

# PURE A WEEKLY JOURNAL



# GOLD FOR CANADIAN HOMES

Vol. I.—No. 1.

TORONTO, JUNE 16th, 1871.

Price Five Cents.

**JOHN N. LAKE,**  
REAL ESTATE AGENT,  
AND VALUATOR.

No. 16 TORONTO ST., TORONTO, ONT.

REFERENCES:—H. S. Strathy, Esq., Cashier, Bank of Commerce, Toronto; T. McCracken, Esq., Cashier, Royal Canadian Bank, Toronto; H. C. Barwick, Esq., Manager, Bank of Commerce, St. Catharines; J. Jeffrey, Esq., Manager, Molson's Bank, London, Ontario.

**WM. SHARP & SON,**  
UNDERTAKERS.

Warerooms and Residence:  
Nos. 7 and 9 Queen Street West,  
(Adjoining Knox's Church.)  
TORONTO.



COFFINS of every size and quality  
always on hand. First-class Hearses.

A liberal discount to Churches and Societies who  
buy their deceased members.

Toronto Color Store.

**BRONSDON & PATON,**

Importers and Dealers in

WINDOW GLASS,  
OILS, PAINTS,  
VARNISHES, &c.

NO. 84 YONGE STREET,

Fourth Door North of King. TORONTO.

N.B.—Mixed Paints always on hand. Also, 21  
and 26 oz. Sm. Whick cut to all sizes.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**EAST TORONTO PLANING  
MILLS.**

CORNER OF QUEEN AND GEORGE STREETS,

*Withrow and Hillock,*

PROPRIETORS.

Manufacturers of Doors, Sash Blinds and  
Mouldings.

Planing and Sawing to order.

**BROWN BROTHERS,**

66 and 68 King Street East,

TORONTO.

WHOLESALE AND MANUFACTURING

Stationers, Bookbinders,

&c., &c., &c.

**ACCOUNT BOOKS**

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

On hand or manufactured to order.

**Bookbinding**

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES,

Which, for Style and Cheapness, cannot be  
surpassed.

CROCKERY HALL.

**M. GUNN,**

207 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Have just received a large supply of CROCKERY  
AND GLASS WARE, and for sale

CHEAPER THAN EVER.

**J. SEGSWORTH,**  
IMPORTER of Watches, Clocks and  
Fancy Goods, and Manufacturer of Solid Gold  
and Silver Jewellery. Masonic Emblems made to  
order.

113 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Spectacles to suit every sight.

**G. J. FITZSIMMONS,**  
Jeweller and Diamond Setter,  
81 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.



WHOLESALE ESTABLISHMENT.

DIRECT IMPORTATION.

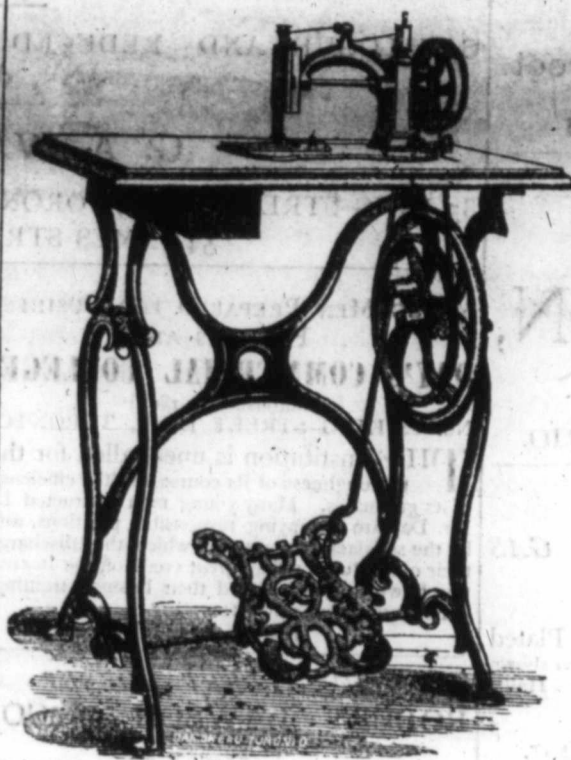
Watches, Jewellery, Watch  
Materials and Tools, Silver  
Plated Ware, Spectacles,

And Every Description of Fancy Goods, &c.

**M. BUMSEL,**

85 King Street East, Toronto.

## MENDON SEWING MACHINE.



**THE MENDON Lock-stitch**  
is the best Cheap Shuttle Sewing  
Machine in the world, being constructed  
in an elegant, simple, strong and durable  
manner, on the combined principle of the  
Singer and Howe, and doing with ease a  
range of work from the lightest muslin  
fabric to the heaviest beaver cloth.

WILL HEM, FELL, BIND,  
BRAID, QUILT, TUCK,  
FRILL, GATHER AND  
CORD.

Is sold on the best of terms, and  
EVERY MACHINE FULLY  
WARRANTED.

AGENTS WANTED.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS

**L. C. MENDON,**

3 ROSSIN HOUSE BLOCK,

TORONTO, ONT.

E. K. CORBET, Travelling Agent

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1870. GRAND'S



Carriage and Harness Em-  
porium, Auction and Com-  
mission Stables, Manufac-  
turers' Agent, Bay Street,  
corner of Adelaide.

On Sale or Exchange, the largest stock in the  
Dominion of Horses, New and Second Hand Car-  
riages, Buggies, Democarts, Dog Carts, Phaetons,  
Waggonettes, Sleighs, Cutters, Robes, Harness,  
Saddlery, Blankets, Whips, &c., &c.



**W. E. CORNELL,**

83 KING STREET, TORONTO.

**E. H. MOORE,**

MANUFACTURERS' AGENT, 51  
Front Street West, Toronto. General  
Agent in Ontario for C. D. Edwards' Fire-Proof  
Safes. A stock always on hand. A number of  
second-hand now in stock, including some of Tay-  
lor's. Send for Price List.

**CENTRAL IRON WORKS,**

35 and 37 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.  
Steam Engines, Castings, Mill Gearing, Shafting,  
Pulley, Hangers, &c. Machinery of every descrip-  
tion. Repairs and alterations.

JOHN FENSOM.

**KISSENGEN, VICHY, SELTZER,**  
POTASH, MAGNETIC, and Spring Lake  
Mineral Waters, at

**R. A. WOOD'S,**  
230 YONGE STREET.

FARMERS' BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

**JOHN BARRON,**  
MANUFACTURER and Dealer in  
all kinds of BOOTS and SHOES.  
No. 38 West Market Square, Toronto.

**M. J. GRAND,**

General Job Printer,

NOS. 3 AND 5 VICTORIA HALL.

Entrance 11 King Street West, Toronto.

**GEO. C. PATTERSON,**

Plain and Ornamental

BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,

44 KING STREET EAST,

Over Dominion Bank, TORONTO.

**R. C. BOTHWELL,**

IMPORTER and Wholesale Dealer in  
Fancy Goods, Jewellery, Cutlery, Combs, Ber-  
lin Wool, Small Wares, &c., &c.

Wholesale Manufacturers of India Rubber Jewel-  
ery, India Rubber and Horn Combs.

No. 107 YONGE STREET

Two Doors below Adelaide Street,

TORONTO.

**H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO.,**  
Carvers and Gilders!

Importers of

Decalcomanie and Decalcomanie Materials.

Wholesale and Retail

PICTURE FRAME

AND

LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTURERS,

95 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

**WASHABLE Gilt and Rosewood**  
Mouldings of superior style and finish;  
Square, Oval, Rustic and other Picture Frames;  
Washable Gilt and Rosewood and Gilt Arch-top  
Looking Glass Frames; Looking Glass Plates;  
Oil Paintings, Chromos, Engravings, Lithographs,  
&c., &c.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

141 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY, 1843.

**E. M. MORPHY,**

Regulator of Toronto University and Normal  
School Time.

IMPORTER of Watches, Clocks,  
Jewellery, Silver and Plated Ware, Fancy  
Goods, Spectacles for every sight, &c.

Watches and Jewellery carefully repaired by first-  
class workmen.  
New and Second-hand Pianos and Melodeons for  
sale or to rent.

**R. S. WILLIAMS & CO.,**

143 YONGE STREET, TORONTO,

MANUFACTURERS OF

ORGANS AND MELODEONS,

In all styles.

PIANOS OF ALL MAKERS.

FINE ARTS.

**E. GRANTHAM,**

170 YONGE STREET,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

ARTISTS' & PAINTERS' OIL

AND WATER MATERIALS.

Inspection invited.

AGENTS WANTED

TO CANVAS FOR

"PURE GOLD"

IN EVERY COUNTY

USE PERSONS REPLY

IN THE DOMINION

DAVID MILLER, DR.

IN THE DOMINION.



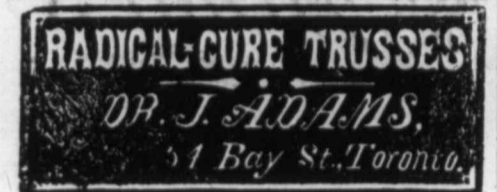
**J. W. ELLIOT, DENTIST, Nos. 43**  
and 45 KING STREET WEST (over E.  
Hooper & Co.'s Drug Store), Toronto.

REFERENCES—The Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop  
of Toronto; The Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of  
Huron; The Rt. Rev. The Bishop of Ontario.

**W. C. ADAMS, DENTIST,**

95 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Has given attention to his profession in all its parts,  
and recommends the new Base to those needing  
Artificial Teeth.



**MR. CALLENDER, DENTIST.**

OFFICE—Corner of King and Jordan Streets.  
Mr. C. makes the preservation of the Natural  
Teeth a specialty.

**MORGAN & THORNE,**  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,  
NOTARIES, ETC.,

COURT STREET, TORONTO.

T. KEATON MORGAN. HORACE THORNE.

**TORONTO.—MACLENNAN,**  
DOWNEY & HENDERSON, Solicitors,  
Attorneys, etc.

Offices—Mechanics' Institute, Church Street,  
Toronto.

James Maclellan, John Downey, Elmes Henderson.

**KINGSTONE & BROUGH,**  
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS,  
NOTARIES PUBLIC,

62 CHURCH STREET,  
TORONTO.

F. W. KINGSTONE. C. A. BROUGH.

**TORONTO VINEGAR WORKS.**

**W. W. PARK & CO.,**  
VINEGAR MANUFACTURERS,  
92, 94, 96 and 98 Adelaide St. East,  
TORONTO, ONT.

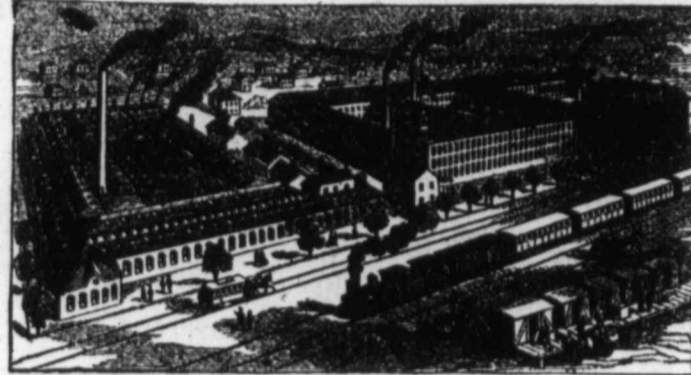
**GREAT REDUCTION!**

**WHEELER & WILSON'S**

SILENT MOTION

**SEWING MACHINES.**

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE MANUFACTORIES.



BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT, U. S.

Front, 368 feet; Depth, 307 feet.

Front, 527 feet; Depth, 219 feet.

Hitherto the facilities of the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Co., great as they were, have been inadequate to supply the unprecedented demand of this favorite machine. Recent extensive additions to the Company's manufacturing resources, however enable them now, not only to supply the demand of the world, but at a much cheaper rate. The public in Canada will now reap the benefit of these changes, and it is expected the present large reduction will not only increase the sale still more extensively, but enable the very poorer classes to procure them, and by our system of easy monthly payments, every family in the land may become the possessors of a machine celebrated the world over for its sterling worth and great durability.

CATALOGUE AND REDUCED PRICE LIST POST FREE TO  
ANY ADDRESS!

**G. A. WALTON, General Agent:**

85 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO; 37 SPARK STREET, OTTAWA,  
54 JAMES STREET, HAMILTON.

**"THE OSBORNE" LOCK-STITCH**

*Family Sewing and Light Manufacturing Machine*



Is the result of a great deal of inventive ingenuity and experiments. None but the best and simplest combinations of mechanism are employed in its construction. It is built on the "cam" principle, experience proving it to be a thoroughly reliable one. Such useless complications as Springs, Cranks, Cog-Wheels and Bolts are dispensed with. From the enormous outlay required for machinery and tools in the production of machines on this principle, but few parties have yet attempted it. Having surmounted the difficulty, however, we are enabled to give positive and perfect motions with one-half less machinery than contained in machines using intricate "head-gear" and "heart motions," and present it to purchasers as a first-class article, believing it to be the BEST FAMILY AND LIGHT MANUFACTURING SEWING MACHINE NOW IN USE. It is simple, compact, strong, beautiful and durable. It is capable of a range and variety of work such as was thought impossible long ago to perform by machinery. It is the best made, best adjusted, easiest operated, cheapest and most beautiful in model, quiet, and rapid in its movements, of any family Machine in the market.

AGENT FOR TORONTO:

**ALBERT W. DRAYCOTT, 326 Yonge Street.**

MONTHLY PAYMENTS. LIBERAL DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

**BOOTS AND SHOES.**

ESTABLISHED IN TORONTO IN 1849.

**CHILDS & HAMILTON,**

MANUFACTURERS AND

Wholesale Dealers in Boots and Shoes,

No. 7 WELLINGTON STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

**THE**  
Temperance House  
IS  
**VARIETY HALL.**

**A. FARLEY & SON,**  
Wholesale & Retail Grocers

IMPORTERS, AND

General Merchants,  
**VARIETY HALL,**

No. 291 QUEEN STREET WEST,  
Corner of Peter Street.

Families supplied with Groceries by the month,  
and delivered to all parts of the city.

**GIVE THEM A TRIAL.**

**W. K. KNOWLTON,**

DEALER IN

**Flour and Produce,**

Oat Meal, Corn Meal, Wheat Meal, Buckwheat  
Flour, Rye Flour, Cracked Wheat, Oats,  
Bran, and Shorts.

168 QUEEN STREET WEST,  
TORONTO.

S. MEADOWS,

**PLUMBER, STEAM AND GAS  
FITTER,**

**PATENTEE** of the Mirror Plated  
Reflector, the best that has ever been shown  
to the public. Suitable for Churches, Halls,  
Theaters, and Store Windows.

21 AND 23 QUEEN STREET WEST.

**CANADIAN STOVE DEPOT**

AND

**RAILROAD LAMP MANUFACTORY**

50 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, AND  
ONTARIO STREET, STRATFORD.

**J. BOXALL.**

**FURNACES, REFRIGERATORS,**

CHALLENGE HEATERS,

**VENTILATORS, STOVES,**

COAL OIL, LAMPS.

**WICKS, CHIMNEYS & TINWARE,  
FOR SALE.**

TO THOSE WHO ARE AFFLICTED WITH

**EPILEPTIC OR FALLING FITS,**

USE PEARSON'S REMEDY, which has stood the test of years, and is  
acknowledged to be a perfect cure.

DAVID MILLAR, DRUGGIST, 104 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

**PRICE ONE DOLLAR.**

YOUNG MEN PREPARED FOR BUSINESS  
PURSUITS AT

**DAY'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,**

[Established in 1861]

No. 82 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

**THIS** Institution is unequalled for the  
thoroughness of its course and the efficiency  
of its graduates. Many young men instructed by  
Mr. Day are occupying responsible positions, and  
by the satisfactory manner in which they discharge  
their office duties reflect great credit on the Institution  
in which they received their business training.

For terms, &c., apply to  
**JAMES E. DAY, Accountant.**

**"THE ALBERT HOUSE,"**

**ROBERT LAWSON & CO.,**

Proprietors,

218 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Albert St.

**CHOICE** Teas, Family Groceries, and  
Provisions of every kind, of the best quality,  
and at the lowest price, always on hand. Pur-  
chasers should not forget to call at this establish-  
ment. "No Liquors are kept for sale." Note the  
address.—**ROBT. LAWSON & Co., Family Gro-  
cers, 218 Yonge Street, Toronto.**

**JAMES WEEKES,**

Dealer in

**NEW AND SECOND-HAND  
FURNITURE.**

247 AND 249 YONGE STREET,

TORONTO, ONT.

**FURNITURE EXCHANGED.**

**REMOVAL.**

**McCLEARY & McCOMB,**

BUILDERS,

Will remove their place of business to Widmer  
Street, north of King.

FOUR NEW BRICK HOUSES TO LET on  
Widmer Street. Enquire on the premises.

**McCLEARY & McCOMB.**

**J. YOUNG,**

(Late from G. Armstrong's Undertaking Establish-  
ment, Montreal.)

**UNDERTAKER,**

351 YONGE STREET,

TORONTO.

Funerals furnished with everything required.  
Agent for Fisk's Patent Metallic Burial Cases.

**S. M. PETERKIN,**

**CARVER AND GILDER, AND**  
Picture Frame and Looking Glass Frame  
Manufacturers,

No. 63 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO.

**CANADA STAINED GLASS WORKS.**

**JOSEPH McCAUSLAND,**

**STAINER AND ENAMELLER  
ON GLASS.**

No. 8 KING STREET WEST,

TORONTO.

**FIGURES** under Canopies, Memorial  
Windows, Coats of Arms, &c., of every  
description, neatly executed. Ornamental and  
Plain Obscure Glass, for Churches, Schools, and  
other Public Buildings, being perfectly impenetra-  
ble to the sun's rays, dispensing with the use of  
blinds, and producing a still, solemn, and sublime  
effect, and adapted for either lead or wood sashes.  
Modern Work, including Embossed and Enamel-  
led, with Flowers, Fruits, Landscapes, &c., &c.,  
suitable for Hall and Staircase Windows, Ceiling  
Lights, Door Panels, Ship Cabin Lights, &c.  
Glass bent to any required curve. Stained and  
Gilt Cut Glass Letters made to order.

**SUBSCRIBE**

FOR

**"PURE GOLD,"**

A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

FOR CANADIAN HOMES.

TERMS—\$2.00 per annum, invariably in advance



# PURE GOLD:

*A Weekly Journal for Canadian Homes.*

*Representative of all that is Best and Truest in the Current Thought and Moral Sentiment of the Dominion.*

Vol. I.

TORONTO, JUNE 16th, 1871.

No. 1.

## PROSPECTUS OF "PURE GOLD."

THE publication of the above named Journal is prompted by the following considerations:—

1. The felt need of a Publication in which great moral and social questions—scarcely noticed by the present daily or weekly press—will have a prominent place.

2. The value, to the public, of an able and reliable Journal in which public questions, of general interest, will be viewed from a high moral stand-point, and free from mere party bias.

3. A desire to aid in circulating a pure, strong, healthful literature, throughout the Dominion.

4. A desire to aid in producing a *National Literature*, and to encourage and develop *home talent*.

The character of the proposed Journal may, in part, be inferred from the preceding statements. In its management the following principles will be kept in view:—

1. *In regard to Public Affairs:*—All public measures to be judged on their merits, irrespective of mere party watchwords.

2. *In regard to public men:*—Integrity, Morality and Intelligence, indispensable qualifications in our public men, and of vastly greater importance than party relationships.

3. *In regard to Education:*—A liberal, *National* system of Education, in which the great truths of the Christian religion shall be recognized as essential to the highest intellectual culture, as well as to the future safety and well being of the State.

4. *In regard to Religious questions:*—In things essential, *unity*; in things non-essential, *liberty*; in all things, *charity*.

5. *In regard to Temperance:*—The education of public sentiment until it demands the entire prohibition of the Liquor Traffic.

