

Vol. 1.

APRIL.

No. 2.



PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

Dominion Publishing Co.,

TORONTO.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

CONTENTS:

AN HOUR IN THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.....	1, 2, 3
POETRY—WHAT IS LIFE?.....	4
SOUR GRAPES.....	4
PASSING THOUGHTS.....	4
YOUNG CANADA'S COLUMN.....	7
JOHN DULL'S ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.....	13
MISCELLANEOUS.....	8-16

TORONTO:

JAMES C. BURNS, PRINTER, VICTORIA HALL,

1870.

GLOVER HARRISON.
CHINA HALL, TORONTO

71 & 73 King Street East,

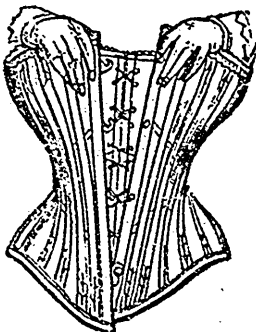
Begs respectfully to call the attention of the Public to his immense Stock,
which is now replete with all the most

MODERN AND CLASSIC DESIGNS IN
China, Glass, Earthenware, Parian Statuary,
And Bohemian Glass,
PLATED GOODS & CUTLERY,
Tea Trays and Services,

CHINA BREAKFAST AND TEA SETS,
DINNER AND DESSERT SETS,
TOILET SETS AND TOILET BOTTLES.

A. S. IRVING,

Wholesale and Retail News Dealer and Direct Importer of
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN
Newspapers, Magazines, Books, Stationery, Bibles,
Church Services, Prayer Books, Albums,
Fancy Goods, &c.,
35 King Street West, Toronto.



Crawford & Smith,

91 KING STREET, TORONTO,

Importers of Thomson's "Glove Fitting" Corset,

Which received the only Prize Medal at the Paris
Exposition, 1867.

The "GLOVE FITTING" CORSET with its main transverse seams (which run around the body in graceful curves, instead of up and down, and which evade all strain and cannot rip,) excels in durability, gives ease and comfort to the wearer, supports the form, and always retains its perfect fit at the waist where it cannot stretch in wear, though elastic and self-adapting at top and bottom.

N.B.—Ladies in the country, on remitting \$2.25, can have a pair sent to any address, free of charge.

Our Own Magazine.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Single Number 5 cents—One Year (including postage) 50 cents.

THE MAGAZINE is published on the first of each month, and given gratis to all Mr. A. S. In vino's subscribers to the English and American Magazines. Any person subscribing to any Magazine from him will receive "OUR OWN MAGAZINE" for one year gratis, thus making it one of the best mediums for advertisers.

All letters to be addressed,

OUR OWN MAGAZINE,
Box 308, Toronto, Ont.

AN HOUR IN THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

BY A LADY.

The dead letter office! Alas, what a mausoleum of perished hopes and chilled memories is comprehended in those three little words! How many eager hearts are looking and longing for some token of answer to the loving missives that lie in heaps, with seals unbroken and pages unperused, within those massive walls at Ottawa.

These were the thoughts that came to my mind, as I stood in the dead letter office that bright wintry morning, with the yellow sunshine playing on the floor, and gilding the locks of the men who were busied in opening the dead letters.

We had been fortunate enough to procure the Postmaster General's entree to this place through special favor and influence, although, as a general thing, no visitors are admitted. It was a large, light room, with two or

three desks, at which were seated the officials in silent occupation among literal drifts of letters. On every side there were huge mail-sacks which had been returned full of unclaimed epistles, from myriads of post offices; there might have been fifty or a hundred of these sacks and each probably contained thousands on thousands of letters!

"How rapidly you dispose of them!" said I, watching the lightning speed with which the clerks tore open the epistles, glanced over them to see that no drafts, checks, or other important documents were enclosed, and throw them upon an immense heap of opened letters at their feet.

"It is all habit, ma'am," said the young Irish gentleman nearest to me. "We are accustomed to open a certain number daily, and to those who do not understand the expedition and accuracy with

which we work, it would seem almost incredible.

As he spoke, a tiny gold ring rolled from the folds of a rose-tinted letter, whose pages were evidently written over by a delicate female hand.

"A child's ring," he said, taking it up—"would you like to look at it, ma'am?"

I took it in my hand; it was a fairy circlet of virgin gold, with the words, "Mary, to E. V." engraved within; and I wondered who the "Mary" was, and whether the little "E. V." who never received the tiny gift, was dead or living.

Meanwhile the clerk had been taking a rapid note of the signature, direction, etc.

"What will you do with it?" I inquired, returning the ring to his care.

"We lay all such things aside, in case they should be called for, when the signature and address of the writer is our guide."

"And are they often redeemed?"

