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OUR SPECTACLES.

A MAN never looks more dignified than when he takes a spectacle-case from his pocket, opens it, unfolds a lens, sets it astride his nose, and looks you in the eye. I have seen audiences over-awed by such a demonstration, feeling that a man who could handle glasses in that way must be equal to anything. We have known a lady of plain face, who, by placing an adornment of this kind on the bridge of her nose, could give an irresistible look, and by one glance round the room would transfix and eat up the hearts of a dozen old bachelors.

There are men, who, though they never read a word of Latin or Greek, have, by such artificial appendage, been made to look so classical, that the moment they gaze on you, you quiver as if you had been struck by Sophocles or Jupiter. We strongly suspect that a pair of glasses on a minister's nose would be worth to him about three hundred and seventy-six dollars and forty-two cents additional salary. Indeed, we have known men who have kept their parishes quiet by this spectacular power. If Deacon Jones criticised, or Mrs. G. about gossiped, the dominie would get them in range, shove his glasses from the tip of his nose, close up to his eyebrows, and concentrate all the majesty of his nature into a look that consumed all opposition easier than the burning glass of Archimedes devoured the roman ships.

But nearly all, young and old, near-sighted and far-sighted, look through spectacles. By reason of our prejudices, or education, or temperament, things are apt to come to us magnified, or lessened, or distorted. We all see things differently—not so much because our eyes are different, as because the medium through which we look is different.

Some of us wear blue spectacles, and consequently everything is blue. Taking our position at Trinity Church, and looking down Wall Street, everything is gloomy and depressing in financials, and looking up Broadway, everything is horrible in the fashions of the day. All is wrong in churches, wrong in education, wrong in society. An undigested slice of corned-beef has covered up all the bright prospects of the world. A drop of vinegar has extinguished a star. We understand all the variations of a growl. What makes the sunshine so dull, the foliage so gloomy, men so heavy, and the world so dark? Blue spectacles, my dear.

BLUE SPECTACLES!

An unwary young man comes to town. He buys elegant silk pocket-handkerchiefs on Chatham Street for twelve cents, and diamonds, at the dollar store. He supposes that when a play is advertised "for one night only," he will have but one opportunity of seeing it. He takes a greenback with an X on it, as a sure sign that it is ten dollars, not knowing there are counterfeiters. He takes five shares of silver-mining stock in the company for developing the resources of the moon. He supposes that every man that dresses well is a gentleman. He goes to see the lions, not knowing that any of them will bite; and that when people go to see the lions, the lions sometimes come out to see them. He has an idea that fortunes lie thickly around, and all he will have to do, is to stoop down and pick one up. Having been brought up where the greatest dissipation was a blacksmith's shop on a

rainy day, and where the gold on the wheat is never counterfeit, and buckwheat-fields never issue false stock, and brooks are always "current," and ripe fall-pipins are a legal-tender, and blossoms are honest when they promise to pay, he was unprepared to resist the allurements of city life. A sharper has fleeced him, an evil companion has despoiled him, a policeman's "billy" has struck him on the head, or a prison's turnkey bids him a gruff "Good-night!"

What got him into all this trouble? Can any moral optician inform us? Green goggles, my dear.

GREEN GOGGLES!

Your neighbor's first idea in life is a dollar; the second idea is a dollar—making in all two dollars. The smaller ideas are cents. Friendship with him is a mere question of loss and gain. He will want your name on his note. Every time he shakes hands, he estimates the value of such a greeting. He is down on Fourth of July and Christmas Days, because on them you spend money instead of making it. He has reduced everything in life to vulgar fractions. He has been hunting all his life for the cow that had the golden calf. He has cut the Lord's prayer on the back of a three-cent piece, his only regret that he has spoiled the piece. He has calculated how much the interest would have been on the widow's "two mites" if she had only kept them till now. He thinks that the celestial city with pavements of gold is a great waste of bullion. No steel or bone eyeglass would fit the bridge of his nose. Through what does he look? Gold spectacles my dear.

GOLD SPECTACLES!

I know a man who sees everything as it is: black is black, white is white, and speckled is speckled. He looks straight through a man, taking him at any point—heart, lungs, liver, ribs, backbone being no obstruction. People pass before him for what they are worth. The color of the skin is nothing, the epaulettes nothing, the spurs are nothing. He thinks no more of a dog because it once ran under the carriage of the Lord Mayor; and when a prince has an attack of nose-bleeding, the blood seems no more royal than that of other people. He takes out of one of his vest-pockets, scales, in which he weighs a man in an instant. He takes out of the other vest-pocket a chemical apparatus, by which he tells how much of the man is solid, and how much gas. He never saw an angel or a spook. He never had a presentiment. Rather than trouble the spirits of the future world to come this way, he concludes to wait till he can go to them. He consults no wizard to find out the future; but by honest industry and Christian principles, tells his own fortune. The number of cats that wake him up at unreasonable hours is four, while to others it would have been fifty. In the music of his life there are but few staccato passages. He uses no microscope to enlarge the little, or telescope to bring higher the distant, but simply a plain pair of spectacles honest spectacles.

TRUTH-SPEAKING SPECTACLES!

But sometimes these optical instruments get old and dim. Grandmother's pair had done good work in their day. They were large and round, so that when she saw a thing she saw it. There was a crack across the upper part of the glass, for many a baby had made them a plaything, and all the grand-children had at some time tried them on. They had sometimes been so dimmed with tears that she had to take them off and wipe them on her apron before she could see through them at all. Her "second sight" had now come, and she would often let her glasses slip down, and then look over the top of them while she read. Grandmother was pleased at this return of her vision. Getting along so well without them, she often lost her spectacles. Sometimes they would lie for weeks untouched on the shelf in the red morroca case, the flap unlifted. She could now look off upon the hills, which for thirty years she had not been able to see from the piazza. Those were mistaken who thought she had no poetry in her soul. You could see it in the way she put her hand under the chin of a primrose, or cultured the geranium. Sitting on the

piazza one evening, in her rocking-chair, she saw a ladder of cloud set up against the sky, and thought how easy it would be for a spirit to climb it. She saw in the deep glow of the sunset a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire, and wondered who rode in it. She saw a vapour floating thinly away, as though it were a wind ascending, and Grandmother muttered in a low tone: "A vapour that appeareth for a little season, and then vanisheth away." She saw a hill higher than any she had ever seen before on the horizon, and on the top of it a King's castle. The motion of the rocking chair became slighter and slighter, until it stopped. The spectacles fell out of her lap. A child, hearing it, ran to pick them up, and cried: "Grandmother, what is the matter?" She answered not. She never spoke again. Second-sight had come! Her vision had grown better and better. What she could not see now was not worth seeing. Not now through a glass darkly! Grandmother had no more need of spectacles!
—De Witt. Talmage.

SHAKSPEARE ON DRINKING.

I wonder that temperance lecturers and teetotal advocates do not quote more frequently some of the striking passages in which the great dramatist describes the baneful effects of intemperance. No description outside the inspired writings are so intensely true. "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry at the wine. At the least it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Proverbs.

For lay sermons on these texts turn to Shakspeare's pages. When the villain Iago wishes to make Cassio the tool of crime he presses him to drink. "Come Lieutenant," says Iago, "I have a stoup of wine, and without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello."

"Not to-night, good Iago: I have a very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment."

It is to this custom of "entertaining" by drink and revelry that Hamlet alludes when he says to Horatio: "It is a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance."

Apemantus, speaking to Timon of Athens of his wines and the custom of drinking healths says: "Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which never left man in the mire."

When Cassio is persuaded to drink, and is amused by Iago's drinking song, the villain says: "I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting. Your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—drink, ho!—are nothing to your English."

Afterwards, when Cassio has come to his senses, and his conscience begins to awake, he says:

Drunk! and speak, parrot! and squabble, swagger and discourse fustian with one's own shadow! O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

IAGO.—What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

CASSIO.—I know not.
IAGO.—Is it possible?

CASSIO.—I remember a mass of things but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasure, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

And again:
"It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath? one imperfection shows me another to make me frankly despise myself." Othello.

"OLIVER.—What's a drunken man like, fool?

CLOWN.—Like a drowned man, a fool and a madman; one draught above head makes him a fool, the second mads him and the third drowns him.

What a sermon, too, on the blessings of temperance, is contained in a few lines in the third scene of the second act of "As you Like it," when Adam says to his young master:

"Let me be your servant!
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty
For in my youth I never did apply,
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unwholesome forehead
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly; let me go with you,
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities."

GHOSTS.

WE have changed much in these days from the old times when ghosts were almost an article of faith, and when the person who told a tale of the world of spirits might chance to gain credence for his narrative without an inner reservation "that, at all events, it is very difficult to account for it." In Queen Elizabeth's time that stage direction in "Hamlet," "Enter Ghost," struck a real chord of emotion among the people, and, so far from weakening the force of the illusion, considerably heightened it by introducing a mysterious agency, as to which all were more or less sympathetic. Thus, in the Middle Ages a ghost had a dignity very different from the Peckham apparition of these days. There is a story told in French history of a peasant of Marseilles who was troubled by an unearthly visitor. The peasant was to make his way to the king, and reveal to him a message that would be communicated to him; but if he disclosed it to any one else he would die. He did disclose it to another—his wife—and he died, falling dead on the spot, too. The perturbed spirit, however, though unfortunate in this choice of a messenger, revealed himself a second time, with similar formalities and threats, and again the garrulous French nature could not keep reticent about the news. The tale was told, and the narrator in his turn, died. Yet a third time the ghost spoke. This time to a farrier. The tale we tell is historical, and the facts precise and ascertained. The farrier kept his counsel, journeyed to Versailles, saw Gold Stick in Writing, who was very polite, but very obscure. A peasant from Marseilles have an interview with the Majesty of France! Impossible; a thing not to be heard of! Farrier brings forward his ghastly facts. Proof offered, asked for, given. Did not two other of the good folks of the town to whom revelation had been made die because they departed from the strict letter of their instruction? Gold Stick was alarmed. Could not the truth of these statements be easily ascertained from the local authorities? Gold Stick was relieved. The farrier was to call in a couple of days—he called, saw the king in private, had several interviews with him, and returned to his own province a wealthy man, supported by the revenue, a public character from that time till his death, and probably a bachelor and misogamist, for the substance of the secret never transpired. It is all historical. The best artists of the day drew our farrier, the drawing was engraved, and copies of it exist in several private collections. One writer professes to have seen the print, and says that "it represents the face of a man about thirty-five or forty years of age, with an open countenance, rather pensive, and with a very characteristic expression"—a somewhat vague description as to the whole, and one would be glad to have learned what was the special character of that expression.

We live in different days now, and the age of apparitions seems, notwithstanding an occasional exception, to have passed away. The ghost of the 19th century cannot keep his secret as well as his brother spirit of the 17th, and it is the magistrate, not the minister, with whom he is confronted. The lantern of "Pleasant X" shines upon the apparition, and

under this manifestation the mystery not so much dissolves into thin air as solidifies into flesh and blood. The spirit then becomes what the Acts of Parliament call a "person," and the laws of the land take their useful and uninterrupted effect.

And yet who will deny that there lingers a strong belief, which none of the vaunted "enlightenment of the nineteenth century" can crush down, in ghosts and apparitions? What is spiritualism but a mode of the same disease? We are not as credulous as our simple forefathers, and we have a way of severing our judgment from our faith, and being mortally afraid of ghosts, though we well know that such things do not exist. What is the experience of each one? Is there any reader of this paper who, however fortunate in his own experiences, has not had some relative, or friend, or acquaintance, who has seen a ghost? We do not mean sounds or rappings, but a real *bona fide*—we were going to say—flesh-and-blood live ghost? The writer himself forms no exception to the rule which he believes prevails. Here is a story told to him by one of the chief actors:—Three students of a university, situated in what Thackeray calls a viceregal city, had retired after dinner to the rooms of a friend. There is no importance in the words "after dinner." College beer is very small beer, nor do I know of any instance on record in which a man who had partaken freely was visited by ghosts. The four friends were standing round, the fire, which flickered brightly, so that every part of the room could be seen. Its shape was of this kind. The door from the staircase was at one corner; directly opposite to that was another door, which led into the bedroom. There was no other approach to or exit from the room. The fireplace was at the side of the inner door. The friends were standing round the fire chattering together, when they distinctly saw the outer door open gently, and a figure pass in. It crossed the room, and passed through the opposite doorway into the bedroom. Three of the young men at once rushed into the room, examined every part of it together, but there was no trace or sign of anything. The other had fainted on seeing the apparition. What is curious about this tale is that it forms, so far as is known, the only instance in modern times of a ghost been seen by several persons simultaneously. As a general rule, if the apparition appears to more persons than one it does so successively, as in the French story just told. Another circumstance that is remarkable in this case is that each one of the four persons seems to have arrived immediately at the idea that the visitor was a ghost. The spirit was, indeed, known to two of them—that is to say, two of the party said it was the ghost of their brother. But the other two were quite strangers to the fact, and yet, without a word said, seeing the entry, they seem to have felt instinctively and unhesitatingly that it was a ghost. The tale is told as a thing that happened. There was no dowager-duchess or guardsman present to command the respect of the *Times*, but then—every one is not so strong-minded and naturally incredulous as that journal.—*Globe, England.*

NURSING TROUBLES.