With a view of rendering the contents of the proposed Journal, as interesting as possible, it is intended that it shall contain, from time to time,—

1. **LIVE ARTICLES**, by able writers, on the most important MORAL, SOCIAL, EDUCATIONAL AND PUBLIC QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

2. A BRIEF RECORD OF PUBLIC OPINION; OR, SELECTIONS FROM THE CONTEMPORARY PRESS.

3. TALES, SKETCHES OF TRAVEL, LITERARY SELECTIONS, in Poetry and Prose, SCIENTIFIC READINGS, &c., &c., such as may be read with pleasure and profit at every fireside in the Dominion.

4. RURAL AFFAIRS.

5. A CAREFULLY PREPARED SUMMARY OF THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

6. NEWS OF THE CHURCHES, AND PROGRESS OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

7. REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

**SIZE AND APPEARANCE.**—The new Journal will be issued every Friday morning, and will consist of Sixteen handsome pages, the same size as this specimen.

**TERMS:** { \$2.00 per Annum, } *Invariably in Advance.*  
          { 1.00 for Six months, }

Any person sending the names of FIVE subscribers, with \$10.00 will receive an extra copy GRATIS.

All letters to be addressed, prepaid, to "The Publisher of PURE GOLD, Toronto."

GEORGE H. FLINT,  
*Toronto.*

## Original Articles.

### A WORD AT THE START.

THE addition of a new name to the list of Canadian Journals calls for a word of explanation, if not of apology; and the projectors of such an enterprise should be prepared to "show cause" for bringing into existence a new literary aspirant to popular favor. The number of daily and weekly papers already in the field would seem to render any new venture of the kind quite superfluous; and yet the publisher of PURE GOLD is convinced that there is a wide field for just such a Journal as he now offers to the public.

Most of the existing newspapers in the Dominion may be ranged in three classes: Political—Denominational—and Local; but each of these classes, from the necessities of the case, run in a somewhat narrow groove, and, as regards range of topics, operate in a limited sphere. This is especially the case with the first-named class. Absorbed in the discussion of mere party issues, these journals have almost entirely ignored the great social and moral questions of the day. They have ceased to be broadly representative, and have become narrowly; and, in not a few cases, bitterly, partizan. In other words, they represent not a COUNTRY, but only a PARTY, and hence they most consistently denounce all who will not pull in the party traces, or who cannot pronounce the party Shibboleth. We do not wish to discuss, at present, the vexed question of party versus non-party government; but we merely point out the obvious fact that, in the present state of parties, we have no political journal that can be relied upon to present an impartial view of any public question, untinged with party bitterness. Everything is viewed from the party stand-point, and from that alone.

Under these circumstances there is manifest an urgent need for a journal occupying higher ground, and conducted on broader principles; one that, free from party prejudices, will discuss public questions in a calm, philosophic spirit, and in their national and moral, rather than their mere party, relationships,—a journal, moreover, that will give prominence to those great moral and social questions on which the future well-being of this growing country so much depends. Such a publication we aim to supply,—a representative of all that is best and truest in the current thought and moral sentiment of the whole Dominion.

While therefore the new journal will occupy different ground from that occupied by the political papers of the day, it will also, in regard to the denominational press of the country, operate in a sphere peculiarly its own. We regard the religious journals of the Dominion as forming by far the most valuable part of our newspaper literature. As public educators their moral tone is healthful and pure; and it would be a sad day for our country if their circulation or their influence was circumscribed. Still the very fact that they are denominational prevents many of these journals from dealing with public questions,—especially those which have a decidedly political complexion; while the same fact necessitates, for each of them, a comparatively limited circulation, and hence a narrow sphere of usefulness. It seemed needful, therefore, that a journal should be

established which, though not professedly religious, would discuss public questions from a high moral stand-point, and which, from its cosmopolitan character would operate in a larger sphere, and influence a wider circle.

Another circumstance that seems to demand the establishment of a new journal, is the fact that among the multitudinous issues of the press, we have nothing ranking as a first class family paper. To supply this lack is no unimportant task; for the Press has become one of the greatest educating powers of the day, and the literature which now finds its way into the homes of the people will go far in moulding the character of the coming generation. We aim, therefore, to produce a family journal of the highest class, and, through its instrumentality, to send into Canadian homes a literature that shall be at once pure, strong, elevating, healthful and national, and thus do our part towards shaping aright the destinies of our noble Dominion. How far we shall succeed in this laudable endeavor remains to be seen. At present everything promises well. The project has been received, wherever made known, with universal favour. Our brethren of the Press have already spoken many kind and cheering words. The publisher is determined to succeed; and hence will spare neither labor nor expense in order to make PURE GOLD worthy of the most generous support. All we ask now is a fair trial: give us that and we have no fear.

### AN EVIL AND ITS REMEDY.

WHATEVER diversity of opinion may exist in regard to the obligations of total abstinence, or the probabilities of securing, by legislative enactment, the prohibition of the traffic in strong drinks, there is one point on which all parties are agreed, viz.: that intemperance is a great and growing evil in this Dominion. The extent to which the vice of drunkenness prevails is fully known to but few; but enough is known to convince every candid man of the urgent need of prompt and strenuous efforts to check the rising tide. The vice of which we speak is not confined to any one class of society. Among high and low—rich and poor—it seems to be equally prevalent. Not a few of our leading public men are notoriously intemperate; among professional men abstinence is the exception, not the rule; while among the industrial part of the population intemperance threatens to assume the proportions of a national vice.

This evil is growing with alarming rapidity. The manufacture and consumption of strong drinks is increasing far beyond the growing ratio of the population. The facilities for obtaining these stimulants are greater than ever; while the moral sentiment of the nation, in regard to the evils of the liquor traffic, has been allowed to lie well nigh dormant. If the evil is to be met, a healthier state of public opinion must be secured. The real facts of the case must be fully and fairly presented; and the conscience of the country must be aroused to deal with this alarming and spreading vice.

But how shall we deal with it? That is the question. In this, as in other diseases of less magnitude, there is no lack of remedies—each heralded as a panacea for all the evils of the liquor traffic; but whatever may be said as to the relative merits of the reme-



dies proposed, they have failed hitherto to meet the necessities of the case. Still, it must be confessed, the failure is to be attributed not so much to the insufficiency of the remedies themselves, as to the unwillingness of the public to adopt them. For instance, there can be no doubt that total abstinence from all intoxicants is a certain remedy for intemperance, if its universal adoption could only be secured; but experience shows that this is not likely to be accomplished very soon, at least by the methods ordinarily employed. So long as the traffic continues, the results of the traffic will continue too. We are far from undervaluing the good that has already been accomplished by workers in the temperance reform. Through their unselfish labors, thousands of inebriates have been reclaimed, and thousands have been saved from entering upon the drunkard's career; but there is no use in shutting our eyes to the fact that *the liquor traffic is making drunkards far more rapidly than we can reclaim them*; and thus our work has been that of one heaving a huge stone up the mountain side: a vast expenditure of strength, with but little real gain.

Now, it seems to us that a serious defect in the working of the temperance reform has been a tacit recognition of the liquor traffic as a legitimate branch of trade—a business to be "regulated," but not "suppressed." Effects have been dealt with, while the cause which produces them has been left almost untouched. The evils of intemperance have been pointed out and mourned over, and stringent laws have been passed for the punishment of drunkenness, while, at the same time, every possible facility has been given for the extension of the traffic by which drunkards are made. Drunkenness has been condemned as a grievous sin—an "iniquity to be punished by the judges"—while drunkard-making has passed without legislative or judicial rebuke. These things ought not so to be. It is high time this question was stripped of all false surroundings, and placed in its true light, which, in our opinion, is this: that the traffic itself is a moral, social, political wrong; that it is a traffic whose results are evil, and only evil, and which, therefore, should be outlawed altogether—placed beyond the pale of legal recognition.

As an important step towards the prohibition of the liquor traffic, the present licensing system should be abolished. The system is evil in many ways. It makes the traffic to some extent respectable, by throwing around it the shield of legal protection; it goes upon the assumption that the evil is not in the traffic itself, but only in selling "without a license;" and, worst of all, it makes the traffic a tremendous engine of political power. It is so at elections; for in most constituencies political parties are so equally divided, that a few votes will turn the scale either way; and there are few candidates for parliamentary honors who dare declare themselves opposed to the traffic, lest they might lose the votes controlled by the liquor interest; (an illustration, by the way, of the results flowing from the party strifes of the day). Besides this, there is little hope of securing the prohibition of the traffic while the licensing system continues. Government is not likely to place under the ban a traffic from which it derives a revenue—we speak of the Dominion Government—of some two and a half millions of dollars. But let the facts be fully known—let the people once be convinced that it is they, and not the liquor-sellers, who pay this enormous revenue—and the day will come, perhaps sooner than we anticipate, when Government will be compelled to apply the only effectual remedy for the evils of the liquor traffic—LEGAL PROHIBITION.

We copy the following specimen brick from a very able and exhaustive (not to say exhausting) article on the "Finite and Infinite" in a Chicago quarterly: "What is present is, therefore, Otherness in general, or a universal Being-for-Other, which, because it is a Being-for-Other, is more properly Being-for-One. That is, the singleness of the determination sublates the Otherness." Of course it does. Who needs to be told that? It is just as plain as that the Totherness upsets the Otherness when the doubleness obfuscates the Singleness, and the ears of the animal flap symphonically with his tail. It always is so.

### TRADES' UNIONS.

"STRIKES" have been so numerous of late in this and other countries as to attract more than usual attention to the causes and consequences of these "social evils," and their melancholy results. Rising above everything savoring of prejudice, privilege or caste, and setting aside every feeling having a tendency to warp our justice or our judgment, let us take our stand on a national platform, and endeavor to discuss the subject of Trades' Unions in a patriotic and Christian spirit.

A Trades' Union may be defined as a voluntary association of "people of like occupation" for mutual assistance, protection and improvement. In most of the great cities of America and Europe, each trade has its own union. As a rule those organizations sympathize with, and support, each other, and in places where the advantages of mutual co-operation are perfectly understood and discipline fully established, the respective societies form a kind of "federal brotherhood," and pledge their faith to one central authority—to one chief executive.

There always has been, and probably ever will be, a kind of intermittent "civil war" between labour and capital. Full many a time has the battle been fought and won, and "won yet fought again," but the result has always been, and ever will be, the same—the contest has been, and ever will be, decided on the principles of supply and demand. Labour and Capital are dependent on each other. The interests of the employer and employees are mutual if not identical. For this reason, if not for higher and holier motives, both parties should bear and forbear, "live and let live."

A Trades' Union may be regarded, according to the original import of the words, as a mutual benefit society, whose avowed object is to provide against the contingencies incidental to want of employment, sickness or death. Such societies exist under various names and forms, in all countries where the mechanic and labourer have risen above the condition of serfdom. Such societies flourish in the British isles, and bask in the sunshine of aristocratic and royal patronage. But in the old country the principle of co-operation for mutual defence or aggression, is subject to more intelligent guidance, and supported by more disinterested sympathies, than with us; there it is restrained by common sense and political prudence and seldom leads to an infringement of the law. However in Britain, as in America, these societies present one common feature, the funds of the union find their way into the exchequers of designing knaves, and are often expended on such frivolous things as banners and beer, flashing regalia, and periodical festivities. It appears that the numbers and strength of these societies have increased with the spread of education, and it is worthy of note that such organizations do not exist in uncivilized society. If not the direct offspring, they are, at least, excrescences of civilization. As the laborer or mechanic becomes more intelligent, he becomes conscious of the advantages of unity of action in trade as well as in politics, and naturally directs his attention to the laws of demand and supply—the great principles which tend to affect his relations with his employer. This is inevitable. It is best perhaps that it should be so. Trade's Unions are intended to fulfill the same functions towards the "sons of toil" as Masonry fulfills towards the middle and wealthier classes; and if such unions exist at all, it is only natural to suppose that they will turn their attention to those things which most materially affect their interests.

Labour and skill are the mechanic's stock in trade, and it is quite natural that he should desire to sell in the dearest market, and thus "hire them out" to the greatest personal advantage. Impartial people will scarcely deny that trade organizations do (to some extent) improve the condition of the working classes; for if there were no such combinations the power of capital over labour would be unlimited if not despotic. The rich manufacturer, regardless of individual protests, might carry everything with a high hand, in obedience probably to the heartless dictates of his inhuman will. If dishonest, or unjust, or hard to please, and possessed

of "the keys of famine and plenty" the married mechanic might well shudder at the idea of incurring his displeasure. We are inclined to believe that if a Trades' Union be confined to legitimate objects, it is capable of doing much good, not only to the individual sons of toil, but to the capitalists themselves. Through the confidence engendered by membership with a powerful society the mechanic, as a rule, becomes a more manly citizen, a better tradesman and a better christian. His sense of manhood and self-reliance (if not personal happiness) is increased, and his intercourse with his employer is more courteous, if more independent. In countries where "unions" do not prevail, men are often reduced by their necessities to solicit employment as if they were asking alms, yet in such cases their personal regard for their employers is not near so kind or affectionate as in countries (such as Canada) where no favour is supposed to be received or conferred by the formation of such relations. We are of opinion that impartial observers, (who are friends of labour and of man) will freely admit that the Unions seldom fail to instil a feeling of manly independence into the hearts of their members, which if duly checked and properly controlled and guided, would invariably increase the usefulness and efficiency of these bodies instead of entailing (as they too often do) a maximum of evils upon themselves individually, upon their helpless families and upon the luckless community in which they reside. Doubtless it will also be conceded that unless the feelings so engendered, by mutual co-operation, be prudently checked and guided in a liberal and patriotic spirit, the various Unions may be the source of danger to their respective members and a nuisance to society in general.

There is no law human or divine, to compel men to do a maximum amount of work for a minimum amount of pay. If men voluntarily enter a legal association and of their own free will are desirous of continuing therein, and of working therein for the common benefit without giving offence to any man, we do not see why any outsiders (ourselves among the number) can with propriety assume the right to censure such conduct. Every man—professional or otherwise—have or should have the right to determine the conditions on which he will give his services to others. And if this be true of the individual, it must also be true of the Society or Association. If a capitalist or employer does not think proper to accept the services of a "Union" on the terms they propose, then by every principle of reason and justice, they have a perfect right to "stop work" subject to the terms of their original contract, or to seek a more remunerative market for their labour, should they so desire. If by such change they can do better, no honest or impartial person can censure them for doing so; and if "the boss" can procure "hands" equally good for the same or less wages, no sensible man will blame him for not retaining his former employees at a higher rate. In fact it would be absurd to censure either party; although forsooth, certain folks allege that such changes tend to injure trade or give undue advantage to rival Capitalists. Such things will ultimately recover their equilibrium and all such disputes between labour and capital, will finally adjust themselves according to the principle of supply and demand. Recognizing the right of the mechanic to combine with his fellows for the legitimate purpose of mutual improvement, protection and benevolence, we at the same time emphatically affirm that any man, or body of men, are wrong, grossly wrong, in attempting to coerce or intimidate those who may not conform with them in opinion, or those who may think proper to dissent from the rules or regulations prescribed by any Society or Association whatsoever.

Any one acquainted with the elements comprising the union and non-union branches of a trade will readily admit that, as a rule, the best and most skilful tradesmen are in the union. It appears from certain statistics that non-union men are less provident and less successful than their rival brethren. For this reason the non-unionists are regarded as inferior to, and less respectable than their more fortunate confreres "within the pale." So one will deny moreover that the talent and respectability of the various trades are represented in their respective unions; and the creed of



these unions is co-operation, based on the principle that whatever promotes that object tends to increase their common welfare.

Under the present system if a union, believes that the value of the labour of its respective members exceeds their remuneration and if the capitalist or manufacturer declines to re-adjust matters to their satisfaction, they forthwith strike for higher wages. They try to "starve" their employer into concession and he resolves to starve them into submission. So far all is legal if not agreeable; but the manufacturer employs "new hands" and the "union folks" feeling themselves "checkmated," and maddened perhaps by hunger and disappointment, resort to coercion as the only apparent means of attaining their object. The infringement of the law is followed by a fine or imprisonment, and so the miseries of the unhappy people are complete. Such conduct though erroneous, objectionable, and really suicidal is frequently adopted by a large section of the labouring classes; and although we emphatically condemn it as opposed to the true interests of both labour and capital, yet putting aside all morbid sentimentalism, we feel certain, notwithstanding our personal claims to a higher intelligence, that coercion would bear a different aspect in our eyes if each of us had to support a wife and family on a few dollars a week and were under the impression however erroneous, that a certain amount of "rattening" judiciously applied, would increase our pittance.

Labour and skill, as aforesaid, are the workman's capital—his only stock in trade—and why should we find fault with him for trying to "hire them out" to the best advantage. If in this effort he victimize himself, that is his misfortune and his fault. The employers who decline to accept his services at his valuation, exercise their just rights, and are blameless. It is unfortunate that these aspects of the case are seldom discussed with the same calmness and disinterestedness as when the question relates solely to labour and speculation. Starvation is a sharp weapon, and the wisdom and prudence of a hungry man cannot be the most profound. However, if the mechanic, suffering from its inconveniences or otherwise, braves the contempt of his more foolish or less dependent brethren by accepting work at a lower rate than that fixed by their union, he has a perfect right to do so; and the State is bound to protect him from molestation or injury. Employees must also be convinced of the fact, through the strong arm of the law if necessary, that employers have rights which must not be infringed. The "society men" must be made to understand that they are not justified in "rattening" or ill-using any man to whom the rules recognized in their union may be objectionable, no matter whether that man be an "erring" brother or an "unjust employer."

Impartial people will probably admit that trades' unions do, to some extent, improve the condition of the working classes. They may also concede that if there were no unions the power of capital over labour would be unlimited; but it is questionable whether in any case it would be so despotic as that now exercised by "the union" over the individual. Should Parliament ever undertake to legislate directly on the subjects which affect the relationship of capitalists and trades' unions, it will do so impartially, irrespective of the "strength of a full purse" and the "weaker claims of a self-imposed starvation." Yet the sympathies of men are naturally with those who hunger and thirst; and 'tis right, perhaps that it should be so. However, no intelligent citizen would propose or endorse a law giving (or having a tendency to give) trade organizations legal powers of coercion. But so long as tradesmen, of their own free will, become members of such unions, we are of opinion that legal protection should be granted to them against their association; and vice versa. In like manner, we are inclined to believe that each trade's union should be held legally responsible for the unlawful or unfriendly acts of its respective members against employers and non-union workmen, and vice versa. Civilization would gain more than it would lose if, in this country and elsewhere, all societies claiming to be founded for the promotion of lawful and benevolent purposes were endowed with legal

power to prosecute their members, directors, or servants for misdemeanors, the latter being empowered to appeal to the civil or criminal courts against the undue influence and unlawful requisitions or commands of the former. Then would trade organizations have plausible pretext for secrecy, and though shielded by the aegis of the law, their misdeeds could be easily reached by the ordinary methods of justice. Returning to their original status as "Mutual Benefit Societies," they would devote themselves to their primary and only legitimate objects, namely—that of providing for the contingencies of sickness, destitution, old age, and death.

In conclusion, we will take the liberty of saying that in our opinion arbitration is the best remedy for strikes. Whenever a difficulty arises between employers and employees, concerning wages or other matters, both parties, by mutual agreement, should refer the subject (for settlement) to arbitration—to a joint committee of masters and workmen, the disputants binding themselves beforehand to submit to the decision of the arbitrators. By this means, courts of arbitration would gradually supersede the ruinous and pernicious system of strikes, now so prevalent in this and other countries. "Good hands, good hire," would then, become the motto of the vendors, as well as of the buyers, of labour; and the country would be freed from those periodical interruptions of trade which cramp its energies, check its enterprise, and tend to ostracise capital—interruptions invariably accompanied by every misery attendant on starvation, disease, and death.

