteriorate in character that the society loses not only the membership of such men, but is irreparably injured by losing the prestige they gave to it.

But to give these remarks a practical turn: Might not all Good Templars ask themselves why it is so few really influential men, men of intelligence and weight, who carry a power with them wherever they go, could refuse to assemble their potential influence with ours, or indeed to do so and so soon leave us. This we all know to be the case. We do not say Our Order is without its "great men." We do not say that many "good and powerful names" are not to be found on our roll books. We do not say—and who can deny it?—that the number is not the fifth part of what it ought, or indeed what it might be. For all this there is a cause, and it is well to look the matter close "in the face" and see where is the wrong? or who is at fault? For ourselves we believe it to be in the inferiority and "lowness" of our standard.

In attending some lodge meetings and observing the conduct of the members, our surprise has been, not that men of culture and education refuse to become Good Templars, but that so many do still remain with us, living in hope or looking forward to a brighter day. All lodges do not present this aspect, but the majority do. The standard of proceedings is below that of a highly cultivated mind, and all great men are so circumstanced, and for this reason, undoubtedly, they remain away, though, as well as not, they might be found gathered around our common altar. There are hundreds of men strongly in sympathy with the temperance movement, who but for these reasons would join our ranks, and to bring them in, therefore, we must raise our standard intellectually and morally. Our meetings must present a more dignified and inviting appearance. Our members must be more interested in the cause, and the society as a whole, for it needs it, must be more cultivated, intelligent, better educated, and more intellectually inclined, and consequently more in direct harmony with the feelings and sympathies of these men whom we desire to see associated with us. And yet is any one so foolish as to say that in doing this we sacrifice the true purpose of our Order. We can hardly think so. It was never the intention of its founder, by its mode of procedure, to banish any individual class from its borders. Still, this is what is too often done. But as we have already said, if the standard of procedure is raised, this needed class will be admitted and those below it will be benefitted in every function by associating with them.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for February comes out as fresh as ever, and shows additional signs of becoming more and more popular. Opening its leaves we find a good sketch and portrait of the regretted Norman McLeod, D. D., also Speculative Non-Philosophy; What do We live for? The Man of three Dreams, especially notable now that his nephew, the Ex-emperor is dead; Natural Death, and &c., &c. The article entitled, Is Phrenology Dead, is well worthy of a careful perusal by every person. We select a portion of the article:—"When a brawling brook comes tumbling down the side, meeting with all sorts of obstructions in its way, it foams and is heard for miles. As it approaches the valley other brooks meet and swells its current, and when it has reached the rich bottom lands it winds its way silently with a deep and steady current, resistless in its sweep but inclosed between deep and shaded banks. So, a new theme coming in contact with rude ignorance and opposition, foams and fights through its obstructed way until it finds in the settled judgment of deep nature a channel for its onward progress. At this day there is a generation of men and women who have grown up since Phrenology was promulgated in America, and who accept it as a matter of course, who smile at the incredulity of and who may doubt or disbelieve it, as one does when he meets a person who doubts that the earth is a globe and revolves on its axis."—S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway N. Y.

We are glad to clip the following from the *Newmarket Courier* of 20th inst:—"The *Elora News*, published by Mr. T. Frankland, professes reform principles—Prohibition being one of the planks laid down in its platform. We extend our hand on that score, and wish its editor every success; which we have no doubt he will have, as the *News* is an excellent local paper.

THE SLIPPERY SUBSCRIBER.—The "Fat Contributor" says the slippery subscriber can look collectors right square in the eyes and swear he "never got a copy," with the four last numbers in his coat-tail pocket. We didn't know there was so much littleness in men until we began publishing a newspaper. But the race of slippery subscribers is not very extensive. You, dear reader, engaged in pursuing this paper, with the noble and satisfying consciousness that you have paid for it, do not belong to that class. And you, another dear reader, uneasy at the thought that you are in arrears, but filled with a praise-worthy determination to settle on the first opportunity; we will not rank you in the disagreeable category.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

SPRING CIRCULAR.

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

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

SPRING IMPORTATIONS.

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

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

FIRST CLASS GOODS

Comprising the following departments:  
Silks, Dress Goods, Cottons, Sheetings, Linens, Hosiery, Gloves, PARASOLS, LACES, DRESS TRIMMINGS, FANCY GOODS, MILLINERY, MANTLES, SHAWLS, &c.

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

DRESSMAKING

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

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

GENTLEMEN'S TAILORING DEPARTMENT

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

Workmanship Warranted. Four first-class Cutters employed.

TWEEDS FOR BOYS WEAR.

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

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

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

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

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

We are your obedient servants,  
PETLEY & DINEEN.

CERTAIN REMEDY FOR BALDNESS

Professor H. Marston's celebrated recipe for the cure of

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will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 50 cts.

Address PROF. H. MARSTON,  
Box 1484,  
TORONTO.

RESCUE TEMPLE, No. 32, I. O. G. T. meets every Thursday evening in the Lodge Room, above the Pekin Tea Company, corner of Yonge and Albert Streets.

W. H. HAMMOND, T. D.

GEO. H. SACKMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR, 131, King Street, Toronto.

Opposite St. James's Cathedral.

J. YOUNG, (Late from G. Armstrong's Undertaking Establishment, Montreal), UNDERTAKER, & c., 391, Yonge Street, Toronto.

Agent for Fisk's Patent Metallic Burial Cases.

LUKE SHARP, UNDERTAKER,

WAREHOUSES AND RESIDENCE,

Nos. 7 and 9 Queen Street, West, TORONTO.

COFFINS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION ALWAYS ON HAND.

FIRST CLASS HEARSE.

Liberal Discount to Churches and Societies who bury their dead.

GOOD BOARD.

GENTLEMEN requiring good board with the comforts of a home, can obtain by applying at 27 Wellington-street, West.

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PURE GRAPE WINE, UNFERMENTED for SACRAMENTAL PURPOSES AND THE

Best Wine for Medicinal Purposes.

Manufactured by

R. SMITH & Co.,  
Fairfield Plain, P. O., Brant Co.

Send for Price List and Testimonials.



Miscellaneous.

WHAT ABOUT THE STATISTICS?

BY THE REV. W. SCOTT, OSHAWA.

(CONTINUED.)

SEVENTY million, etc.; only three hundred and fifty millions of dollars. The statistics of cost and consequence known to the Government and people all these years past, must surely have produced some beneficial changes. Laws favorable to the traffic and fostering it must have been abolished by this time! The expenditure reduced and the mountains of misery diminished! Besides throughout the whole period, the matter of drink and drinking has been constantly agitated. Moral suasionists and legal optionists have been assiduously engaged in discussing this question, petitioning the Parliament, and appealing to the people in all forms of address. What is the result? How does the nation stand now in relation to the bill of costs for liquor of various kinds, which make drunkards and promote intemperance?