SOME people are as careful of their troubles as mothers are of their babes; they cuddle them, and rock them, and hug them, and cry over them, and fly into a passion with you if you try to take them away from them; they want you to fret with them, and to help them believe that they have been worse treated than anybody else. If they could they would have a picture of their grief in a gold frame hung over the mantle-shelf for everybody to look at. And their grief makes them really selfish; they think more of their dear little in the basket and in the cradle than they do of all the world besides; and they say you are hard-hearted if you say "don't fret." "Ah! you don't understand me—you don't know me—you can't enter into my trials!" They lack hope. They give way to foolish fear; are cowardly, without faith and fortitude. They are poor things; will not amount to much. Still, it is our duty to help get them out of the rut, and encourage them to throw off cares.

Tales and Sketches.

THE CROSS-EYED ANGEL.

AFTER THE GERMAN OF ADELMINE VOLCK-HAUSER.

OUR old nurse was the first to call me "Cross-eyed Angel;" her example was followed by my brothers; theirs by the children in the neighborhood; and, later, the example of them all was followed, I am quite sure, by the gentlemen whom I met at parties, went with to picnics, and danced with at the casino.

In the nursery I was indifferent to the nickname—so indifferent, indeed, that I myself sometimes used it; and, although my older brothers occasionally used it as a means to tease me, it never really wounded my feelings to be called by it, until I heard it cried out behind me for the first time on the street.

I came home crying, and declared I would never go out again; but I allowed myself to be consoled by my mother, who explained to me that the word "angel" far outweighed the offensive qualifying term, adding, as she passed her hand lovingly over my head, that there was not a little girl in the whole city who had such beautiful golden hair as I had.

That was, perhaps true, but the golden richness of my hair did not lessen the terrible squint of my left eye. I must try to conceal it, I thought; and, as I had read in some old books that the Baroness of—I don't remember what—a prim and venerable spinster, admonished her nieces and other young damsels to clasp their hands before them, to look down, and never at the bachelors, I resolved to range myself among her disciples.

But I found this very embarrassing; and, when I met acquaintances, it was quite impracticable. I therefore was compelled to give it up, and to look at everybody as I always had done, except the boys in the street. I considered them as my greatest enemies, and avoided them in every way possible. On the whole, I think I endured the irremediable, with a fair share of resignation. I say irremediable, because it seemed as though there was no remedy for the defect. My parents consulted several surgeons, but they all shook their learned heads, and refused to undertake the operation. My case, it seemed, was not an ordinary one; the operation required was more severe than the one usually performed in such cases, and the result was very doubtful.

My father and mother were, nevertheless, both in favor of having the operation performed, but I had not the courage. I shuddered at the mere thought of having my eye cut, and then I feared I might lose it entirely. Being cross-eyed I thought far better than being one-eyed.

In one respect, at least, my misfortune did not operate to my disadvantage. In society I never had the mortification of being neglected; and at balls and dancing-parties my card was filled sooner than, perhaps, that of any young girl of my acquaintance. But, then, I was always careful to be cheerful and sunny, and not to reply in monosyllables; or, the contrary, to always do my share of the talking, and to talk my best, without appearing to be in love with the sound of my own voice, or seeming to think that I was Sir or Madame Oracle, and should be listened to more than another.

"One never tires of talking to the Cross-eyed Angel," I once overheard a gentleman of my acquaintance say to another. Ah! but the compliment the remark conveyed was not sufficient to assuage the pain the nickname caused me, far as the speaker was from any intention to be unkind.

A certain timidity and bashfulness, which was altogether foreign to my nature, usually came over me, and lasted for a time, after being unpleasantly reminded of my bodily defect. At such times I would retire to some obscure corner—shed, perhaps, a few tears—and remain, until, getting out of patience with myself, I would cry: "Ah, fie! If they don't like my looks, they need not look at me!" and I would sally forth again.

It was, perhaps, on account of her beautiful eyes that I was so partial to my friend Charlotte. I, at all events, sometimes thought so, and often expressed my admiration for them to her, when she would reply that I, too, would have handsome eyes if—Ah! that unfortunate "if!" As they stood in their sockets, the one looking one way and the other another they were little short of repulsive.

Charlotte and I had grown up together; our families were neighbors. She had played in our nursery and I in theirs; she in our garden, and I on their lawn. This habit had united us more closely than choice would have done; but, although when I grew up, this was sometimes unpleasantly apparent, still, from force of habit, our relations remained unchanged.

The atmosphere in our house was very different from that in Charlotte's. Her parents were rich, and belonged to the so-called fashionables. They kept a little army of servants, who, we always thought did much to pamper and spoil the children. Charlotte was, perhaps, the most

spoiled of any of them, which was in some measure due, doubtless, to her being the only daughter. She was not only not required to do any thing, but she was not allowed to do any thing, that pertained to household duties. She was surrounded by a certain do-nothing would-be poetic nimbus, which falls to the lot of women in exclusive circles only.

I, on the contrary, was brought up in a very plain, old-fashioned way; at a very early age I had my share to perform in the domestic duties of our modest establishment, and I learned betimes to use my needle. At school I overtook Charlotte, although she was two years my senior, and entered the first class the same time she did. But, as I had always intended to be a teacher when I got old enough, it seemed to me very natural that I should study harder and know every thing better than Lottie, who would be rich, and never have to any thing for a livelihood.

My father occupied himself a great deal with us children; his leisure hours were always given us. From him we learned more than in school, and in a much more agreeable manner. His was one of those natures that are not content unless they are continually communicating to those around them whatever they may know that is worth acquiring, and consequently always act as an incentive to others to make daily additions to their stock of knowledge. To this peculiarity of my father was doubtless due the fact that my mother, despite her manifold household duties, retained a certain mental youthfulness and freshness to the day of her death. He always exercised a sort of supervision over our reading, talked with us about what we read, and, indeed, often read aloud to us himself.

No wonder that our house was called a "learned house;" and when any one, for a change, called me any thing but Cross-eyed Angel, it was sure to be "Learned Lizzie;" which, to me, was scarcely an improvement, as I could not abide the abbreviation, and especially the "ie" termination. I very much preferred my full name—Elizabeth—to any thing else.

Go where I would, I found no house that was better kept, in which there was more real comfort, or where the inmates enjoyed themselves better than we did; even Charlotte confessed that, although it would have been hard to find a house in which there was a greater absence of what is called "style."

My father was a lawyer. He stood high in his profession, and was consequently always fully employed. It was, therefore, very natural that the young jurists who located in G—, or came to fill government positions, should not only call on us, but should be invited to our little entertainments whenever my father saw no reasons why their visits should not be encouraged. In criticizing these young people, he showed them no mercy. He condemned their weaknesses and failings, when we were alone, with a severity that sometimes surprised me; but later it was clear to me that he did it solely on my account, in order that I should not indulge in romantic illusions with regard to persons of questionable worth. This was undoubtedly the reason I never had any little love-affairs to recount, like all the young girls of my acquaintance, especially Charlotte, although I certainly received as much attention as the others.

"The son of one of my oldest and best friends is to be sent here as assessor," said my father one day, at the dinner-table, as he took a letter out of his pocket.

"Who is it?" asked my mother.

"Young Eberhard?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Paul Eberhard writes me: 'Let me recommend my son Carl to your kind offices. He is steady and capable. If one of your sons should come to Berlin, he will find the door of my house always open to him, and I am sure Carl will always be a welcome visitor at yours, etc.'"

"Certainly—certainly he will!" cried my mother; "and don't you think you had better write to say that we shall be glad to have the young gentleman stop with us until he finds rooms to suit him?"

"That is just what I was about to suggest to you, my dear," replied my father. "Very well, I will write this evening. He will doubtless find suitable lodgings in two or three days, at farthest. There are plenty vacant, go where you will."

Thus it was Carl Eberhard came to be our guest: i. e., to occupy the cosy little square room that looked out on the garden, and which, with the large acquaintance of my hospital parents, was never long without an occupant. It was, therefore, nothing new for us to have a guest in the house; we were, however, especially father—somewhat more curious than usual, for our expected guest was an entire stranger to us all.

Carl Eberhard came, and, in personal appearance, was very like his father, who had been at our house often. He was tall and slim, with a handsome face, the most attractive feature of which was—not in my opinion alone—his large, expressive eyes, which immediately reminded me of Charlotte's.

"What a pity," I thought to myself, "that Charlotte is not at home! I should be glad to see what this effect would be of these two pairs of eyes looking at each other."

I, at that time, had passed me eighteenth birthday, and still it seemed to me that our guest was inclined to treat me as a child, although I could not complain that his manner toward me was not perfectly well-bred and respectful. Short and slight as I was, he literally looked down on me; and, still accustomed to romp occasionally in the garden with my younger brother Albert, I thought little of supporting the dignity of a young lady.

Albert, who was at college, was of course learning Latin, which he found very difficult. I, too, had learned something of Latin, partly *en passant* with my older brothers, by hearing them say over their task and by devoting a little time to it, and later by applying myself more closely under the tutorship of my father. "It not only adds to our general knowledge of language, but it accustoms us to think logically," he used to say; "and, to a woman, especially, the latter is of more importance than the former."

Albert sat in the garden near the house, learning the prepositions with the accusative. The more difficult he found it to get them into his head, the louder he repeated them. *Ad apud, ante*, he began any number of times, always sticking fast at the seventh or eighth word.

"*Circa, circiter, erga*," I helped him forward, as I continued to weed my favourite flower-bed.

"*Ob, pene, per*," and he stuck again.

"*Post, prae*," I cried out to him; and as he still stumbled over them, I began the list, and went through them with a celerity that would have done credit to an old-time pedagogue.

"I have them in my memory so fast that I shall never forget them," I added; "but they are terribly hard to learn at first."

"Heaven knows, they are!" sighed poor Albert.

"Miss Elizabeth, can you repeat the prepositions with the ablative also?" asked a familiar voice from above us.

I looked up. Eberhard was leaning out of his window, he had heard and seen all that had passed.

I felt my face redden, and for a moment I was silent; then I burst into a hearty laugh and began, "*a, ab, abaque*," and so on, with lightning rapidity to the end of the list.

"Is it possible, Miss Lizzie, that you know Latin? and so well!"

Albert and I laughed heartily at the question, which, more in the tone than in the words, expressed the greatest astonishment. Eberhard disappeared from the window, and a few moments after joined us in the garden.

"I thought at first," he began, "you had only picked up a little—from your older brothers, perhaps."

"Oho!" cried Albert, at the top of his voice, "our little learned Lizzie knows her Virgil and Caesar with the best of them, I can tell you. I wish I only knew them half as well!"

There was an expression of such utter amazement in Eberhard's face that we could not help laughing again.

"You are the first lady I have ever seen who knew Latin," said he. "Had I known this before I came, I should have imagined the daughter of my father's old friend very different from what I found her."

And when I asked, "How so?" the reply was in accordance with the notions that have prevailed since the time of Moses and the bulrushes, I imagine—that a learned woman must be old, ugly, and pedantic: "Instead of this, I find you," added Eberhard, "a veritable Amaryliss, even to the rake." I had picked up one a few minutes before he came down.

"I never could understand," said I, "why people think it so strange that a girl should learn Latin, when they think it very natural and proper that she should learn French and English, Spanish and Italian."

This was the starting-point of quite a lengthy conversation, the first really that had ever taken place between us, and I can, therefore, truly say that our acquaintance began with the accusative.

"There is nothing I admire more in a woman," said Eberhard, "than real culture—solid attainments; but we meet with it so rarely, especially in women of your age! How do you, pray, chance to form such a notable and praiseworthy exception? how did you acquire so much knowledge?"

So much knowledge! I knew well that I, in reality, possessed very little—that I had learned nothing thoroughly.

"How did I acquire what little I know?" I asked.

"Yes; that is what I should like to know," returned Eberhard.

"Well, I left school at fifteen, the age when men—those, at least, who are considered liberally educated—really begin their studies," I replied. "Since then, my only opportunities have been those afforded me by my home associations, and my

only teacher has been my father; but I have necessarily been very irregular in my studies, and, what you are pleased to call my learning, in a man, you would, I am sure, call only a superficial smattering. So little is demanded of a woman in the higher branches of human knowledge that a little goes a great way."

From this theme we went to others of a kindred nature. I talked a good deal, and talked, I thought afterward, unusually well, for, although Eberhard spoke with a certain air of superiority, he nevertheless listened to me very respectfully, and I felt a healthful inspiration in exchanging ideas with him that was as agreeable as it was new.