#### A MIXED-UP CENTURY.

IN reading Frank Leslie's *Illustrated News*, not very long ago, the following passage set me thinking:—

"There be grand excommunications and *picayune* excommunications. Thus, while the old lady of the Vatican, who has got the centuries somehow mixed up, excommunicates all Italy for occupying Rome; her diminutive representative, the Archbishop of Nicaragua, does the same thing in respect of the editor of a small newspaper published in Leon, and called *Common Sense*. The 14th September, the anniversary of some local scrimmage, was to be celebrated with great rejoicings, when, to make 'a great moral example' all the more striking from that circumstance, the Archbishop, instead of permitting the bells of the churches to sound 'a joyous peal,' ordered them to be tolled in a most doleful way. At the same time, he cursed and excommunicated the editor and publisher of *Common Sense*, with bell, book and candle, in ancient and solemn style, for having treated the Holy Catholic Church and its ministers with disrespect. The report states that the publication was destitute of common sense, and unworthy of such a tremendous judgment; but the Archbishop doubtless has, by reflection, some portion of the newly decreed infallibility, and must therefore know better. And this is the 19th century."

I do not propose to say a word about the wisdom or unwisdom of the Archbishop's proceedings; he probably knows the best methods of dealing with the people over whom he presides, and is, at any rate, quite out of reach of any good advice I might be able or disposed to give him. What I propose to examine is the question, whether all centuries are not more or less mixed-up, and whether it is not reasonable to expect that the 19th, seeing it is at present the last of the series, should be, if anything, rather more mixed-up than its predecessors. We see, accordingly, Rome returning to Medieval days—to the times of the Hildebrands and Innocents—not only proclaiming the personal infallibility of the Pope, but re-asserting claims which the moderate friends of that Church had supposed to be given up as obsolete: the right to dethrone monarchs, to punish heretics with death, to place kingdoms under interdict, re-asserting the impossibility of salvation out of the pale of the Church, and the hostility of the Pope to modern civilization, progress, and civil liberty. Clearly we may consider Rome of the 19th century as representative of Rome in the 11th or 12th; and it is none the less so for its want of power to enforce its claims. Pio Nino, in his present seclusion in the Vatican, and stripped of his temporal dominions, is not weaker than Gregory the Seventh,

when, driven into exile, he died at Salerno. But Gregory had actually done what Pio has only claimed the right to do: he had stripped an emperor, Henry IV., of his kingdom, and compelled him to undergo a humiliating penance. Under the successors of Gregory, Rome quickly recovered from its temporary weakness; who shall say what shall happen under the successors of Pio? It may be asserted that such a recovery is contradictory to the *Spirit of the Times*. Alas! that Spirit is sadly elastic. Only thirty years ago, it was all for peace; philosophers claimed that modern enlightenment, commerce, science, and so forth, would render war impossible! The Crimea, India, Solferino, Sadowa, Worth, Sedan, and Paris have since that undeceived them.

But it is not the position of the Pope alone which compels us to think of the Middle Age, when we contemplate the present. Alongside of the high ecclesiastical claims at that date of the pontiffs, and equally broad and daring in their aspirations, were those of the emperors. If in religious matters the Holy Roman Church loudly asserted supremacy, just as determined were the assertions of temporal dominion on the part of that which called itself the Holy Roman Empire. Each had its partisans; and where their respective claims did not conflict—which they often did, as in the case we have just noticed of Gregory and Henry—each of these powers was ready to assist the other. The Popes were not unwilling to admit that the Emperors of Germany were heirs to the universal authority of the Cæsars of Rome, provided always that due submission was made in spiritual matters, and in those temporal points which according to churchmen were inseparable from them. And, on their part, the Emperors were usually prompt enough to aid the Romish Church in the suppression of heresy, enforcing uniformity of belief by the power of the sword. It is not exactly a Holy Roman Empire of this sort that we see renewed; for the Sovereign, who claims a corresponding sway, chances to be a Protestant—and though ready to assert the truth and earnestness of his religious faith, the Emperor William cannot claim the titles of *Holy* and *Roman*, in the sense in which his predecessors used them; but, if we dissociate the term *Roman* from its connexion with the Church, there is too much reason to fear that the new Empire is quite Roman and Cæsarian in its ambition for wide sway and absolute dominion. This takes the form of *Pan-Teutonism*, which seeks to re-unite under one sceptre all those nations—such as Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and even England—who have in any way derived their origin from German sources. Such an union is of course only talked of by men of a speculative turn of mind, and with an itch for writing. This idea may work long in the minds of thinking statesmen like Bismarck before the time for action shall arrive.

At what point of our fanciful chronology shall we place poor, bleeding France? In many respects her present condition resembles that which prevailed in A. D. 1360, when, after her defeats at Cressy and Poitiers, she ceded to our Edward III, far larger portions of her territory than she has now yielded to the Germans. Will the analogy be carried still further? The peace of Bretigny was never fully ratified, and eight years after it was agreed to, Charles the Wise, on plausible pretexts, broke through it, and recovered all or nearly all the territory he had lost. The Black Prince weakened his army by an unsuccessful expedition against Castile, while France had rest to recover from the disasters of the war. Should Prussia attempt prematurely to carry out the schemes of the *Pan-Teutonists*, and fail, France may renew the struggle, and win back eight or ten years hence, what she has lost this year and last, just as formerly her cessions by Great Peace of 1360 were regained in 1368. Will she have a ruler, who like Charles V, shall deserve the title of Wise? To make the analogy more complete, the wild outbreak of the Jacquerie has its parallel in the equally wild revolt of the Communists in Paris.

We need not seek for a date under which to range Russia. Scythia always was, and is, and will be Scythia.

To find a parallel for the United States of America,



we must turn back to the days of which the poet Collins speaks,

"When Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung."

Like the old Hellenes, the emigrant to New England or Virginia had, first of all, to do battle with the *autochthoni*—the red children of the soil—he had to contend with his Persia in the King of England, and with his Sicily and Carthage in the King of France. More recently, New England and the North—with the modern Athens, Boston, at their head,—have battled with Virginia, the Lacedæmonia of the South, for the *hegemony* of the Union, and have won it. The Helot is free! The negro, that "*black-broth* of a boy" has developed into the coloured citizen!

No new continents remained for the 19th century to discover—but, if it is impossible to emulate the glories of Christopher Columbus, our enterprising travellers rival Cortes and Pizarro in everything but bloodshed. Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Baker and others have removed from our maps of Africa the blurs, which announced "desert regions," or "unknown countries." They have revealed to us nations possessing an amount of population, and curious forms of semi-civilization such as we had never dreamed of, and which are second in the interest they create only to Peru and Mexico—if to them.

Geologists and geographers have pointed out that the rude carvings of the Mammoth and other extinct animals found among the *lacustrine* remains of the earliest races of mankind, who have left any material traces of their existence upon earth, exactly resemble in character the works of art wrought by the Esquimaux of to-day. This proves, not only the antiquity of sculpture, but that the Man of the earliest flint-age has his modern representative.

There is but one step farther back, and Mr. Darwin and M. du Chaillu enable us to take it. The philosopher hesitates between the gorilla and the chimpanzee as the great pre-Adamite predecessor of man, and the Frenchman, by telling us all about the gorilla and his habits, aids us in making up our minds on this great question.

But, after all, no matter how much of the past may be incorporated with it, this is the 19th century. Our *savants* have only recently watched an eclipse of the sun with instruments such as no former age could have furnished. They have measured the length and breadth of the coruscations that dart from his sphere, and the depth of the cavities among his gasses, some of which are so vast that our Earth might be placed in a corner and scarcely be discerned; nay, by the aid of the spectroscope, it has even been ascertained what are the substances which in a state of ignition, constitute the body of that luminary. Side by side with science, marches mechanical art, adding as much to our physical comfort as that does to our knowledge, and, alas! by the grim appliances furnished to war, to our powers of mutual destruction. This kind of contradiction does not stand alone—for while our merchants, our speculators, our contractors, and others, heap up to themselves riches at a rate seldom known before—a race of socialist philosophers labour hard to show that private property is but robbery of the public; and while philanthropists send missionaries abroad and prophecy a speedy conversion of the entire heathen world to the blessings of the Gospel, others, who claim to be "advanced thinkers," assert that Christianity is growing obsolete, and busy themselves by looking in every direction for a "Religion of the Future."

SYLVESTER EVERGREEN.

That eccentric gentleman, the King of Bavaria, has sent to Prince Bismarck the decoration of the Order of St. Hubert, set in diamonds, accompanied by an autograph letter. The King is said to go about in deep mourning dress, for the loss of all real power by the realization of Bismarck's life-long project,—the unity of Germany, and the military supremacy of Prussia. Why he should present the great Chancellor with a token is a mystery, except he was afraid not to do so.

## THE EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL UPON THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

IN the remarks we shall make upon the subject of alcohol and its effects upon the human system, the article in its undiluted state will be always referred to. Afterwards the various forms of adulteration may be dwelt upon.

Alcohol may be regarded in a two-fold light; first as a medicine, secondly, as a supposed article of nourishment, or a sustainer of the system. It is not our intention at present to speak of it as a medicine, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, except to remark that it is a necessary element in the treatment of many diseases; and that it is required to form many medicinal preparations. But it should, we submit, always be regarded simply as a medicine, no more to be used, unless definitely prescribed, than Opium or Calomel, or Arsenic. Whether a substitute could not sometimes be employed for alcohol where it is now used in medicinal preparations, and whether alcoholic drinks are not sometimes unnecessarily recommended are questions which may at some future time engage our attention. We will now consider the question, 'to what extent can alcohol be called an article of food.'

It is an unfortunate fact that all physiological chemists do not agree, as to whether alcohol, when taken into the system, undergoes any change whereby its constituent elements are enabled to enter into the nutrition and sustain the body. In other words whether it is altogether a poison or not. It will not advance the cause of total abstinence to ignore facts, nor should its advocates shut their eyes to the teachings of science. Until it is fully established that alcohol is absolutely a poison and incapable of sustaining life, either in the way of nutrition or by preventing decay of tissue, it were much better to base the cause upon other ground the stability of which cannot be questioned. We can, we think, put it down as a fact that alcohol is not an alimentary substance. Mainly if not altogether, it is eliminated from the system as it enters. It cannot be converted into blood or tissue—it supplies to either no element for nutritious purposes. But this does not cover the whole question. May not alcohol when taken into the stomach stimulate the powers of digestion, and if assimilation of aliment; so that food received into the stomach will be more quickly and thoroughly made to undergo those changes which take place in nutrition? We are bound to say it may in certain cases; and in certain quantities, just as certain other drugs produce the same effect. Then, as a medicine or a drug, it should be administered with the same precaution and reserve as are observed with other drugs. A medicine continuously used for a length of time will not only cease to produce the original effect, but it may lead to the most destructive results. There is another way, however, in which it is thought possible that alcohol may prove serviceable. There is daily taking place in the human system what is called molecular decay, or the death of minute cells which in a variety of forms compose the structure of the body. It is this constant death—this "wear and tear"—which requires the daily use of food. Each of these cells, which together compose the body, has an independent life, which may be of longer or shorter duration. The longer lived they are, the less food will be required to maintain the body; while if their longevity be brief, more abundant food will be necessary.

It cannot be doubted that longevity may be increased or diminished by different circumstances. For instance, the greater the labour performed by the person, the more rapid the decay—there is more wear and tear. Again, a healthful condition of the nervous system and a tranquil state of the mind will promote longevity in the tissues of the body. And it must be admitted that certain agents, when taken into the system, seem to have the power to increase the vitality and the length of life. The minute cells are stimulated to a longer existence. In this way it is possible that alcohol may sustain the vital properties of the tissues, rendering a less quantity of food requisite to support life. But supposing this theory to be true, it must not be forgot-

en that it is only when the quantity of alcohol does not exceed a certain limit that it can be subservient in the way stated. If taken in excess, instead of acting as a conservator of cell life, it becomes a poison. In this connection, another fact must be prominently presented, namely: that plenty of nutritious food will, in a healthy individual, render alcohol entirely useless. Although without positive information, we have little hesitation in saying that in the case of the expedition of the troops to Fort Garry last year, when no spirituous liquors formed part of the supplies, there was a larger proportion of food used than would have been had spirits formed a part of the rations. There is another fact of great importance, which is this: Although wear and tear of tissue may be rapid, and a large quantity of food be necessary to make up for this, yet it is a normal process; whereas the use of any agent to make food less necessary, by preventing rapid decay of tissue, cannot be regarded otherwise than abnormal. And we lay it down as an incontrovertible principle, that conformity to natural laws will conduce to health and long life, while any departure therefrom will entail punishment sooner or later, unless perchance the evil is averted—which is possible, just as it is possible by medical treatment to avert the effects of other violations of sanitary laws or of indiscretions.

In concluding this article, we repeat that alcohol, in order to afford the probable chance of sustaining the tissues, must be taken in limited quantities; that even then it is an unnatural process, and entirely unnecessary with abundant food; that if continued for a time, it ceases to have the same effect,—and may lead to disease. In any case, when the amount exceeds a certain limit, it constitutes a poison.

## Public Opinion.

### THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

(From Every Saturday.)

AT our time of writing we are without indications of the probable action of the Senate on the text of the treaty agreed upon by the Joint High Commission. It is to be observed, that there is one feature of the matter that can be appreciated now as well as at any other time, and which is subject to no drawbacks of doubt or uncertainty. We mean the process chosen for arranging the outstanding difficulties between the Governments of Great Britain and the United States,—difficulties so serious and so intertwined with the interests, the pride, and the keenest sensibilities of the two great English-speaking nations, that it is not too much to say that either their mismanagement or undue delay might have resulted in the appalling calamities of war. Some day we shall probably know who originated the idea of a Joint High Commission; for the present it is sufficient to recognize the agency and good sense of the two Governments in reducing it to practice. While Europe is still rocking from the arbitrament of arms—a mode of settling disputes as old and brutal as the quarrel between Cain and Abel—England and the United States have shown to the nations the "more excellent way" of erecting a high tribunal of reason and law. It is true, something of the same nature was accomplished in the negotiation of the Ashburton treaty; though the more critical and comprehensive issues, and the greater solemnity imparted to the body of negotiators, comprising some of the ablest statesmen of both countries, will ever make the Treaty of Washington stand alone as embodying a memorable effort in the interests of international amity. And if, as we believe, the effort is a substantial success, we cannot but hope that, in securing peace to their constituencies, the Joint High Commissioners have also struck the most effective blow of the nineteenth century toward driving war from the face of the earth.

So far as the settlement of what have been popularly called the Alabama claims, is concerned, we do not see but that the treaty of Washington fulfils all reasonable expectations. Of course the very idea of a conference implies two sides to the question to be considered, and a willingness and intention in both parties to yield something for the sake of settlement. It is possible that the people of the United States, looking on their own side of the question alone, and looking upon it, it must be confessed, with offended and intense feeling, may have taken up some positions that are not strictly tenable in the eye of international law. There may be found, therefore, in the treaty, minor



concessions somewhat disappointing to a portion of our people. But the real question for all to ask is, "Have our substantial demands upon Great Britain, for the wrongs and injuries she was the means of inflicting upon us during the war of the Rebellion, been properly met?" The answer must be in the affirmative. Our Government required that the Government of Great Britain should acknowledge its responsibility for the damages wrought to our commerce by the rebel privateers built in and fitted out from its ports. This Great Britain declines in explicit phrase to do; but by agreeing to submit the question to arbitration, and, admitting as applicable to the case, the rule that a neutral government is bound to use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, in whole or in part, within its jurisdiction, of vessels intended to cruise against a power with which it is at peace, and by expressing a candid regret for the escape and depredations of the Alabama and other vessels, we do not see but that she substantially meets our demands.

If we measure these concessions by the stand originally taken by England, or even by the stipulations of the Johnson-Clarendon treaty, we shall see something of their extent. The first John Bull response in the controversy was a growl of contempt at the American demand, with the intimation that not a shilling should ever change hands in consequence of it. This was afterwards softened by Lord Stanley into a reluctant permission to let a part of the question of damages go to arbitration, with the distinct understanding, however, that England's municipal law in the premises was to be regarded as above all question, as something for which she was not to be held responsible to any other nation. In the Johnson-Clarendon treaty this point was waived, and the money question was referred, with a nine year mass of counter-claims, to arbitration, without any principle of decision being agreed upon in advance. What a progress, then, have we here up to the concessions of the present treaty! We are glad to find that we are more to England than Frenchmen or Russians (who, we are sure, would never have been able to extort such an acknowledgment), and that we have been met in the manly Anglo-Saxon spirit of magnanimity. We shall see to it that the reciprocation is complete.

#### THE SCIENCE OF COMPARATIVE RASCALITY.

MORALISTS are beginning to find that the development of modern society is bringing them face to face with new problems in ethics. Formerly it was considered sufficient to describe vices and crimes; now it is found necessary to compare them with each other, and indicate their relations. Comparative Anatomy is an acknowledged science, which has shed immense light on the mysteries of the human body; Comparative Rascality is an imperfectly recognized science, but one sure in the end to clear up some of the mysteries of the human conscience, and establish just relations between rogues occupying palaces and rogues imprisoned in jails.

The great difficulty in the way of practical morality is the vast space which still separates offences punishable by the law, from offences which the law practically overlooks. It is the misfortune of our country that it presents some of the worst examples of this huge injustice. Take, for example, the city of New York. If we may believe the testimony of its honest, independent, and enterprising newspapers, such as the *Times*, *Tribune*, and *Evening Post*, robbery on a large scale, is a perfectly respectable occupation in that great metropolis. The sneak-thief, the wretch who pilfers for a wretched living, is punished when he is caught, as in other municipalities; but the trouble is that the ingenious demagogues who manage to get the political control of the city are allowed to steal millions on millions without the slightest danger of exchanging their Fifth-Avenue dwellings for a cell in the Tombs. The small thief who steals ten, or fifty or a hundred dollars, has the decency to practice his profession in a secret way, modestly shunning the light; the big thief does his depredations in the full blaze of the sun. The small thief is celebrated only in the small type of the newspaper, which announces, in a few lines, his dismissal from the Court to the Prison; the big thief is thundered against in leaded editorials, but he none the less complacently retires to his wine and walnuts, in the big house he has erected out of the "swag" of his colossal knavery, with the Astors and the Taylors ready to testify that he is a respectable man.

The science of Comparative Rascality would be a very simple study if confined merely to the consideration of such extremes. The criminal imprisoned or hanged is so palpably less guilty than such a criminal rolling in affluence, that there is hardly a ground for scientific comparison. The next comparison would naturally be between the gambler and the stock speculator who contrives a "corner" in stocks. There is something amusing to a comprehensive moralist in the range of the Law against gambling, and its tolera-

tion of gambling in its worst, its most demoralizing, its most destructive form. Everybody knows that the money lost and gained in the gambling hell is as nothing when compared with the money lost and gained every day in Wall Street, the most horrible gambling hell on the American continent. Let it be granted that the professional gambler cheats; but there is nothing so utterly base, dishonest, and inhuman as the cheating of a stock "Ring," which runs a particular security up or down, merely to tempt outsiders into their trap, and then mercilessly to rob them of their money. But we know that this professional gambler is a person watched by the police; the "cornerers" of stocks are among the richest, most respectable, most powerful, most "enterprising" men of the country. The science of Comparative Rascality would be very valuable if inexorably applied to such a case as this.

Robbery, in the eye of the law, is a serious offence. To pick the pocket, or break in the house of a private individual, is a crime punishable by imprisonment. But it is well known that a colossal pickpocket and burglar, may bribe a legislature for the purpose of plundering a community, without suffering any other punishment than that which comes from the vague denunciation of a few honest newspapers.

All law implies that a deliberate wrong, done by one man to another, is to be punished. The law is operative as respects small offenders; but it is practically nullified in the matter of taxation. The securing of property depends on taxing equitably the whole community, in order to raise yearly large sums to pay policemen, soldiers, and magistrates, to save society from that anarchy in which property is hopelessly wrecked. It might therefore be supposed that the richer a man is the more ready he would be to pay his honest portion of the general tax. Far otherwise is the fact. The moment people get property to any large amount they exert their ingenuity in throwing the expense of protecting it on their poorer neighbors, less interested than they in its protection. This phase of the science of Comparative Rascality would alone furnish matter for a volume. We merely give the slightest hint of the folly as well as meanness involved in the theory on which these millionaires appear to rely.