"Not often—not once in a hundred instances," he replied, taking a Provincial \$5 note from another letter, and laying it carefully on the desk.

We stood in silence, regarding the pile of opened letters, which was growing higher with every moment. It was a strange medley of styles and handwriting. Some were inscribed on huge sheets of foolscap in a manner that conveyed the impression to your mind that the writer must have grasped his pen with both hands and gone at the paper as he would dig a spade into the earth, and folded with a disregard to all geometrical precision; others, again, were daintily written on colored tissue paper, and some

were in that easy, flowing hand that bespeaks energy and refinement of character in the calligrapher.

"Oh, how I should like to read these letters!" said I involuntarily.

The official smiled. "That is what all the ladies say. It would be almost impossible to preserve our charge from the curiosity of the female sex, if, fortunately, our rules did not protect us from many visitors."

"But do you never read them?"

"Never unless they seem very important, or contain enclosures of amount. It is all we can do to keep up with the arrival of the dead mails now. If we were to read one letter in a hundred, we should be lamentably behind-hand; besides the privacy of these letters is a point of honor with us. We have no more right to read them here, unless it is necessary, than to pry into any personal secrets."

Here one of the clerks leaned over and handed our companion a tiny package.

"From one of the letters," he said "I thought the lady might feel interested in it."

It was a single curl of golden hair, tied with a bit of pink ribbon, and wrapped in a little piece of paper on which was written, "Baby's hair!"

I knew the history of that letter in an instant, though I had never looked on its folds. I could see the fair young mother parting the sunny tress from the infant head, and placing it with half a smile and half a tear, within the closely written page that was to gladden the heart of a far away husband. And he never received the letter. Perhaps he died under the shadow of Sierra Nevada;

perhaps the turf of some Mississippi valey lay cold and close on his pulseless heart, while she the faithful wife, was growing more sad, less hopeful with every day that brought no answering word.

"Baby's hair!" I could not bear that the bright curl should be thrown carelessly among the host of letters; it seemed like desecration.

"May I keep this little look?"

"Certainly, if you like."

And I placed it carefully in my reticule, with tender hand. I know not where the sorrowing young mother's heart is breaking, day by day, but certain I am that there is an invisible bond of sympathy between her soul and mine, clasped by a link of curling, silky gold—"Baby's hair."

It would be in vain to attempt to chronicle the numerous enclosures which dropped from the various letters which were opened during the short space of time we stood there. Bits of rainbow colored silk, sent for "patterns," muslin collars, newspaper paragraphs, bank bills, gold, coarsely written messages from little ones at home, whose hands were guided by mother or sister, so that the absent father, cousin or brother might have a little letter, and innumerable other affecting relics.

"Where do all these letters go when they have been opened and examined? Are they burned?"

Yes, they are destroyed as soon as we discover that they do not contain anything of value.

There were two or three huge stones which had been sent for "a joke," involving an immense amount of postage to be paid by some unfortunate, who luckily

never received the ponderous package; a gigantic rag-baby, said to have been sent to some vinegar faced old maid; a neatly manufactured night-cap, which some indignant old bachelor—name not recorded—refused, in high dudgeon, to receive, and which consequently found its way here, and a daguerrotype of a young man, which had been cracked across the nose, and wrathfully sent back by some fair damsel with whom he had quarreled.

We asked Mr. King, the superintendent to whom we were introduced, "why don't you employ ladies? I am sure they could discharge the duties admirably."

"Indeed," said he mischievously. "I am afraid their curiosity would be so extreme that the department would fall into inextricable confusion to say nothing of the number of secrets they would ferret out of the dead letters."

We were so indignant at this horrible and heretical opinion that we asked no further questions, but took our leave, much gratified with our novel and interesting experience in the dead letter office at Ottawa.

Rivalry in trade is shown in the case of two sausage dealers in Paris with shops adjoining, one of whom has painted on his glass window, over a pyramid of sausages, "At thirty centimes a pound—to pay more is to be robbed;" while the other puts his sausages into an obelisk, and paints above it, "At forty centimes a pound—to pay less is to be poisoned."

SELECTED POETRY.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

Days glide, weeks pass, and months unite
 To form the rolling year :
 Old friends and scenes with time depart,
 While others new appear.
 New hopes to-day still hover o'er
 Bright visions of to-morrow,
 And dearer grow than e'er before,
 As time grows short and narrow.

Now as to-day I muse upon
 Past objects bright and fair,
 Which proved like bubbles on the wave,
 Or castles in the air.
 I wonder if my present hopes
 Will yield me joy or sorrow—
 If these bright visions of to-day
 Will vanish ere to-morrow.