This is the latest statistical statement which I have received, and it is appalling beyond measure. For spirits, British, Colonial and Foreign, 32,000,000; foreign wines, 11,000,000; and for malt liquor, British wines, cider and perry, 65,000,000. Total, 108,000,000. That is an augmented expenditure of £38,000,000, sterling.

The amount spent for drink appears the more frightful when it is remembered that the national expenditure for BREAD is only £74,000,000, sterling, and the estimated cost of linen, woollen and cotton manufactures is about £86,000,000. No wonder that the poor and county rates amount to £12,000,000, and how deep the shame that the great charitable and missionary institutions of Britain amount to only £2,000,000, annually.

You may make all allowances for an increase of population during the twenty or forty years last past; but statistics, so far as I can judge, have not produced those changes in this matter, which they have produced in many others of less importance. Alterations in tariffs, changes in municipal institutions, and reform in the criminal laws have followed investigations into facts, and statements of statisticians; but drink, the curse of nations, the Beelzebub of all the demons which torment human nature, is patronised and nursed and licensed, notwithstanding all the tremendous array of statistics which have been produced and verified against it.

I shall not trouble you much with the statistics of expenditure incurred by the United States for liquor. One hundred and fifty thousand grog shops pay tribute for the privilege of dispensing poison to the people. The net cost of the intoxicants used by the lively and progressive inhabitants of the great Republic is \$739,020,579, which does not include the wines manufactured, nor the distilled and fermented liquors and wines imported. The actual and collateral expenses incurred amount to the small sum of,—how much think you?—\$1,246,530,868, that is, as we are told by authority, “\$728,000,000 more for liquor than the cost of the United States’ Government in ordinary times.” Who can compute the misery and wretchedness all this produces? Talk about statistics, why, the measure of pains and penalties produced by this pestilential traffic in strong drink is beyond the computing power or ability of any human being! “It is as high as heaven, what canst thou do, deeper than hell, what canst thou know?” And again we say, that notwithstanding all the information gathered and published, that great nation is staggering in the front of a gigantic foe more fierce and formidable than all the forces of the great rebellion. This last was suppressed, at the sacrifice of millions of money and of men, but the other in pride and power holds with tenacious grasp the throat of the nation.

It is something over three years since I prepared a statistical report for the benefit of Canadians, and then estimated, to a certain extent, the cost of the liquor traffic to this Dominion. Twenty thousand copies of that pamphlet were printed and widely circulated. The document has been largely quoted, favorably commended, but never contradicted so far as I know in any of its details. I wish from my heart there was any good reason to be assured that the testimony then given in respect to the cost of the liquor traffic, and the fruits thereof had produced any permanently beneficial effects. Is there less drunkenness? Has the baneful business decreased? We shall see shortly. Meanwhile let us not be discouraged. I would not willingly write or speak a word which might cool enthusiasm, or diminish zeal. But I do not forget that New Brunswick once for a season had held a prohibitory law. I do not forget that in our own legislature of Canada in November, 1854,—eighteen years ago—a prohibitory bill passed to a second reading by a vote, 95 yeas, 5 nays. Among the yeas you will find the names of Brown, Dorion, Flint, Aikens, Galt, and last, not least, John A. Macdonald. We know how that measure was technically defeated, but we may hope some of these statesmen, yet living, may lend a helping hand to the friends of hu-

manity, in now again attempting to exterminate this “sum of all villainies,” the liquor traffic.

Turning to our own beloved Dominion, is there any thing in any wise more cheering? Has our liquor bill decreased since the accounts were last made up? It was not my intention to have gone into any extended consideration of this subject until five years had elapsed from the date of my last statistical paper. But I have yielded, perhaps unwisely, to the wishes of my friends, and therefore I proceed as well as I may be able.

From the paper referred to the following facts are selected: “The distilleries produced 4,080,047, gallons of proof spirits, wine measure; and the breweries 7,432,685 gallons of beer, making a total of 11,513,732 gallons of intoxicating drinks.” “The more, that 4,000,000 gallons of proof spirit are diluted and adulterated and thereby augmented in bulk by nearly 50 per cent., making over six million gallons of poisonous liquor to be poured down the throats of civilized humanity, which together with the beer, if undiluted and unadulterated, make a grand total of 13,433,685 gallons of drink against which poor human nature has to contend.” From these drink sources, the government derived an income, which of course the drinkers had to pay, amounting to \$2,588,368,88. These were not the whole of our estimates and deductions, but these may suffice for our present purpose of comparison. I have before me a summary of statistics, on the exports and imports of Canada for the year ending 30th June, 1871, and also a statement of the number of distilleries and breweries, together with the quantities of liquor and beer manufactured during that year. Ontario has 19 distilleries in operation, producing 4,958,655 gallons of proof spirits. Quebec has 3, making 328,693 gallons. New Brunswick has the proud preeminence of not having one single distillery. Give her a cheer! Nova Scotia has but one, which produced 16,422 gallons, making a total of 5,303,171 gallons of proof spirit. The increase as against the production of 1868 is 1,223,124 gallons. I love to write and speak on the progress of Canada, but I am deeply grieved to have to inscribe the facts which demonstrate the progress and development of the liquor traffic. The imports I fear tell a similarly painful story, but at this time I shall not enter on that part of the subject. Put down the imports of intoxicating drinks at 1,500,000 gallons for Ontario and Quebec, and for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia put down 900,000 gallons, and the amount is 2,400,000 gallons imported, which added to the home manufactures makes a total of 7,703,171 gallons.

WHAT WAS IT.

IT was a terrible night of storm, that 17th of November, 1857, as I was toasting my toes before a peat fire in the parish of Cabrach, Scotland. The Deveron was pouring down dark floods of seething waters from the mountains. The wind rattled at the windows as if it would be in, and sang as it eddied round the corners and down the wide “lum,” a dirge over the departed glories of summer. A “dour” night had settled down on the hills, and there seemed a sullen determination in the storm to hold—for one night at least—high revelry. Peal after peal of thunder ever and anon reverberated down the valley and over the mountains with an intensity of sound I had not heard excelled except on the Andes, in Central America.

McPhail, an old man of seventy years sat on the other side of the “ingle,” awe struck and pale. As the tempest moderated, he said: “This fearful storm reminds me of the night of ‘Black McPherson,’ in 1812.”

I urged him to give me the particulars to which he referred, and they were as follows:—

“During the latter part of the Napoleonic wars, men were scarce for soldiers in Britain. The American war of 1812, and the wars raging on the Continent of Europe, in which Britain was embroiled, drained the surplus male population of the British Isles. The press-gang was brought into requisition. Those who were not found with some implement of industry in their hands belonging to their masters or to themselves, were seized, and forced into the army or navy. Oftentimes an ambush was laid at Church doors, and as the congregation filed out from the house of God, all the able-bodied men were suddenly and ruthlessly dragged away from their families, probably never to see them more. A reign of terror prevailed everywhere; and servants, fearing every bush, and dyke, and ditch, lest it hid a soldier, carried implements of labor in their hands to their meals, and even to their beds, fearing to be taken unawares.