I have long since forgotten what I had said, but I looked up at Eberhard for a reply. He was silent, and the expression of his face was entirely changed. He seemed occupied with some thought foreign to the subject we were discussing; but he looked me full in the face, and it seemed as though his large, dark eyes would penetrate my inmost soul.

I felt strangely embarrassed and confused. Suddenly it occurred to me that he was looking at my turned eye. My face became crimson at the thought; I turned away, and my unconstrained manner was gone. He tried to reestablish the former familiar tone, but his endeavors proved fruitless.

Eberhard experienced great difficulty in finding rooms that suited him. Now he objected to their northern exposure, now to their being on the third floor, and now to their being too far from the side of the town on which we lived.

He was with us over two weeks before he found quarters that suited him. They were in our immediate neighborhood, and indeed, were so situated that he could overlook a portion of our garden from his windows. True, he had a northern exposure, but that little objection was more than counterbalanced by other considerations.

During these two weeks we became right well acquainted. The weather being remarkably pleasant, we spent a good deal of time in the open air, and, when Eberhard's time admitted of it, he joined us on the veranda, or he sought me out in a favorite and retired spot in the garden under one of the two stately linden-trees between which my father had placed my father had placed a plaster statue of Justice. During the hours when the sun shone on the porch so as to make it uncomfortable warm, it was shady and cool under the lindens, and consequently we often drank our coffee in the afternoon gathered around "Madame Justice," as we were in the habit of saying.

The preparing of the coffee, while my father and mother took a *siesta*, was my office. Albert usually put in an appearance at the coffee-hour, but not always. Eberhard however, never failed. He was a great lover of good coffee, and at first I suspected his promptness was due solely to his desire to get the decoction as soon after it was made as possible.

Eberhard was, in fact, something of an epicure, and he did not pretend to deny it. He had not been with us more than two or three days when he took occasion to say: "The man who is not himself rich is in duty bound to look out for a rich wife. I, for my part, can't conceive of a domestic establishment, in which there is any real comfort, that is not supplied with ample means." This little speech, which, under the circumstances, was in doubtful taste, led to a discussion between him and my father, in the course of which he remarked further: "And my wife must not only be rich, but she must also be beautiful and cultured, for I would be proud of her always and everywhere."

Why had this conversation left such a painful something in my remembrance? What was it to me if he would marry no woman who was not rich and beautiful! It ought to be a matter of perfect indifference to me, and I was frightened when, a few days afterward, I caught myself soliloquising, "But, you are not rich nor beautiful!"

Did I, then, want to be his wife? I had really never asked myself this direct question, but, for the first time in my young life, I found myself at all hours occupied with a man who, to my imagination, was the perfection of manly beauty and a model of manly dignity, and that man was Carl Eberhard.

CONTINUED

Two young fellows from the Emerald Isle, were sitting by the road-side one day last summer, and presented a very forlorn appearance. One of them was looking very attentively at his boots, which were rather the worse for wear. His companion noticing his fixed look, spoke to him thus:

"Say, Pat, what are you thinking about, are you thinking about the old spot?"

"No, shall I tell what I was thinking about?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was wondering why these boots are like a criminal after he is hung?"

"Why are they?"

"Because, the sole (soul) is lost, and they are past healing (heeling)."

Family Circle.

LIFE.

Life, 'tis a vapor, lasteth but a day,
Appears a little while, and wings its way
To realms where Time's unmeasured
cycles run,
And present, past, and future, all in one.

Life, oh how short, immeasurably small!
Six thousand years on this terraqueous
ball.

But as a vapor, in God's sight appears,
And less than nothing midat the rolling
spheres.

Pierce the blue vault, the outskirts of
God's throne,

Where suns, and systems roll, to us, un-
known,

'E'en light itself, the distance cannot span,
Through countless ages as it sweeps
along.

A moment, in a scrap's mind appears,
Of same duration as ten million years:
What then six thousand? or, three-score
and ten?—

The flickering vapor of men's lives.

Time soon must end, when with uplifted
hand,

"One foot on sea, and other on the land."
The angel loud proclaims, "Time is no
more."

No time exists beyond earth's deer
shore.

There, one eternal day forever reigns,
All sickness, sighing, sin, and all its pains,
Alike unknown, eternal glories rise,
Vast in extent, boundless as the skies.

—SMITH.

WHY I DON'T MARRY.

"WHY are there so few marriages now-a-days?" a young lady asked me, the other evening, the half-puzzled expression upon her fair face seeming to indicate that she was rather surprised at a state of matters that could give rise to such a question. We had found ourselves, at the conclusion of a promenade on the veranda, after a fast and furious gallop, seated side by side in a cosy nook in the supper-room, and from the curious nature of the question, propounded after she had finished an ice, and I some claret-cup, you can perceive how confidential we had become. Had the query come out accidentally or unconnectedly in the course of a conversation about the weather and things in general, I might, nine times out of ten, with some degree of certainty have ascribed it to the praiseworthy endeavors of a good-looking girl, untroubled with a superabundance of conversational power, to keep the ball of small talk rolling smoothly along. But I had found that my partner was not only pretty, but clever and sensible besides, and from the skillful manner in which she had led up the conversation to this posing query, she had not only made me think that she herself was curious to know my views upon the subject, but had also to some extent prepared me for a remark that might otherwise have shocked my delicate feelings. But with her fine eyes looking interrogatively into mine, her flushed face lighted up with the enthusiasm of nineteen, and the melodious music of the interminable Lancers, from which we both had fled, floating into the room in delicious interludes, I must be pardoned my having refused to fall into a semi-philosophic vein, and for having answered my fair examiner with a *bon-bon*, to the effect that she, at least, had no reason to ask the question. But that night, or morning rather, when I had returned to the calmer atmosphere of my lodgings, had subsided in a shooting-coat, and thrown myself into a snug arm-chair before a cheerful fire, duly appreciated by my old friend Patch, who, dog though he be, was winking at me approvingly on the hearth-rug, the question which I had so successfully evaded in the supper-room would persist in coming into my thoughts—possibly not unconnected with the fair form of its author—whether I would or not, though the answer I had given her had passed into the shadows.

"What," I asked myself, "is the reason I am not married ere now? I am old enough—thirty next birthday. I am domestic enough, as Patch and my landlady can testify. And by the gentler and fairer sex I am considered—not repulsive; for would my pretty supper-room philosopher otherwise have honored me with her confidence in an interesting *te-te-te*?" I confess that I had never thought seriously on the subject before, but since then I have been investigating and reasoning, and thinking, and bringing the whole

eight of my experience in match-making and flirtations, such as it is, to bear upon the subject.

Well, as you can see, I began by studying my own case and applying the argument ad hominem to myself. You are domestic enough, old fellow; your income with your modest salary, is more than enough for your bachelor wants, and you have fallen in love half-a-dozen times, in an indolent sort of way, with very sweet, good girls, while you have danced with dozens with whom you could be perfectly happy for life. And yet you are unmarried! Are you afraid of the money question, or are you diffident of approaching a young lady with matrimonial intent? Is there any obstacle in the way of your marrying for which you cannot have yourself to blame, or is it a selfish, lazy disposition of mind which leads you to think that you are more comfortable, or that you have more enjoyment in life as a bachelor in lodgings, where every attention your landlady pays you is added to the price of your dinner, and anything the cat consumes is not deducted from your monthly account, than you would with a lovely, loving wife, and toddling wee things pulling your whiskers and kissing their "papa's?" Goodness knows there is no doubt as to which of the two any one but an inhuman, self-indulgent epicurean would prefer; and you hope and pray that you may never have reason to think yourself so abandoned to your own pleasure and sensual enjoyment as such a man. Then why do you not plunge into the matrimonial sea at once, instead of wasting other ten or twenty years of your life in single blessedness, to find yourself looked upon as an old fogey by young ladies who are now in the arms of their nurses?

Such were the ideas that flashed through my mind, and kept beating and beating until they at last forced from me the unwilling admission that I was afraid to embark upon the waters of matrimony—positively afraid to give up the quiet anchorage in a haven which, however dull and comfortless, was at least safe and secure, to spread full canvas to the breeze and sail out with a consort upon the open main. A hazy vision of stuck up but expensive dinners to the friends of my wife and myself, of a self-contained abode of bliss it might be and probably would be, but no less certainly than with a rent of indefinite hundreds of dollars a year, of expensive furniture, of a servant, in the singular or plural, mayhap in the masculine as well as feminine, obscured my bright picture of the home fireside, while a long array of grocers' bills, butchers' bills and milliners' bills—particularly the latter—seemed to dwarf the unpresuming account of my worthy landlady into utter nothingness. Yes, I was afraid I confess; but was I to blame, or could the fair being who might have made my home happy be considered to be the cause of all the visionary woes? I could not bring myself to think so, and I hope my fair readers will thus far admit the truthfulness and reality of my reasoning. At least I have been candid enough, for I have given the exact shape in which the problem presents itself for solution, and my own innermost thoughts in regard to it.

But who is to blame? you ask. Who is to blame? you repeat. Well, I will give you my opinion, arrived at after carefully weighing the argument, pro and con, to the best of my ability. The fault rests with one who, unfortunately, in these days is all-powerful; for whom men and women knowingly make fools of themselves; for whom they sacrifice the comforts of home and the love of each other whom they copy and imitate slavishly and avowedly, laying aside reason and common sense and charity, laying down anything and everything, even their very lives, beneath the juggernaut wheels of this god of the nineteenth century—the god of Fashion. Do not mistake my meaning, ladies! I do not blame any one. But you and I have to sacrifice ourselves at the shrine of Fashion, but the fact is still true and still mournful to contemplate. We are powerlessly in the clutches of a horrid monster, that dictates to us in our houses and in those of our friends; in the garments which we wear, and in the food which we eat; at the dinners which we give, as well as those which we receive; and even in the form of religion which we profess. But you are more helplessly dictated to than we are—I had almost said more willing victims. We go about in shooting-coat and thick-soled boots without incurring the scorn of our companions so long as we have a good heart beating under the tweed cloth, and our actions are regulated by gentlemanly feelings. But you are afraid of each other's criticism, and put too much faith in dress.

I am aware that I am treading upon delicate grounds, as those who live in class houses should not throw stones. And, in truth, though our houses have a good deal of solid masonry, they have also some glass. You may ask us why we will persist in wearing the uncomfortable beaver and the swallow coat, with its dangling appendages, "the unsindest cut of all." Alas! Fashion has ordered such things to be worn, and Fashion's imperative commands must be obeyed. But we have at least the merit of some degree of stability in our fashions, while you—

I will not press the subject too hard, for it must be tantalizing to yourselves. On you rush, all of you, jostled by your house-maids, and sped by your ladies'-maids, in a vain endeavor to keep pace with the ever-changing, swift-footed shadows of Fashion, which seem to lead you along like the ever-flitting light of the "Will-o'-the-Wisp." Behind you an endless succession of long skirts and short skirts, wide skirts, and narrow skirts, loose sleeves and tight sleeves, large bonnets and small bonnets, that beggars all description; while before you there is the prospect of innumerable changes, all ordained and prescribed by Fashion, the arbiter and ruler of right.

I know it is hard to follow fashion at all unless you keep close behind it. You cannot wear dresses of the fashion of last year; but why should you not confuse Fashion by getting ahead of it altogether? Let your ingenuity and fancy—in which you beat us hollow—devise some unknown but simple style, each of you choosing the one that suits you best, the simpler the better, and stick to it for a reasonable time in spite of the adverse criticisms of your quasi friends. You will gain *clout*, you will spend less money, and you will acquire the esteem of every gentleman; and your favored admirer will love you all the more that he is not compelled to put his love for you in the scale against your expensive habits of dress. I know that if I could only find one young lady who—but I have said enough; perhaps some of my readers may say I have said too much, and transgressed the bounds of politeness in thus lecturing them. But, while I humbly crave their pardon, I can plead that every word I have written I truly believe, and that in this, my first appearance in literature, I have strictly adhered to what perhaps a more practiced writer would not for a moment consider, the truth.

K. M. G. E.

THE LAW OF NEGLIGENCE.

In the year 1869, Henry Stout, an infant of six years, had his foot mangled and crushed while playing with other children on a turn-table, belonging to the Sioux City and Pacific Railway, in the town of Blair. A suit was brought by his next friend, in the Circuit Court of the United States, at Omaha, Nebraska, against the company for \$25,000 damages. The jury, upon the first trial of the case, disagreed; but a second trial on the 9th of May last, resulted in a verdict of \$7,500 for the plaintiff. The ground of the action was, that it was the duty of the defendant to keep the turn-table securely locked and fastened, so as to prevent it being revolved or tampered with by children; or to keep the same guarded, so as to prevent injuries, such as befell the plaintiff. It appears upon the latter trial that the turn-table was constructed and left, just as all railways construct and leave their turn-tables.