When objects prove so dear in life,
 If won, would make earth heaven,
 Or, lost, would make all care and strife,
 All worldly prospects riven—
 Then, well the mind may meditate
 On scenes of joy and sorrow,
 And wonder what will be the fate
 Resulting on to-morrow.

But ills of life off-times occur
 Through fear of ill-success ;
 And, though but little one can do,
 By faltering one does less.
 Then sink not down in gloominess,
 Through fear of coming sorrow :
 Perchance the sun will brightly shine,
 And all seem fair to-morrow.

AN OLD MAID'S OPINION.—"SOUR GRAPES."

Do you think, if I'd a baby,
 That I'd let him pull my hair ?
 Do you think I'd put on collars
 Just for him to soil and tear ?
 Do you think I'd call it pretty
 When he bit his little toe ?
 Yet I've known some silly mothers
 With their babies do just so.

Do you think I'd set him crying
 Just to see his cunning frown ?
 Do you think I'd set him walking
 Just to see him tumble down ?
 Would I call my baby pretty
 When he'd neither teeth nor hair ?
 Yet I know some silly mothers
 Think their babies wondrous fair.

WHAT IS LIFE ?

Half is sunshine, half is shadow,
 E'en within the happiest home :
 Oh the weary, waiting moments,
 Longing for the light to come !

But each storm-cloud's fringed with light,
 Soon will burst the sun again :
 Though thy youth be dark as night,
 Brighter days may yet remain.

Brood not, then, o'er present grief :
 Hope, still hope, for joys to come,
 All in this great world is brief :
 Faith in God will lead you home.

For all those who do his will,
 Joy and glory wait at last :
 Happiness to them shall come
 When this vale of tears be passed.

A. S. IRVING,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL NEWS DEALER, &c.

Can Supply any Magazine, Paper or Book Published at
LOWEST RATES,

Magazines and Papers delivered promptly to any part in the city, and
mailed to country subscribers.

Catalogues Free on Application.

35 King Street West, Toronto.

New Boot and Shoe Establishment.

WM. WEST & CO.

Manufacturer and Dealer in

GENTS, LADIES, & CHILDRENS' BOOTS & SHOES,

A LARGE STOCK

Of First Class Work of all kinds always kept on hand which will be Sold

CHEAP FOR CASH.

200, Yonge Street, West side, 2 doors North of Page's Dry Goods Store,
TORONTO, ONT.



J. & J. LUGSDIN,

Direct Importors and Dealers in

Hats, Caps, and Furs,

AND

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

No. 101 Yonge-st. Toronto,

A few doors South of Adelaide Street.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

NOW READY

"The Land Question of Ireland,"

Being a series of Letters published in the "London Times," from their own

SPECIAL COMMISSIONER,

WITH A REFERENCE MAP ENGRAVED SPECIALLY FOR THIS BOOK.

Price 30 Cents.

Mailed to any address (post-paid) on receipt of price. The Trade supplied by

A. S. IRVING, Publisher.

35 King Street West.

WM. WARWICK,

WHOLESALE

Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods & Bookbinding,

Warehouse 36 Wellington Street East.

Every description of Blank Books made to order, Magazines
and other Letter-press Binding promptly attended to.

TENNISON & HUNTER,

105 King Street East, Corner of Church St.

DRY GOODS MERCHANTS & CLOTHING

Manufacturers, &c.,

SPECIAL FOR APRIL.

Our \$15 and \$16 Suits made to order in first-class style—got up under
superintendance of our Foreman Cutter, late of Pooles, London, England.

THE MERCANTILE AGENCY,

FOR THE

Promotion and Protection of Trade,

Established in 1841.

DUN, WIMAN & CO.,

Montreal, Toronto and Halifax.

REFERENCE BOOK, containing names and ratings of Business Men in the Dominion,
published semi-annually. The New York Economist truly says, "The Merchant who grants
credit without consulting these reports, places himself in the same category with the man who
refuses to avail himself of the Telegraph or Railway, or omits to insure himself against loss by
Fire." Subscribers are also entitled to receive information from any or all of our Twenty-Two
Branch Offices, in the principal Cities of the Union and the Canadas. In conclusion, the Public
are requested to examine the BOOK, and investigate our unequalled facilities to serve them.

YOUNG CANADA'S COLUMN.

BABY'S LETTER.

DEAR old Untle,
I dot oor letter,
My old mammy
She detten better.
She every day
Little bit stronger,
Don't mean to be sick
Bery much longer.

Daddy's so fat
Can't hardly stagger,
Mammy says he jinks
Too much lager.
Dear little Baby
Had a bad colic,
Had to take *tree drops*
Nassy Paregolic.

Toot a dose of Tatuip,
Felt worse as ever.
Shan't take no more
Tatuip never!
Wind on stomit,
Felt pooty bad,
Worse fit o' sickness
Ever I had!