To the Highlands of Banffshire and Inverness, a Captain McPherson was sent by Government to recruit the Highland regiments abroad, by fair or foul means. He was nicknamed “Black McPherson,” but whether this name was given to him from being of a dark and forbidding appearance, or from his cruelty and ferocity in the unpopular work in which he was engaged, it is impossible at present to tell. Although he was a native of Strathspey,

and a brave man withal, yet he was followed everywhere by execrations from old and young. The remaining posse of men he brought with him was composed of kindred spirits, and spared no fit man upon whom their hands fell. They knew nothing but military obedience and duty in all their inflexible exactitude.

A widow with an only son, her sole support in her declining years, resided at this time in the parish of Knockando, near the well-known ferry on the river Spey, which crosses over to Inveravon. He was at work in the latter parish, but stealthily went over on Sabbath evenings to visit his aged mother. On one of these evenings as he was returning home to his work, his mother accompanied him to the ferry, and saw him safely across the river. To her horror, no sooner had he stepped on land than four men, headed by the Black Captain, sprang from behind the boat-house, and commenced dragging David Strachan away. The widow fell upon her knees, and in heart-rending cries implored the Captain to release her only stay and support in her declining years. She was only answered with curses. Frantic with the commingled passions of rage and grief, and seeing that the stern man was inexorable and deaf to all entreaty, and dead to all the redeeming feelings of our common humanity, the widow became beside herself in agony, and with uplifted hands to high heaven, poured forth fearful imprecations and maledictions on the head of the offending man.

“May a blessed ray of happiness or hope never dispel the darkness from your perjured soul,” said she. “May the bitter pangs of a guilty conscience be yours through life, in death, and during eternity. May a curse blaster than that branded on the brow of Cain, and more hopeless than that burned by God’s avenging finger on the faces of the fallen angels, fall upon you and your lot, ceaselessly and unremittently. May the Prince of Darkness, of whom you are a faithful transcript, claim this base part of his heritage in this world, and doom you unshriven to black despair, and endless torments. Amen, and amen.”

Alarmed at her own vehemence, and at the fearful utterances, which seemed like prophecy, she fell powerless and grief-stricken to the ground; while a cry of bitter irony from the lips of the hard-hearted man was the only reply.

Years passed away, and in the excitement of the times the scene of that Sabbath evening was almost forgotten. The son’s bones festered, whitened, and rotted on the field of Waterloo; while “The Immortal” was a putrescent corpse, in all earthly, on Rocky St. Helena. The widow died broken hearted, and was buried by the parish. McPherson returned to his native glen—not now dreaded as of yore, with his trained bands, but wealthy from, it was said, not only foreign booty, but also from the bounties paid for the capture of his countrymen, as recruits, for the consumption of the battle-field. He had money, drove fast horses, kept hounds, boasted of numerous retainers, and held high revelry with his friends, in whose eyes riches covered a multitude of sins.

The second year of his retirement from the army he was out with a few friends hunting in the forest of Glenfiddich. A “hutting” had been erected in a sequestered glen for the shelter of his company during the sojourn on the hills. One of his trusty servants was sent forward, as night began to fall, to prepare supper for the hunters. He related afterwards, that, as he was thus engaged, strange noises were heard in and around the house. He was so frightened that he went several times to the door to effect his escape, but a large black hound barred his exit. At last, the arrival of the party allayed his fears; after inquiry from his fellow-servants, he found out that they had neither seen nor heard anything unusual, and he at last supposed himself the subject of a strong imagination.

While at supper, a sharp and powerful knock was deard at the door, so imperative in its reiteration, in that lone place, and at that unusual hour, as to startle the stoutest of the party. Another servant was sent by the captain to the door, to answer the noisy summons. He soon returned, with a message from the visitor for the attendance of McPherson at the door. With a growl of dissatisfaction, the captain obeyed; and after a few words had passed between the parties, they withdrew from the door, closing it after them.

The supper was ended; but yet the murmur of voices could be heard, as if the parties were in earnest conversation. This strange acting renewed the curiosity of the first servant, and on a frivolous excuse, he went into a small entrance into which the outer door could swing. In peeping through the key-hole, he saw, in the dim moonlight, a tall man in dark clothing, and at his heels two black hounds. The stranger was laying down, in a peremptory manner, some rule of action, in regard to which the captain expostulated. The stranger was inexorable; but the only words the servant could understand were, “I’ll be here this day twelve-month with them, for me,” said the captain; and with that the man and his dogs disappeared in the darkness down in the glen.

The servant had no sooner resumed his seat in the corner by the peat fire, than

McPherson entered, pale, but calm. He put on an air of jollity, and seemed to outdo himself with conviviality. The usquibaugh, which was passed freely round, had doubtless a good deal to do with his hilarity.

“A friend of mine, on urgent business, was forced to drive to the hills to see me to-night, and was compelled to return immediately,” said he.

This satisfied all but Davie, whose fears and suspicions were now fully roused, but who was determined to keep his own council.

The night passed away with drinking and speeches, toasts and songs, until the near approach of a Scottish morning, and then the weary Bacchanals sought repose. The hunt was renewed next day with additional zest, and next night found them all at their “ain firesides.”

Another year had almost rolled round, when a grand hunt was proposed by McPherson. The preparations were extensive, and invitations were sent so numerous, as to excite wonder in the whole country side. David was the only man, except the captain, who felt uneasy as the day drew near. He got nervous, and he saw his master was no better in that respect.

The morning arrived—hot, and sultry, and fair, and with it crowds of horsemen, hounds and gillies. Loud laughter, jests, snatches of song, and shrill whistles filled the hills and valleys with echoes far and near.

Away the gay cavalcade rode until the sun had climbed high in the heavens, when a dark and portentous cloud appeared in the horizon. A number of the more nervous turned back to the nearest dwellings, and Davie, with shaking knees, told his master that one of the best hunting hounds had inadvertently been locked up in the kennel. His master sent him back for it, while the remainder of the party made rapid strides for the “bothy” of last year. Davie loosened the hound on his return, from a bondage he had accomplished intentionally, so as to have a valid excuse to return, and fled the neighborhood.

Such a night of storm, of lightning, and of thunder was never known in that country. The heavens and the earth seemed to be rending asunder, and all things being hurled into primal chaos. The harvests were spoiled, and the tempest hurled into the red earth all standing green. It seemed as if a second deluge was coming from the opened windows of heaven upon the stricken earth.

The morning opened cheerful and serene,—but not one of that devoted band ever returned alive. The people were alarmed, and gathered in large numbers in the mountains, and the site of the cabin was found,—but not one stone of it was left upon another. The bodies of mutilated men and dogs were found near it, in the most grotesque and horrible shapes; but the men could not have been known except for the clothing.