Judge Dillon presided at both trials and instructed the jury, that if the company did not know, and had no good reason to suppose, that if they resorted there they would be likely to get injured, then a verdict could not be found against the defendant. But on the other hand, if the defendant did know, or had good reason to believe, under the circumstances, the children of the place would resort to the turn-table to play, and that if they did, they might or would be injured, then, if the defendant took no means to prevent accident, defendant would be guilty of negligence, and would be answerable for damages caused to children by such negligence. The finding of the jury as we have stated above, was that the company were guilty of neglect of a want of due and proper care, in the construction of machinery of a dangerous character, and so leaving it exposed, that as reasonable men, the officers of the road ought to have foreseen that such accidents would occur.

The charge of the judge was sound law, and under the circumstances, we do not see how the verdict could be otherwise. Only once in a great while do juries comprehend their position. In this case they seem to have understood the gist of the matter. No one man in a thousand is capable of sitting on a jury, for not one in a thousand people "as they run," are sufficiently learned to draw either an inference or an opinion.

WOMEN AS THEY WERE.

"YOUNG ladies of the time of Edward IV.," says a recent writer, "were brought up with greater strictness than their descendants under Victoria. Mammias in those days kept their daughters a greater part of the day at hard work, exacted almost slavish deference from them, and even, as an able antiquarian states, counted upon their earnings. After they had attained a certain age, it was the custom for the young of both sexes to be sent to the houses of powerful nobles to finish their education by learning manners, and thus a noble lady was often surrounded by a bevy of fair faces from the owners of which she did not scruple to receive payment for their living."

"Let us follow a lady of gentle blood through her occupations of a day. She

rises early—at seven, or half-past—listens to matins, and then dresses; breakfast follows; and this her costume: a silk gown, richly embroidered with fur, open from the neck to the waist in front, and having a turn-over collar of a darker color; a broad girdle with a rich, gold clasp; skirts so long as to oblige the owner to carry them over the arm; shoes long and pointed; a gold chain round the neck; and, to crown all, the steeple-cap, with its pendent gossamer veil. After regaling herself with boiled beef and beer, she will possibly, if religiously inclined, go to the chapel; if not, to the garden, and weave garlands. This occupation enlivened by gossip with her friends, will take her until noon, when dinner is served, after which an hour or so will be spent with the distaff or the spinning-wheel.—At six o'clock supper is served, after which, perhaps, follow games at cards or dice, or possibly, a dance. Of the latter our young lady is extremely fond, and has been known, once or twice, when agreeable company was in the house, to commence dancing after dinner and to continue until supper, when, after a short respite, she began again. She has grown tired of the old carole, and now dotes upon those merry jigs imported from France. Later on, another meal is served, called the re-supper, or banquet, after which she may drink a glass of warmed ale or a cup of wine, if she be so inclined, and then retire for the night. Another day, in the proper season, she may go a-hawking or ride on horseback, or hunt the stag, or shoot rabbits with bow and arrow, or witness bear-baiting, or some other such refined amusement.

"Young ladies of this age are cautioned by a M. de Montaigne, who appears to have been somewhat of a poet and a social reformer, against being too quick to fall in love, from talking scandal, from drinking too much wine, and from chattering at table. They are enjoined to practise habits of industry, to respect the aged, to refrain from quarrels, and, above all, never to allow gentlemen to kiss them in secret!"

HABITS OF LITERARY LABOR.

WHEN Mr. Pickwick informed Mr. Jingle that his friend Mr. Snodgrass had a strong poetic turn, Mr. Jingle responded:

"So have I—Epic poem—ten thousand lines—revolution of July—composed it on the spot—Mars by day, Apollo by night—bang the field-piece—twang the lyre—fired a musket—fired with an idea—rushed into wine-shop—wrote it down—back again—whiz, bang—another idea—wine-shop again—pen and ink—back again—cut and slash—noble time, sr."

There are other people beside Mr. Pickwick who accept this method of literary production as quite natural and legitimate. We remember seeing, some time ago, a sketch by an extravagant humorist of a man, who wrote a book in a single night, tossing each sheet as it was finished over his left shoulder, pursuing his work with a pen that hissed with the heat of a terrible friction, and fainting away into the arms of anxious friends when the task was finished. Preposterous as the fiction was, it hardly exaggerated an idea prevalent in many minds that literary production is a sort of miraculous birth, that is as strenuous and inevitable as the travail which brings a new being into life.—Indeed, there are, some, perhaps many, writers who practically entertain the same notion. They depend upon moods, and if the moods do not come nothing comes. They go to their work without a will, and impotently wait for some angel to stir the pool, and if the angel fails to appear that settles the question for them. Such men of course accomplish but little. Few of them ever do more than show what possibilities of achievement are within them. They disappoint themselves, disappoint their friends, and disappoint a waiting public that soon ceases to wait, and soon transfers its expectations to others. Literary life has very few satisfactions for them, and often ends in a resort to stimulating drinks or drugs in order to produce artificially the mood which will not come of itself.

There is a good deal of curiosity among literary men in regard to the habits of each other. Men who find their work hard, their health poor, and their production slow, are always curious concerning the habits of those who accomplish a great deal with apparent ease. Some men do all their writing in the morning. Some of them even rise before their households, and do half their days work before breakfast. Others do not feel like going to work until after breakfast and after exercise in the open air. Some fancy that they can only work in the evening, and some of these must wait for their best hours until all but themselves are asleep. Some cannot use their brains at all immediately after exercise. Some smoke while writing, some write on the stimulus of coffee, and some on that of alcohol. Irregularity and strange whims are supposed to be characteristic of genius. Indeed, it rather tells against the reputation of a man to be methodical in his habits of literary labor. Men of this stripe are supposed to be mechanical plodders, without wings, and without the necessity of an atmosphere in which to spread them.

We know of no better guide in the establishment of habits of literary labor than common sense. After a good night's sleep and a refreshing breakfast, a man ought to be in his best condition for work, and he is. All literary men who accomplish much and maintain their health, go to their work in the morning, and do it every morning. It is the daily task, performed morning after morning, throughout the year—carefully, conscientiously, persistently—that tells in great results. But in order to perform this task in this way, there must be regular habits of sleep, with which nothing shall be permitted to interfere. The man who eats late suppers, attends parties and clubs, or dines out every night cannot work in the morning. Such a man has in fact, no time to work in the whole round of the hours.—Late and irregular habits at night are fatal to literary production as a rule. The exceptional cases are those which have fatal results upon life in a few years.

One thing is certain; no great thing can be done in literary production without habit of some sort; and we believe that all writers who maintain their health work in the morning. The night-work on our daily papers is killing work, and ought to be followed only a few years by any man. A man whose work is that of literary production ought always to go to his labor with a willing mind, and he can only do this by being accustomed to take it up at regular hours. We called upon a preacher the other day—one of the most eloquent and able men in the American pulpit. He was in his study, which was out of his house; and his wife simply had to say that there was no way by which she could get him, even if she should wish to see him herself. He was wise. He had his regular hours of labor, which no person was permitted to interrupt. In the afternoon he could be seen; in the morning, never. A rule like this is absolutely necessary to every man who wishes to accomplish much. It is astonishing how much a man may accomplish with the habit of doing his utmost during three or four hours in the morning. He can do this every day, have his afternoons and evenings to himself, maintain the highest health, and live a life of generous length.

The reason why some men never feel like work in the morning is, either that they have formed other habits, or that they have spent the evening improperly. They have only to go to their work every morning, and do the best they can for a dozen mornings, in succession, to find that the disposition and power to work will come. It will cost a severe effort of the will, but it will pay. Then the satisfaction of the task performed will sweeten all the other hours. There is no darker or deadlier shadow than that cast upon a man by a deferred and waiting task. It haunts him, chases him, hurries him, sprinkles bitterness in his every cup, plants thorns in his pillow, and renders him every hour more unfit for its performance. The difference between driving literary work and being driven by it is the difference between heaven and hell. It is the difference between working with the will and working against it. It is the difference between being a master and being a slave.

Good habit is a relief, too, from all temptation to the use of stimulants. By it a man's brain may become just as reliable a producer as his hand, and the cheerfulness and healthfulness which it will bring to the mind will show themselves in all the issues of the mind. The writings of those contemporaneous geniuses, Scott and Byron, illustrate this point sufficiently. One is all robust health, the result of sound habit; the other all fever and irregularity. What could Poë not have done with Mr. Longfellow's habit? No; there is but one best way in which to do literary work, and that is the way in which any other work is done—after the period devoted to rest, and with the regularity of the sun.—Dr. J. G. Holland; Scribner's for February.

WITHOUT A NEWSPAPER.

Nothing presents a sadder commentary upon the present condition of society than the large number of families, both in town and in country; but more especially in the latter, that subscribe to no paper of any kind. Hundreds and thousands of families are thus growing up utterly ignorant of what is transpiring in the world around them—ignorant of the mighty events of the day. But who can tell the vast amount of injury that is being inflicted upon the rising generation—those who are to take our place in the world at no distant day—growing up without any knowledge of the present, or any study of the past; this ignorance, too, being imbued into them by the sanction of those who should and doubtless do know better, did they only think of the injurious effects of their insane course. Let the head of every family think of this, and place in the hands of those for whom he is responsible, the means of acquiring some knowledge of the moving panorama in which we act our different parts.

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PROHIBITION, THE ONLY CURE.

(Read for G. W. Ross, M. P., at the meeting of the Ontario Temperance and Prohibitory League, December, 1872.)

"Intemperance is the common enemy; it attacks even persons of cultivated minds; spreads havoc widely among the multitudes of our inferior orders, and fills our workhouses and our jails. To lessen its force and contract its sphere, no pains should be spared, if we really mean to stay the progress of destitution and of crime. The philanthropist has no more sacred duty than to mitigate, if he cannot remove this enormous evil. The lawyer is imperatively bound to lend his aid when it appears manifest that no palliatives will avail."—LORD BROUGHAM.

THE evils entailed upon society by the dreadful ravages of intemperance have, for many years, been the subject of much attention by the lovers of humanity. That they are widespread in their operation, terrible in their consequences and difficult to be removed does not for a moment admit of doubt. Were they merely confined to a certain class or race, and like the malediction resting upon Canaan, limited to that race alone, they would even then be sad enough to merit our consideration, but, when we find the same evil influences permeating every stratum of society, here breathing its Upas breath and there playing its Sirens wiles irrespective of rank or dignity, age or sex, it becomes a matter of the most pressing importance, and the question forces itself irresistibly upon us. "Is there no remedy?"

In discussing the "Remedy" to the evils of intemperance, I might remark that temperance men were at a very early period divided into two classes—those whose panacea was "moral suasion" and those who believed in "Prohibition."—Between those two classes of advocates there is in reality but very little difference—the one being merely antecedent to the other, or rather a development of the other. Moral suasion is the tender blade, prohibition the full corn in the ear. To lay down certain arbitrary rules for which there is no necessity and no demand, is tyranny, but to educate a people, so that the majority will demand the overthrow of any system of abuse and enforce that demand by a prohibition of the evil is the very perfection of liberty and the perpetuation of the rights and privileges of free men. In a civilized community like ours and under representative institutions such as we enjoy, the will of the majority is law. That will matures under certain educating influences and what it may have decided as its ultimatum now it may alter or annul a few years hence. In either case

so far as the sovereignty of law is concerned there is no appeal but to the sovereign himself, and in appealing to him, either to alter his previous convictions, or extend the range of his decisions, you make use of such arguments as will, in your opinion, most readily reach his judgment. It follows then, that every appeal made to the people by the moral suasionist is so much strength added to the cause of the prohibitionist, because the public mind, that is, the mind of the sovereign, is being thus prepared for giving judicial effect to his convictions. At first we work to persuade the majority to accept certain opinions, and they then under the only principle of constitutional government recognized in this country compel the minority to observe at least, an outward compliance. That action on the part of the majority is legitimate is all but self-evident, otherwise how could society protect itself against any evil? Nor are we waiting in precedents to shew us that this is the proper course for temperance men to pursue. When Howard, the great philanthropist, was convinced that English jails were miasmatic, and that the lives of prisoners were exposed to dangers disgraceful to civilized institutions, how did he act? Did he rest satisfied with merely informing the people of England regarding the matter? No. He sought the attention of the House of Commons. He demanded protection for prisoners, and a PROHIBITION of the dangers to which they were exposed, by the majesty of the law, and it was only when he had secured this, that he considered his duty properly discharged.

In the same way, when Wilberforce felt impressed with the iniquitous character of the slave trade, when he learned that British gold was tarnished with the life blood of the captive African he remonstrated, he warned, he pleaded that the abominable traffic should be destroyed. But did he stop there? No. In language worthy of the speaker and worthy of the great principle at stake, he too caused his voice to be heard in the House of Commons, and it was not till £20,000,000 were laid on the altar of liberty that his efforts ceased. In both cases the majority being educated up to the acceptance of a great principle, by the majesty of their decree they entered obedience to their will, and prohibited the minority to oppose it.