Ever had belly-ate
Old Untle Bill!
Tain't no fun, now,
Say what oo will;
I used to sleep all day
And cry all night;
Don't do so now,
Cause taint yite.

But I'm growing,
Getting pooty fat,
Got most two pounds,
Only tink ov 'at!
Little flannin blankets
Was too big before;
Nurse can't pin me
In 'em no more

Skirts so small,
Baby so stout,
Had to let the plaits
In 'em all out;
Got a head of hair
Jus' black as night,
And big boo eyes
Yat look mighty bright.

My mammy says
Never did see
Any ozzer baby
Half as sweet as me;
Grandma comes often,
Aunt Sarah, too,
Baby loves zem,
Baby loves oo.

Baby sends a pooty kiss
To his untles all,
Aunties and cousins,
Big folks and small;
Can't yite no more.
So good-by,
Bully ole untle
Wiz a glass eye!

—BABY.

SCOLDING.

A little girl, not six years of age, screamed out to her little brother, who was playing in the mud:

"Bob, you good-for-nothing scamp, come right into the house this minute, or I will beat you till the skin comes off."

"Why, Angelina, Angelina, dear, what do you mean? Where did you learn such talk?" exclaimed the mortified mother, who stood talking with a friend.

Angelina's childish reply was a good commentary upon this manner of speaking to children:

"Why, mother, you see we are playing, and he's my little boy, and I am scolding him just as you did me this morning that's all."

"MAMMY," said a precious little boy, who, against his will, was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother. "if God has any more babies to give away, don't you take em."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BOY TO SUCCEED.—A few years ago, a large firm in this city advertized for a boy. Next day the store was thronged by applicants, among them a queer looking little fellow accompanied by a woman, who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this little waif, the merchant in the store promptly said: "Can't take him; places all full; besides he is too small." "I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful." There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes, which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he "did not see what they wanted of such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider." But after a consultation the boy was sent to work. A few days later a call was made for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of the others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered his youthful *portec* busy scissoring labels. "What are you doing?" said he. "I did not tell you to work nights." "I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something." In the morning the cashier got orders "to double that boy's wages, for *he is willing*." Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and very naturally all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize

something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and, after a struggle, was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he staid behind to watch when all the others quit their work, the reply was, "You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay." Orders were immediately given once more: "Double that boy's wages; he is willing *and faithful*." To-day that boy is getting a salary of two thousand five hundred dollars, and next January will become a member of the firm. Young men, imitate that example.

A WONDERFUL INVENTION.—A paper in the interior of Pennsylvania, claims to have shown the model of a new railroad and machinery, which, if it does all the inventor claims for it, will work wonders in the way of travel. The inventor has applied for a patent, and claims, with his improvements, that the trip from New York City to San Francisco can be made in sixty hours, including moderate stoppages at the principal points, with much more safety than on the present road. There will be four rails laid down instead of two for a single track, and they will be laid in such a manner that the road can be used in various ways. It is proposed to build the cars seventeen feet wide. He claims that a double engine of sixty tons will take a thousand passengers

J. W. BRIDGMAN,
PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Life size Portraits in Oil. Samples can be examined at R. W. Laird's
King Street. Studio 39 King Street West.

SAVE YOUR FURS
By Using **DAVIDS' MOTH PROOF LINEN BAGS**, Chemically Prepared,
An Invaluable Article for Preserving Furs, &c., from
Moths and other Insects.

Prepared only by the Inventor, **JOSEPH DAVIDS,**
CHEMIST, &c., 169 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

DUDLEY & BURNS,
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,
Victoria Hall, Melinda Street, Toronto.

Every description of Book and Job Printing executed in a manner unsurpassed by
any office in Canada.

Particular attention given to Printing in Colors. Orders from the country will
receive prompt attention.

QUEEN STREET BAZAAR
News Depot and Variety Store.

The undersigned begs to inform his Customers, and the public generally, that he is
now prepared to supply them with all the latest

MAGAZINES, PAPERS, BOOKS, NOVELS, STATIONERY,
AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

He has also on hand a large and splendid Stock of
ALBUMS PRAYER BOOKS, HYMN BOOKS, BIBLES, TOY BOOKS.

Jewellery, Toys, Fancy Goods, Lithographic Pictures, Perfumery,
Sented Soaps, Portmanteaus, Needle Cases, and a large
Assortment of Tissue Paper.

He has always on hand all the latest English and American Magazines
Comprising :

Bow Bells, Young Ladies' Journal, Every Week, Boys of England,
Young Men of Great Britain, Boys of the World, Family Herald,
London Journal, &c., &c., &c.

Magazines delivered to any part of the city.