McPherson was found about fifty yards away from the foundation, stripped of all clothing, but that on one leg. The flesh seemed scorched upon his bones, and in the shrivelled face and obliterated eyes, and singed locks, none could see a vestige of “Black McPherson.”

What was it? Was the widow’s prayer answered? Did Satan come to claim his own, and was the “for me” a peace offering to the Prince of Darkness, in the oblation of a flower of the country’s side? Or is it explained from natural causes, and all the effect of a terrific thunderstorm, whose electric power was seen in the destruction of the cabin and all living in its embrace? My narrator believed strongly in the former explanation, and as I knew it would be “love’s labour lost,” to try to convince him to the contrary, I sought my bed and dreamed of horrible things happening to me, by the hands of Diabolus, or his imps, and awoke glad that his satanic majesty was not thus employed on my corpus, not toying *ad libitum* with my immortal essence.

An Indianapolis man took his boy up stairs to whip him, as requested by his step-mother, but his tender feelings prevailed, and he told the whin to take his coat off, and hang it up, and yell lustily while it was whipped. The boy obeyed orders, but spoiled his chance for similar future clemency by telling his experience to a neighbor.

A divorce was recently granted a couple in England, on a very curious ground. The parties were attached to each other, but the husband’s unconscious mesmeric power became so great that the wife dropped insensible when he came into her presence. Disguise himself as he would, she was always affected thus by his approach, until living together became impossible.

An Omaha bride was married barefoot because her lover’s kinsfolks dressed that way, and she did not wish to seem proud.

That Maine man who has slept on a hay-mow every night for 25 years had to get into the house this winter or lose the other ear.

A young lady at a South Norwalk party explained that her father conducted an aquarium, which was much better than saying he kept a fish market.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

CADBURY’S COCOAS.  
CADBURY’S CHOCOLATE.  
CADBURY’S COCOA ESS’  
These celebrated goods obtained First Class at the Exhibition of 1871, and are for all respectable Grocers and Druggists. A sample of Cocoa Essence sent free on application.  
E. LUSHER, Montreal.  
Sole Agent for the Dominion.

If you want a  
FIRST-CLASS MEDICINE  
and one that “never fails” to cure  
DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA,  
MORBUS, and SUMMER COMPLAINTS,  
USE  
DR. FOWLER’S EXTRACT OF  
WILD STRAWBERRY.  
This success this medicine has had in curing the above complaints during the past few years have not been equalled by any other medicine.  
Warranted not to fail. Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

LUKE SHARP, UNDERTAKER,  
WAREHOUSES AND RESIDENCE,  
Nos. 7 and 9 Queen Street, West,  
TORONTO.  
COFFINS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION  
ALWAYS ON HAND.  
FIRST CLASS HEARSE.  
Liberal Discount to Churches and Societies who bury their dead.

GOOD BOARD.  
GENTLEMEN requiring good board with the comforts of a home, can obtain by applying at 27 Wellington Street, West.  
MISS MORE

PURE GRAPE WINE, UNFERMENTED, for SACRAMENTAL PURPOSES AND THE Best Wine for Medicinal Purposes.  
Manufactured by  
R. SMITH & Co.,  
Fairfield Plain, P. O., Brant Co.  
Send for Price List and Testimonials.

APOTHCARY’S HALL.  
J. F. HOLDEN,  
PRACTICAL DRUGGIST & CHEMIST,  
Prescriptions carefully prepared.  
Oct. 7th, ALTON.

W. B. HARTHILL,  
211 Yonge Street,  
CABINET-MAKER  
AND UPHOLSTERER.  
ALL KINDS OF BEDROOM SETS FOR \$1  
DRAWING ROOM SETS IN EVERY STYLE  
Bureaus, Sofas, Lounges, Mattresses, Fancy Tables, Extensions, etc.  
Furniture repaired and varnished, Sofas re-stuffed, Mat-tresses re-made.

NEEDLE WORK MOUNTED  
FURNITURE MADE TO ORDER.  
R. C. BOTHWELL,  
Importer, and wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
FANCY GOODS  
JEWELLERY, CUTLERY, COMBS, BERLIN WOOL, SMALL WARES, ETC.  
Wholesale Manufacturers of India Rubber Jewellery, India Rubber and Horn Combs,  
No. 110 & 112 YONGE STREET  
Two Doors below Adelaide Street,  
TORONTO.  
December 20th.

MATHUSEK PIANOS are the best, as say W. Farin, H. Ollenhour, Chas. Fiedel, J. J. Watson, Ole Bu’ A. D. W. Bessemer, R. Mollenhour, Otto, Mull and scores of other lites.  
We are sole agents for the Dominion, and agents for the

“STECK,” “ARION,”  
LA BELLE, HARDMAN.  
And American and English COTTAGE PIANOS and PRINCE ORGANS.  
Cheapest Pianos in the City, all warranted five years. Call and see them. Catalogues sent to any address. Dealers supplied at manufacturers wholesale Prices.

Ware-rooms, Colborne-st., Toronto.  
NORRIS AND SOPER,  
W. M. NORRIS. L. N. SOPER.

WM CRAIG,  
GENERAL WOOD TURNER  
Manufacturer of  
Blind and Map Rollers, Scroll and Band Sawing.  
Factory in the rear of Rilly and May’s Billiard Factory, 75 Adelaide St., West.



PETER WEST, (Late West Brothers), GOLD AND SILVER PLATER. Every description of worn-out LECTRO-PLATE, STEEL KNIVES, &c. Re-plated equal to new. Carriage Irons Silver-Plated to Order. POST OFFICE LANE, TORONTO STREET.

MARRIAGE LICENSES. GEORGE THOMAS, ISSUER. OFFICE—40 CHURCH ST., West side, 2 doors South of King Street, TORONTO.

W. BELL & CO. GUELPH ONT. PRIZE MEDAL

Cabinet Organs! AND MELODEONS.

Some Proficients and Manufacturers of "THE ORGANETTE," acquiring Scribner's Patent Qualifying Tubes.

Awarded the Only Medal Ever given to makers of Reed Instruments at Provincial Exhibitions.

EXCITING MUSIC INSTRUMENTS, BOPIN Besides Diplomas and First Prizes at other Exhibitions too numerous to specify.

Our instruments are acknowledged by musicians and Judges to be the finest yet produced. Our latest and most valuable improvement "Organette," containing Scribner's Patent Qualifying Tubes, the effect of which are to nearly double the power, at the same time rendering the tone smooth and pipe-like. By this wonderful invention we can make an instrument of nearly double the power of a pipe organ at half the expense.

