

THE TORONTO GAZETTE

A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR CANADIAN HOMES

VOL. III. NO. 4.

TORONTO, JULY 19, 1872.

WHOLE NO. 56

Tales and Sketches.

TORONTO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE progress which the Toronto Young Men's Christian Association has made during the past year, has more than equalled the most sanguine expectations of its greatest friends. Commencing as a very insignificant organization, in the city January 1862 holding its meetings in the basement of the Temperance Hall, it has steadily and rapidly increased in both membership and wealth, until it has gained the prominent position it now occupies among the institutions of the city.

The project of a building had been before the brethren for some time, but the carrying of it into execution sprang out of the Indianapolis Convention held in June 1870, one of the delegates was moved under God to invite to Toronto, Mr. K. A. Burnell, an earnest association worker, to hold a Layman's Institute and advantage taken of the attention to the work of the association. The design of Messrs. Smith and Gemmill was approved with some modifications suggested by experience, and the work was commenced in the month of May. The above cut represents the building now in course of erection, on the corner of Queen and James streets.

The building will extend over an area of 120x70 feet, and will be three stories high, exclusive of the basement. In the basement a first-class gymnasium will be provided for the use of members of the Association, also several cellars, a kitchen and boiler room. On the ground floor will be three stores with ware-rooms attached, and in rear of these the height of the gymnasium is continued on the basement, on this floor is also the caretakers rooms. The first floor consists of a reading room, 43x38, the Library being arranged along one side with shelving for 6000 volumes, and the Librarians desk arranged so that he can control the reading room, and parlour. Secretary's room 12x14 Parlor 28x14, with laboratories, closets, &c. The large Lecture Hall 70x66 with a gallery at each end, and ante-rooms in an entrance to the Hall is 12 feet wide, leading direct from the street, also side entrance of 6 feet. The Hall will seat 1200 persons, the whole of this floor forms a suit of rooms. The second floor is devoted to offices, class and committee rooms, and passages to galleries. This floor is so arranged that it can be used by the Young Men's Christian Association if desired. The third floor mansard roof will constitute a Hall 56x43 with ante-rooms. This Hall will be for renting.

The outside of the building will present a handsome appearance when completed. It will be of white brick with stone and galvanized cap-pings, the heads of the corridors on the first and second floors being circular. A mansard roof in which will be dormer windows, and a tower 80 feet in height rising over, the main entrance will make an imposing appearance.

The corner stone was laid on the 4th of June by the President, Mr. John Macdonald, who spoke of the objects of the Association, observing that a stranger arriving in the city without friends, will find himself taken by the hand and welcomed heartily. A mother receives her son after a long absence and finds him imbued with new hopes, and new aspirations, he has been led to God by the Association, and what must that mothers feelings be towards it. After the Presidents address and the laying of the stone, several other addresses were made by Ministers and Laymen of the city. The building is to be ready for occupation on the first of December this year, and when completed will cost some \$41,000 an amount which it is to be hoped will be forthcoming before the building is finished, and that the Association may enter it free of debt. Some \$12,000 remains yet to be subscribed, we would strongly urge upon those friends of the society who have not yet subscribed, to send in their names to the Secretary Mr. Wilkie, who will be happy to receive their subscriptions which if sent in now will be spread over three years from next September.

The list of subscribers with amount subscribed we publish on our 5th page. To friends outside it is an interest to support such an institution, on account of those who are or may take up their abode in the city.

RACHAEL NOBLE'S EXPERIENCE.

CHAPTER XXI.

M R. MORGAN did not go the length of prohibiting intercourse between the families, but if he had, I would not have considered myself bound by the decree. I went frequently to spend an evening with Lizzie and George, and it was on one of these occasions that I heard "provisions" mooted as the future field of enterprise.

"You see; Miss Noble," said George, "I mean to try to get a small shop in this district where I am known; when I went with the omnibus I was popular. Hadn't I a manner that pleased the ladies, Lizzie?"