#### TEMPERANCE.

[From a speech by Rev. Dr. Cuyler.]

THEY say that our Lord made an alcoholic intoxicating drink. Could not he have made a pure, unalcoholic, grape juice then? Did our Lord there, for the first time in nature, make that alcoholic power which is the strongest, most destroying power in all strong drink? I leave the burden of proof upon those that make such asseverations. I deny it. I believe the Lord, when he changed the water into wine, changed it, not into alcohol, not into that which biteth like a serpent. Friends, I will give you the argument for a moment. Suppose he did make it real, intoxicating drink, just such as you can get at any fashionable table or in any of the saloons of this city: I don't care if you call it wine, or Newark cider, or Bourbon, or anything else. You say our Lord made one hundred and twenty gallons for one wedding company. Well then because Christ did it, you may do it? Yes, well Christ went one day in the week and worshiped in the Jewish Synagogue. Do you follow and worship there? Christ went for a wise purpose and blasted a fruit tree. Does that justify you in doing the same? Christ went into the temple and drove out all the people there. Do you want to do that too? You say no; if Christ lived here now he wouldn't do these things. An eminent clergyman has said that if Christ lived in New York to-day, where you have a million of men poisoned by these intoxicating drinks, he would not do it now. Then what business have you got to quote his example and apply it now? I say it is disingenuous, it is an outrage to stand and say that our Lord, in this city and at this time, would make one hundred and twenty gallons of intoxicating liquor, and yet quote his action as a warrant for using it to-day.

[From a speech by Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson.]

NO cause was ever carried by negation. Christianity could never have pushed its way around the world by negation. And thus every reform must be agitated. It must not content itself with letting evil alone. He who sees a fellow-being in danger and does nothing to assist, is guilty of the next thing to murder. We must put forth our hand to save our perishing brother. It is our duty not only to abstain from strong drinks, but to fight against their use by others. I would say finally, and the tendency of all my speech is this: Men and women, if you believe in temperance, if you believe in total abstinence there is something for you to do, there is something for me to do, there is something for every Christian man and woman to do. What right have I as a Christian minister to stand in my place and harp at the advocates of this

cause, because, forsooth, they do not conduct it just according to my own convictions, and so set all the "rummies" in the city to crying out, "Hurrah! for Dr. So and so is on our side"? I ought to be outspoken, so free, so frank and so hearty in regard to this matter that no one shall mistake my position. Let us all Christian ministers be flaming apostles of temperance, and not only stand under the flag but fight under it, and carry it into the thick of the battle everywhere, until the cause is made a success.

[From the Western Christian Advocate.]

REFORMS of magnitude move slowly—oftentimes with a reflux wave, an ebb and flow. We believe that every year there is a gain to the temperance ranks of the country. The men who think and write, who plan and scheme for the good of the race, are being constantly reinforced. These words, from one of the monthlies before us, are in proof of our declaration:

"There is not a country on the face of the earth where stimulants are needed so little, and where they are capable of producing so much mischief as in our own. Our sparkling sunny atmosphere, and the myriad incentives to hope and enterprise in our circumstances, are stimulants of God's own appointment for the American people. This pouring down of intoxicating liquors is ten thousand times worse than waste—it is essential sacrilege. This straining of the nerves, this heating of the blood, this stimulation or stupefaction of the mind, this imposition of cruel burdens upon the digestive organs, is a foul wrong upon Nature. Tens of thousands of valuable lives are sacrificed every year to this Moloch of strong drink. The crime, the beggary, the disgrace, the sorrow, the disappointment, the disaster, the sickness, the death that have flowed in one uninterrupted stream from the bottle and the barrel, throughout the length of the land, are enough to make all thinking and manly men curse their source, and swear eternal enmity to it. The American people need to have it proved to them, that under no circumstances are the various forms of intoxicating drink good for them. They are not yet convinced of this, although they know, of course, that the abuse of drink brings all the evils that can be imagined. Every juvenile periodical, every newspaper, every magazine, every review, owes it to the country to teach this fact persistently. The man who weakly yields to a degrading appetite, or wantonly courts such an appetite, and the danger and disgrace it brings, must be made to feel that he bears a stigma which marks his degradation among a generation of clean and healthy men. In short, temperance must be made not only respectable, but fashionable. The wine-bibber and the beer drinker as well as those of stronger stomachs and coarser tastes, must be made to feel that they are socially disgraced by their habits. In the family, in the school, everywhere, by all the ordinary means of approach to young and plastic minds, the virtue of temperance should be inculcated. It is fashionable for the young to drink wine to-day. It must not be to-morrow, and in order that it may not be, the accepted leaders of public opinion must tell the people the truth, and enforce upon the people the obligations of duty."

These are apposite and eloquent words. They are worthy the profoundest consideration of every public teacher, be he minister, physician, editor, politician, magistrate, or lawyer. To quote again from the article before us: "O, for one generation of clean and unpolluted men!—men whose veins are not fed with fire; men fit to be companions of pure women; men worthy to be the fathers of children; men who do not stumble upon the rock of apoplexy at mid age, or go blindly groping and staggering down into a drunkard's grave, but who can sit and look upon the face of their grandchildren with eyes undimmed and hearts uncantered." Let not the valiant few who have so long upheld the standard, faint in the way. There is victory ahead; the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

For deeper than thunder of Summer's loud shower,  
On the dome of the sky God is striking the hour;  
Shall we falter before what we have prayed for so long,  
When the wrong is so weak, and the right so strong?

CENTS-ABILITY.—Tears often flow from very shallow sources. Says the advocate of a certain benevolent enterprise: "On a Sabbath afternoon in the autumn of 1867, I presented our cause in a crowded house in the town of—. In the course of my address I noticed in front of me, a fine looking, well-dressed man, bearing all the marks of wealth and high social position. His eyes, riveted on the speaker, were brimming with tears, rendering necessary the frequent use of his handkerchief. Indeed he seemed so moved and interested that I almost forgot the great auditory around me, and I talked and pleaded with him alone. When I reached the home of the good deacon with whom I stopped, I described my auditor, and found that he was what I expected, a leading citizen, wealthy and of high social standing. The deacon too, noticed his



emotion and said, "I know what he gave; how much do you think?" I replied, "I should not suppose that a man in his circumstances could afford to be moved as he was for less than ten dollars." "Ten dollars?" was the reply; "he gave three cents!"

#### SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE REGULAR ISSUE OF "PURE GOLD" will begin the third week in June. The delay between the issue of the first and second number is to give Agents time to send in their lists.

"PURE GOLD" will be published EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, at \$2.00 per annum, or \$1.00 for six months, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be confined to the 1st, 2nd, 15th and 16th pages, as in the present number; therefore only a limited number can be received. The charge will be Five Cents per line (solid minion) each insertion. Advertisements remaining unchanged for three months, 20 per cent. discount; if for six months, 40 per cent. discount.

Persons sending to purchase articles advertised in "PURE GOLD" will please mention where they saw the advertisement.

THE PUBLISHING OFFICE OF "PURE GOLD" is at the corner of Church and King Streets, Toronto.

RECEIPTS.—When money is paid at the Office, a receipt will be given; but when subscribers remit their money by mail, they may consider the arrival of the paper as a BONA FIDE acknowledgment of their funds, as no paper will be sent until the money is received.

Subscribers paying money to AGENTS should be careful to get a RECEIPT, properly signed and dated.

HOW TO ORDER "PURE GOLD."—Write your name and post-office distinctly, enclose it in an envelope with a \$2.00 bill, pre-pay and register your letter, and address it to

THE PUBLISHER OF "PURE GOLD,"

Toronto.

GEO. H. FLINT, Publisher.

## Pure Gold.

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1871.

#### OUR CORPS EDITORIAL.

IN presenting to the public the first number of *Pure Gold*, a few words in regard to its editorial management may fairly be expected. The prospectus, which we publish in another column, affords a fair indication of the range of topics; but many readers will still wish to know something of the *personel* of our Editorial Staff. We are not at liberty, as yet, to announce the names of *all* our contributors; but we are glad to be able to state that G. V. LE VAUX, ESQ., will treat of public and other questions; "CANADENSES," well-known as a vigorous writer for Canadian and other periodicals, will contribute articles chiefly on social questions; DR. CANNIFF Dean of the Victoria Medical School, has promised papers on the scientific aspects of the Temperance question on Inebriate Asylums and on Canadian History; the REV. A. SUTHERLAND will contribute articles on Temperance and kindred topics; "KATE MURRAY," a promising young authoress, is writing a temperance story for our columns; SYLVESTER EVERGREEN will gossip about matters and things in general; "ROGER ROLLCAR" will tell some of the stories which, half a century ago, he heard related around his "Grandfather's kitchen fire."

We hope to be able, in a short time to add other names to the list. In the meantime the names given above afford a sufficient guarantee that *Pure Gold* will be worthy of its name.

#### TO OUR READERS.

WHILE we have engaged specially for our periodical many writers who have been long and favourably known to the reading public of Canada, we nevertheless invite our readers to forward to us any original matter of value that they may have in their possession. Articles advocating temperance reform, short essays on scientific subjects, sketches of local scenery, of travel, or of incident, anything that will afford innocent amusement or instruction to our readers, will find a welcome in our columns.

A kind friend has sent us a copy of the first report of the Quebec Temperance League. The document is full of interest. We hope to make extracts at a future day.

The price of a Bible in the time of Edward I. was £37, while the price of a days labor was three half-pence; at this rate it would take a laborer over fifteen years to earn a Bible. We cannot too highly appreciate the privilege of cheap books.

#### PASSING EVENTS.

THE "WASHINGTON TREATY" is the subject of discussion among papers of all classes. Our American contemporaries generally express themselves delighted with it, but the Canadian press is not so joyous in its tone. And from what we know of the treaty, it seems that our American friends have matters very much their own way. The treaty gives them just about all they ever asked for—the use of our fisheries, the use of our canals, and so on. And it is difficult to see what they give in return for all this. It is a little strange, to say the least, that the rejoicing is so one-sided, if there is no reason that it should be so. We do not think that Canadians are a very complaining people; but whenever they think an injustice is being done them, they are not likely to bear it without a murmur. Perhaps things may be better than they seem. None are more anxious than we, that the most friendly feelings should exist between our neighbors and ourselves; but if this friendship can be purchased only at the expense of injustice to Canada, we fear that it is not of the character to last. Why Canada's interests have been apparently neglected, and our American friends have been so fortunate in obtaining such decided advantages, will doubtless be made clear at some future time. Meanwhile, we anxiously await further developments. SENATOR SUMNER denies the correctness of the published reports of his speeches on this question, during its consideration in secret session. He characterizes them as pure inventions, and affirms that he was not violently opposed to the treaty. The treaty has been ratified by the United States Senate; but how it will be received elsewhere remains to be seen.

THE POPULARITY of the Gladstone Ministry is being severely tested at present in England. Some of the late Governmental acts have not been popular with the masses. MR. LOWE'S proposed "match tax" raised such a storm of indignation, that it was withdrawn. The spirit of the press on this question may be gathered from the following extract from the *Derbyshire Advertiser and Journal* of a recent date:—

"The crowds of poor people which gathered on Sunday in Victoria Park, and streamed on Monday last from the East end of London toward Westminster, formed a demonstration which no Government could afford to ignore. The fact that nobody but MR. LOWE is able to speak a good word in behalf of the tax is one which Parliament will not suffer him to forget. In the debate on Monday night, on the Budget proposals, the Premier intimated that he saw no reason why the matter should not be reconsidered, if it were found that the inconvenience and irritation occasioned by the tax were likely to outweigh the financial benefit to be derived therefrom."

MR. LOWE'S Budget has been altogether a "bone of contention." That it displays great ability is beyond doubt; but his policy is considered by some to be too economical. The "Woman Question" has also proved, to some degree at least, a source of weakness to the Gladstone party. The Premier is himself opposed to it, but he does not feel in a position to speak out all his mind upon the subject, inasmuch as it is supported by some of his principal political friends.

THE SEVERANCE of Church and State is assuming somewhat serious proportions in the mother country. A public meeting was held in Derby not long since, "for the purpose of taking into consideration MR. MIALL'S motion for the disestablishment and disendowment of the English Church." The following motion was put to the meeting and carried, there being but four dissentients:—

"That, in the opinion of this meeting, the establishment of the Church by law, is unjust to those who do not belong to it; is bad for the Church which is established, and is injurious to the general interests of the country."

The reports of the speeches upon this question in the House, show that what has taken place in Ireland must inevitably follow in England and Scotland. Though MR. MIALL'S motion met with a strong opposition, the very fact that it has thus been brought before the Commons speaks volumes, and the hearty support it received from many of the members confirms us in this opinion,—the day of disestablishment is not very far off.

THE REV. MR. PUNSHON, who, with the Rev. Hugh Johnston, the Rev. M. Benson, and Mr. H. Mason, has been on a visit to British Columbia, returned to this city on Monday last, after an absence of several weeks. We are informed that it is Mr. Punshon's intention, after the session of the Wesleyan Conference now convened in Belleville, to pay a visit to England.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT occurred on the Grand Trunk last week, near Newcastle. There was a general "smash-up," and the mail car was burned. The mails coming eastward were destroyed. No lives were lost.

A SAD ACCIDENT occurred on the Toronto Bay on the Queen's Birthday. A young lady, the daughter of DR. WINSTANLEY, of this city, was in a pleasure boat, accompanied by several friends. When within some twenty feet from the shore, she was struck by a bullet from the rifle of a volunteer engaged at target practice. The ball struck her on the lower jaw, knocking out four of her under teeth, and lodging beneath her tongue. A successful operation was performed, and up to last accounts she was doing fairly. Can nothing be done to prevent such accidents in future?

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY was very loyally spent throughout the country. We could not help remarking the disposition evinced by some to show their loyalty by getting drunk. It is a matter of regret that the peace and comfort of many persons are destroyed every holiday by this course of procedure. A law to prevent the sale of all intoxicating liquors on such days would be a public boon.

THE SAD FIRE at Bradford has made hundreds of persons houseless and homeless, and many are completely ruined. We have heard nothing of a fund for the sufferers. Would it not be well to have one instituted at once? Surely it would receive a liberal support.

THE NEWS FROM PARIS during the past week has been of a most distressing character. It seems clear that the Commune is exploded; but its members, with dispositions worthy of the most depraved savages, seem to be determined to end their short probation in a manner becoming their devilish natures. All of Paris, or at least nearly all that made her beautiful, has been destroyed. Her palaces have been ruined, not by work of time, slowly and gently, nor even by the march of advancing armies, but by fire kindled by her very inhabitants. We cannot conceive how any one can read the accounts of the awful calamities that are befalling this unhappy people, without feelings of the deepest sorrow; and we feel sure that all our readers will join in the hope that a brighter day will soon dawn upon this nation.

NOTE.—The difficulties in connection with issuing the first number of "PURE GOLD," and the delay incident thereto, in addition to other difficulties which we hope speedily to overcome, have prevented us making the record of "Passing Events" for this week so full and so perfect as we purpose it shall be in future. When things are once in full working order, we will make this department more worthy of our paper.]

## Temperance Reform.

#### ONTARIO PROHIBITORY LEAGUE.

SEVERAL weeks have passed since steps were taken in Toronto to form a Prohibitory League for the Province of Ontario, and the following statement has already been widely published; nevertheless, the importance of the subject is such that we venture, at this late date, to bring it again before the public. We sincerely hope that the work of the League will be vigorously prosecuted, and that its branches will soon extend over the whole Province. The following is the statement issued by the Provisional Council:—

The public have already been made aware, through the columns of the daily papers, that an association has been formed, having for its object the prohibition, by legislative enactment, of the whole traffic in intoxicating drinks. It is felt by those engaged in the movement, that the public are entitled to a distinct statement, not only of the object of the Association, but also of the grounds on which its action is based, and the methods by which it proposes to accomplish the end in view. Preliminary to this, a brief historical statement may not be out of place.

For many years the question of total abstinence has been before the people of Canada, and the reform has been carried forward with varying success, but latterly the conviction has been deepening in the minds of many friends of the Temperance cause that moral suasion alone is insufficient to check the growing ravages of intemperance, that more stringent repressive measures must be adopted.

During the past few weeks a series of meetings in the interest of Temperance have been held in Toronto, with a view of "arousing public sentiment in regard to the terrible evils of the liquor traffic, and the necessity of strong repressive measures." The last meeting of the series was held on the 31st ult., in the Music Hall, which was filled by an intelligent and enthusiastic audience. Various aspects of the Temperance question were presented in able addresses, and when a proposition was made to organize an association on the basis of prohibition, pure and simple, the audience unanimously and heartily voted "Aye!" A call was then made for names, and in less than ten minutes over 80 signatures were given, with subscriptions amounting to over \$200.



A provisional council was then appointed to take the necessary steps for organizing the Association on a permanent basis. The council held its first meeting on the 5th inst., and appointed a sub-committee to prepare a constitution, and also a statement to be presented to the public concerning the objects of the Association. The sub-committee having met decided upon the following

CONSTITUTION.

1. *Name.*—This Association shall be known as the "ONTARIO PROHIBITORY LEAGUE."
2. *Object.*—To secure a legislative enactment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors in the Province of Ontario, except for medicinal and mechanical purposes, and to co-operate with associations that may be formed in the other provinces, with a view of extending the principle of prohibition throughout the whole Dominion.
3. *Membership.*—The League shall be composed of all persons who agree to support prohibition, pure and simple, and who contribute to the funds of the Association \$1.00 or upwards per annum.
4. The Officers of the League shall be a President, five Vice-Presidents, Treasurer and Secretaries, to be elected annually. In addition to the five Vice-Presidents elected by the members, all Presidents of Local Branches shall be ex-officio Vice-Presidents of the League.
5. The management of the work of the League shall be vested in a general council, to be composed of the Officers of the Association and twenty-five other members, to be elected annually. The council shall appoint the time and place of its own meetings, and may, if judged expedient, appoint an executive council to manage the business of the League, between the sessions of the general council.
6. Alterations or amendments to be made only at an annual meeting. Due notice of proposed amendments to be given to the council.

As soon as 200 members are secured, the Provisional Council will call a general meeting of the members, for the purpose of electing permanent officers and council. Persons in any part of the province desiring to become members of the League, are requested to send their names and subscription to the Provisional Secretary, Mr. T. J. Wilkie, Toronto.

The Provisional Council earnestly recommend the immediate formation of a branch of the League in every municipality in Ontario. They wish it to be distinctly understood that the present movement is not designed to interfere with, much less to hinder, the work of existing temperance organizations. On the contrary, it is believed it will tend to greatly strengthen them; while the presentation of prohibition before the people as a distinct issue, will tend to unite the friends of temperance everywhere for a common object.

The Council propose to carry out the work by means of memorials to the Local and Dominion Parliaments, by public meetings and addresses, by collecting and diffusing information, in regard to the Liquor Traffic, throughout the whole country, by availing themselves to the utmost possible extent of that great lever of public opinion—the press; and by calling to their aid that most potent agent in all moral reforms—the Christian Pulpit. Believing that the cause is founded upon right and justice, and that it stands intimately connected with the commercial prosperity, as well as with the moral and social well-being of this Dominion, the members of the council earnestly and confidently ask the co-operation of all good men and true; while they reverently invoke the blessing and direction of Him without whom no work can ultimately prosper.

On behalf of the Provisional Council,  
 THOS. NIXON, CHAIRMAN,  
 REV. A. SUTHERLAND,  
 REV. WM. STEWART, B. A.  
 REV. E. H. DEWART,  
 THOS. J. WILKIE, SECRETARY.

RECEPTION OF THE G. W. P., S. OF TEMPERANCE.