CAUTION. As we have purchased the sole right of manufacturing Scribner's Patent Qualifying Tubes for the Dominion of Canada, we hereby caution all parties from purchasing them elsewhere, as they will be liable to prosecution. We have copyrighted the name of the

"ORGANETTE" For our instruments containing this wonderful improvement. Any manufacturer infringing on this copyright will be prosecuted.

Illustrated Catalogues furnished by addressing W. BELI & CO FUND AT LAST.

THE GREATEST WORM MEDICINE OF THE AGE.

Mrs. Winslow's Worm Syrup, FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS. new and Effectual remedy for Worms.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. WM. A. BROWN, MANUFACTURER OF

EARthenWARE

COUNTRY ORDERS SOLICITED.

Manufacturer of Flower Pots.

HEARTH AND HOME

HEARTH and HOME contains good live Editorials; the Best Original Stories, of purest character and highest grade from the most eminent writers; a most valuable, useful House hold Department, very helpful to every Woman; a Children's, and Youth's Department, that for pleasing and instructive stories, pictures, etc., and for arousing a healthy emulation in children, has no equal. In short HEARTH and HOME is a complete, choice Home and Literary Newspaper of the highest order, splendidly illustrated with over \$25, worth of Original, Beautiful Engravings. To every busy man or woman, and child, HEARTH and HOME is an invaluable News Journal, giving the News of the Week and the Day, to the moment of going to press, making its readers intelligently acquainted with all important current events throughout the world, without wading through acres of printed matter. Every man, woman, child, should have HEARTH and HOME. Valuable, beautiful, cheap.—Try it. Supplied everywhere by Newsmen at 8 cents a copy.

TERMS:—\$3.00 a year; Four copies for \$11; Ten or more copies, only \$2.50 each.

N. B.—Hearth and Home, with American Agriculturist, to one address, \$4 a year. The two papers are entirely different. Begin now with Vol. IV.

ORANGE, JUDD & CO Editors and Publisher

Inspection Invited.

J. W. BRIDGMAN, Portrait Painter Life-sized Portraits in Oil

Studio, 30 King-street, West, over E. King & Co

N. B.—Copies made from Photographs / mbr types, etc.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. Canada, Province of Ontario, County of York. In the County Court of the County of York, in the matter of JAMES PARK, an insolvent.

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

Dated at Toronto this 10th day of January, A.D., 1873. JAMES PARK. By Harrison, Oser & Moss, His Attorneys at law.

D. R. BRIDGMAN, 134 DUKE STREET, Toronto.

SPECIALITY. Treatment of Diseases of the Throat and Lungs by inhalation. Book sent free.

THE WEEK A RESUME OF CURRENT OPINION. HOME AND FOREIGN.

THE WEEK is made up weekly from the cream of home and foreign journalism, and presents the very best current opinion on Politics, Society, Religion, Literature, Art, Music, the Drama, and all other topics usually discussed by the Press. Its selections are from the most influential journals, American and European; and it commends itself to every intelligent observer of current events.

The first number of THE WEEK was published Saturday December and, and was a decided and emphatic success from the start. No paper has ever received more cordial words from the press and the critic and it is the general testimony that THE WEEK has met an important and well-defined want in American journalism.

TERMS—\$3 a year. Single copies, 8 cents. Address, "THE WEEK," P. O. Box 1383, New York. Office Fulton Street.

American News Company, Agents for the Trade

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE.

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

ALFRED PATRICK, Clerk of the House.

All newspapers will please insert above the meeting of Parliament.



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

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS. (Account Branch), Toronto, Dec. 19th, '72. NOTICE

Is hereby given that the UNSOLD LANDS in Blake Township, Thunder Bay, are open for sale at One Dollar per acre each, under and subject to the provisions of "the General Mining Act of 1869."

Applications to purchase to be made to the Commissioner of Crown Lands, Toronto. (Signed) R. W. SCOTT, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

J. SEGSWORTH, Importer of FINE GOLD & SILVER WATCHES. Jewellery and Watches thoroughly repaired and guaranteed. 113 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

PURE GOLD SERIES OF TEMPERANCE TRACTS.

No. 1. TO THE TRADE. By Jacob Spence.

No. 2. TRIAL OF JOHN BARLEYCORN, By Jacob Spence.

No. 3. ANTI-DRUNKENNESS DUTY, By Jacob Spence.

No. 4. THE OX ESSAY, (ABRIDGED.) By Jacob Spence.

These four page Tracts are got up in the best style and superior to anything previously issued in Canada, and the matter contained in them is just suited for the purpose for which tracts are intended. They are short, pointed, interesting and convincing.

To give a greater inducement to have them read we purpose the following scheme:— We will place at the head of each tract the advertisement as follows: "Published by Temple, or Division," if they are sent by one person—Compliments to Mr. — or anything that may be inserted in two lines.

This will be done for the cost of change, viz. 25c., for any person ordering 1,000 pages. These tracts well done up in envelopes, and will be sold at the regular price of \$1.25 per 1,000 pages.

For further information, or copies, address, PURE GOLD Publishing Company, Toronto.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.

THE OFFICE, HALL, TORONTO. CAPITAL \$500,000. Stock and Mutual Plans Combined. Deposited with Dominion Government for Security of POLICY-HOLDERS, \$50,000.

OFFICERS: PRESIDENT—SIR FRANCIS HINCKS, K. C. M. G. VICE-PRESIDENTS—HON. WM. P. HOWLAND, C. B., Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; HON. WM. McMASTER, President Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Issued—Over 500 Policies first half year. This Association issues all the most approved forms of Policies—all non-forfeiting by charter its principle of non-forfeiture more favourable to assured than that of any other company.

A strong Company which combines strength of capital, character and local influence and provides life insurance at the lowest safe rates with out delusive promises of dividends, making a good dividend certain by decreasing the premium.

By its organization it enables its policy-holder to deal with his own neighbours, stockholders in the Company,—men whom he knows will do justice to his family after he is dead, and also provides that his funds will be invested to develop the resources of his own country and locality.

A Company with Capital enough and strength enough to be safe beyond question with national extent and prestige, and yet a home Company throughout the Dominion.

The fullest information will be cheerfully furnished on application to WILLIAM McCABE, Manager, Toronto

GREAT REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF FINE TEA

AT THE Victoria Tea Warehouse 93 KING STREET. (SIGN OF THE QUEEN)

And 255 Yonge Street, Corner of Trinity Square.

EDWARD LAWSON

Desires to inform his numerous customers and the public that he has now got his TEA and COFFEE business in full operation, with a very heavy stock of the

Finest Teas and Coffees

Ever imported into this city, all free from duty and bought before the great advance in the Tea Market, which will be sold, Wholesale and Retail, at a very small advance on cost to cash buyers.