"I never heard of it," replied Lizzie, gravely.

"May be, but it's true though," said George; "and lots of them will come to the provision shop—but where to get the provisions is the puzzle to begin with?"

"Oh," said Lizzie, "begin with very little and go on gradually, your expenses will be trifling; the shop-vent won't be heavy, and you needn't keep a shopman. I'll help you to keep the shop."

"Well done!" said he, "I think I see you fitting bacon and smoking over water—you would be a dear shopman—I mean an expensive one. While you are in the shop things are going to sixes and sevens here—the bairns with no one to look after them growing up to run away with any low fellow that might take the advantage of them—we'll have none of that, Mrs. Myles."

"That we shall not," said Lizzie, "they'll be better looked after, they'll not get wandering at their own sweet will as their precious mamma did."

"I used to feel like a fool, Lizzie, when used to trip down the omnibus steps in your dainty little boots, and alight on the ground like a feather. Then when you dropped the money into my great weather-beaten paw, out of a hand on which the pretty glove seemed to have grown, it fitted so exactly, I felt I felt—"

"Probably like an earthworm looking up at a bird of 'Paradise,' she said; "but you would know that birds of Paradise sometimes stooped to gobble up the worms?"

"I knew that earthworms never presumed to look at birds of Paradise, unless birds of Paradise first—"

"George?"

"Well, it's true, but I'll never tell. I once read an autobiography of what's called a self-made man—what I'm going to be you know—and in it he describes tully how his wife courted him. I could have sent my fist into the fellow's face. When I have made a plum I'll likely write my biography, but I'll not tell Lizzie, you may, depend on me."

"Miss Noble," said she, "pay no attention to the nonsense he speaks, he might have something more serious to think about;" then in a few minutes she said, "I wonder if any body will ever tell the children—I wouldn't like them to know?"

She said this with such simple earnestness that George and I could not help laughing. There is a charm about the simple sayings of acute, clever people that is not about the common run of simple remarks.

"I don't know how we'll manage about that," said George, "they'll come to know, as sure as eggs are eggs—see how my thoughts run on the provision business—you must be their sister, Lizzie as well as their mother, make them all your own, and then they'll tell you what they think of the man in the place of that papa once was, when he was very poor, before he was a great wholesale merchant, and kept his carriage."

"There now, George, take care and don't kick your basket of eggs; just look well to the shop, and as long as we can walk we won't need a carriage. I don't mean even to take a ride in the omnibus now; we must be thrifty, and you must be serious and think."

Certainly he must, about how to begin business for instance, without capital, for, as I conjectured

he had nothing but what he might have saved during the past few years, little enough likely, for, as might be supposed, Lizzie's ideas of economy were not over stringent.

If, reader, you are the outlook for objects to pity, don't select young people in necessitous circumstances; Lizzie and George seemed only pleasantly exhilarated; it was simply holiday excitement with them; he had faith, she had no fear, and they were much nearer their end than if, to use a popular expression, they had fretted themselves to fiddle-strings. Probably Mr. Morgan pictured them to himself sitting in blank despair, repenting their folly in dust and ashes, only waiting for ever so light encouragement—which he resolved they should never have; they had sinned of their own accord, and of their own accord they must own it—to humble themselves at his feet, and ask to be re-instated. He could not imagine their happy, hearty enjoyment—so independent of external circumstances.

Lizzie, her husband, and myself were still sitting talking when the bell rang, and we heard the patter of little feet accompanying the servant who went to open the door. Then we heard a voice we had no difficulty in recognising, say, "Bairn, has ye're mother nae mair sense than to hae the like o' you oot o' ye're bed at this time o' night? Whan's she to get a steek put in, if it's no after



the weans are in their bed? An' hoo are ye bairnikie?" said the voice to the little girl. "Kite yell—how ou?" said Lizzie the less.

"That's aunt Betsy," said Mrs. Myles; "what can have happened to bring her from home—nothing disagreeable, I hope?"