Its being now proved that moral suasion is but a means to an end we will consider whether Prohibition, the law sought after, is calculated to produce the result desired.

"But" says an objector, "would not a rigid restriction of the traffic answer equally as well?" We answer no. If the evils of temperance are commensurate with the liquor traffic (and there is no denying this) then the word "restriction" contains a refutation of the whole argument. For, certainly, to restrict an evil is not to cure it, far less to eradicate it. There may be conditions of society, in which any restriction upon the traffic would be a boon, but as an ultimatum not enough. The temperance advocates of England would, for the present, be satisfied with the Permissive Bill, not that they consider it at all a complete remedy, but they believe it to be all they can secure. It is simply a half-way measure, and they would accept it, only as such, according to the proverb that "a half loaf is better than no bread." True, every restriction upon the traffic is an advantage just as every addition to the police force of a turbulent town would be an additional guarantee of peace, but the entire removal of disquietude could only be attained by a force capable of keeping it in perfect subjection.

But is not the admission that a rigid restriction of the traffic would be beneficial begging the whole question in dispute? Is it not a fair influence that if to restrain an evil would be an advantage, to remove it entirely would be a still greater advantage? Inferentially the whole License system is an argument in favor of Prohibition. When you license Mr. A. to sell, you prohibit Mr. B. C. D. Why? Because it is in the interest of society to do so. With this admission how easy it is to show that it would be in the interest of society to prohibit Mr. A. also. Again, when you license Mr. A. to sell at all, you prohibit him selling during certain hours and days, considered legitimate in other business, and also in selling in certain places. Why? In the interests of society of course. What is that but conceding that the prohibition at those times and places is a cure for the evils of which the traffic is likely then and there to inflict. Temperance

men have therefore the internal evidences of the whole license system to justify them in assuming that the remedy they propose is the correct one.

Prohibition so far as tried has been successful. In making this assertion, I do not wish to be understood as saying that the law has been universally observed where legally enacted. No law is universally observed. What I mean is that prohibition has invariably produced the results which its advocates alleged it would produce, that is the diminution of crime and pauperism.

In the daily *Globe* of Feb. 26th, 1869, we read the following:—"The law limiting the hours of the retail liquor sellers to 7 o'clock seems to be working well, judging by the paucity of 'drunks and disorderlies' collected at the police stations on Saturday and Sunday evenings. Twenty or thirty was the usual number sent down to the jail on Sunday morning before the law was as vigorously enforced as it is at present. But now three or four is the usual number." In the *New York Tribune* of a year or two ago appeared the following report from T. T. Cortis, Esq., overseer of the poor in Vineland, West Jersey, U. S.:—

"Though we have a population of 10,000 people, for the period of six months no settler or citizen of Vineland has required relief at my hands as Overseer of the Poor. Within 70 days, there has only been one case among what we call the floating population, at the expense of \$4.

"During the entire year, there has only been one indictment, and that a trifling case of assault and battery among our colored population.

"So few are the fires in Vineland that we have no need of a Fire Department. There has only been one house burnt down in a year, and two slight fires, which were soon put out.

"We practically have no debt, and our taxes are only one per cent. on the valuation.

"The Police expenses of Vineland amount to \$75 per year, the sum paid to me; and our poor expenses a mere trifle.

"I ascribe this remarkable state of things, so nearly approaching the golden age, to the industry of our people and the absence of King Alcohol.

"Let me give you, in contrast to this, the state of things in the town from which I came, in New-England. The population of the town was 9,500—a little less than that of Vineland. It maintained forty liquor shops. These kept busy a police judge, city marshal, assistant-marshal, four night watchmen, six policemen. Fires were almost continual. That small place-maintained a paid fire department of four companies, of 40 men each, at an expense of \$3,000 per annum. I belonged to this department for six years, and the fires averaged about one every two weeks, and mostly incendiary. The support of the poor cost \$2,500 per annum. The debt of the township was \$100,000. The condition of things in this New-England town is as favorable in that country as that of many other places where liquor is sold."

In Scotland the closing of the taverns by the Forbes McKenzie Act was a decided advantage. In the seventeen largest cities of Scotland there was a reduction of crime to the extent of 29,365 cases in the three years after the passage of this Act as compared with the three years previous. The last three years of the old law sent 11,571 prisoners to the Police Court, the first three of the new 4,299. In Edinburgh according to the statement of Mr. McLaren, Provost of the city, 2,009 persons were sent to jail for Sabbath drunkenness the three years previous to the passage of the Act, and only 488 the following three years.

In Chicago during the last summer the passing of the Sunday Bill was enforced reducing the number of arrests the first Sunday, from 41, the previous Sunday, to six.

In Prince Edward Co., the well known "Dunkin Bill" was adopted by quite a respectable majority two years ago. Speaking of its effect upon the habits of the people, the *Pictou Times* of April, 1870, says: "It is an undoubted fact that more drunken men were made in Pictou on one day in February than during the whole month of March. (The Bill came into operation the 1st day of March.)

The *New York World* of '71 has the following: "Since the repeal of the Metropolitan Excise Law by the Legislature of New York the number of weekly arrests for drunkenness has arisen from 1,100 to 2,137, and fights quarrels or murders are of almost hourly occurrence. There has been an average of about one murder a day from rum, in New York and vicinity for the last six months."

A prohibitory law was in force in the State of New York for one year—1846. In Ontario Co. Jail, the year before the law, the number of prisoners was 125; the year of its operation 53; the year after its repeal 132. That jail was built in 1790 and was never without a tenant till 1846,

during which year it was empty about three months.

The following statement was made by Lord Claude Hamilton, M. P., presiding at a crowded meeting of the Temperance alliance at St. James' Hall, London, in the presence of half a score of members of Parliament and a dozen reporters of the public press. His lordship is the representative of the county of Tyrone, in portion of which the liquor traffic has been prohibited. His lordship said: "I am here as representing the county (Tyrone,) to assure you that the facts stated regarding the success of the restriction there, are perfectly accurate. There is a district in that county of 61 square miles inhabited by nearly 10,000 people, having three great roads communicating with market towns, in which there are no public houses—entirely owing to the self-action of the inhabitants. The results has been that whereas those high roads were in former times constant scenes of strife and drunkenness, necessitating the presence of a very considerable number of police to be located in the district, at present there is not one policeman in that district, the poor rates are half what they were before, and all the police magistrates testify to the great absence of crime.

On the 8th of May last there came up for debate in the British House of Commons, the subject of the suppression of the liquor traffic in those parishes or localities where two thirds of the voters should decide against license. The debate ran on through the day, and was not resumed until July. The strong objection urged against the measure was that in America, and especially in Maine, prohibition had been found to be of no benefit; that liquor was sold in the Maine Law States as openly, as freely and in quantities as great as in the license states. "The United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the liquor traffic," applied to Neil Dow to furnish them with certificate from official sources that would have authority and weight, to show what the facts really are.

In answer to this application Mr. Dow forwarded them: 1. A certificate from the Mayor of Portland, and all the ex-mayors, judges of municipal court, judge of the superior court of Cumberland County, clerk of the judicial Courts of Cumberland County, sheriff of the county, register, city clerk and city treasurer. 2. A certificate from the pastors of the churches to the same effect. 3. A certificate from the Convention of free Baptist Churches in Maine, in session in Portland, adopted by vote unanimously, and signed individually by many Baptist pastors from many parts of the State, all to the same effect. 4. A certificate from the overseers of the poor of Portland, to the same effect, and stating that the result of Prohibition has been most salutary and marked in diminishing poverty, pauperism and crime; in diminishing arrests for violation of law, to such an extent that there are not more in a month now than were sometimes made formerly in a day. 5. A certificate from the mayor, ex-mayors, city officials and judges of Bangor to the same effect as that of the mayor of Portland. 6. Certificate from the Mayor of Augusta, the Hon. Joshua Nye, the Secretary of State, and the Adjutant General to the same effect. 7. Certificate from Senators Hamlin and Morrill, Speaker Blaine, and the entire Congressional delegation from Maine to the same effect. 8. Certificates from Hon. Sidney Perham, Governor of Maine, to the same effect. 9. Certificate from Hon. Mr. Harlow, member of Executive Council, from Oxford County, to the same effect; and adding that he knows that county thoroughly, and that he is sure that not one gallon of liquor is now sold in that county for every barrel sold before the Main law. 10. A certificate from an Assessor of Internal Revenue—whose business is to explore the liquor traffic in Maine in the course of his official duty—that he knows the State thoroughly in every part and that the liquor traffic there has been nearly destroyed by the law; that the beer trade is not more than one per cent. of what he remembers it to have been, and the liquor trade not more than ten per cent.

I submit, in view of all these declarations, whether it is not quite time for intelligent men to understand the facts, and no longer to declare that the prohibition of the grog-shops results in no good; and that in Maine there is as much liquor selling, and as much drunkenness as there were in the old days of license and free rum?

These questions need no comment.—They are conclusive in demonstrating that prohibition would lessen materially, if not altogether remove the evils arising from the liquor traffic.

But, an objector urges "Would there be no illicit sale of liquor." We have no doubt of that. And even if there would be, temperance men could not justly be held responsible for that. They at least would not be the parties to violate the law. And further, the violation of any law is no evidence against its utility or its usefulness. Is not every commandment of the decalogue violated, yet, who on that account says they ought to be repealed? Does not every law in our *Statute Book* bear upon the face of it that it is expected to be violated inasmuch as it contains certain pains and penalties for infringement? The only question in connection with any law is "would its enactment accomplish the purpose for which it is designed?" Now the evidence already submitted settles this matter, and whatever difference of opinion there may be with regard to details, there can be no doubt that prohibition is a cure and the only cure for the evil of intemperance.

The duty of temperance men is evidently then to labor in the great work of preparing and educating the public mind for a prohibitory law. The time may be near or remote, it can only be accelerated by the united, earnest co-operation of the whole temperance party of the Province. God works not as man works. In 1860 slavery in the United States was rampant, and humanly speaking, capable of surviving a hundred years of the agitation of its opponents. But in the very arrogance of its power it overstepped the bounds of prudence and the whole gory fabric shivered to pieces. The very degradation to which many are now brought by intemperance, may in like manner, if properly utilized by temperance men, excite such indignation against the whole system that society, for its own preservation, must arouse to banish an evil which is fast arresting a most dangerous supremacy.

LEGISLATIVE LAUGHTER.

A PARAGRAPH having appeared in the *Mail* newspaper to the effect that the petitions presented, asking for the prohibition of the liquor traffic were received with laughter and derision by the members of the Legislature, and also stating that if the persons who signed said petitions had known of their reception in this manner they would have saved themselves the trouble, a number of our papers copied the paragraph, believing the statements contained therein to be true. Some of them not understanding fully the deep prohibition feeling which animates this country, did so, mentioning their regret for such proceedings. We hope that the expressions of opinion brought forth by Mr. Bethune's Bill, will have caused them ere this to have doffed their mourning and will have given them greater faith in the common sense and sanity of the members of the house. We express this hope coupled with another to the effect, that in future they will ere expressing their grief audibly, base it on a more reliable foundation than the one referred to. The facts of the case are, that the petitions have always been received with decorum by all with the exception of one or two which the *Mail* calls the *house* and whom it has the distinguished honor to support. By the way, how is it that these persons considered it beneath their dignity or were afraid to express their opinions on the matter when it was up for debate, or did they consider their laughter previously and their serious, in fact vinegar aspect on the occasion, as a sufficient rebuke to those intrepid persons who would so impudently give them petitions to present. We wonder if they wished to exemplify the two characters so torcibly described by Shakespeare when he says: "Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time; Some that will evermore peep through their eyes, And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper; And other of so vinegar aspect, That they'll not show their teeth in the way of a smile, Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable."

ONTARIO TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITORY LEAGUE.

THE PETITIONS.

HOW have the petitions been received, favourably or unfavourably by the House of Assembly? Has a sneer of contempt sat supreme on the countenance of the both sides of the House for the time while the Prohibitory Petitions were in course of presentation? "Has a coalition taken place" for the period, on this one point, and fierce foes for once fraternized to treat the unfortunate Petitions with "demonstrations of scorn." Such is the representation positively put before the public by one reporter, who moreover reminds the "friends" that "he" warned the projectors of the scheme, to expect "little or nothing," now the misfortune is, that even, some temperance papers have quoted these miserable misrepresentations, taking them for true. Let any friend interested enough take said set of statements and place them alongside the reports given in the daily papers of last Tuesday, of the speeches on Monday evening in the House of Assembly, and if a curiosity in the shape of discrepancy does not sufficiently reward the one who takes the trouble, there must be some mistake somewhere.