The Ontario Division S. of T. gave a grand reception to G. W. Ross, Esq., G. W. P. for Ontario. After an ample tea down stairs, the audience adjourned to the body of the hall, where the G. W. P. was presented by an address from Ontario Division by Mr. Caswell. Mr. Ross replied to the address in a very appropriate manner. Mr. Rose, of Hunter, Rose & Co., addressed the meeting. Mr. Ross being then called upon, delivered a very able and telling speech, urging on those present the necessity of working for the cause, and the necessity of all temperance societies and temperance men to unite and work together, having for their motto and object, total prohibition. He was followed by an address from Rev. Mr. Sutherland, and a recitation from Mr. Dillworth. The chair was occupied by John Garvin, Esq.

THE GRAND TRUNK AND TEMPERANCE.—A circular has been sent to all the saloon keepers along the line of the Grand Trunk, warning them not to give or sell intoxicating drink to any of the Grand Trunk employees; and further, that an earnest desire is expressed by the authorities to have all their employees temperance men.

The grand master of the Masons of Ohio has suspended the charter of a Masonic lodge because its members elected a liquor dealer for master.

SELLING LIQUOR ON THE SABBATH.—Addison Wall, a Tavern keeper on King Street, was upon trial on Wednesday convicted by Justice Curran, and fined \$20 and costs upon a charge of selling spirituous liquors upon a Sunday in April last. Geo. S. Gimmer, Esq., for Prosecution, H. McMonagle, Esq., for Defence.—*St. Croix Courier.*

Pity some of our Toronto Saloon keepers were not dealt with in the same manner.

THE TRAFFIC AND ITS RESULTS.

SHOCKING MURDER BY A WIFE.—A murder has been perpetrated by a wife upon her husband in one of the lowest parts of Liverpool, the primary cause, as is usual in such a case, being drunk. James Martin a dock labourer, went to his home in a state of intoxication. He threw a halfpenny on the table, and told his wife that was all the money he had, and that she must raise more in order to get beer. This his wife refused to do, and he struck her on the right cheek, and also it is said threw a glass at her. Mrs. Martin upon this took up a knife that was lying on the table, and with it stabbed her husband in the left breast, causing almost instantaneous death.

The *Daily Telegraph* believes that the vice of drunkenness is on the decrease, and we believe, further, that the decrease will proceed almost in geometrical ratio when the generation of the little boys and girls whom we are now sending to school shall have grown up to the estate of men and women. We say that drunkenness is becoming a hateful thing, and that the very zeal and energy of the temperance associations are an important element in the proof of our case. The scores of thousands who are not affiliated to any such association abhor the vice just as much as the professed members. Things are very different from what they were twenty years ago, and twenty years after Mr. Bruce's Bill may have been made a practical measure by the House of Commons they will be better still. This is, however, no reason for not doing something.—*Week's News, London Eng.*

Young, the assistant editor of the *Holder (Mo) Enterprise*, while crazed with whiskey, the other day, shot his wife and then himself, the neighbours finding them sitting in their chairs stone dead.—*Newspaper Reporter.*

SUICIDE.—Beaverton.—The body of a man named Henry Pugh, who some two weeks ago, while labouring under the influence of *delerium tremens*, threw himself into Beaver River, at this place, was recovered to-day about a mile from the spot where the deed was committed. He deceased was an emigrant.

As the London and Port Stanley train, due at London last Friday evening, came within seven miles of the city, an Indian aged about twenty-five years was run over, and had both of his feet cut off by the wheels. He was seen by the fireman some distance ahead of the train, but as it was on a down grade it was found impossible to stop the train in time to prevent the disaster. The poor fellow was lying on the track, drunk, and with a bottle of whiskey near by. The train backed up, took him on board, and brought him to the city, and he was put in the hospital.

News of the Churches.

CHURCH EXTENSION.—A public meeting was held in Elm street W. M. Church of this city, on Monday evening, the 29th ult., for the purpose of taking into consideration the erection of a new Wesleyan church, on the corner of Carlton and Sherbourne streets. The chair was occupied by the Rev. W. S. Griffin. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. W. M. Punshon, E. H. Dewart, S. Rose, and Geo. Cochran. Subscriptions were promised to the amount of \$3,520. It is intended to erect a church which is to cost somewhere in the vicinity of \$10,000. It is proposed to proceed immediately with the erection of it, and it is hoped to have it ready for opening by the close of the present year.

The regular meeting of the Elm Street Christian Total Abstinence Society was held on Friday evening the 19th ult. The chair was occupied by the President, the Rev. W. S. Griffin. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Dewart, Lake, and Edwards. Some capital music was furnished by members of the association. This society, which was started but a few weeks ago, has a membership of nearly eighty persons.

The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland gives a summary of its work and workers in seven missionary posts in Africa, India and China, Jamaica and Trinidad, showing 53 European missionaries and teachers, 151 native workers and teachers, 48 stations, 5,740 communicants, 113 weekly schools, and 6,903 pupils.

M. E. CHURCH CORNER STONE.—The interesting ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the M. E. Church opposite Waupoose Island, North Maryburgh, took place on Saturday, Bishop Richardson presiding. The resident minister, Rev. Mr. Martin, being called, proceeded to invite subscriptions for the completing of the edifice, which resulted in procuring the handsome sum of \$360, including that realized by the dinner and collection. The building is estimated to cost \$1,200.

Owing to the calls upon our space in this number, we have not been able to give so much attention to the News of the Churches as we would like, but promise our readers in future a full account of all important occurrences in the religious world.

It costs the United States annually for tobacco \$600,000,000, nearly one-third of the national debt.

The books of the library belonging to the British Museum occupy twelve miles of shelving.

CANADIAN JOURNALISM.

A FEW days ago we noticed the following article in the *Canada Bookseller* of a late date, which we think suits our position exactly. We do not know whether PURE GOLD is the paper referred to, and which the writer wishes every success; but as it is our intention to follow out the idea suggested, we feel justified in publishing it:

Remark has often been made upon the constant failure of Canadian Literary enterprises, where these attempts have been purely literary. It has been an unfortunate truth that, with one or two exceptions, and these are only partial exceptions, the public have declined to support or appreciate the many efforts, nobly made, to establish a national serial literature. To-day, all we can point to, as filling this field, are one or two magazines, leading a precarious existence in other provinces, and a single illustrated paper, also published outside of Toronto. What has been the cause of this? Lack of capital—lack of material—lack of vigor in tone and style; sometimes too heavy, sometimes too light—and, finally, an active, constant, ever-increasing competition from foreign periodicals. These causes have combined to render Canadian literary enterprises fruitless, almost hopeless undertakings. But in spite of failure and weary years of trials and disappointments, new attempts are made every few months to launch some new Canadian venture upon the market; and, certainly, if spirit and determination are guarantees of ultimate success, we can hopefully look forward to a time when with all difficulties met, and a fickle public propitiated, a native serial literature will become a fixed fact. In connection with this subject, we believe that a good weekly review, devoted to Canadian interests, political and literary ably conducted, would be a most successful pioneer of the promised future. It would for many reasons. First, carrying a free lance, and being the organ of no man and no party, it would command the support of politicians, because they would find there independent discussion from a purely Canadian point of view. At present our newspaper discussions are entirely regulated by the interests of individuals and parties, without regard to those of country and nationality. Secondly, it could be made a home paper, to some extent original, partially eclectic, and a welcome visitant to every educated domestic circle. Thirdly, it could have a department carefully prepared for literary and scientific essays, and would afford a field for native literateurs and scientific men to give to the world and their country the benefit of their researches. And lastly it would give a tone to our political and other discussions of a much higher character than the ephemeral, personal, and superficial style adopted by the newspaper press, and, we trust, be the advent of a new era in Canadian literature. We have heard a rumor of the possibility of such an enterprise being attempted. We wish it a hearty God speed, and thoroughly believe that, if boldly and ably brought out, it will meet with abundant success, and will certainly fill a place that has been long vacant in our native literature. It will raise and purify the tone of the ordinary press, it will afford a medium to our best writers to place before the public their best articles, and it will be a noble attempt to establish the *avant courier* of a bright and hopeful literary future.

The *Chicago Advance* is responsible for the following:—

"An anecdote is reported to us as authentic, relating to the time of the old battle between the Princeton and the New Haven theologians. The story is that, at an examination of a Princeton class in theology, by Dr. Hodge, the Professor said: 'Tell us what we think here to be a correct view of the atonement?' 'Our doctrine,' replied the student, 'is, that Christ had a specific end in view in making an atonement, and that he died only for the elect.' 'Well, what do they teach, on this point, at New Haven?' 'Oh, Dr. Taylor holds quite a different view; he teaches, that God so loved the whole world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life!' It has never been decided which was the greater, the consternation of Dr. Hodge at such an unfortunate answer, or the amusement of Dr. Taylor, when the story reached his ear."

A pretty fair hit, certainly; but as we don't want to be partial, we supply our Calvinistic brethren with the following, which makes a very good stone to pelt arminians with:—Two brethren of different "persuasions" being engaged in controversy, the one undertook to clinch his argument with a quotation from Saint Paul. "Yes, yes," said the other, "I know Paul says that, but I always did think he was a little too Calvinistic!"

On July 1st *The Silent World*, a monthly, will be issued in Washington, D. C., by Messrs. Hotchkiss, Parkinson, Ballard and Denison. It will contain matter interesting to the deaf and dumb, and also to the general reader. If successful, it will be issued fortnightly.

We have on our table the prospectus of a new publication entitled the "Canadian Magazine" an enlargement of the "Canadian Literary Journal." The proprietors of the Magazine show their enterprise at the start by obtaining at considerable expense the copy right of Miss Mulock's new Serial. It is their intention to illustrate this Serial as well as the Canadian Serial, Royalists and Loyalists, the illustrations for which are being prepared by first-class artists.



## Tales and Sketches.

(From the Christian Union.)

### MY WIFE AND I;

OR,

### HARRY HENDERSON'S HISTORY.

BY HARRIETT BEECHER STOWE.

Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### INTRODUCTION.

IT appears to me that the world is returning to its second childhood, and running mad for stories. Stories! Stories! everywhere; stories in every paper, in every crevice, crack, and corner of the house. Stories fall from the pen faster than leaves of autumn, and of as many shades and colorings. Stories blow over here in whirlwinds from England. Stories are translated from the French, from the Danish, from the Swedish, from the German, from the Russian. There are serial stories for adults in the *Atlantic*, in the *Overland*, in the *Galaxy*, in *Harper's*, in *Scribner's*. There are serial stories for youthful pilgrims in *Our Young Folks*, the *Little Corporal*, the *Riverside*, the *Youth's Companion*, and very soon we anticipate newspapers with serial stories for the nursery. We shall have those charmingly illustrated magazines the *Cradle*, the *Rocking-Chair*, the *First Rattle*, and the *First Tooth*, with successive chapters of "Goosy Goosy Gander," and "Hickory Dickory Dock," and "Old Mother Hubbard," extending through twelve, or twenty-four, or forty-eight numbers.

I have often questioned what Solomon would have said if he had lived in our day. The poor man, it appears, was somewhat *blase* with the abundance of literature in his times, and remarked that much study was a weariness to the flesh. Then, printing was not invented, and "books" were all copied by hand, in those very square Hebrew letters where each letter is about as careful a bit of work as a grave-stone. And yet even with all those restrictions and circumscriptions, Solomon rather testily remarked, "Of making many books there is no end!" What would he have said had he looked over a modern publisher's catalogue!

It is understood now that no paper is complete without its serial story, and the spinning of these stories keeps thousands of wheels and spindles in motion. It is now understood that whoever wishes to gain the public ear, and to propound a new theory, must do it in a serial story. Hath any one in our day, as in St. Paul's, a psalm, a doctrine, a tongue, a revelation, an interpretation—forthwith he wraps it up in a serial story, and presents it to the public. We have prison discipline, free-trade, labor and capital, woman's rights, the temperance question, in serial stories. We have Romanism and Protestantism, High Church and Low Church, and no Church, contending with each other in serial stories, where each side converts the other, according to the faith of the narrator.

We see that this thing is to go on. Soon it will be necessary that every leading clergyman should embody his theology in a serial story, to be delivered from the pulpit Sunday after Sunday. We look forward to announcements in our city papers such as these: The Rev. Dr. Ignatius, of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, will begin a serial romance, to be entitled "St. Sebastian and the Arrows," in which he will embody the duties, the trials, and the temptations of the young Christian of our day. The Rev. Dr. Boanerges, of Plymouth Rock Church, will begin a serial story, entitled "Calvin's Daughter," in which he will discuss the distinctive features of the Protestant theology. The Rev. Dr. Cool Shadow will go on with his interesting romance of "Christianity a Dissolving View,"—designed to show how everything is, in many respects, like everything else, and all things lead somewhere, and everything will finally end somehow, and that therefore it is important that everybody should cultivate general sweetness, and have the very best time possible in this world.

By the time that all these romances get to going, the system of teaching by parables, and opening one's mouth in dark sayings, will be fully elaborated. *Pilgrim's Progress* will be no where. The way to the celestial city will be as plain in everybody's mind as the way up Broadway—and so much more interesting! Finally, all science and all-art and all business will be explained, conducted, and directed by serial stories, till the present life and the life to come shall form only one grand romance. This will be about the time of the Millennium.

Meanwhile, I am going to furnish a serial story for the *Christian Union*, and I choose the subject that is in everybody's mind and mouth, discussed on every platform, ringing from everybody's tongue, and coming home to every man's business and bosom, to wit,

### MY WIFE AND I.

I trust that Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton, and all the prophetesses of our day, will remark the humility and propriety of my title. It is not I, and My Wife—oh no! It is My Wife and I. What am I, and what is my father's house, that I should go before my wife in anything?

"But why specially for the *Christian Union*?" says Mr. Chadband. Let us in a spirit of love inquire.

Is it not evident why, O beloved? Is not that firm in human nature which stands under the title of MY WIFE AND I, the oldest and most venerable form of Christian Union on record? Where, I ask, will you find a better one?—a wiser, a stronger, a sweeter, a more universally popular and agreeable one?

To be sure, there have been times and seasons when this ancient and respectable firm has been attacked as a piece of old foggyism, and various substitutes for it proposed. It has been said that "MY WIFE AND I" denoted a selfish, close corporation inconsistent with a general, all-sided, diffusive, universal benevolence. That MY WIFE AND I, in a millennial community, had no particular rights in each other more than any of the thousands of the brethren and sisters of the human race. They have said, too, that MY WIFE AND I, instead of an indissoluble unity, were only temporary partners, engaged on time, with the liberty of giving three month's notice, and starting off to a new firm.

It is not thus that we understand the matter. MY WIFE AND I, as we understand it, is the sign and symbol of more than any earthly partnership or union—of something sacred as religion, indissoluble as the soul, endless as eternity—the symbol chosen by Almighty Love to represent his redeeming, eternal union with the soul of man.

A fountain of eternal youth gushes near the hearth of every household. Each man and woman that have loved truly, have had their romance in life—their poetry in existence.

So I, in giving my history, disclaim all other sources of interest. Look not for trap-doors, or haunted houses, or deadly conspiracies, or murders, or concealed crimes, in this history, for you will not find one. You shall have simply and only the old story—old as the first chapter of Genesis,—of Adam stupid, desolate, and lonely without Eye, and how he sought and how he found her, and how they fared together thereafter.

This much, on mature consideration, I hold to be about the sum and substance of all the romances that have ever been written, and so long as there are new Adams and new Eves in each coming generation, it will not want for sympathetic listeners.

So I, Harry Henderson,—a plain Yankee boy from the mountains of New Hampshire, and at present citizen of New York—commence my story.

My experiences have three stages.

First, My child-wife, or the experience of childhood. Second, My shadow-wife, or the dreamland of the future.

Third, my real wife, where I saw her, how I sought and found her, and how we fared together.

In the course of these experiences, my good friends, you will find that we take occasion to discuss all sorts of modern and exciting topics, and to keep up with the spirit of this discussing age, when there is nothing which may not be considered an open question.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### MY CHILD WIFE.

THE Bible says it is not good for man to be alone. This is a truth that has been borne in on my mind, with peculiar force, from the earliest of my recollection. In fact when I was only seven years old I had selected my wife, and asked the paternal consent.

You see, I was an unusually lonesome little fellow, because I belonged to the number of those unlucky waifs who come into this mortal life under circumstances when nobody wants or expects them. My father was a poor country minister in the mountains of New Hampshire with a salary of six hundred dollars, with nine children. I was the tenth. I was not expected; my immediate predecessor was five years of age, and the gossips of the neighbourhood had already presented congratulations to my mother on having "done up her work in the forenoon," and being ready to sit down to afternoon leisure.

Her well-worn baby clothes were all given away, the cradle was peaceably consigned to the garret, and my mother was now regarded as without excuse if she did not preside at the weekly prayer meeting, the monthly

Maternal Association, the Missionary meeting, and perform besides, regular pastoral visitations among the good wives of her parish.

No one, of course, ever thought of voting her any little extra salary on account of these public duties which absorbed so much time and attention from her perplexing domestic cares—rendered still more strict and onerous by my father's limited salary. My father's six hundred dollars, however, was considered by the farmers of the vicinity as being a princely income, which accounted satisfactorily for everything, and had he not been considered by them as "about the smartest man in the State," they could not have gone up to such a figure. My mother was one of those gentle, soft-spoken, quiet little women who, like oil, permeate every crack and joint of life with smoothness.

With a noiseless step, an almost shadowy movement, her hand and eye were every where. Her house was a miracle of neatness and order—her children of all ages and sizes under her perfect control, and the accumulations of labor of all descriptions which beset a great family where there are no servants, all melted away under her hands as if by enchantment.

She had a divine magic too, that mother of mine; it is magic to commune daily with the supernatural. She had a little room all her own, where on a stand always stood open the great family Bible, and when work pressed hard and children were untoward, when sickness threatened, when the skeins of life were all crossways and tangled, she went quietly to that room, and kneeling over that Bible, took hold of a warm, healing, invisible hand, that made the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

"Poor Mrs. Henderson—another boy!" said the gossips on the day that I was born. "What a shame! poor woman. 'Well, I wish her joy!'"

But she took me to a warm bosom and bade "God bless me." All that God sent to her was treasure. "Who knows," she said cheerily to my father, "this may be our brightest."

"God bless him," said my father, kissing me and my mother, and then he returned to an important treatise which was to reconcile the decrees of God with the free agency of man, and which the event of my entrance into this world had interrupted for some hours. The sermon was a perfect success I am told, and nobody that heard it ever had a moment's further trouble on that subject.

As to me, my outfit for this world was of the scantest—a few yellow flannel petticoats and a few slips run up from some of my older sisters cast off white gowns, were deemed sufficient.

The first child in a family is its poem—it is a sort of nativity play, and we bend before the young stranger, with gifts, "gold, frankincense and myrrh." But the tenth child in a poor family is *prose*, and gets simply what is due to comfort. There are no superfluities, no fripperies, no idealities about the tenth cradle.

As I grew up I found myself rather a solitary little fellow in a great house, full of the bustle and noise and conflicting claims of older brothers and sisters, who had got the floor in the stage of life before me, and who were too busy with their own wants, schemes and plans, to regard me.

I was all very well so long as I kept within the limits of babyhood. They said I was the handsomest baby ever pertaining to the family establishment, and as long as that quality and condition lasted I was made a pet of. My sisters curled my golden locks, and made me wonderful little frocks, and took me about to show me. But when I grew bigger, and the golden locks were sheared off and replaced by straight light hair, and I was inducted into jacket and pantaloons, cut down by Miss Abia Ferkin from my next brother's last year's suit, outgrown—then I was turned upon the world to shift for myself. Babyhood was over, and manhood not begun—I was to run the gauntlet of boyhood.