TEAS put up in 5, 10, 15, and 20 lb. Tin Cansisters at the following prices:

Table with columns: No., TEEN TEAS, per lb. Items include: 1 Hyson Twankay, 2 Fine Moyune Young Hyson, 3 Superior do, 4 Extra Fine do, 5 Curious do, 6 Finest Java, best imported, 7 Fine Old Hyson, 8 Superior do, 9 Extra Fine do, 10 Finest do, 11 Superior Gunpowder, 12 Extra Fine do, 13 Extra Curious do, 14 Fine Imperial, 15 Superior do, 16 Extra Moyune Imperial, 17 Very Superior Op, 18 Natural Japan, 19 Fine Cultivated Japan, 20 Superior do, 21 Extra Fine do, 22 Finest Imported, 23 Finest scented papers, for flavouring, 24 Fine Orange Pekoe, 25 Finest do.

BLACK AND MIXED TEAS.

Table with columns: No., TEAS, per lb. Items include: 26 Fine Breakfast Congou, 27 Superior do, 28 Extra Kaisow do, 29 Extra Fine do, 30 Finest do, 31 Good Souahong, 32 Fine do, 33 Superior do, 34 Extra do, 35 Extra Fine do, 36 Finest assam, 37 Fine Oolong, 38 Superior do, 39 Ex. Fine do, 40 Finest Imported, 41 Fine Mandarin Mixture, 42 Superior do, 43 Extra do, 44 Extra Fine do, 45 Finest Imported, 46 Fine Hokuqua Curious Mixture, 47 Superior do, 48 Extra do, 49 Choice do, 50 Choide upon Chice, which has no equal.

E. Lawson's Finest Soluble Coffee

made in one min without boiling, put up in 2, 5, 10, and 20 lb. cans, at 25 and 30 cents per lb.

All orders by mail and otherwise punctual attended to. 25 lbs of tea and upwards shipped to one address to any Railway Station in Ontario free charge.

EDWARD LAWSON. The Pioneer Tea Merchant of Toronto

DOMINION CLOTHING HOUSE.

G. BAWDEN & CO., Merchant Tailors,

HAVE ON HAND A LARGE AND SELECT STOCK OF BROAD CLOTHS, CASIMERES, DOESKINS, OVERCOATINGS, VENETIANS, MELTONS, CHEVIOT TWEEDS. STRIPE TWEEDS.

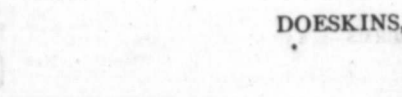
Also an Extensive Assortment of CHECK TWEEDS.

READY-MADE CLOTHING AND Gents' Furnishings.

CLOTHING made to Order on the shortest notice.

No. 95 Yonge St. Toronto.

N. B.—Mr. B. has for Eighteen Years, been connected with the Clothing Business in the city, and for the last Eleven years with Mr. W. S. Finch.



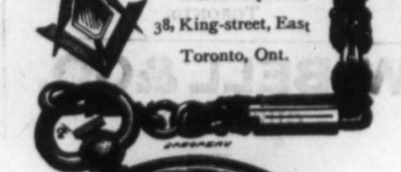
BY MAIL 25 CENTS GEO. ROWELL & CO. 41 PARK ROW NEW YORK



THE RUSSELL WATCH Is made in all sizes suitable for Ladies and Gents, both in gold and silver. But the accompanying cut represents in proportions the

RUSSELL HUNTING LEVER WATCH In sterling Silver Case and gold points, full jewelled warranted for five years together with a gold plated Albert chain—which will be sent to any part of Canada on receipt of \$25, or C. O. D. per express.

W. K. CORNELL, Watch Importer, 38, King-street, East Toronto, Ont.



TORONTO MARKETS. STREET PRICES.

Table with columns: Commodity, Price. Items include: WHEAT—Soules and Delhi, Spring, Midge proof, Treadwell, Barley, Inferior, Oats, Rye, BUTTER—1 lb. rolls by the basket, 4 lb. do, Choice Dairy Tub, TALLOW—Rough, Rendered.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Table with columns: Commodity, Price. Items include: LOAN—Superfine, Spring wheat extra, Fancy, Ex tra, Superior extra, WHEAT—No. 1 fall, No. 2, No. 1 spring, No. 2, OATS, Oatmeal, car lots, small lots, Cornmeal in small lots, Bran, in ton lots, PEAS, RYE, CORN—Loose, per ton, STRAW—Clover, HAY—Timothy new, PEA STRAW, per ton, BEEF, per side, MUTTON, by the carcass, APPLES, POTATOES—Per bag, POULTRY—Geese, Turkeys, Chickens, per pair, Ducks, per couple, PORK—Mess, Extra prime, BACON—Cumberland cut, Smoked, Spiced Rolls, HAMS—Salted, Smoked, BEEF HAMS—Rough, LARD—in tinnets, In tierces, BUTTER—Choice dairy tub, Storepacked, EGGS—Storepacked, CHEESE—in lots, Reesor's Stilton, Royal Arms, DRIED APPLES, HOPS—Superior, Ordinary, PETROLEUM—Refined per gal.

White, by car load, White, small lots, Straw, by car load, Straw, small lots, Amber, ALT—Liverpool coarse, Liverpool fine, Goderich per bri, by car lot, DRESSED HOGS, LIVE HOGS, CATTLE—Extra, live weight, 1st class, do, 2nd do, 3rd do, SHEEP—1st class, 2nd do, 3rd do, WBS, cash, CALVES, LEATHER.

Quotations for not less than 50 sides. Spanish Sole, No. 1, all weigh. ta, No. 2, Slaughter Sole, heavy, light, Buffalo Sole, Harness leather, Upper heavy, light, Kip Skins, Fatna.



**PETER WEST,**  
(Late West Brothers.)  
**GOLD AND SILVER**  
Every description of worn-out  
**LECTRO-PLATE, STEEL KNIVES, &c,**  
Re-plated equal to new.  
*Carriage Irons Silver-Plated to Order.*  
POST OFFICE LANE, TORONTO STREET

**MARRIAGE LICENSES.**  
**GEORGE THOMAS, ISSUER.**  
OFFICE—40 CHURCH ST., West side,  
doors South of King Street,  
TORONTO.

**W. BELL & CO.**  
GUELPH ONT.  
PRIZE MEDAL

**Cabinet Organs!**  
**AND MELODEONS,**  
Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of "THE  
ORGANETTE," exclusive Scribner's Patent  
Qualifying Tubes

**Awarded the Only Medal**  
Ever given to makers of Reed Instruments at  
Provincial Exhibitions.  
**ESSEX 1887 INSTRUMENTS BOPIII**  
Besides Diplomas and First Prizes at other  
Exhibitions too numerous to specify.  
Our instruments are acknowledged by mu-  
sicians and Judges to be the finest yet produced.  
Our latest and most valuable improvement.  
"Organette," containing Scribner's Patent  
Qualifying Tubes, the effect of which are to nearly  
double the power, at the same time rendering  
the tone smooth and pipe-like. By this wonder-  
ful invention we can make an instrument of  
nearly double the power of a pipe Organ at half  
the expense.