Miscellaneous

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY DR. CLARKE, PRINCETON, ONT.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

HE tried oratory on several occasions. In 1837 he gave a course of lectures on German literature in Willis' Rooms, London. His audiences were not large, as the subject was not then as inviting as now, since the Germanic Empire has strode into the first rank of nations. He followed those, by a course of lectures in the Marylebone Institution "on the history of European literature," and promised well as a speaker. In 1859 he gave a course of lectures on the "Revolutions of Modern Europe," a subject with which he was conversant. On the following year he delivered several lectures on "Hero Worship." These had a pungency about them, not distasteful, and an irony and sarcasm which were not the best certificates, in the world of poor humanity, although in them the scalpel was applied with an unsparring hand to the body politic; they were well received, and he was urged by some of the best societies and institutions of Britain to repeat them, but, he seemed, suddenly, to become disgusted with this method of reaching the public mind, and made his final exit from the public stage. He plunged con amore into literature. He was a perfect book gourmand from his earliest years. I am not sure, but occasionally, he felt all the horrors of mental dyspepsia from engorgement. He says in his address to students "you cannot, if you are going to do any decisive intellectual operation—if you are going to write a book—at least I never could—without getting decidedly made ill by it, and really you must if it is your business—and you must follow out what you are at—and it sometimes is at the expense of your health." The meaning of the sentence is plain, but its construction is Carlylian. In order that he might follow his literary employment with as little interruption as possible, he retired for a time to Craigenputloch, a place fifteen miles north-west of Dumfries, among "granite hills and black morasses." In the preface to his translation of Goethe's "Life of Schiller," he naively tells about this retreat "In this wilderness of heath and rock," he says, "our estate stands forth, a green oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens, and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-wooled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat substantial dwelling; here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies which carry us everywhere, and in the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only recreation, for this nook of ours is the loveliest in Britain—six miles removed from any one likely to visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of Saint Pierre. My town friends, indeed, ascribe my journey here to a similar disposition and forbode me no good results. But I came here solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of ground is our own; here we can live, write, and think, as best pleases us, even though Zeilus himself were to be crowned monarch of literature. Nor is the solitude of such great importance, for a stage-coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we lock upon as our British Weimar. And have I not, too, at this moment, piled upon the table of my little library a whole cart-load of French, German, American and English Journals and periodicals, whatever may be their worth? Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights I can descry, about a day's journey to the West, the hill where Agricola and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must let time work. But whither am I wandering? Let me confess to you, I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion respecting it; at least, write to me again, and speedily, that I may ever feel myself united to you." Many years have passed away since such warm outpourings were poured out; and Carlyle has more than realized his fondest hopes in regard to literature, and stands pre-eminently unique in terse, vigorous and quaint writing. He wrote the above to his German friend and co-labourer before the era of railroads, and before his genius became victorious; but coming events were casting their shadows before." Like De Quincey, he never "cribbed and carbed" his ideas by scarcity of words. If the orthodox word did not trot out at the point of his pen, he coined one and stamped it as current gold. Such showed his idiosyncrasies and inventive faculty. All is instinct with life, breathed into the nostrils of his creations by a

master-spirit. In his life of Frederick the Great, we might quote from every page to prove this. Take, for example, such a sentence as this of the great Emperor at the battle of Leuthen:—"Indeed, there is in him, in those grim days, a tone as of trust in the Eternal, as of real religious piety and faith, scarcely noticeable elsewhere in his history. His religion, and he had, in wretched forms, a good deal of it, if we look well, being almost always in a strictly voiceless state—nay, ultra voiceless, or voiced the wrong way, as is too well known." At the siege of Almutz, a convoy train of Prussians is attacked by Austrians in a rocky defile, and "among the tragic wrecks of this convoy there is one that still goes to our heart. A longish almost straight row of Prussian recruits stretched among the slain: what are these? These were seven hundred recruits coming up from their cantons to the wars. See how they have fought to the death, poor lads, and have honorably, on the sudden, got manumitted from the toils of life. Seven hundred of them stood to arms this morning; some sixty-five will get back to Troppau. That is the invoice account: There they may lie, with their blonde young cheeks, beautiful in death." At the battle of Zornoff both Russians and Prussians had exhausted their ammunition, and "then began a tug of deadly massaging and wrestling, man to man, with bayonets, with butts of muskets, with hands, even with teeth, such as was never seen before. The shore of Wertzell is thick with men and horses who have tried to cross, and lie swallowed in the ooze." Frederick laid siege to Dresden all winter, and here is a picture in a few words:—"It was one of the grimmest camps in nature; the canvas roofs were ice-plates, the tents mere sanctuaries of frost. Never did poor young Archenholtz see such industry in dragging wood-fuel, such boiling of biscuits in broken ice, such crowding round the embers to roast one side of you while the other was freezing." Here is a character of Frederick the Great in a few sentences, in speaking of his letters written to Voltaire and others of his friends:—"The symptoms we decipher in these letters, and otherwise, are those of a man drenched in misery; but, used to his black element, unaffectedly defiant of it, or not at the pains to defy it; occupied only to do his very utmost in it, with or without success, till the end come." A sudden assault is made on the Austrians at Siptitz, and here are horrors photographed:—"It was a thing surpassed only by dooms-day; clangerous rage of noise risen to the infinite; the boughs of the trees raining down upon you with horrid crash; the forest, with its echoes, bellowing far and near, and reverberating in universal death-peal,—comparable to the tramp of doom." At this time three historic women were supposed—and rightly, too—to hold in their hands the destinies of Europe. The one was Maria Theresa of Austria, whom Frederick was robbing of her possessions; the second was the Duchess of Pompadour, the mistress on account of a former insult, and was thus an implacable enemy; the third was Catherine II. of Russia, a sort of syren fiend, who lured to destruction, and, like her namesake, Catherine de Medicis, had no conscience, whom Carlyle calls in sarcasm "a *she*-Louis XIV.," and which was decidedly complimentary to her. These three women, Carlyle thinks, were the prime movers in those wars, and kept Europe in turmoil—in fact, in a perfect maelstrom of agitation and blood. Numbers of such quotations might be given; but in all *penitentiary* idiosyncrasies stand forth prominently. He gathers stores of words of the most suggestive kind, and throws them together with a prodigality which would have excited to envy amiable and kind Dr. Johnson. At the same time there is perfect method in this torrent of verbiage, which shows systematic writing and his extensive erudition. "No pent up utica contracts his powers," and no orthodoxy of style cramps his energies. In this latitude of thought does he show himself a true son of genius. No creeds terrify him; no threatened ostracism from pseudo-critics appeal him; no shibboleth can attach him to party in church or state.

SHARKS.

BY MARIAN KNOWLES.

THERE are few things more surprising and disappointing to the landsman," writes a recent traveller, "than to discover, when he goes to sea, that he obtains no fresh fish for breakfast or dinner, and in a multitude of cases rarely ever sees a fish. It is true that the monsters of the deep may be seen at times, and shoals of porpoises, schools of whales, a grampus, and a few dolphins be by no means uncommon sights; but it is only near the shore, on sand-banks or coral-reefs that fish abound, while the ocean itself is but thinly tenanted." Yet, the ocean is not entirely devoid of game, which, though unfit for culinary purposes, may be useful in some other manner, or the destruction of which, at least, is desirable. These fish, which afford both labor and sport, are magnificent in their proportions, and require more formidable tackle than the hair-lines and silken flies used in catching salmon and trout.

Among the creatures which are fished for at sea, we may specify the whale, the capture of which has been and still is an important branch of industry. But it is not our purpose now to speak of whale fisheries. There is another fish, in the killing of which every sailor takes a yet keener pleasure. "Everybody," continues the writer above quoted, "connected in any way with the sea is always delighted when a shark is killed. A shark is the great water-enemy of mankind; the delightful bath is either impossible or bereft of half its pleasures when sharks are known to be near. A boat that is upset causes a fatal accident in shark-frequented waters, whereas, it might produce only a ducking under other circumstances. Thus, a sailor believes that he who kills a shark deserves well of his country and companions. "The shark dies a craven; he affords very little of that sport which renders trout and salmon fishing so attractive; his first rush, as he feels himself hooked, is usually powerful enough, but after that he exhibits little but sullenness. A young shark is usually more vigorous and determined in his resistance than is one of larger growth, and with these we have had good sport. In most rivers of tropical countries sharks will be found near the mouths of rivers especially at high-tide, and those who are disposed for sport only, will find ample in such localities. The plan we adopted was to procure two pieces of copper wire, twist these firmly together, and lash a hook on to the end. A stout piece of cord was then made fast to the wire, and a bladder attached to the cord. About a hundred and fifty yards of cord were coiled upon the bank in order to play the hooked fish, a piece of meat was then fastened on the hook, and the bait flung out seaward. The hands, for this work, ought to be protected by a stout pair of leather, or India-rubber gloves, so that the check may be given to the cord as the fish runs out with it. "Having made our preparations in this way, we cast our line, and had scarcely secured the end, than we saw the bladder that indicated the position of our hook and bait travel rapidly up stream, bob under water, and again appear. A rapid tug at the cord was resisted, and immediately afterward the line flew through our hands, nearly a hundred yards being paid out without check. Then we, however, obtained at pull at our captive, and brought him near the shore, sighted him, and saw he was a shark about five feet long. When the young cannibal saw us he struggled hard to escape, but his ravenous appetite had been his ruin, as the hook was deeply buried in his throat, and in ten minutes from the time of his being hooked he was dragged, snapping and wriggling, on to dry land. "On more than one occasion, however, the fish thus hooked was too much for us, and carried out and off the whole of our line, and had we not resigned the enl, we ourselves would have been dragged into the sea, our efforts being feeble in comparison to the power of the monster who had swallowed our bait, and was equally capable, apparently of swallowing us." There are several varieties of shark, all of them more or less to be dreaded. The Hammer-headed Shark is so named on account of the hammer-like shape of its head. This shark grows to the length of ten or twelve feet. The Blue shark inhabits the Mediterranean Sea, but periodically visits other coasts. It does great injury to the Cornish fishermen. An English gentleman, Mr. Gouch, gives the following description of this shark: "The Blue Shark is migratory, and I have never known it to arrive on the Coast of Cornwall before the middle of June; but afterwards it becomes so abundant that I have known eleven taken in one boat, and nine in another in one day. The injury they inflict on the fishermen is great, as they hover about the boats, watch the lines, which they sometimes cut asunder without any obvious motive, and pursue the fish that are drawn up. This, indeed, often leads to their own destruction; but when their teeth do not deliver them from their difficulty, they have a singular method of proceeding, which is, by rolling the body round, so as to twist the line about them, throughout its whole length, and sometimes this is done in such a complicated manner that I have known a fisherman give up any attempt to unroll it as a hopeless task. To the Pichard drift-net the shark is still a more dangerous enemy, and it is common for it to pass in succession along the whole length of the net, cutting out, as with the shears, the fish and the net that holds them, and swallowing them both together." The Blue Shark is remarkable for the extreme slenderness of its body. The White Shark is one of the most ferocious of its tribe. It grows to the enormous length of thirty feet, is numerous in tropical seas and is always on the lookout for prey. It is also frequently found in the Mediterranean, especially in the spring and autumn. A frequent companion of both the White and the Blue Shark is the Pilot fish, a small fish between whom and the shark a singular friendship seems to exist. This fish will sometimes interpose between its friend and a bated hook, and, running

against the muzzle of the shark, turn him from it. It will also lead him to his prey when there is no accompanying danger; and so close is their friendship that it will sometimes cling to the shark as it is captured and hoisted on deck. These singular fish sometimes attend vessels for months together, and from this fact they obtained their name, as the ancients held them sacred as pilots to the doubtful navigator. The Pilot fish belongs to the mackerel family, to which it bears a strong resemblance. The teeth of the shark, unlike those of any other creature, are set in both jaws three or four deep, and are set in muscles instead of bone, so that they can be raised or lowered at pleasure. When at rest the teeth are turned inward toward the throat. These teeth are so sharp, and the jaws so powerful, that a man can be bitten in two without difficulty. Sharks show themselves more frequently in fair than in stormy weather. The presence of a shark can always be discovered by a fin above water, or if at too great a distance to descry the fin, by a ripple upon the waters' surface, as the shark always swim so near the surface that the large fin upon their back is well out of the water. Cases are on record when they have made slight springs out of the water to seize their prey. Numerous are the tragedies in which the shark plays a prominent part. In shark-infested seas, the fisherman and bathers sometimes attack and vanquish their formidable marine foe with knives, and in rare instances a bold counter attack on the part of the man will temporarily frighten the monster. But it is, we believe, generally conceded that in dealing with these creatures "discretion is the better part of valor."—Arthur's Magazine

DODGION, THE HATTER.