My brothers and sisters were affectionate enough in their way, but had not the least sentiment, and as I said before they had each one their own concerns to look after. My eldest brother was in college, my next brother was fitting for college in a neighbouring academy, and used to walk ten miles daily to his lessons and take his dinner with him. One of my oldest sisters was married, the two next were handsome lively girls, with a retinue of beaux, who of course took up a deal of their time and thoughts. The sister next before me was four years above me on the list of life, and of course looked down on me as a little boy unworthy of her society. When her two or three chattering girl friends came to see her and they had their dolls and their baby houses to manage, I was always in the way. They laughed at my awkwardness, criticised my nose, my hair, and my ears to my face, with that feminine freedom by which the gentler sex joy to put down the stronger one when they have it at advantage. I used often to retire from their society swelling with impotent wrath, at their free comments. "I won't play with you," I would exclaim. "Nobody



wants you," would be the rejoinder. "We've been wanting to be rid of you this good while."

But as I was a stout little fellow, my elders thought it advisable to devolve on me any such tasks and errands as interfered with their comfort. I was sent to the store when the wind howled and the frost bit, and my brothers and sisters preferred a warm corner. "He's only a boy, he can go, or he can do, or he can wait," was always the award of my sisters.

My individual pursuits, and my own little stock of interests, were of course, of no account. I was required to be in a perfectly free, disengaged state of mind, and ready to drop every thing at a moment's warning from any of my half dozen seniors. "Here, Hal, run down cellar and get me a dozen apples," my brother would say, just as I had half built a block house. Harry, run up stairs and get the book I left on the bed—Harry, run out to the barn and get the rake I left there—Here, Harry, carry this up the garret—Harry, run out to the tool shop and get that—were sounds constantly occurring—breaking up my private cherished little enterprises of building cob houses, making mill-dams and bridges, or loading carriages, or driving horses. Where is the mature Christian who could bear with patience the interruptions and crosses in his daily schemes, that beset a boy?

Then there were for me dire mortifications and bitter disappointments. If any company came, and the family board was filled, and the cake and preserves brought out, and gay conversation made my heart bound with special longings to be in at the fun, I heard them say, "No need to set a plate for Harry—he can just as well wait till after." I can recollect many a serious deprivation of mature life, that did not bring such bitterness of soul as that sentence of exclusion. Then, when my sister's admirer, Jim Fellows, was expected, and the best parlor fire lighted, and the hearth swept, how I longed to sit up and hear his funny stories, how I hid in dark corners, and lay off in shadowy places, hoping to escape notice, and so avoid the activity of the domestic police. But no, "Mamma, musn't Harry go to bed?" was the busy outcry of my sisters, desirous to have the deck cleared for action, and superfluous members finally disposed of.

Take it for all in all—I felt myself, though not wanting in the supply of any physical necessity, to be somehow, as I said, a very lonesome little fellow in the world. In all that busy, lively, gay, bustling household I had no mate.

"I think we must send Harry to school," said my mother, gently, to my father, when I had vented this complaint in her maternal bosom. "Poor little fellow, he is an odd one!—there isn't exactly any one in the house for him to mate with!"

So to school I was sent, with a clean checked apron, drawn up tight in my neck, and a dinner basket, and a brown towel on which I was to be instructed in the wholesome practice of sewing. I went, trembling and blushing, with many an apprehension of the big boys, who had promised to thrash me when I came; but the very first day I was made blessed in the vision of my little child-wife, Susie Morril.

Such a pretty, neat little figure as she was! I saw her first standing in the school-room door. Her cheeks and neck were like wax; her eyes clear blue; and when she smiled, two little dimples flitted in and out on her cheeks, like those in a sunny brook. She was dressed in a pink gingham frock, with a clean white apron fitted trimly about her little, round neck. She was her mother's only child, and always daintily dressed.

"Oh, Susie, dear," said my mother, who had me by the hand, "I've brought a little boy here to school, and who will be a mate for you."

How affably and graciously she received me—the little Eve—all smiles and obligingness and encouragement for the lumpish, awkward Adam. How she made me sit down on a seat by her, and put her little white arm cosily over my neck, as she laid the spelling-book on her knee, saying—"I read in Baker. Where do you read?"

Friend, it was Webster's Spelling-book that was their text-book, and many of you will remember where "Baker" is in that literary career. The column of words thus headed was a mile-stone on the path of infant progress. But my mother had been a diligent instructress at home, and I an apt scholar, and my breast swelled as I told little Susie that I had gone beyond Baker. I saw "respect mingling with surprise" in her great violet eyes; my soul was enlarged—my little frame dilated, as turning over to the picture of the "old man who found a rude boy on one of his trees, stealing apples," I answered her that I had read there!

"Why E?" said the little maiden; "only think, girls—he reads in readings!"

I was set up and glorified in my own esteem: two or three girls looked at me with evident consideration.

"Don't you want to sit on our side?" said Susie, engagingly. "I'll ask Miss Bessie to let you, 'cause she said the big boys always plague the little ones."

And so, as she was a smooth-tongued little favorite, she not only introduced me to the teacher, but got me comfortably niched beside her dainty self on the hard, backless seat, where I sat swinging my heels, and looking for all the world like a rough little short-tailed robin, just pushed out of the nest, and surveying the world with round, anxious eyes. The big boys quizzed me, made hideous faces at me from behind their spelling-books, and great hulking Tom Halliday threw a spit ball that lodged on the wall just over my head, by way of showing his contempt for me; but I looked at Susie, and took courage. I thought I never saw anything so pretty as she was. I was never tired with following the mazes of her golden curls. I thought how dainty, and nice, and white her pink dress and white apron were; and she wore a pair of wonderful little red shoes; her tiny hands were so skillful and so busy! She turned the hem of my brown towel, and basted it for me so nicely; and then she took out some delicate ruffling that was her school work, and I admired her bright, fine needle and fine thread, and the waxen little finger crowned with a little brass thimble, as she sewed away with an industrious steadiness. To me the brass was gold, and her hands were pearl, and she was a little fairy princess!—yet every few moments she turned her great blue eyes on me, and smiled and nodded her little head knowingly, as much as to bid me be of good cheer, and I felt a thrill go right to my heart, that beat decidedly under the checked apron.

"Please, ma'am," said Susan, glibly, "mayn't Henry go out to play with the girls? The big boys are so rough."

And Miss Bessie smiled, and said I might, and I was a blessed little boy from that moment. In the first recess Susie instructed me in playing "Tag," and "Oats, peas, beans, and barley, O," and in "Threading the needle," and "Opening the gates as high as the sky, to let King George and his court pass by,"—in all which she was a proficient, and where I needed a great deal of teaching and encouraging.

But when it came to more athletic feats, I could distinguish myself. I dared jump off from a higher fence than she could, and covered myself with glory by climbing to the top of a five-railed gate, and jumping boldly down; and moreover, when a cow appeared on the green, before the school-house door, I marched up to her with a stick, and ordered her off, with a manly stride and a determined voice, and chased her with the utmost vigour quite out of sight. These proceedings seemed to inspire Susie with a certain respect and confidence. I could read in "readings," jump off from high fences, and wasn't afraid of cows! These were manly accomplishments!

The school-house was a long distance from my father's, and I used to bring my dinner. Susie brought hers also, and many a delightful pic-nic have we had together. We made ourselves a house under a great button-ball tree, at whose foot the grass was short and green. Our house was neither more nor less than a square, marked out on the green turf by stones taken from the wall. I glorified myself in my own eyes, and in Susie's, by being able to lift stones twice as heavy as she could, and a big, flat one, which nearly broke my back, was deposited in the centre of the square, as our table. We used a clean pocket-handkerchief for a table-cloth; and Susie was wont to set out our meals with great order, making plates and dishes out of the button ball-leaves. Under her direction also, I fitted up our house with a pantry, and a small room where we used to play wash dishes, and set away what was left of our meals. The pantry was a stone cupboard, where we kept chesnuts and apples, and what remained of our cookies and gingerbread. Susie was fond of ornamentation, and stuck bouquets of golden rod and astor around in our best room, and there we received company, and had select society come to see us. Susie brought her doll to dwell in this establishment, and I made her a bedroom and a little bed of milk-weed silk to lie on. We put her to bed and tucked her up when we went into school—not without apprehension that those savages, the big boys, might visit our Eden with devastation. But the girls' recess came first, and we could venture to leave her there taking a nap till our play-time came; and when the girls went in, Susie rolled her nursing in a napkin and took her safely into school, and laid her away in a corner of her desk, while the dreadful, big boys were having their yelling war-whoop and carnival outside.

To be Continued.

Dr. Livingston is called by the *New York Commercial* "the most dead-and-alive man of the nineteenth century."

The *Newark Advertiser* calls New Jersey "a tight little State." Surely, the editor does not give it this title because it has so much "Jersey lightning" in it?

The *British Quarterly Review* says: "The religious newspaper is almost peculiar to America, and is far superior to any similar publication in England."

## MY GRANDFATHER'S KITCHEN FIRE.

BY RODGER ROLLCAR.

### I.—THE KITCHEN

THE scene of the following stories, is laid early in the last quarter of the last century. My honored grandfather was a Quaker, and an old-fashioned one at that. He resided on the broad alluvial flat of a noble river, in one of the sea-board provinces. He was then considered very well to do: as he owned a mile frontage on the river, and had the timber rights to the rear of the "parish" which was twelve miles across, there being no settlers behind him. His house was a long, low straggling building, partly framed and partly logs. The several parts had been put up at different eras, which gave this family mansion a sort of "composite" architectural character.

The "river" was the great highway to the "city" and far up into the interior; for grandfather's was a sort of half-way house for all that went up or down, either by boats in summer, or by sleds, on the frozen surface of the river in winter. There were then no taverns, and every house-holder held himself bound by the inviolable laws of hospitality to provide a substitute. Everybody expected to receive or extend hospitality, as the case might be. But especially, "OLD NICHOLAS OUTRIDE," was distinguished for his benevolence and hearty entertainment of all comers, which he exercised upon principle.

His ample kitchen, with its jambless chimney, crackling fire of blazing logs, rows of benches against the wall, capacious "bunks" in the same position, and ample supply of splint bottomed chairs, was the receiving room, and an attracting place it was, not only to the travelling lumbermen, hunters, and canoe-men, up and down the river, but for all the loungers for many miles around, who aspired to hear or tell some new thing. The ample board and broad welcome of the good man of the house, with the rosy faces of the comely "gals," of whom there were several in the family, made the place still more attractive.

After supper usually the old gentleman, from the gravity of his tastes, was induced to retire to his own apartment. Those who were left behind embraced the opportunity to have a good time. Songs, national and masonic, and those that related to the softer passion, were often sung, but stories still oftener told. Hunting, boating, and revolutionary war adventures, (for many around the fire had been in the army,) were the staple of the entertainment; but sometimes their conversation turned on the *Supernatural*. They all believed in witches and in ghosts. Was it not true that a party going down the river, and being overtaken by night, were fain to take up their lodgings in an unoccupied house, the owner of which had been murdered? One of them, (more audacious than the rest) on the party entering within the gloomy walls, cried out "Come old Meldrum, strike up a light!" When sure enough, the house was as light as day, and there old Meldrum sat, crouched in a corner? No wonder they made for the boat again. And had not a certain old woman, who was believed to be a witch, been seen to sail across a lake in nothing but a horse's skull?

### II.—DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Among the guests who, from time to time, gathered around my Grandfather's Kitchen Fire, were several prospective sons-in-law, who deserve passing mention. First, there was *William Welltread*, tall, handsome, and attentive to his person, if not a little inclined to dowdiness—arraying himself—such was the fashion of the times—in a scarlet surtout and crimson-coloured hat, which set off his showy person in a somewhat rakish style. Strange that, though he was mindless and uninformed, *Kezzy*, who was fond of reading,—often stealing away alone with her book, and allowing her willing sisters, especially *Patience*, to do her share of the house-work,—should be the object of his choice; and it was equally strange, that she should have reciprocated his affection. Of two such persons: one disinclined to work, and the other predisposed to dress and display, much could not be predicted of their worldly prosperity. But I am not enough acquainted with their after history, to tell certainly how they turned out.

The next I shall mention is not the next in chronological order, but I mention him to get him out of the way. He was much the youngest of the three suitors, and a contrast to *William Welltread*, in many respects. He was not ugly, but ungainly. He had a fair, good-natured countenance, and it did not belie his disposition; for he was "not easily provoked," or "easy to take a hint," either. He was good-natured, and without energy enough to contradict any one. He talked with uncommon ease, but then it amounted to nothing. He could absolutely talk all day about nothing—the merest twaddle and gossip. As it turned out, after he was married, *Fonathan Firstman* was constitutionally indolent, and he had improved upon that consti-



tutional tendency by habit. "Jophy," as he was usually called, would come into your house immediately after breakfast, in such haste about something, that he would not take off his hat, for he "was goin' in a minute;" but he would stay listening to one remark and another, and telling his own idle stories, and toasting his shins by the fire, till dinner was served,—against partaking of which he would strongly remonstrate,—yet he always did partake: and a thousand to one, but he staid to supper, if not till bed-time, putting on the while his mittens a hundred times for a start.

Now the greatest of all wonders we have mentioned, or perhaps shall mention, was that this simple, lazy sawney should have won the heart and hand of little, red-headed, hustling, energetic, waspish Hepsy, who had threatened to broom-stick him out of her way a thousand times. It was surmised she married him to get rid of him. They seem to have been the prototypes of Sam Lawson and his sweet-tempered spouse, although I think my hero and heroine succeeded somewhat better. The "pepper" which Hepsy put in Jophy's "boots,"—no, *shoes*, for he never had a pair of boots—so far tended to stimulate him, that, with her taking the executive department into her own hands, they did manage to keep the wolf from the door.

But the next alliance in my Grandfather's family, was still more unlikely than those before mentioned. It was between the young and docile *Patience*, a girl of eighteen, and *Joseph Longbow*, a man of very uncertain age. He passed himself off for twenty-eight; but he should have certainly put another ten to the end of it, if not more. He was tall, muscular and well proportioned. He must have been quite handsome in early manhood, before he had the small-pox.

He had had a somewhat eventful history. He was of Irish parentage and birth, but brought up in America,—Maryland and Pennsylvania—where he had learned to excel in a certain mechanical craft. The outbreak of the Revolutionary war, found him a very young man in one of the colonial cities. His brothers took the side of the Colonies,—he espoused the Royalist cause, and entered the army. He served as a bombardier in the artillery,—probably he was a sort of a sapper and miner, for he carried a sword, the back of which was a saw.

He had passed through many "hair-breadth 'scapes," during the progress of the war. For, let him tell the story, he was in nearly every prominent engagement, although some of these several fights must have occurred at the same time far distant from each other. He spoke of having been so starved as to live on horse-flesh, and to broil and eat the shoes off his feet. He showed a prominent scar, from the end of his little finger to his wrist, made by the edge of a pike which he was aiming to ward-off and seize, in the hand of a defender of a stockade which he and his comrades were storming. Wrestling that pike from the "rebel," as he called him, made an opening by which the first British soldier entered the fort.

Had this man followed the business with which he was thoroughly acquainted, in which there were none to compete with him in that new country, he might have succeeded well. But his changeableness, love of adventure, and convivial habits spoiled all; yet his convivial qualities rendered him a desirable boon companion. He had a melodious voice, and could sing the many songs with which his memory was stored, enchantingly. They were of all kinds—patriotic, amorous, and masonic, to which fraternity he belonged. Often did he enchant his motley audiences with "Erin go Bragh," "Jemmy Riley," and "Burns' Farewell." But his powers of story telling, and he was not unfrequently the hero himself, were unequalled. With a considerable amount of information from books and observation, a rich animation, ready wit, and any amount of volubility, he was specially attracting to those whose ignorance of history and chronology unfitted them to detect his acronisms. For as one friend of mine said of another whom I know well, so, with some exaggeration, it might be said of him: "He was contemporary with William the Conqueror, and had been present and taken a part in every great event that had happened from that time to this." Some of his stories will come up at a future time.

But enough for one paper. In my next I will relate one of the many stories that were told around *My Grandfather's Kitchen Fire*.

The wealthiest man in Iowa is Hon. B. Allen, of Des Moines, whose assessment for the last year was \$1,140,000.

Bismarck's special organ, the *Provincial Correspondent*, has a circulation of less than twenty-five hundred copies.

A wag says: "In Germany, when a paper says anything witty they kill the editor." Strangely enough not one editor has been killed there for two hundred years.

A western writer gives it as his belief that if as much attention were paid to improving corn as is given to grapes, a hundred million bushels might be added to the annual crop.

## The Home Circle.

### THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Ah! here it is, that dear old place,  
Unchanged through all these years;  
How like some sweet familiar face  
My childhood's home appears!  
The grand old trees beside the door  
Still spread their branches wide;  
The river wanders as of yore,  
With sweetly murmuring tide;  
The distant hills look green and gay,  
The flowers are blooming wild,  
And everything looks to-day,  
As when I was a child.

Regardless how the years have flown,  
Half-wondering I stand,  
I catch no fond, endearing tone,  
I clasp no friendly hand;  
I think my mother's smile to meet.  
I list my father's call,  
I pause to hear my brother's feet  
Come bounding through the hall;  
But silence all around me reigns,  
A chill creeps through my heart—  
No trace of those I love remains,  
And tears unbidden start.

What though the sunbeams fall as fair;  
What though the budding flowers  
Still shed their fragrance on the air,  
Within life's golden hours;  
The loving ones that cluster here  
These walls may not restore;  
Voices that filled my youthful ear  
Will greet my soul no more;  
And yet I quit the dear old place  
With slow and lingering tread,  
As when we kiss a clay-cold face  
And leave it with the dead.

### BEEFSTEAK FOR MINISTERS.

THERE have been lately several elaborate articles remarking upon what they call the lack of force and fire in the clergy. The world wonders that, with such an arousing theme as the Gospel, and with such a grand work as saving souls, the ministry should ever be nerveless. Some ascribe it to a lack of piety, and some to timidity of temperament. We believe that in a great number of cases it is from the lack of nourishing food. Many of the clerical brotherhood are on low diet. After jackets and sacks have been provided for the eight or ten children of the parsonage, the father and mother must watch the table with the severest economy. Coming in suddenly upon the dinner-hour of the country clergyman, the house-wife apologizes for what she calls "a picked-up" dinner, when alas! it is nearly always picked up.

Eight hundred or a thousand dollars for a minister is only a slow way of killing him, and is the worst style of homicide. Why do not the trustees and elders take a mallet or an axe, and with one blow put him out of his misery?

Congregations sometimes mourn over dull preaching when they themselves are to blame. Give your minister more beefsteak, and he will have more fire. Next to the divine unction, the minister needs blood; and he cannot make that out of tough leather. One reason why the apostles preached so powerfully was that they had healthy food. Fish was cheap along Galilee, and this, with unbolted bread, gave them plenty of phosphorus for brain-food. These early ministers were never invited out to late suppers, with chicken salad and dough-nuts. Nobody ever embroidered slippers for the big foot of Simon Peter, the fisherman preacher. Tea parties, with hot waffles, at 10 o'clock at night, make namby-pamby ministers; but good hours and substantial diet, that furnish nitrates for the muscle, and phosphates for the brain, and carbonates for the whole frame, prepare a man for effective work. When the water is low the mill-wheel goes slow; but a full race, and how fast the grists are ground. In a man the arteries are the mill-race, and the brain is the wheel; and the practical work of life is the grist ground. The reason our soldiers failed in some of the battles was because their stomachs had for several days been innocent of everything but "hard-tack." See that your minister has a full sack. Feed him on gruel during the week, and on Sunday he will give you gruel. What is called "parson's nose" in turkey or fowl is an allegory setting forth that in many communities the minister comes out behind.

The damage begins in the college boarding-house. The theological student has generally small means, and he must go to a cheap boarding-house. A frail piece of sausage trying to swim across a river of gravy on the breakfast plate, but drowned at last; "the linked sweetness long drawn out" of flies in the molasses cup; the gristle of a tough ox, and measly biscuit, and buck-wheat cakes tough as the cook's apron, and old peas in which the bugs lost their life before they had time to escape from the saucepan, and stale cucumbers cut up into small slices of cholera morbus, are the provender out of which we are trying at Princeton and Yale, and New Brunswick, to make Sons of Thunder. Sons of mush! From such depiction we step gasping into the pulpit, and look so heavenly pale that the mothers in Israel are afraid we will evaporate before we get through our first sermon.