A. BUTLER,

55 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont.

in a single train, with less wear and tear to the roadway than is now caused by a thirty-five ton engine; and that they can be run at the rate of sixty miles an hour, with double, if not treble, the safety of running the present cars at forty miles an hour. He also claims that a single passenger, merchandise, or baggage car, capable of carrying double the number of passengers and double the quantity of merchandise, will weigh at least five tons less than any two of the cars now in use. It will be readily seen that it will be almost impossible for a car to be overturned in case of an accident, and the inventor claims that there will be no oscillating movement in the cars when running at a high rate of speed. If there is anything in this alleged wonderful invention, the millennium for railroad travellers is surely near at hand.

A GRATEFUL FISH.—“While living at Durham,” says Dr. Warwick, “I took a walk one evening in Lord Stamford’s park. On reaching the pond in which fish were kept ready for use, I observed a fine pike of some six pounds’ weight. At my approach he darted away like an arrow. In his hurry he knocked his head against an iron hook fixed in a post in the water, fracturing his skull and injuring the optic nerve on one side of his head. He appeared to suffer terrible pain, he plunged into the mud, floundered hither and thither, and last, leaping out of the water, fell upon the bank. On examination, a portion of the brain was seen protruding through the fractured skull.

“This I carefully restored to its place, making use of a small silver toothpick to raise the splinters of broken bone. The fish remained quiet during the operation; when it was over he plunged into the pond. At first his sufferings appeared to be relieved; but in the course of a few minutes he began rushing right and left until he again leaped out of the water.

“I called the keeper, and with his assistance applied a bandage to the fracture. That done, we restored him to the pond and left him to his fate. Next morning, as soon as I reached the water’s edge, the pike swam to meet me quite close to the bank, and laid his head upon my feet. I thought this an extraordinary proceeding. Without further delay, I examined the wound and found it was healing nicely. I then strolled for some time by the side of the pond. The fish swam after me, following my steps and turning as I turned.

“The following day I brought a few young friends with me to see the fish. It swam toward me as before. Little by little, he became so tame as to come to my whistle and cat out of my hand. With other persons, on the contrary, he continued as shy and wild as ever.”

AN EDITOR IN LUCK.—Mark Twain has recently been made the victim of what he calls a ‘first-class swindle,’ on the occasion of his marriage. It was long ago arranged that the newly married couple should proceed at once to their boarding house in Buffalo, on their arrival from Elmira, while the rest of the wedding party were to be domiciled at a hotel. The securing of a desirable home

in a private family had been delegated to an intimate friend and resident of Buffalo; and Mr. Clemens, having been absent on his lecturing tour for the past few months, accepted the assurance that everything had been attended to. At the depot in Buffalo, on the evening after the marriage had taken place, hearty "good-nights" were exchanged, the larger party driving to the hotel, the bride and groom taking a carriage for the boarding-house that had been engaged for them, and presently stopped before an attractive brick house, in the hall of which he was much surprised to be met by the father of his bride and his

own sister, whom he supposed already quartered at the hotel. The landlady of the house suddenly disappeared from the scene, and as leaf of the charming little drama unfolded itself, Mark Twain found himself in his own house, newly furnished throughout—a present from his bride's father. Nothing that love or wealth could suggest or supply was wanting, from the delicate blue satin drawing room to the little sanctum quite apart, with its scarlet upholstery, amidst the pretty adornments of which, inspiration must often come to its happy occupant.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE LAND QUESTION OF IRELAND.—The most valuable contribution which has been made to this subject, now of such paramount interest in Great Britain and Ireland, is that contained in the series of letters written by the special commissioner of the London *Times*, and first published in that Journal. The demand has been so great for these letters in Ontario that Mr. A. S. Irving, publisher of this city, has had them printed in book form. Already some thousands of copies have been sold. The mechanical work of the pamphlet has been executed in the book and job department of *The Leader* office, and is exceedingly neat and tasty.

name of *The Million*, intended to be "a journal for everybody." In its general appearance it is not unlike *Bow Bells*. Its tales and minor literary matter are much of the same kind. With the present number there is a full-sized colored plate of the fashions. A. S. Irving is agent for Toronto.

The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine is a perfect gem in its way, and the March number exceedingly brilliant. The fashion-plate is luxurious, and, besides the reading matter, there are the most profuse patterns for needle work, &c. Every lady should have it. It may be had at A. S. Irving's.

In magazine literature we have a new London venture under the

Good Words (which may be had at the same place) is of equal interest. Dr. Vaughan has an

article on "Halfhours in the Temple Church;" Jean Ingelow one on "The Two Margarets;" Samuel Smiles, author of *Self-Help*, describes a "Visit to the country of the Vandors;" and Mr. C. F. Cunning has a nice descriptive paper, "In the Himalayas."

printed pamphlet from Mr. J. A. Simmers, Seed Merchant, corner Front St. & West Market Square, called the Cultivators Guide, a descriptive Catalogue of Garden Agricultural, and Flower Seeds. Persons about purchasing seeds should send or call for one of them.