MR. DODGION, the hatter of Independence, Mo., was a very polite man, mild and bland in manner, and innocent of all suspicion. One bright, beautiful morning in June, he had a fashionable customer in the person of a young man, handsomely dressed, combed, gloved, caned and amousted, just out of college, and just on his way to the drawing-room. He selected a fashionable hat, adjusted it on his head, lingered before the mirror for a time, arranging his necktie, twisting his moustache, twirling his cane, and lavishing laudable admiration on himself, and then, turning to the smiling proprietor, he muttered something about his pocket-book in his trunk, his present pressing engagement, and directing his old hat to be sent to his room at the hotel, by two o'clock, when he would be back and pay for the new one. The hat disappeared under the corner with the nice young man under it, and the twirling little cane flashing the sunlight about it. Two o'clock came, and the old hat with a neatly-made-out bill for the new, were dispatched by a clerk to room No. 18. The hatter awaited his return with some anxiety; nor did he wait long. The clerk hurried back with the information that the young man of that description had just left on the coach. Mr. Dodgion hastened to the hotel to find it too true. Could it be possible that such a nice young man would deceive him? As he turned to leave the office, the clerk informed him that the coach had to call at a certain place before it left the city, and possibly, it might be detained. He caught the indicated spot as fast as his legs, his flesh, and the heat would permit. After going up and down hill, and across fences and commons, until he was near out of breath, he saw the coach just starting off, hailed it, and in another moment, he stood almost speechless before the astonished passengers. There sat the nice young man with a bran new silk hat sticking on the side of his head. The hatter looked at him and he looked at the hatter. The latter bowed politely to the man. At length the hatter said: "I am Dodgion, the hatter." "So am I," was the cool reply. "But I am *Dodgion the hatter!*" said Mr. Dodgion, with emphasis. "That is just what I have been doing for the last two hours," said the fellow, quietly. "Can't you understand me, you dunce? I am *Dodgion the hatter of this place.*" "Can't you understand me, you old fool? I have been *dodgion*' the hatter of this place nearly all day." It was too much. Mr. Dodgion appealed to the passengers, informing them of the transaction. They evidently enjoyed the scene, but made the youth "shell out."

Miscellaneous Advertisements. ONTARIO TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITORY LEAGUE. PUBLICATION OFFICE, 33 King St. East, Toronto. Having printed and imported from England, Scotland, the United States, and wherever obtainable the best of everything published on Temperance and Prohibition. The present assortment includes over 100 various books, 500 different Tracts, Leaflets, Readings, etc. CALL AND PURCHASE. Friends at a distance, and Temperance Organizations may make a good investment by sending a dollar for sample packets of books, tracts, etc., by mail. Orders to be addressed to JACOB SPENCE, Secretary O. T. & P. L. Specimen Tracts and Catalogues on application. 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—F. H. Wallace, "How the Ancients thought and wrote." GEO. H. MOXON, Chairman. 21. ESSAY—John Craig, "Ambition." H. L. THOMPSON, Chairman. 28. LECTURE—Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, "A Canadian Oxford." GEORGE HAGUE, Chairman. Feb. 4. LECTURE—C. A. Morse, "The Pioneers." T. DIXON CRAIG, Chairman. 11. An evening of Song and Recitations. C. A. MORSE, Chairman. 18. LECTURE—F. De Witt Talmage, Brooklyn, N. Y.—"Grumble and Cal." JOHN MACDONALD, Chairman. (Admittance to this Lecture, 50 Cents, being one of the winter course of pay lectures.) 25. LECTURE—Nicholas Flood Davin, of London, Eng. "Thomas Moore and His Poetry." W. M. ANDERSON, Chairman. 11. LECTURE—Geo. Hague, "Commercial revolutions and Parties." DANIEL McLEAN, Chairman. 18. An evening of Songs, Recitations and Readings. Chairman. 25. LECTURE—Rev. W. Morley Pugh, "Wilberforce." Chairman. (Admittance to this Lecture, 50 Cents, being one of the same course as on 18th Feb.) WE FURNISH Boarding Houses, Employment, (if possible) Free Reading Room, Good Company. Noonday Prayer-Meeting, 12.30 to 12.55. Literary Entertainments every Tuesday Evening at 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 are interested in our work to attend the above meetings. The undersigned may be found in the Room of the Association, between the hours of 9 a. and 1 p.m., or from 2 to 4 p.m. YOUNG MEN, STRANGERS in the city are especially invited. THOS. J. WILKIE, Secretary P. S.—A well-assorted Library of some 1,000 volumes, to which access can be had by non-members. Members fee only \$2 per annum. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." HEARTH AND HOME. (Established in 1868.) HEARTH and HOME contains good live Editorials; the Best Original Stories, of purest character and highest grade from the most eminent writer a most valuable, useful House hold Department very helpful to every Woman; a Children's, or 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 225, worth of Original, Beautiful Engravings. To every busy man, 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 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 Agriculturist, to one address, \$4 a year. The two papers are entirely different. Begin now with Vol. IV. ORANGE, JUDD & CO. Editors and Publishers. WM. A. BROWN, MANUFACTURER OF EARthenWARE. COUNTRY ORDERS SOLICITED. Manufacturer of Flower Pots. FOUND AT LAST. THE GREATEST WORM MEDICINE OF THE AGE. Mrs. Winsow's Worm Syrup, FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS. A new and Effectual remedy for Worms. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Association issues all the most approved forms of Policies-all non-forfeiting by charter

A Company which combines strength of capital and local influence and provides insurance at the lowest safe rates

Reorganization it enables its policy-holder to divert his own neighbours, stockholders in the company

A company with Capital enough and strength to be safe beyond question with national credit and prestige

Thorough information will be cheerfully furnished on application to

WILLIAM McCABE, Manager, Toronto

GREAT REDUCTION

IN THE PRICE OF FINE TEAS!

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

Finest Teas and Coffees

Ever imported into this city, all free from duty and bought before the great advance in the Tea Market

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

Table listing various tea types and prices, including Hyson Twankay, Fine Moyune Young Hyson, Superior, Extra Fine, Curious, etc.

Table listing various coffee types and prices, including Fine Breakfast Congo, Superior, Extra Kalsoo, etc.

ALSO

E. Lawson's Finest Soluble Coffees

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

EDWARD LAWSON, The Pioneer Tea Merchant of Toronto

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, Osler & Moss, His Attorneys ad litem.



DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.

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, Ottawa, Dec. 28th, 1872

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. 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, (ABBRIDGED.) 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.

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," or if they are sent by one person-Compliments of 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 will come up in envelopes, and will be sold at the regular price of \$1.25 per 1,000 pages.

For further information, or copies, address, PUBLISHING COMPANY, Toronto.

DR. WOOD, Ottawa, treats CANCERS without the use of the knife, and requires no pay until the cure is complete. Ottawa, Dec. 20th, 1871.

PETER WEST, (Late West Brothers,) GOLD AND SILVER PLATER.

Every description of worn-out ELECTRO 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.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Carillon Canal, Dam and Slide," will be received at this office until noon of Monday, the 27th day of January next, 1873, for the construction of a Dam, Timber Slide, and Canal with two Locks, in the Carillon Rapids.

Plans and Specifications of the works can be seen at this office, and at the Engineer's Office, Point Fort, on and after Wednesday, the 12th day of January next, when printed forms of Tender will be furnished.

All tenders must be made on the printed forms and to each must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

The time for receiving Tenders for the above works has been extended to Monday 3rd February next. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 14th January, 1873.

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.

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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 Business in the city, and for the last Eleven years with Mr. W. S. Finch.

Advertisement for GEO. PROWELL & CO. featuring a logo with 'HOW WHEN & WHERE TO ADVERTISE SEE THE ADVERTISERS GAZETTE' and 'BY MAIL 25 CENTS'.



WELLAND CANAL ENLARGEMENT.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Welland Canal," will be received at this office until noon of FRIDAY, THE 10th DAY OF JANUARY NEXT, (1873) for the construction of

NINE (9) LOCKS AND NINE (9) WEIRS

-the excavation of the Lock and Weirs Pits connected with them - the inventing Reaches, Race-ways, &c., on the new portion of the WELLAND CANAL, between Thorold and Port Dalhousie.

The work will be let in sections; four of which numbered respectively, 5, 10 and 11, are situated between St. Catharines' Cemetery and the Great Western Railway, and Sections Nos. 15 and 16 are situated between Brown's Cement Kilns, and what is known as Mariatt's Pond.

Tenders will be received for certain portions of the enlargement and deepening of the prism of the Canal above Port Robinson, and for the removal of part of the West bank of the "Deep Cut," &c., &c.

Maps of the several localities, together with Plans and Specifications of the works, can be seen at the Office, on and after

FRIDAY, THE 13th DAY OF DECEMBER,

next, where printed forms of Tender will be furnished. A like class of information relative to the works north of Mariatt's Pond, may be obtained at the resident Engineer's Office, Thorold; and for works south of Allanburg, Plans, &c., may be seen at the resident Engineer's Office, Welland.

All Tenders must be made on the printed forms and to each must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 22nd Nov., 1872.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Carillon Canal, Dam and Slide," will be received at this office until noon of Monday, the 27th day of January next, 1873, for the construction of a Dam, Timber Slide, and Canal with two Locks, in the Carillon Rapids.

Plans and Specification of the works can be seen at this office, and at the Lachine Canal office, Montreal, on and after Wednesday, the 15th day of January next, when printed forms of Tender will be furnished.

All Tenders must be made on printed forms, and to each must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract.

This Department does not however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 28th Dec., 1872.

W. BELL & CO.

GUELPH ONT

PRIZE MEDAL

Cabinet Organs!

AND MELODEONS,

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of "THE ORGANETTE," exclusive Scribner's Patent Qualifying Tuber

Awarded the Only Medal

Ever given to makers of Reed Instruments at Provincial Exhibitions.

EFFICIENCY in MUSIC IN INSTRUMENTS,

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 the "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 of 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 addressee

W. BELL & CO., Guelph

TORONTO MARKETS.

STREET PRICES.

Table listing street prices for various commodities like Wheat, Flour, Butter, etc.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Table listing wholesale prices for various commodities like Flour, Wheat, Oats, etc.

Table listing prices for various commodities like Dried Apples, Hops, Petroleum, etc.

LEATHER.

Table listing prices for various types of leather.

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Offers every facility for producing Printing of all descriptions.

Posters!

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Blank Books!

By Laws, &c.

Executed with neatness and despatch

REMEMBER THE STAND,

40 CHURCH STREET,

S.W. Cor. of King-street,

TORONTO.

Auction Sale.
SALE OF LANDS
 BY
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.

AT THE CITY OF TORONTO,
 ON
 SATURDAY, 8th day of FEBRUARY,
 At the Auction Rooms of F. W. COATE & Co., at 12 o'clock, noon.

COUNTY OF GREY.
 TOWNSHIP OF SULLIVAN.
 Lot No 27, Con 8, 200 acres
 TOWNSHIP OF BENTICK
 Lot No 12, Con 15, 92 acres
 TOWNSHIP OF MELANCTHON
 Lots Nos 11, 12, 13, 14, Con 6, 302 acres. Lots Nos 11, 12, 13, 14, Con 8, 400 acres
 TOWNSHIP OF EUPHRASIA
 E half of Lot 20, Con 8, 190 acres. W half of Lot 17, Co 11, 100 acres. Lot 27, Con 12, 270 acres
 TOWNSHIP OF ARTEMESIA
 Lot No 27, Con 7, 100 acres
 TOWNSHIP OF KEPPEL
 Lot No 21, Con 12, 100 acres.