Many of the best young men in preparation for the ministry are going through this martyrdom. The strongest mind in our theological class perished, the doctors said afterward, from lack of food. The only time he could afford a doctor was for his *post mortem* examination.

I give the financial condition of many of our young theological students, when I say

Income.....	\$250 00
Outgo: Board at \$3 per week (cheap place).....	\$156 00
" Clothing (shoddy).....	100 00
" Books (no morocco).....	25 00
" Travelling expenses.....	20 00
	\$301 00

Here you see a deficit of \$51. As there are no "stealings" in a theological seminary, he makes up the balance by selling books or teaching school. He comes into life cowed down, with a patch on both knees and several other places, and a hat that has been "done over" four or five times, and so weak that the first sharp wind that whistles round the corner blows him into glory. The inertness you complain of in the ministry starts early. Do you suppose that, if Paul had spent several years in a cheap boarding-house, and the years after in a poorly supplied parsonage, he would have made Felix tremble? No! The first glance of the Roman procurator would have made him apologize for intrusion.

Do not think that all your eight-hundred-dollar minister needs is a Christmas present of an elegantly bound copy of "Calvin's Institutes." He is sound already on the doctrine of election, and it is a poor consolation if in this way you remind him that he has been fore-ordained to starve to death. Keep your minister on artichokes and purslain, and he will be fit to preach nothing but funeral sermons from the text "All flesh is grass." While feeling most of all our need of the life that comes from above, let us not ignore the fact that many of the clergy to-day need more gymnastics, more fresh air, more nutritious food. Prayer cannot keep a hot fire in the furnace with poor fuel and the damper turned.

### A LOCAL PREACHER.

MORE than that "Mrs. Kitty," said Betty, "Toby Treffry is appointed local preacher through our district." This announcement was made as Betty was taking away the supper, and the demand on mother's faith in Methodist arrangement was more than it could stand. "Toby a preacher, when he can scarcely read!" "It's my belief, Missis," said Betty, "folks can learn to read a deal easier than they can learn what the Almighty's learned Toby, poor soul. There be things seen in the depths Toby's been taking though not written in any spelling-book I ever see." "But whatever the profit may be to others," said mother, "it must certainly be dangerous to Toby himself to set himself up to teach, when he has to learn so much." "Well, Missis," said Betty respectfully but very determinedly, "it seems to me, if folks wait to teach till they've no more to learn they may wait till doomsday. And more than that, the folks that do set up to teach because they've done learning are most times mortal dull teachers. Nothing comes so fresh in my opinion as a lesson the teacher himself learned yesterday from the Almighty. However, Toby's not set himself up to teach, at any rate; folks found they were the better for what he'd got to say up to class, and so do I, and they would make him speak to them, so he couldn't help preaching, and that's the end of it." "An audience that will listen is certainly a good beginning for a preacher," remarked father. "I would not object to a little more of the same test; and I suppose Toby's salary is not very great." "Well," replied Betty drily, "Toby's pay, and most of the local preachers', is most times the wrong way, as far as this world goes. He walks often ten and twenty miles to his preaching, and when it rains he's got to preach in his wet things, and sit in them till they are dry, which is all very well when folks are young; but can't last always. As far as I can see, Toby's pay is weary bones now, and is like



to be rheumatism when he's old. But he's content, sure enough, and well he may be, and the rest of them too. They've got a good part of the pay they look for now, and all the rest well kept for them." But when I afterwards questioned Toby himself about his expenses and his self-denying labours, he coloured and stammered very little like a man accustomed to public speaking; but at last he said: "They've only taken me on trial for a year, Mrs. Kitty; and as for the pay, the times I have alone in my walks, thinking of the Lord and his goodness and all I've got to tell them, are pay enough for a prince, let alone the joy of seeing the folks' hearts melted by the words, and the hope of meeting them and thanking the Lord all together, by-and-by."—Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan.

INCREASING THE FLAVOR OF FRUITS.

FOR a number of years past, says the *Farm, Stock and Poultry Journal*, there has been a decided tendency on the part of fruit growers, and more especially of those who cultivate for market, to grow only large fruit, or, rather varieties of small fruit of a large size. We are not surprised at this, from the fact, that however insipid and flavorless a strawberry may be, it will always command the highest price in the market, if it is only large and fine looking. Hence, with the cultivator, it becomes a matter of dollars and cents. Fruit growing for profit in his business, and it is to such, generally, a matter of indifference whether the fruit is of a fine flavor or otherwise, so that it finds ready purchasers at good figures. It would be simply folly to argue against such a spirit, and as long as people are content to sacrifice the sense of taste for that of sight, we have no right to object.

But it does not follow, necessarily, that large fruit is obtained at the expense of its flavor. Every horticulturist, knows that a wet, cloudy season invariably produces greatly increased acidity in small fruits, and this is especially noticeable in the peach and strawberry. The result is of course beyond human control. But not so in other cases. We believe that it is in the power of a cultivator, who has not too keen an eye to profit, to command a flavor. "The method," says a first class authority on this subject, "is to thin out severely."

The same writer assumes that if a peach or plum tree be allowed to mature five or six dozen of fruit where only one-half that quantity should have been permitted, the result will be a flavor of decidedly inferior quality. By thinning, you make indifferent fruit good. By crowding, you make good fruit bad. We are aware that it is asking a great deal of an amateur to thin out fruit, but it will pay in the end when quality and not quantity is desired.

THE POT ON THE FIRE.

THERE is one mode for preparing food in general use in many parts of Europe which we should do very well more generally to adopt; that is, "gentle simmering." In every or almost every French household there is the *pot au feu*. This permanent "pot on the fire," after the manner of the old-fashioned "digester," occupies a quiet little corner of the stove or fireplace. It can hardly be said to boil, but it simmers on gently, very gently, for hours. There it is the receptacle of many a little bone, whether the trimmings of poultry or butcher's meat. It matters not, every little stray fragment of wholesome meat finds its way there. A bit of liver is considered a great improvement; and any vegetables that happen to be about, add to its pleasant flavour, whether the tops of celery; Jerusalem artichokes—which *par excellence*, make it delicious—or otherwise carrots, turnips, leeks, etc. But supposing it were to be made altogether of fresh materials—which in indeed, France, it rarely is—this would be the proper recipe; Put a gallon of water into a pot; put into this three or four pounds of shin of beef, or any similar thing. Add to this an onion or two, or some leeks, carrots, or some other vegetable, three or four teaspoonsful of salt, one of black pepper three cloves. Give it one boil up; skim carefully. Now cover the pot closely, and let it cook gently, for four hours at least. About every hour throw a wine glassful of cold water into it, to make it clear. Taste; it may require a little more salt or pepper, according to taste. Pour this soup over toasted crusts of bread. Both soup and meat will be found delicious. The whole secret of this lies in the gently simmering in a covered vessel, whereby the flavour is wholly preserved, and nothing lost.—*Scientific American*.

MR. ST. GERMAIN'S NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE will be announced in a few days. We have good reasons for believing that his venture will be a success, as he has the "sinews of war" to make whatever paper he may publish a success. He has selected Toronto as a field for commencing his operations in. Mr. St. Germain

will continue to reside at his pleasant, country retreat. The publication above referred to will be brought out within a very short time. The arrangements made for printing, &c., are such as to make it a creditable sheet.

HOW RAIN IS FORMED.

To understand the philosophy of this phenomenon, essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments, must be remembered. Were the atmosphere, at all times, at a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, hail or snow. The Water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was fully saturated. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capability to retain humidity, is proportionably greater in cold than in warm air. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the reign of the clouds.

The higher we ascend from the earth the colder we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the very hottest climates. Now, when from evaporation, the air is highly saturated with vapor—though it be invisible—if its temperature is suddenly reduced by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools, and like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular, yet how simple is the arrangement for watering the earth.—*Scientific American*.

BABY.

Dimpled pink cheeks,  
Tiny blue eyes,  
Age, just two weeks,—  
Very small size.

Nose—turn-up, small,  
Mouth rosy and pleasant,  
Chin,—none at all;—  
Neck,—none at present.

Hair,—what there is of it,—  
Flaxen and shiny;  
Foot,—take a quiz of it,—  
Shapeless and tiny.

Chubby fat fingers,  
Chubby fat toes,  
Softest touch lingers,—  
Nothing but clothes.

Dumpy short figure,—  
A very square baby  
Soon will grow bigger.—  
In a month or two, maybe  
And chuckle and talk,  
And a deal more,—THAT'S BABY.

—THOMAS WRAY.

A SCEPTICAL SHOEMAKER.

WE were much struck with the judicious manner in which a Scripture Reader recently met the objections of a sceptical shoemaker. He said, "I have read a good deal about the heathen gods, and I believe the account of Christ is taken from some of the heathen writings or other."

The reader replied, in a very kindly manner, "Will you abide by your own decision on two questions I will put to you? if so, I will freely do the same. I will abide by your own answer; by so doing we shall save much time, and arrive more quickly at the truth." "Well," he said, "out with it, and let us see if I can answer; there are few things but what I can say something about."

"Well, my friend," replied the reader, "my first question is, 'Suppose all men were Christians, according to the account given to us in the Gospels concerning Christ, what would be the state of society?'"

He remained silent for some time in deep thought, and then was constrained to say, "Well if all men were really Christians, in practice as well as theory, of course we should be a happy brotherhood indeed."

"I promised you," said the reader, "that I would abide by your answer; will you do the same?"

"Oh, yes," he readily replied, "no man can deny the goodness of the system in practice; but now for the other question, perhaps I shall get on better with that, you have got a chalk this time against me."

"Well, my next question is this, 'Suppose all men were infidels, what then would be the state of London and of the world?'" He seemed still more perplexed and remained a long time silent, the reader doing the same.

At length he said, "You certainly have beaten me, for I never before saw the two effects upon society;

I now see that where the Christian builds up the infidel is pulling down. I thank you, I shall think of what has passed this afternoon."

The sequel was that he was fully persuaded in his own mind to give up all his infidel companions and to follow the Lord Jesus Christ. But the change did not stop here. When first the reader called he had to sit on an old dirty chair, with a number of half starved children sitting in their rags on the floor around him, neglected and uncared for; now they have removed to a better home in a cleaner street. Within, all is cheerful and happy. The father no longer faithless, delights in the company of his wife and children, all of whom are neatly dressed; and his chief happiness is to read and to speak to them of the things which belong to their everlasting peace. "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help whose hope is in the Lord his God."—*Adeline Cooper*.

A "SUM" IN ARITHMETIC.

CHARLIE was at school, and, though only twelve years old, he was at the head of his class in arithmetic. His father had come home from his work, his mother was out that evening visiting a neighbour, whose boy was very ill of inflammation of the lungs. Charlie, sitting with his slate, on a stool near his father, said,

"Now, please, father, set me a sum, and you will see how soon I will do it."

"Well, I will," his father replied. "Are you ready? A rich lady once found lying at her door, one summer morning, a little baby wrapt in an old shawl. She could not find who laid it there; but she resolved to rear it, and give it out to nurse, keeping account of all it cost her. When the little baby had grown up a fine boy of twelve years of age, she wrote out the account thus:—

A nurse for keeping infant for three years, @ £20 a-year	£	60	0
Clothes for twelve years, @ £4 a-year	£	48	0
Food for twelve years, @ £10 a-year	£	120	0
Lodging for twelve years, @ £5 a-year	£	60	0
Teaching, books, &c., for six years, @ £2 per year	£	12	0
Doctor and medicines, when the boy was ill three times	£	2	1
£2, £1, and £2	£	5	0

Total

£ 305

"Now, tell me the total of it."

Charlie, after a little explanation, began, and by multiplying, found out the figures marked opposite each article, and adding, found that the little baby had cost the lady £305.

"How much money!" the boy exclaimed.

"Yes, it is indeed, Charlie," said the father. "Do you think you could pay as much?"

"Oh, no! I have just one half-crown grandpa gave me."

"Well, but my boy, do you know you owe all that, and much more, to a kind Lady?"

Charlie stared.

"Yes! Are you not just twelve years old; and what kind lady nursed you, clothed and taught you? I thought Charlie forgot who did all this for him, when he put on a sulky face this morning, and went so slowly on mamma's errand to the baker!"

The little face was bent downwards, and covered with blushes. "Let me see your account, Charlie; there is something more to put down. For twelve years mamma has loved you, watched over you, prayed for you! No money can tell how much this love and these prayers are worth! When you grow up, you might pay the £305, but how will you pay mamma for her love?"

Charlie's eyes filled with tears. "I will not behave so again. I can never pay what I have cost her!"

When his mother came home, Charlie showed her the account. She kissed him, and said lovingly, "Oh! if my Charlie grows up to be a good man, I shall be well paid for all."

CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE.

The uncultivated voice is like ore in the rough. If too bulky or heavy it must be wrought out, if too light or fragile it must be concentrated.

With one half the judgment and preparation employed in mechanics, we would have many fine singers. Apply these rules and witness for yourself:—

If the voice is full and voluminous beat it out carefully but industriously.

If it is too light or weak, strengthen it from the lower tones.

Avail yourself of the opportunity to hear good singing. Practice your own voice (Tenor, Sop., or what it may be.)

Do not tire the voice.

By all means abstain from spirituous or intoxicating drinks.

Be patient.

Be regular.

Provide against colds, and do not grow indifferent.



## Rural Affairs.

### EXTRACT FROM ADDRESS BY HORACE GREELEY,

DELIVERED AT THE STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR,  
HOUSTON, TEXAS, MAY 23RD, 1871.

But—not to trespass too far on your patience—let me close with a few maxims, applicable to cultivation in every clime and under all circumstances, whether among populations dense as that of China, or sparse as that of British America.

I. *Only good Farming pays.* He who sows or plants without reasonable assurance of good crops annually, might better earn wages of some capable neighbor than work for, so poor a paymaster as he is certain to prove himself.

II. *The good farmer is proved such by the steady appreciation of his crops.* Any one may reap an ample harvest from a fertile virgin soil; the good farmer alone grows good crops at first, and better and better ever afterward.

III. *It is far easier to maintain the productive capacity of a farm than to restore it.* To exhaust its fecundity, and then attempt its restoration by buying costly, commercial fertilizers, is wasteful and irrational.

IV. *The good farmer sells mainly such products as are least exhaustive.* Necessity may constrain him, for the first year or two, to sell grain, or even hay; but he will soon send off his surplus mainly in the form of cotton, or wool, or meat, or butter and cheese, or something else that returns to the soil nearly all that is taken from it. A bank account daily drawn upon, while nothing is deposited to its credit, must soon respond "No funds:" so with a farm similarly treated.

V. *Rotation is at least negative fertilization.* It may not positively enrich a farm; it will at least retard and postpone its impoverishment. He who grows wheat after wheat, corn after corn, for twenty years, will need to emigrate before that term is fulfilled. The same farm cannot support (nor endure) him longer than that. All our great wheat-growing sections of fifty years ago are wheat-growing no longer; while England grows larger crops on the very fields that fed the armies of Saxon Harold and William the Conqueror. Rotation has preserved these, as the lack of it ruined those.

VI. *Wisdom is never dear, provided the article be genuine.* I have known farmers who toiled constantly from daybreak to dark, yet died poor, because, through ignorance, they wrought to disadvantage. If every farmer would devote two hours of each day to reading and reflection, there would be fewer failures in farming than there are.

VII. *The best investment a farmer can make for his children is that which surrounds their youth with the rational delights of a beautiful, attractive home.* The dwelling may be small and rude, yet a few flowers will embellish, as choice fruit-trees will enrich and gladden it; while grass and shade are within the reach of the humblest. Hardly any labor done on a farm is so profitable as that which makes the wife and children fond and proud of their home.

VIII. *A good, practical Education, including a good trade, is a better outfit for a youth than a grand estate with the drawback of an empty mind.* Many parents have slaved and pinched to leave their children rich, when half the sum thus lavished would have profited them far more had it been devoted to the cultivation of their minds, the enlargement of their capacity to think, observe and work. The one structure that no neighbourhood can afford to do without, is the school-house.

IX. *A small library of well-selected books in his home have saved many a youth from wandering into the baleful ways of the Prodigal Son.* Where paternal strictness and severity would have bred nothing but dislike and a fixed resolve to abscond at the first opportunity, good books and pleasant surroundings have weaned many a youth from his first wild impulse to go to sea or cross the continent, and made him a docile, contented, obedient, happy lingerer by the parental fire-side. In a family, however rich or poor, no other good is so cheap or so precious as thoughtful, watchful love.

X. *Most men are born poor, but no man who has average capacities and tolerable luck, need remain so.* And the farmer's calling, though proffering no sudden leaps, no ready short-cuts to opulence, is the surest of all ways from poverty and want to comfort and independence. Other men must climb; the temperate, frugal, diligent, provident farmer may grow into competence and every external accessory to happiness. Each year of his devotion to his homestead may find it more valuable, more attractive than the last, and leave it better still.

## BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;  
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.  
We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,  
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan, it's hard to tell!  
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;  
I have no other woman, she has no other man—  
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,  
And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree;  
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;  
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,  
Although we never suspected 't would take us two apart;  
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone;  
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed  
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;  
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea,  
And the more we arg'ed the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;  
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only—How?  
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;  
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;  
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.  
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;  
And she said I was mean any stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;  
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a-comin' up;  
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,  
But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;  
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say;  
And down on us came the neighbours, a couple dozen strong,  
And lent their kindest service for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—  
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;  
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin' the whole of the winter and fall,  
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,  
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;  
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;  
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer,—the very first paragraph—  
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her half;  
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,  
And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and roam;  
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home;  
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,  
That Betsey never should want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' to'fable pay;  
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day;  
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;  
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, Sir, at my givin' her so much;  
Yes, divorce is cheap, Sir, but I take no stock in such!  
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young;  
And Betsey was a'ays good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart perhaps,  
For me she mitted a lawyer, and several other chaps;  
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,  
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—  
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon;  
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight—  
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,  
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;  
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,  
Exceptin' when we've quarrelled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,  
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;  
And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,  
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur:  
That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her;  
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,  
When she and I was happy before we quarrelled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,  
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;  
And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer  
If we loved each other the better because we have quarrelled here.

—FROM THE TOLEDO BLADE.

## A CALIFORNIA OBITUARY.

THE following exquisite bit of humor is from the *San Francisco News Letter*. What subtle influence is it in the air of the Pacific Coast that engenders so many first-class wags!

"Boddlepopster is dead! The bare announcement will plunge the city into unspeakable gloom. The death of Boddlepopster was most untimely; he should have died twenty years ago. Probably no man of his day has exerted so peculiar an influence upon society as the deceased. Ever foremost in every good work out of which anything could be made, an unstinted dispenser of every specious of charity that paid a commission to the disburser, Mr. Boddlepopster was a model of generosity, and weighed at the time of his death one hundred and ninety odd pounds. Originally born in Massachusetts, but for ten years a resident of California and partially bald, possessing a cosmopolitan nature that loved a York shilling as well, in proportion to its value, as a Mexican dollar, the subject of your memoir was one whom it was an honor to know, and whose close friendship was a luxury that only the affluent could afford. It shall ever be the writer's proudest boast that he enjoyed it at less than half the usual rates. Mr. B. was the founder of the new, famous Boddlepopster institute, and for some years preceding his death suffered severely from a soft corn, which has probably done as much for agriculture as any similar concern in the foothills of our State. In 1863 he was elected an honorary member of the Society for the Prevention of Humanity to Mongolians, and but for the loss of an eye in carrying out its principles would have been one of the handsomest whites that ever resided among us. There is little doubt that he might have aspired to any office in the gift of the people, so universal was the esteem in which he was held by those he voted for. In an evil moment he was induced to to associate himself in business with the Rev. Albert Williams, and though he speedily withdrew from the firm, he was never able to wholly eradicate the disgrace from his constitution, and it finally carried him to his grave. His last words, as he was snuffed out, were characteristic of the man; he remarked: 'Fetch me that catnip tea!' The catnip consolation arrived too late to be of any use; Farewell, noble heart, pure soul, bright intellect! We shall meet again."