We have received a very neatly

BUSINESS NOTICES.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Wm. West & Co., 200 Yonge St., who has now on hand a large Spring stock of Gents', Ladies' and Childrens Boots and Shoes, which they are selling cheap for cash.

Cups. Also a large stock of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

CLOTHING.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Tonnison & Hunter, 105 King-street, who have received a large stock of beautiful Spring Tweeds.

CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS.—A. S. Irving, 35 King-street, has just received a large supply of Catholic Prayer Books, in cloth and ivory bindings.

SPRING TWEEDS.—J. Brimer, Merchant Tailor, 171 Yonge-street, has now on hand his spring stock of Tweeds. Also some Fancy Vestings.

SEWING MACHINES.—Persons about purchasing Family Sewing Machines, should see the Lockman Sewing Machines, manufactured by Wilson, Bowman & Co., Hamilton. Agencies are to be found in all the principal towns in Canada.

THOMSON CORSETS.—Messrs. Crawford & Smith, 91 King-street, Toronto, have received a large supply of the above article. See advertisement.

HATS, CAPS, &c.—Messrs. J. & J. Lugsdin, 101 Yonge Street, have just received direct from the manufacturers, a large assortment of all the latest styles in Hats and

CONFECTIONERY.—R. T. Pocknell is now manufacturing on his premises, No. 33 King St. West, every description of English, French and American Confectionery, wholesale and retail. Buyers in the city and country will do well to give him a call. Country orders promptly attended to.

JOHN BULL'S

ANSWERS TO

CORRESPONDENTS.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS.—When you are in love you experience a great deal of tenderness about the heart and about the head—especially the head, and heartily wish you had something better than the earth to walk upon. You feel as if your debts were paid and that you freely forgive every person whom you had ever wronged. You wouldn't be a bird if you could. Of course, the world belongs to you; but if your title to that brown-stone mansion up town was a little clearer, you would be better satisfied. Your landlord begins to realize a little profit from your board. Large adjectives become very prominent features in your every-day thoughts. You run to every fire, hoping to achieve immortal renown by climbing a lightning-rod to the fourth story thereby saving some despairing female womanity. Tight pants and tight boots begin to flourish. The old gentleman's boots flourish soon too.

C. W.—We never were drunk but once, and then we got that way on mince-pies—they had a little too much brandy in them. Since then our favorite drink has been mince-pies. We like them pretty thin.

D.—We advise you not to feel particularly brilliant because the young ladies make light of you.

JAKE.—Yes, indeed, some of our Provincial Legislatures are exactly like Prometheus, because they are bound to caucus-us.

ERNEST.—The principal rhymes lovers use run somewhat like this—heart with dart; love with dove; kiss with bliss; waist with embraced; eyes with skies; hair with fair; gate with late; ankles with rankles; form with charm; fingers with lingers; words with birds; smile with beguile; glance with trance; name with claim; breast with distress; jealous with fellows; slight with blight; sigh with die; scorn with mourn; cold with toll'd, and so on down to the Insane Asylum.

ANNA.—If you are too fleshy, we advise you to fall in love with some other girl's lover; there is nothing so reducing as this. It is bad, but it is good.

PUBLISHER.—We never wrote but one novel, and that was so powerful that it brought tears to the eyes just to look at the back of it. Everybody cried who read it. Children forgot to cry for bread, and wives forgot to cry for that immemorial new bonnet. Oh, it was wonderful! The rivers rose and the very bridges shed tiers. The plot was very deeply laid; yes, it was laid away down in a coal mine. People would forget themselves reading it, and sit down on a red hot stove and never know the difference. The authorities were at last obliged to exterminate it. We are not allowed to write any more.

JIM.—We advise you not to get down in the mouth because you have no down above your mouth;

neither feel bad because you are becoming bald. It shows you are a victim of early piety. Moreover, people who doubted that you had a head can now see it through your hair.

ARITH—METIC asks: "If one quart of whiskey makes a man see eleven hundred snakes, what are several bullfrogs worth, old iron being one cent a pound?" This is just exactly what we thought.

LAURA.—Don't think any less of your lover because he has simply committed several murders; that is proof that he has a passionate heart, and is of fine blood. His other little eccentricities, such as robbery, thieving, drunkenness and so forth, should have weight with you. Love is love, you know. You are wrong in supposing a person can commit arson by swallowing arsenic.

BOB.—The ladies (bless them, we are a respecter of persons) are considered the best to keep a secret—moving!