**CAUTION.**  
As we have purchased the sole right of manu-  
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will be liable to prosecution. We have copy-  
righted the name of the  
**"ORGANETTE"**  
For our instruments containing this wonderful  
improvement. Any manufacturer infringing on  
this copyright will be prosecuted.  
Illustrated Catalogues furnished by addressing  
**W. BELL & CO**

**FUND AT LAST.**  
THE GREATEST  
**WORM MEDICINE**  
OF THE AGE.

**Mrs. Winslow's Worm Syrup,**  
FOR  
CHILDREN AND ADULTS.  
new and Effectual remedy for Worms.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.  
**WM. A. BROWN,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
**EARthenWARE**

COUNTRY ORDERS SOLICITED.  
Manufacturer of Flower Pots.

**HEARTH AND HOME**  
HEARTH and HOME contains good live Edito-  
rial is the Best Original Stories, of purest charac-  
ter and highest grade from the most eminent writers;  
a most valuable, useful House hold Department,  
very helpful to every Woman; a Children's, and  
Youth's Department, that for pleasing and instructive  
stories, pictures, etc., and for arousing a healthful  
emulation in children, has no equal. In short  
HEARTH AND HOME is a complete, choice Home  
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splendidly illustrated with over 225, worth of Original,  
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woman, and child, HEARTH AND HOME is an in-  
valuable News Journal, giving the News of the Week  
and the Day, to the moment of going to press, mak-  
ing its readers intelligently acquainted with all impor-  
tant current events throughout the world, without  
wading through acres of printed matter. Every man,  
woman, child, should have HEARTH AND HOME.  
Valuable, beautiful, cheap.—Try it. Supplied every-  
where by Newsmen at 8 cents a copy.  
TERMS—\$3.00 a year; Four copies for \$11; Ten  
or more copies, only \$2.50 each.  
N. B.—Hearth and Home, with American Agri-  
culturist, to one address, \$4 a year. The two papers  
are entirely different. Begin now with Vol. IV.

**ORANGE, JUDD & CO**  
Editors and Publishers

Advertisement for J. W. Bridgman, Portrait Painter, located at 29 King-street, West, over Eving & Co's Studio.

**Miscellaneous Advertisements.**

**INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.**  
Canada, Province of Ontario,  
County of York.

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

The undersigned has filed in the office of this  
Court a deed of Composition and Discharge, execut-  
ed by his creditors, and on the Seventeenth day of  
February next he will apply to the Judge of the said  
court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby  
effected.  
Dated at Toronto this 10th day of January,  
A.D., 1873.  
**JAMES PARK,**  
By **Harrison, Osler & Moss,**  
His Attorneys ad litem.

**DR. BRIDGMAN,**  
134 DUKE STREET,  
Toronto.

**SPECIALITY.** Treatment of Diseases of the Throat  
and Lungs by inhalation.  
Book sent free.

**THE WEEK**  
A RESUME OF CURRENT OPINION.  
HOME AND FOREIGN.

THE WEEK is made up weekly from the cream  
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Literature, Art, Music the Drama, and all other  
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journalism.

TERMS—\$3 a year. Single copies, 8 cents.  
Address, "THE WEEK," P. O. Box 1383, New  
York. Office Fulton Street.  
*American News Company, Agents for the  
Trade*

**PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE.**

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

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

**ALFRED PATRICK,** Clerk of the House.  
All newspapers will please insert above in the  
meeting of Parliament.



**DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.**  
(Account Branch.), Toronto, Dec. 19th, '72.

**NOTICE**  
Is hereby given that the  
**UNSOLD LANDS**  
in Blake Township, Thunder Bay, are open for sale  
at One Dollar per acre each, under and subject to  
the provisions of "the General Mining Act of 1869."  
Applications to purchase to be made to the "Com-  
missioner of Crown Lands," Toronto.  
(Signed) **R. W. SCOTT,**  
Commissioner of Crown  
Ottawa, Dec. 28th, 1872

**J. SEGSWORTH, Importer of**  
**FINE GOLD & SILVER WATCHES.**

Jewellery and Watches thoroughly repair-  
ed and guaranteed.  
113 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

**PURE GOLD SERIES OF TEMPERANCE**  
**TRACTS.**

No. 3.  
**TO THE TRADE.**  
By Jacob Spence.

No. 4.  
**TRIAL OF JOHN BARLEYCORN,**  
By Jacob Spence.

No. 5.  
**ANTI-DRUNKENNESS DUTY,**  
By Jacob Spence.

No. 6.  
**THE OX ESSAY,**  
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We will place at the head of each tract the  
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25c, for any person ordering 1,000 pages. These  
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at the regular price of \$1.25 per 1,000 pages.  
For further information, or copies, address,  
**PURE GOLD,**  
Publishing Company,  
Toronto.

**CONFEDERATION**

**LIFE ASSOCIATION**  
**OF CANADA.**

THE OFFICE, HALL, TORONTO.  
CAPITAL \$500,000.  
Stock and Mutual Plans Combined.  
Deposited with Dominion Government for Se-  
curity of POLICY-HOLDERS, \$50,000.

OFFICERS:  
**PRESIDENT—SIR FRANCIS HINCKES, K. C.**  
M. A.

**VICE-PRESIDENTS—HON. WM. P. HOW-**  
**LAND, C. E.,** Lieutenant-Governor of Ontar  
**HON. WM. McMASTER,** President Canadian  
Bank of Commerce.

Issued—Over 500 Policies first half year  
This Association issues all the most approved  
forms of Policies—all non-forfeiting by charter  
its principle of non-forfeiture more favourabl  
to assured than that of any other company.

A strong Company which combines strength of  
capital, character and local influence and pro-  
vides life insurance at the lowest safe rates with-  
out delusive promises of dividends, making a  
good dividend certain by decreasing the pre-  
mium.

By its organization it enables its policy-holder  
to deal with his own neighbours, stockholders in  
the Company,—men whom he knows will do jus-  
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the resources of his own country and locality.

A Company with Capital enough and breadth  
enough to be safe beyond question with national  
extent and prestige, and yet a home Company  
throughout the Dominion.