COUNTY OF SIMCOE.
 TOWNSHIP OF NOTAWARAGA
 N half of No 23, Con 14, 100 acres. Nos 23, Con 3, 200 acres. N half No 18, Con 6, 190 acres
 TOWNSHIP OF ORO
 No 6, Con 18, 150 acres
 TOWNSHIP OF TAY
 N part of Lot No 11, Con 14, being the whole of said Lot, save 8, 40 acres. Sold for Taxes
 TOWNSHIP OF WES: GWILLIMBURY
 S part of No 2, Con 4, being all that part of said lot now owned and occupied by James Kidd
 TOWNSHIP OF MEDONTE
 W half of No 18, Con 3, 130 acres. W half of No 20, Con 1, 100 acres. Lot 4, Con 4, 200 acres. W half of No 19, Con 14, 100 acres
 TOWNSHIP OF TOSSORONTIO
 S part W half of No 20, Con 5, 30 acres

COUNTY OF ONTARIO.
 TOWNSHIP OF UXBRIDGE
 Lot No 21, Con 5, 200 acres

COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.
 TOWNSHIP OF LUTHER
 N half of No 13, Con 9, 100 acres. No 11, Con 12, 242 acres. No 16, Con 12, 174 acres. N half of No 17, Con 12, 100 acres

At the TOWN of STRATFORD
 IN THE
COUNTY OF PERTH.
 TUESDAY, 11th day of FEBRUARY,
 At the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, at the ALBION HOTEL,
 TOWN OF STRATFORD
 Lots Nos 54 and 151, Erie Road

AT THE TOWN OF SARNIA
 IN THE
COUNTY OF LAMBTON.
 ON
THURSDAY, 13th day of FEBRUARY

At the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, at the Auction Rooms of E. P. Watson
 TOWNSHIP OF PLYMPTON
 N half of Lot No 23, Con 8, 100 acres
 TOWNSHIP OF MOORE
 Lot No 2, Con 7, 200 acres. Lot No 1, Con 2, 200 acres.
 TOWNSHIP OF DAWN
 Lot No 30, front Con, 184 acres. Lot No 24, Con 200 acres
 TOWNSHIP OF SOMBRA
 N half Lot No 27, Con 7, 100 acres

COUNTY OF KENT.
 TOWNSHIP OF DOVER (EAST.)
 N half of No 13, Con 14 100 acres. W part of No 24, Con 5, 50 acres

At the TOWN of BRANTFORD
 IN THE
COUNTY OF BRANT.
 ON
Tuesday, the 18th day of February, next

At the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, at the Rooms of Messrs WEBSTER & MATTHEWS,
 TOWNSHIP OF BRANTFORD
 Lots Nos 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, south side Russell Street, Holmdale. Lots Nos 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, North side Chestnut Street, Holmdale. Lots Nos 3 and 4, east side Crescent Street
 TOWN OF BRANTFORD
 Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, North side Chatham Street
 Lots 1, 2, 3, South side Sheridan Street, being sub-divisions of West part Block 2, J. E. Wilkes' tract, 1-5 acre each. Lots 36 and 37, East side of Albion Street, and rear parts of Lots 30 and 37, West side of Pearl Street. Part of a grant from the Crown to A. K. Smith and Margaret Kerby; also part of a parcel of 2 acres and 11-100 of said grant, formerly owned by Henry L. Turner, as described in a mortgage from A. K. Kerby to O. L. Macklem, dated 30th April, 1857, and quit claim deed Kerby to B. U. C. L. Ois 26 and 27, East side William Street. Lot 30 West side Albion Street.

At the TOWN of CLIFTON
 IN THE
COUNTY OF WELLAND.
 ON
Thursday, the 20th day of February, next

At the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, at the Albion Hotel.
 TOWN OF CLIFTON
 Lots Nos 10 and 11, Block F Brick Stores
 " " 6 and 7, " " S
 " " 8 and 9, " " M SE corner
 " " 12, " " R
 " " 20, " " S
 VILLAGE OF ALLANBURGH
 Lots Nos 20 and 21, on Keefer's Plan

COUNTY OF LINCOLN.
 TOWNSHIP OF NIAGARA
 Parts of Lots Nos 6 and 7, on the Niagara River 20 acres, as described in mortgage of Dr Joseph's Hamilton 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 4, 5, 12, 14, 16, 18, 22, and 28 Welland Street
 Lots Nos 13, 14, mortgage interest, 17, 19, 23, 25, 27 and 29, north side of Welland Street
 Lots Nos 16, 17, 18, 20, and 200, South side of Main Street
 All that part of 187, North side of Main Street, not conveyed by Cummings to Bossa
 Lots 56, 58, 155, 156, 160, 175, 177, 179 and 181, North side of Main Street
 Lots Nos 45, 47, 49, 50, 60, 62 and 78, south side of Water Street
 Grist Mill Lot, in rear of Bossa's Lot, North side of Water Street
 Lots Nos 25, 26, 41, 45, 47 and 49, north side of Water Street
 An irregular piece of land lying between Main St 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 numbers
 Lots Nos 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 SAUGEEEN
 Lot No 6, Con A, 11 acres
 Lot No 12, Con 14, 100 acres
 By order,
C. GAMBLE.
 Toronto, Jan. 29th, 1873.

DR. BRIDGMAN,
 134 DUKE STREET,
 Toronto.

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

PIANOS AND ORGANS.
 The oldest established house in Canada.
 We are the sole and exclusive agents for the following celebrated Pianos:—
 CHICKERING & SONS.
 STEINWAY & SONS.
 DUNHAM & SONS.
 HAINES BROS.
 And for Organs:—
 MASON & HAMLIN Organ Co., Boston.
 GEO. A. PRINCE & Co., of Buffalo, N.Y.
 We also keep in stock a large assortment of Pianos by the well-known makers, which we offer at lower rates than any other house in the Dominion.
 Second hand Pianos from Fifty Dollars upwards.
 Send for circulars, price-list, terms, etc., before purchasing elsewhere.
 A. & S. NORDHEIMER,
 15 King Street, East, Toronto

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE.
 HOUSE OF COMMONS
 THE CLERK'S OFFICE,
 Ottawa, Jan. 30, 1873.
 Pursuant to the 50th Rule of the House, notice is hereby given that the time for RECEIVING PETITIONS FOR PRIVATE BILLS will expire on Wednesday, the 25th day of March, next.
 ALFRED PATRICK, Clerk of the House.
 All newspapers will please insert above meeting of Parliament.

WELLAND CANAL ENLARGEMENT.
 NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.
 SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Welland Canal" will be received at this office until noon of FEBRUARY, THE 10th DAY OF JANUARY NEXT, [1873] for the construction of
NINE (9) LOCKS AND NINE (9) WEIRS
 —the excavation of the Lock and Weirs Pits connected with them — the inventing Reaches, Race-ways, & c., on the new portion of the WELLAND CANAL, between Thorald and Port Dalhousie.
 The work will be let in sections; four of which numbered respectively, 8, 10 and 11, are situated between St. Catharine's Cemetery and the Great Western Railway, and Sections Nos. 15 and 16 are situated between Brown's Cement Kilns, and what is known as Mariatt's Pond.
 Tenders will be received for certain portions of the enlargement and deepening of the prism of the Canal above Port Robinson, and for the removal of part of the West bank of the "Deep Cut," &c., &c.
 Maps of the several localities, together with Plans and Specifications of the works, can be seen at the Office, on and after
FRIDAY, THE 13th DAY OF DECEMBER,
 next, where printed forms of Tender will be furnished. A like class of information relative to the works north of Mariatt's Pond, may be obtained at the resident Engineer's Office, Thorald; and for works south of Allanburg, Plans, &c., may be seen at the resident Engineer's Office, Welland.
 All Tenders must be made on the printed forms and to each must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract.
 This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.
 By Order,
F. BRAUN,
 Secretary,
 Department of Public Works,
 Ottawa, 22nd Nov., 1872. 77 6 ms

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.
 SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Carillon Canal, Dam and Slide," will be received at this office until noon of Monday, the 27th day of January next (1873) for the construction of a Dam, Timber Slide, and Canal with two Locks, in the Carillon Rapids.
 Plans and Specification of the works can be seen at this office, and at the Machine Canal office, Montreal, on and after Wednesday, the 15th day of January next, when printed forms of Tender will be furnished.
 All Tenders must be made on printed forms, and to each must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible, and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract.
 This Department does not however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.
 By Order,
F. BRAUN,
 Secretary,
 Department of Public Works,
 Ottawa, 28th Dec., 1872

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HEARTH AND HOME.
 (Established in 1868.)
 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 Household 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 and Literary Newspaper of the highest order, splendidly illustrated with over 250 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.
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Mrs. Winslow's Worm Syrup,
 FOR
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 A new and Effectual remedy for Worms.
 FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



Miscellaneous Advertisements.
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THE TORONTO-YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.
 PROGRAMME—TUESDAY EVENINGS—
 JAN., FEB., MARCH, 1873.
 Jan. 7. Meeting postponed on account of the Evangelical Alliance Meeting.
 14. ESSAY—F. H. Wallace, "How the Ancients thought and wrote."
 Geo. H. Moxon, Chairman.
 20. ESSAY—John Craig, "Ambition."
 H. L. Thompson, Chairman.
 28. LECTURE—Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, M. A., "A Canadian Oxford."
 George Hague, Chairman.
 Feb. 4. LECTURE—C. A. Morse, "The Pioneers."
 T. Dixon Craig, Chairman.
 11. An evening of Song and Recitations.—C. A. Morse, Chairman.
 18. LECTURE—T. De Witt Talmage, Brooklyn, N. Y., "Grumbler & Co."
 JOHN MACDONALD, Chairman.
 (Admittance to this Lecture, 50 Cents, being one of the winter course of pay lectures.)
 25. Mar. 4. LECTURE—Nicholas Flood Davis, of London, Eng., "Thomas Moore and His Poetry."
 Wm. Anderson, Chairman.
 11. LECTURE—Geo. Hague, "Commercial revolutions and Panics."
 DANIEL McLEAN, Chairman.
 18. An evening of Songs, Recitations and Readings.—Geo. Hague, Chairman.
 25. LECTURE—Rev. W. Morley Fauschon L.L.D., "Wilberforce."
 Chairman.
 (Admittance to this Lecture, 50 Cents, being one of the same course as on 18th Feb.)

WE FURNISH
 Boarding Houses. Employment, (if possible).
 Free Reading Room. Good Company.
 Noonday Prayer-Meeting, 12.30 to 12.55.
 Literary Entertainment every Tuesday Evening at 8.
 Young Men's Prayer-Meeting every Saturday Evening at 8.
 Bible Class every Sabbath Afternoon at 3 o'clock.
 We cordially invite strangers, and ALL who feel interested in our work to attend the above meetings. The undersigned may be found in the Rooms of the Association, between the hours of 9 a.m. and 1 p.m., or from 2 to 4 p.m.
 YOUNG MEN, STRANGERS in the city are especially invited.
 THOS. J. WILKIE, Secretary.
 P. S.—A well-assorted Library of some 1,200 volumes, to which access can be had by becoming a member. Members fee only \$2 per annum.
 "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

HEARTH AND HOME.
 (Established in 1868.)
 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 Household 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 and Literary Newspaper of the highest order, splendidly illustrated with over 250 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.
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 Manufacturer of Flower Pots.
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 THE GREATEST
WORM MEDICINE
 OF THE AGE.
Mrs. Winslow's Worm Syrup,
 FOR
 CHILDREN AND ADULTS.
 A new and Effectual remedy for Worms.
 FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Miscellaneous Advertisements.

CADBURY'S COCOAS.
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CADBURY'S COCOA ESSENCE.
 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 a tin.
E. LUSHER, Montreal.
 Sole Agent for the Dominion

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY.
 The success this medicine has had in the above complaints during the past few years have not been equalled by any other medicine.
 Warranted not to fail. Sold by all Messrs. Dealers.
LUKE SHARP, UNDERTAKER,
 WAREHOUSES AND RESIDENCE
 Nos. 7 and 9 Queen Street, East,
 TORONTO.
COFFINS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
 ALWAYS ON HAND.
FIRST CLASS HEARSE.
 Liberal Discount to Churches and Societies who bury their dead.

J. W. BRIDGMAN, Portrait Painter.
 Life-sized Portraits in Oil.
 Studio, 20 King-street, West, over Ewing & Co's
 N.B.—Copies made from Photographs, Amber types, etc.

MATHUSEK PIANOS are the best, say W. Farin, H.ollenhour, Chas. Fradel, J. J. Watson, Ole Bu' A. D. W. Beasins, R. Mollenhour, Otto, Mull' and scores of other titles.
 We are sole agents for the Dominion, and agents for the
 "STECK," "ARION,"
LA BELLE, HARDMAN
 And American and English
COTTAGE PIANOS and
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Cheapest Pianos in the City, all warranted five years. Call and see them. Catalogues sent to any address. Dealers supplied at manufacturers wholesale Prices.
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R. C. BOTHWELL,
 Importer, and wholesale and Retail Dealer in
FANCY GOODS.
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 Wholesale Manufacturers of India Rubber Jewellery, India Rubber and Horn Combs,
 No. 110 & 112 YONGE STREET,
 Two Doors below Adelaide Street,
 TORONTO.
 December 20th.

WM CRAIG,
 GENERAL WOOD TURNER
 Manufacturer of
 Blind and Map Rollers, Scroll and Band Sawing.
 Factory in the rear of Billy and May's Billiard Factory, 75 Adelaide-st., West.

W. B. HARTHILL,
 211 Yonge-Street,
CABINET-MAKER
 AND UPHOLSTERER.
 ALL KINDS OF BEDROOM SETS FOR \$100.
 DRAWING ROOM SETS IN EVERY STYLE
 Bureaus, Sofas, Lounges, Mattresses, fancy Tables, Extensions, etc.
 Furniture repaired and varnished, Sofas re-stuffed, Mattresses re-made.
NEEDLE WORK MOUNTED
 FURNITURE MADE TO ORDER.
 APOTHCARY'S HALL.
J. F. HOLDEN,
 PRACTICAL DRUGGIST & CHEMIST,
 Prescriptions carefully prepared.
 Oct. 7th. ALTON.
GOOD BOARD.
GENTLEMEN requiring good board with the comforts of a home, can obtain by applying at 27 Wellington-street, West.
 MISS MOORE