BEN.—Calling upon a young lady every night and writing her three letters a day, is what we would call going it pretty much while you are young. In her last note to you, instead of her saying: "Your conduct is commendable, worthy of all commendation," see whether she didn't say: "Your conduct is contemptible, worthy of all condemnation," which we think is the case.

PETE.—If the old governer has not respect enough for you to die or divide, place him tenderly in the asylum, where he surely deserves to be.

LORENA.—You can probably dis-

pose of your poems at the most convenient paper-mill. We are sorry to say that all your poems are on the extreme verge of ver-soffocation.

D.—Do the best you can without too much trouble to yourself, and don't worry about the balance.

HEZEKIAH.—If your sweetheart threw a pan of hot dishwater over you, you should let it cool your ardor, and dry up.

D. S.—We think a man who has been married seven times must be a very solem-man.

—:O:—

While a boy of fourteen was fishing for trout in a deep brook, a stout darkey commenced teasing the lad by throwing mud at him. The boy, although little, was as "smart as a steel trap" and swinging the butt of his fishing rod round, Cuffee found himself in deep water, struggling with which our friend left him and ran home. His dirty appearance attracted the attention of his mother, who was highly indignant to think that her son had been so treated by a black boy, and demanded, "Did you brook the outrage?" "No, mother," replied the youngster, who didn't exactly comprehend the words; "but I brooked the nigger."

"The candles you sold me last were very bad," said Jerrold, to a tallow-chandler. "Indeed, sir? Do you know they burnt to the middle, and would then burn no longer?" "You surprise me! What, sir, did they go out?" "No sir, no; they burnt shorter!"

Swinging is said by the doctors to be very good exercise for a persons health, but we know of many a poor wretch who has come to his death by it.

"Wood is the thing after all," as the man with the wooden leg said, when the mad dog bit it.

NOW IN PRESS
Hans Brietmann's Complete Ballads.

Three Series. Complete in One Volume, on fine tinted paper, 16 mo. Price 50 Cents.

Hans Brietmann's Party, and other Ballads.
Hans Brietmann About Town
Hans Brietmann in Church

FOR SALE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.



Please read the following Notices of the Press, from all sections of the world, about Hans Breitmann's Ballads.

"Mr. Leland, the author of the only translation of Heinrich Heine's songs into English or rather American, which seems to give us the least glimpse of those pathetic gibes and scoffing bursts of woe in which we scarcely know whether there be most of infinite passion and melody or infinite hate or scorn, has recently published in the United States some remarkable ballads of his own, not without something in them akin to Heine's lighter moods of mischief. Mr. Leland's art consists in depicting in a raucy German-Pennsylvanian patois the large infinite appetite for earthly things of this thoroughly carnal German-Yankee. There is a peculiar felicity in the adaptation of the dialect to the vein of character indicated. . . . In the Party, the goose and the sausage, and the beer and the fat maiden, prolong themselves in his memory in a sort of dreamy passion of regret, and he ends with a transcendental soul-yearning worthy of Werter or Thackeray's. Jeames asking the abysses, 'Where the heavenly-beaming star, the star of the spirit's light,' and answering with the profound desolation of a Pennsylvanian Childo Harold

"All gonod afay mit do Lager Bier,
Afay in do ewigkeit."

"The likening of the Party, at which everybody got drunk 'ash bigs' and overeat themselves like the same noble animals, to the 'lofely golden cloud dat float on do mountain's prow,' and to the star whose light has been dissipated ages since; and again the 'lyrical cry' of despair, as Mr. Matthew Arnold calls it, with which the ballad ends—these are strings of satire which contain more humor, and strike deeper than even Jeames' vulgarly lacquered imitations of sentiment. When Breitmann's greed becomes maudlin, the ballads attain their climax in art."—*London Spectator*.

"Byron would have delighted in 'Hans Bruijtmann's Party.' He would have imitated it at once, just as he imitated Frere's Comic Epic. The book is full of exquisite fooling, and the comic element is sustained from the first to the last stanza. . . . The idea of making Don Quixote a German, placing him on American soil, and chronicling his exploits in the ludicrous dialect of the American-German, is irresistibly droll. . . . It would be impossible to conceive anything more genuinely humorous than some of these verses. We have laughed so heartily while reading them that we positively criticise with tears in our eyes. . . . The book has a kind of philological value apart from its merits as an intensely humorous production. . . . It is one of the richest specimens of Yankee humor since the Biglow Papers."—*London Reader*.

"The hero is a bit of true character, and the adventures through which he passes are raucy of the soil and of the time. But the oddity of his figure and his fortunes would be lessened in any other medium than its language, the strange grotesqueness of which acts on the nerves as much as on the spirit. The very effort to pronounce this poetry sets one laughing."—*London Athenæum*.