The fullest information will be cheerfully fur-  
nished on application to  
**WILLIAM McCABE,**  
Manager, Toronto

**GREAT REDUCTION**

IN THE PRICE OF  
**FINE TEA**  
AT THE  
**Victoria Tea Warehouse**

93 KING STREET,  
(SIGN OF THE QUEEN)  
And 258 Yonge Street, Corner of Trinity  
Square.

**EDWARD LAWSON**

Begs to inform his numerous customers and the  
public that he has now got his TEA and COFFEE  
business in full operation, with a very heavy  
stock of the  
**Finest Teas and Coffees**

Ever imported into this city, all free from duty  
and bought before the great advance in the Tea  
Market, which will be sold, Wholesale and Retail,  
at a very small advance on cost to cash buyers.  
TEAS put up in 5, 10, 15, and 20lb. Tin Canisters  
at the following prices:

No.	TEAS.	per lb.
1	Hyson Twankay	40c
2	Fine Moyune Young Hyson	50c
3	Superior do	60c
4	Extra Fine do	70c
5	Curious do	80c
6	Finest Java, best imported	80c
7	Fine Old Hyson	50c
8	Superior do	60c
9	Extra Fine do	70c
10	Finest do	80c
11	Superior Gunpowder	60c
12	Extra Fine do	70c
13	Extra Curious do	80c
14	Fine Imperial do	50c
15	Superior do	60c
16	Extra Moyune Imperial	70c
17	Very Superior do	80c
18	Natural Japan	50c
19	Fine Cultivated Japan	50c
20	Superior do	60c
21	Extra Fine do	70c
22	Finest Imported	80c
23	Finest scented capers, for flavouring	60c
24	Fine Orange Pekoe	60c
25	Finest do	70c

**BLACK AND MIXED TEAS.**

26	Fine Breakfast Congou	45c
27	Superior do	50c
28	Extra Kalso do	60c
29	Extra Fine do	70c
30	Finest do	80c
Prince of teas		
31	Good Sauchong	80c
32	Fine do	90c
33	Superior do	1.00
34	Extra do	1.10
35	Extra Fine do	1.20
36	Finest do	1.30
37	Fine Oolong	80c
38	Superior do	90c
39	Ex. Fine do	1.00
40	Finest Imported	1.10
41	Fine Mandarin Mixture	40c
42	Superior do	50c
43	Extra do	60c
44	Extra Fine do	70c
45	Finest Imported	80c
46	Fine Hoqua Curious Mixture	30c
47	Superior do	40c
48	Extra do	50c
49	Choice do	60c
50	Choice upon Choice, which has no equal	80c

ALSO  
**E. Lawson's Finest Soluble**  
made in one minute without boiling, put up in 2,  
5, 10, and 20 lb. cans, at 25 and 30 cents per lb.

All orders by mail and otherwise punctual  
attended to. 25 lbs of tea and upwards shipped to  
one address to any Railway Station in Ontario free  
charge.

**EDWARD LAWSON.**  
The Pioneer Tea Merchant of Toronto

**DOMINION**

**CLOTHING**

**HOUSE.**

**G. BAWDEN & CO.,**

**Merchant Tailors,**

HAVE ON HAND A LARGE

**SELECT STOCK,**

OF

**BROAD CLOTHS,**

**DOESKINS,**

**OVERCOATINGS,**

**VENETIANS,**

**MELTONS,**

**CHEVIOT TWEEDS.**

**STRIPE TWEEDS**

**CHECK TWEEDS.**

Also an Extensive Assortment of

**READY-MADE CLOTHING**

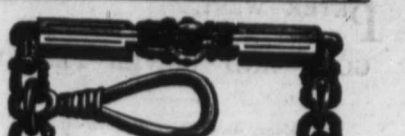
AND  
**Gents' Furnishings.**

CLOTHING made to Order on  
the shortest notice.

**No. 95 Yonge St. Toronto.**

N. B.—Mr. B. has for Eighteen Years,  
been connected with the Clothing Busi-  
ness in the city, and for the last Eleven  
ears with Mr. W. S. Finch.

**HOW**  
**WHEN & WHERE**  
**TO**  
**ADVERTISE**  
**SEE**  
**THE**  
**ADVERTISERS GAZETTE**  
—BY MAIL 25 CENTS—  
**GEO. PROWELL & CO.**  
44 PARK ROW  
**NEW YORK**



**THE RUSSELL WATCH**  
Is made in all sizes  
suitable for Ladies and  
Gents, both in gold and  
silver. But the accom-  
panying cut represents in  
proportions the  
\$25.00.

**RUSSELL HUNTING LEVER WATCH**  
In sterling Silver Case  
and gold points, full jewel-  
led warranted for five years  
together with a gold plated  
Albert chain—which will  
be sent to any part of Cana-  
da on receipt of \$25, or C.  
O. D. per express.

**W. E. CORNELL,**  
Watch Importer,  
38, King-street, East,  
Toronto, Ont.



**TORONTO MARKETS.**

**STREET PRICES.**

WHEAT—Sooles and Delhi	\$1 25 to 1 35
Spring	1 30 to 1 32
Midge proof	0 00 to 0 00
Treadwell	1 25 to 1 34
Barley	0 65 to 0 0 0
Inferior	0 00 to 0 0 0
Oats	0 37 to 0 40
Peas	0 65 to 0 70
Rye	0 65 to 0 70
BUTTER—1 lb. rolls by the basket	0 22 to 0 20
4 lb. do.	0 60 to 0 60
Choice Dairy Tub	0 00 to 0 00
TALLOW—Rough	0 04 to 0 00
Rendered	0 07 to 0 00

**WHOLESALE PRICES.**

LOUR—Superfine	6 65 to ...
Spring wheat extra	6 35 to 6 75
Fancy	6 65 to 6 70
Ex tra	6 00 to 7 20
Superior extra	6 00 to 6 00
WHEAT—No. 1 fall	1 38 to 1
No. 2	1 35 to 1 27
No. 1 spring	1 35 to 1 37
No. 2	1 33 to 1 33
OATS	0 37 to 0 4
Onion, car lots	4 50 to 4 8
Small lots	5 00 to 5 00
Commeal in small lots	3 15 to 3 15
Bran, in ton lots	14 00 to 15 00
PEAS	0 65 to 0 60
RYE	None
CORN	0 60 to 0
Loose, per ton	9 00 to 10 00
STRAW	14 00 to 15 00
Clover	0 00 to 0 00
HAY—Timothy new	22 00 to 27 00
PEA STRAW, per ton	8 00 to 9 00
BEEF, per side	6 00 to 7 00
MUTTON, by the carcass	6 00 to 7
APPLES	1 50 to
POTATOES—Per bag	0 00 to 0
POULTRY—Geese	0 75 to
Turkeys	0 80 to 1
Chickens, per pair	0 40 to 0 50
Ducks, per couple	0 50 to 0 60

LOOSE, per ton	9 00 to 10 00
STRAW	14 00 to 15 00
Clover	0 00 to 0 00
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Turkeys	0 80 to 1
Chickens, per pair	0 40 to 0 50
Ducks, per couple	0 50 to 0 60

**LEATHER.**

Quotations for not less than 50 hides.	
Spanish Sole, No. 1, all weigh. ts.	0 25 to
" " No. 2	0 21 to
Slaughter Sole, heavy	0 21 to
" " light	0 21 to
Buffalo Sole	0 23 to
Harness leather	0 20 to
Upper heavy	0 37 to
" light	0 40 to
Kip Skins, Patna	0 0 to