## AGENTS WANTED.

We want active, energetic and reliable agents, in every County in Canada, to canvass for our paper and to supply every household in the country with "PURE GOLD."

Persons desirous of appointment, will please address, (enclosing stamp.)

GEORGE H. FLINT,

Publisher of "PURE GOLD," TORONTO, Ont.

## TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

### NORTHERN RAILWAY.

#### MOVING NORTH.

TORONTO.	NEW MARKET.	BARRIE.	COLLINGWOOD.
City Hall Station.			
MAIL, 7.00 a. m.	8.50 a. m.	10.40 a. m.	arrive 12.25 a. m.
EXPRESS, 4.00 p. m.	5.50 p. m.	7.40 p. m.	9.25 a. m.

#### MOVING SOUTH.

COLLINGWOOD.	BARRIE.	NEW MARKET.	TORONTO.
City Hall.			
EXPRESS, 5.10 a. m.	6.55 a. m.	8.50 a. m.	10.35 a. m.
MAIL, 3.45 p. m.	5.30 p. m.	7.25 p. m.	9.10 p. m.

### G. W. RAILWAY.

#### TORONTO TO HAMILTON.

DEPART.	ARRIVE.
EXPRESS, 7.00 a. m.	8.45 a. m.
" 11.50 a. m.	1.45 p. m.
ACCOMM. 4.00 p. m.	6.00 p. m.
EXPRESS, 8.00 p. m.	9.40 p. m.

#### HAMILTON TO TORONTO.

DEPART.	ARRIVE.
ACCOM. 9.10 a. m.	11.00 a. m.
EXPRESS, 11.30 a. m.	1.15 p. m.
MAIL, 3.35 p. m.	5.30 p. m.
ACCOM. 7.30 p. m.	9.20 p. m.

Trains on Toronto line connect regularly with Trains on MAIN LINE running East and West.

### G. T. RAILWAY.

GOING WEST.	GOING EAST.
Leave Toronto.	Leave Toronto.
7.30 a. m.	5.37 a. m.
11.45 a. m.	12.07 p. m.
3.45 p. m.	5.37 p. m.
5.30 p. m.	7.07 p. m.
11.30 p. m.	



PURE GOLD.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR CANADIAN HOMES.

Representative of all that is best and truest in the current thought and moral sentiment of the whole Dominion.

PURE GOLD

WILL CONTAIN

LIVE ARTICLES,

By able writers, on the most important MORAL, SOCIAL, EDUCATIONAL, AND PUBLIC QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

A BRIEF RECORD OF PUBLIC OPINION;

OR,

SELECTIONS FROM THE CONTEMPORARY PRESS.

TALES,

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL,

LITERARY SELECTIONS, IN POETRY AND PROSE,

SCIENTIFIC READINGS, &c., &c.,

Such as may be read with pleasure and profit at every fireside in the Dominion.

RURAL AFFAIRS.

A CAREFULLY PREPARED SUMMARY OF THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES,

AND PROGRESS OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Sixteen Pages a Week!

10,000 OF THE FIRST NUMBER Distributed Gratuitously

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

Five Cents a Week.

Office, Corner of King & Church Streets.

FRENCH TUITION.

MONS. VIVIAN,

Of Notre Dame College, (Recipient of the Croix de la merite.)

Has pleasure in stating that he is open to make engagements for the delivery of lessons in French. The first attention paid towards imparting a pure accent to the student, and rendering the pupil a good and fluent conversationalist.

Address Box 1020.

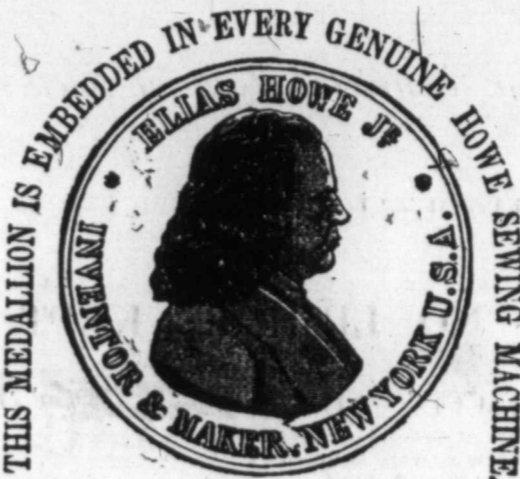
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE

The World-Renowned

HOWE SEWING MACHINES

ARE THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED OF ANY IN THE WORLD,

They being the first Sewing Machines ever made, and having been manufactured continuously under the supervision of the Original Inventor, ELIAS HOWE, Jr., since their first introduction, in 1845.



The Howe Sewing Machines.

In range of work this Machine cannot be equalled. Will work equally well on thin or thick goods, from gauze to the heaviest beaver coatings, or even leather, without change of needle, tension or thread. We will warrant them to do this. Our fine work is equal to any, and our heavy work excels that of any other machine in the world.

This Machine makes the celebrated Lock-Stitch, the stitch invented by Mr. Howe, alike on both sides. The tensions are positive for both upper and lower thread. The shuttle tension is upon the thread as it leaves the shuttle, and not upon the bobbin, as in most machines; and this tension is invariable, whether the bobbin be nearly full or empty. It is obtained by turning a screw in the shuttle, and can be changed in a moment, without taking out the work, breaking the thread, or threading through holes.

What we claim in substance, is, that this is an HONEST machine, and, if put in your family, will do any and all of your work perfectly, will last a life-time, is a willing and ready servant, and is not subject to FITS.

Persons who have tried all machines are unanimous in declaring this to be the easiest learned of any in the market. In the majority of cases, our customers learn from the instruction book without further aid.



POINTS OF SUPERIORITY. SIMPLICITY AND PERFECTION OF MECHANISM. DURABILITY—WILL LAST A LIFE-TIME. RANGE OF WORK—WITHOUT PARALLEL.

POINTS OF SUPERIORITY. PERFECTION OF STITCH AND TENSION. EASE OF OPERATION AND MANAGEMENT. SELF-ADJUSTING TAKE-UP—ADJUSTABLE HEAD.

A FAMILY FAVORITE.—The Improved Howe Sewing Machine has changed the drudgery of family sewing into a pleasant pastime. It runs very lightly; never gets out of order; is easily managed; is almost noiseless, and is the best and most convenient machine in use. Call and see it.

117 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

COLIN SKINNER

HAS bought his entire Cargo with care, and at such prices as will enable him to compete with any other house in the trade, and is determined not to be undersold by any.

Always on hand, and receiving daily,

ALL THE DELICACIES OF THE SEASON,

We could not do justice to our Teas to attempt here to describe either Quality or Quantity, but would earnestly solicit a trial. Most of

OUR TEAS ARE NEW CROP, and cannot fail to please.

COFFEE fresh roasted and ground on the premises.

271 Yonge Street.

TORONTO.

BEAVER PLATING WORKS.

WEST BROS.,

GOLD AND SILVER PLATERS, AND SHOW-CASE MAKERS,

Beaver Plating and Show-Case Works, 10 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

DOOR PLATES AND NUMBERS MADE TO ORDER,

Either in Brass or Silver Plated.

SHOP SASH, WINDOW BARS,

Nickle Silver Show-Cases, &c.,

MADE TO ANY DESIGN, AT THE MOST REASONABLE RATES.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

EDITED BY ROBERT RIDGWAY.

THE Magazine will contain sixty-four pages of reading matter, printed from beautiful new type, on good white paper, with full page illustrations.

The staff of writers will embrace the ablest NATIVE AND ADOPTED Canadian talent, while noted and clever English and other writers will be engaged to give a desirable variety.

The Publishers have great pleasure in stating that they have made arrangements with MRS. CRAIK (Mis Mulock), author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c., for the copyright of her new and probably last novel, which will be published in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE. This novel, Mrs. CRAIK, in her letter to us, states, "is on a subject strongly interesting to the Colonies, and on which they and the Mother Country differ, viz., marriage with a deceased wife's sister."

The subscription price of the Magazine will be TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable strictly in advance.

To advertisers, the Magazine will offer a valuable medium, and we have made the terms moderate.

To Authors and Publishers, we open our Review columns, and promise such selections from their works as will best exhibit the style, subject and attractive features of the work under review.

To Correspondents, we open our Magazine for Tales, Historical and Biographical Sketches, Essays, Descriptive Pieces, of Local Scenery, Incidents and Reminiscences of Travel and Adventure by land and water, field and flood, Papers on Scientific and Art subjects, Poetry and Wit.

Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be legibly written, and only on one side of each leaf.

All communications for the Editor should be addressed to R. RIDGWAY, Esq.

Postage on MSS. is only ONE CENT per ounce.

Letters on general business must be addressed to IRVING, FLINT & CO.

Publishers and Proprietors, Office—12 Melinda Street, Toronto.

W. H. FLINT'S

PRINTING & PUBLISHING OFFICE.

J. S. WILLIAMS, Manager.

The Printing Office of "Pure Gold" and the "Canadian Magazine," corner of King and Church Sts. Entrance from Church St.

Book work, Pamphlets, Cards, Posters, &c., executed neatly, cheaply, and with despatch.

Estimates Furnished to Authors

for the publication of MSS.

All MSS. sent to the Proprietor for publication, will be carefully revised by proficient proof-readers before it is sent to press.

All orders sent by letter, will be carefully attended to.

Toronto, June, 1871.

HISTORY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF UPPER CANADA, (ONTARIO.)

BY WM. CANNIFF, M.D., M.R.C.S.E.

The only complete work of the kind yet published.

From the Toronto Globe.

We thank Dr. Canniff for the patient industry with which he has compiled this volume, and trust that the sale of it will be such as to show that his efforts have not been unappreciated.

From the Christian Guardian.

It has the rare honour of occupying a ground not previously cultivated, the author being the first to write a work of the kind. The design of the work is well calculated to excite curiosity, and its contents cannot fail to interest and instruct the reader.

All orders sent to the Office of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, will be promptly attended to.



Hamilton Advertisements.

**GOLDSMITHS' HALL,**  
12 KING STREET,  
Opposite the Large Fountain.

**T. B. STEWARD,**  
WATCHMAKER, JEWELLER,  
SILVERSMITH,  
Importer and Manufacturer of  
*Masonic, Odd-Fellow, and Good Templar Jewellery.*  
WATCHES, CLOCKS, DIAMONDS,  
SILVERWARE.

Watches and Jewellery sent per C. O. D. Express, on approval, to any address in Ontario, on receipt of 10 per cent. of the value.

Price lists and estimates furnished on application.

**T. B. STEWARD,**  
Sole Agent American Waltham Watch Co.

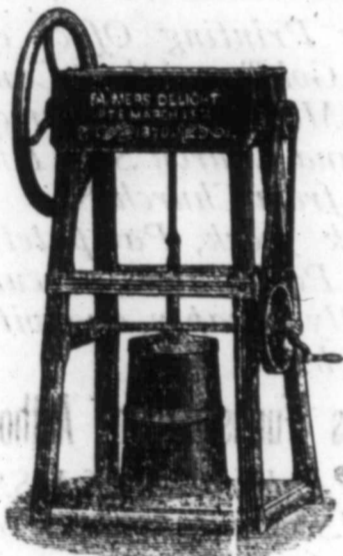
**PROVINCIAL MARBLE WORKS.**

**HURD & ROBERTS,**  
Dealers in Marble, and Importers of  
*Scotch Granite Monuments,*  
YORK STREET, HAMILTON,  
Keep constantly on hand, and will furnish to order on short notice, all kinds of

**MONUMENTAL MARBLE WORK**

EMBRACING  
MONUMENTS, TOMB-TABLES,  
HEADSTONES,  
COUNTER and  
TABLE-TOPS,  
MANTLES, BOTH MARBLE AND  
MARBLEIZED SLATE, &c.

**Farmers' Delight.**



**PATENTED BY JOHN R. TEMPLE,**  
OF HAMILTON, ONT., March 15th, 1870.

Comprises all the good qualities of the old Dasher Churn, while it does away with the hard labor of using it.

**WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY ABOUT IT.**  
How simple it is.  
It works like a charm.  
Why has not somebody thought of it before?  
There is nothing about it to get out of repair, or wear out.

It will last a life time.  
My little girl, six years old, does our churning before breakfast, and calls it fun.  
No trouble to churn now. I can read and churn at the same time.  
Mr. Temple ought to be called the Woman's Friend for inventing the FARMERS' DELIGHT, for it lightens her labours wonderfully.

**WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE**  
HAMILTON.

NEXT YEAR OPENS 6TH SEPT'R,  
WITH  
A STAFF OF SIXTEEN TEACHERS.

Circular on application to  
**REV. S. D. RICE, D.D.**  
May 28th, 1870.

Hamilton Advertisements.

**PERKINS & CLARK,**  
CATHARINE STREET, HAMILTON,

**WHOLESALE GROCERS**  
AND  
**SPICE MERCHANTS.**

*A large and complete stock of General Groceries.*

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF SPICES, CREAM TARTAR, &c.

**NO LIQUORS KEPT.**

**JUDD'S FAMILY SOAP**

Has been an household-phrase for the last twenty years. It is a good, hard, yellow, standard soap; will please the consumer, and pay the grocer a fair profit.

Cut in 1lb, 2lb, or 2½lb Bars.

MANUFACTURED BY

**W. H. JUDD & BROTHER,**

73 BAY STREET NORTH,  
HAMILTON.



**JAS. THORNTON**

Manufacturer of

IMPROVED CHURCH, SCHOOL AND  
PARLOR  
ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

FACTORY AND WAREROOMS:  
FLORENCE BLOCK,

CORNER OF KING AND BAY STREETS,  
HAMILTON.

MANUFACTURED

ON THE

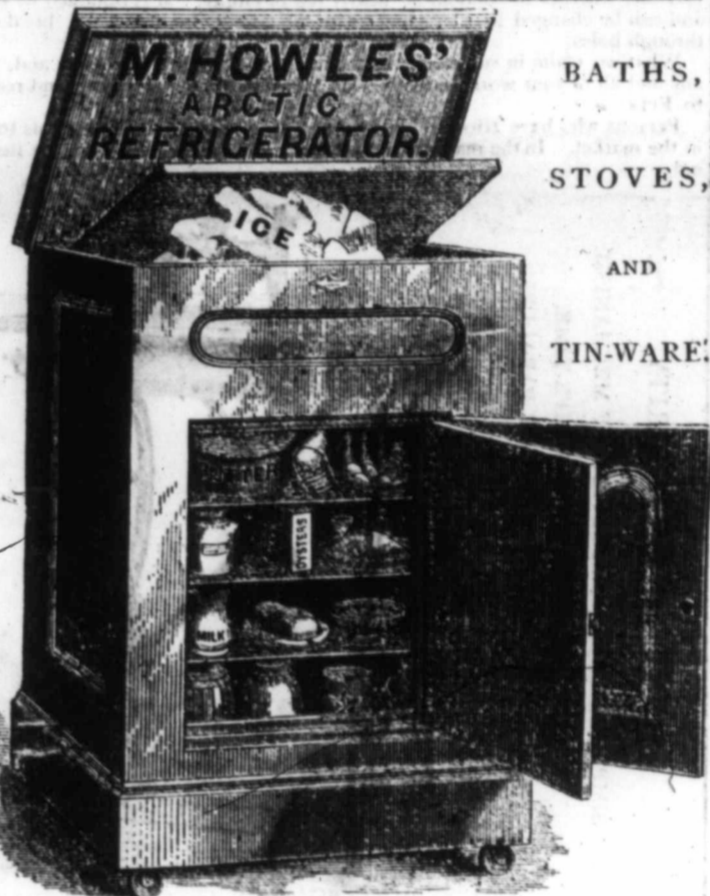
MOST APPROVED  
SYSTEM

OF  
VENTILATION.

NON-CORROSIVE,  
HANDSOMELY

FINISHED,  
AND

WARRANTED.



BATHS,

STOVES,

AND

TIN-WARE.

**METALLIC MOTH PROOF FUR CASES.**

Call and see the MONITOR PATENT COFFEE-POT, which is pronounced to be superior to all others.

**M. HOWLES,**  
114 KING STREET WEST.

Hamilton, June 3rd, 1871.

**The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Co.**

FIRE & LIFE.

Capital, - - - - - \$10,000,000. Annual Revenue: over - \$6,000,000.  
Invested Funds, - - - \$19,300,000. Funds Invested in Canada, \$350,000.  
Amount of Special Reserve for payment of Life Claims, - - - \$11,500,000.

LIBERAL SETTLEMENTS.  
PROMPT PAYMENTS,

LARGE RESERVES.  
MODERATE RATES.

**BONUS GUARANTEED ON LIFE POLICIES.**

"Life Claims payable one Month after proof of Death."

A. MACNIDER, Manager Bank of Montreal,

F. L. HOOPER,

Agents at Hamilton.

Hamilton Advertisements.

**JOHN BOICE & CO.,**  
IMPORTERS,

ENGLISH,  
FRENCH,  
GERMAN,  
AND AMERICAN

*Fancy Goods & Small Wares*

No. 3 KING STREET,  
HAMILTON, ONT.

- Buttons, great variety
- Braids
- Hair Nets
- Silk Ties and Scarfs
- Belt Ribbons
- Ladies' Belts
- Boys' Belts
- Linen Thread
- Machine Thread
- Spool Thread
- Machine do
- Sewing Silk
- Machine do
- Crochet Cotton
- Cotton a' Broder
- Boot and Shoe Laces
- Shirt Fronts
- Linen Collars
- Paper do
- Berlin Wool
- Berlin Wool Canvass
- Fleecy Wool
- Fingering Yarn
- Pipes
- Soaps and Perfumery
- Ladies' Companions
- Hooks and Eyes
- Buckles and Jet Goods
- Napkin Rings
- Bell Corals
- Egg Boilers
- Work Boxes
- Writing Desks
- Dressing Cases
- Fancy Boxes
- Pictures
- Concertinas
- Violin Strings
- Gun Caps
- Steel Pens
- Silk Twist and Braces
- Travelling Bags
- Ladies' Bags
- Bag Purses, Tapes
- Combs, Brushes
- Pencils, Pen Holders
- Rubber Goods
- Thimbles, Needles
- Pins, Hair Pins
- Albums, Jewellery, Clocks
- Tattooing Shuttles
- Corset Clasps
- Table Mats
- Spectacles
- Spectacle Cases
- Ribbon Wire
- Elastic Cord
- Elastic Frilling
- Rubber Balls
- Cricket Balls and Bats
- Boot Web
- Feather Dusters, Fans
- Marbles, Slates
- Jews Harps, Harmonicas
- Skiping Ropes.
- Fish Hooks and Lines
- Dolls, Toys (all kinds)
- Hosiery, &c., &c.

**L. ECKERSON,**

**PHOTOGRAPHER,**

No. 9 JAMES STREET, HAMILTON.

Enlargements made from the Smallest  
Pictures to Life Size.

Liberal Deduction to Photographers.

**J. BOWES,**  
DENTIST,

OFFICE—North-West Corner of King  
and John Streets, (up stairs)

HAMILTON, - - - ONTARIO.

**CHARLES FOSTER,**

**Merchant Tailor.**

GENTS'

FURNISHING GOODS.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,

CLOTHING OF ALL KINDS MADE  
TO ORDER

ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

N.B.—C. FOSTER'S is the place  
for New York and Paris Fashions.

**S. J. SOVEREIGN, L.D.S.,**

**Surgeon Dentist,**

No. 50½ KING STREET WEST,

(Next to Storror's Fancy Store.)

HAMILTON, - - - ONTARIO.

Nitrous Oxide Gas made for the painless extrac-  
tion of teeth.

W. M. GRINTON, from Edinburgh, Scotland,  
Manager of Mechanical Department.