A SINGULAR DOG STORY.

Theophile Gautier, a French writer on animals, tells a singular story of a dog he owned. The dog was a spaniel, and his name was Zamore. He was neither stylish in form nor handsome in color; but he was a dog of very marked characteristics, many eccentricities, and much artistic taste. One of his characteristics was his invariable and utter refusal to notice women at all; and, in fact, the only person for whom he seemed to have any special affection was Gautier's father, whom he followed, step by step, wherever he went, but always in the most demure manner, keeping close to the old gent's heels, and never stopping to gambol with other dogs, or even turn his eyes from his master's steps. One day Zamore heard music in the street, and, on going to the window, saw a band of trained dogs dancing on their hind legs to the sound of music. Zamore was immediately seized with an irresistible desire to be among them, and at once rushed to the street, and mingling with the dancing dogs, endeavoured awkwardly to imitate their motions; but only got cut by the showman's whip, and driven ignominiously back into the house. From that hour the dog's peace of mind, and even his appetite forsook him. After a while a strange noise was heard in the night time, in the room where Zamore usually slept, which continued night after night. On investigating the matter for a cause, Zamore was discovered practising on his hind legs the steps which he had so much admired in the trained dogs which he had seen dancing in the streets. And this practice he con-

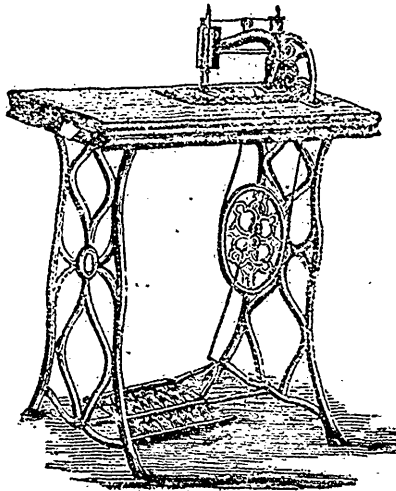
tinued, running into the streets whenever he heard the sound of the dancing dogs, and watching their steps with curious interest, in order to practise them at night. This he did until he had acquired a good degree of proficiency in the art. One fine morning the servants were astonished to find some fifteen or twenty dogs gathered in a circle in the courtyard, with Zamore in the middle, exhibiting all his fine dancing acquisitions to his admiring friends. The dog survived but a short time afterwards, the author saying his disease resembled brain fever, and that it was brought on by close application to study.

Many years ago, at a dinner-party in Glasgow, there was present a lawyer of very sharp practice, fond of giving toasts or sentiments. After the cloth was removed, all withdrew but a plain old maid. She remained behind, and as the conversation became a little masculine, our friend of the "long robe" was anxious to get rid of the "old maid," and for this purpose rather prematurely asked Mr. Thrumbs the privilege of giving a toast. This being granted, he rose and gave the old toast of "Honest men and bonnie lasses." The toast was drunk with all honor, when the dame, who was sitting next the lawyer, rose from her seat, gave the lawyer a poke in the ribs with the end of her finger, and having said, "That toast neither applies to you nor me," left the room.

None are so fond of secrets as those who don't mean to keep them—such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.

OUR OWN MAGAZINE.

The Leading Machine.



THE

Lockman Sewing Machine

Is now the Leading Machine

In the Dominion of Canada.

This proud position it has attained through its inherent good qualities.

These qualities are

Simplicity,

Durability,

Elegance,

Adaptability,

Besides a score more of equal importance. For full particulars

Address the Manufacturers,

WILSON, BOWMAN & CO.,

Hamilton, Ont.

Agencies are to be found in all the principal Towns and Villages of the Country.

OUR OWN MAGAZINE.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SILENT MOTION
SEWING MACHINES.

By Special Appointment
to
H. R. H.
The Princess of Wales.
The only honor of the
kind ever conferred upon a
Sewing Machine house.



OVER 70
PRIZE MEDALS
Have been awarded
THIS MACHINE,
Including the only
GOLD MEDAL,
Paris, 1867.

Over 70,000 Sold in one year, ending December 31st, 1869,

An increase of sales unsurpassed in the history of Inventions.

CATALOGUE POST FREE.

G. A. WALTON, General Agent,
85 King St. West, Toronto, and 37 Sparks St., Ottawa.

PLAYING CARDS!

Just received, a large assortment of

NEW DESIGNS OF PLAYING CARDS,
done up in neat cases, from 40c to \$1.00., at
A. S. IRVING'S,

Bookseller and Stationer, 35 King St. West.

SPRING TWEEDS.

A large assortment of SPRING TWEEDS for Gentlemen's Suits, also
a fine variety of

FANCY VESTINGS,
AT

J. BRIMER'S,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

171 Yonge Street.