Miss Betsy Morgan entered with no evil tidings in her face certainly.

"An' hoo's a' w' ye?" she says, "I'm blythe to see you sae scanty like."

"I hope you didn't expect to find us anything else, auntie?" said Lizzie, as she settled the old lady in an easy chair, and took her bonnet and shawl.

"Well, Lizzie lass, there's never ony kennin' hoo ye're to find folk in this world."

"We haven't found the world such a bad one yet, Miss Betsy," said George.

"Aye, ye're young; ye'll maybe no say the same thing fifty year after this—no but that I've had a geycanny time o' mysel, being a single woman; but oh, let me keep yersel to yersel as ye like, ye will get mixed up w' folk, an, whiles get a sair heart or ever ye ken."

"Auntie, who's vexing you now—what's the matter?"

"I didna say ony body's vexin me—maybe somebody's plesurin me—what wad ye think?"

"I would be very glad indeed," said Lizzie.

"Well it's e'en so—fulsh folk, nae doot, w' an awfu' want o' worldly wisdom, throwin' awa a gude gaun, weel payin' business, and landin' themselves on the parish—it's nae joke."

"It's a sober truth," said George, with possibly a squint at a pun.

"The soberer the better," said Miss Betsy; "ye wad wonder hoo the likes o' me hears tell o' a thing; wad jist cam' off an' errand to see what ye're goin to turn ye're hand to next?"

"George thinks of going into the provision business," said Lizzie, "and I was offering to be his shopman, but he won't have me."

"Weel, I wadna say but what he's richt in no ha'in' ye in the shop ye wad aye be gicin' far over gude wecht, an' ye wad be by ordinar' lovin' w' the paper an' the string an' that things tell on a business; no to say that if a woman looks after he hoose an' her bairns, she has handlin' entuch with out keepin' a shop; but it's no a bad thoct the

provisions—folk maun aye hae provisions, an they're aye rinnin' dune; but ye wad need to take tent hoo ye gie credit—I'm no ower fond o' thae bits o' pass-books, there's ower mony o' them gaun about."

"I doubt," said George, "I'll have to ask credit before I give much."

"That's it noo—I jist thoct that," said Miss Betsy, "but it'll no do—it'll jist no do, ye maun gang to the market w' the siller in ye're pouch—it's a wonderfu' advantage."

"Wonderful," said George. "I'll have to take the omnibus again, and try if I can find a fat purse in the bottom of it, that nobody claims; that's my likeliest chance of such an advantage."

"It would be better than stealing pocket handkerchiefs," put in Lizzie. "Miss Noble felt shocked and alarmed at your dishonesty, George. I don't think she is over fond of you playing with her scissors yet. You had better put them down."

"Certainly," said George, and I really think he blushed.

"Noo, that's some story o' what ye'll ca' the auld times, I'll warrant," said Miss Betsy. "Ye wad break a crookit saxpence atween ye, na doot. Aweel, mair fules has dune that in their day than you, and no aye for luck either," and Miss Betsy strangled a sigh in the birth. Was there some romantic tale, with Miss Betsy for its heroine?

Those keen, dark eyes had probably done execution in their day, and the handsome face, though withered now, and the figure that must have been graceful before years bent the shoulders and made it stiff, had in those past attracted the admiration of many a man.

"But," she went on, "we're away frae the bit—Lizzie there kens I seldom speak without reason, an' what I was gaun to say is this—I'll gie ye the siller—an' I daursay I'm may be an auld gowk for doin' but I'll gie ye it; gin ye lose't—an' ye may—for prosperity's no the promise of the New Testament—I'll fend, an' gin ye doob't I'll get it back. I'll no say it was easy come by; few folkken I hae sic a posy—the feck o't was left by an auld mistress, mony a year sin'—eh, she was a tashous body, an' muckle I put up w', w' nae expectation o' gettin' a bawbee mair than my wage. Naething ever pleased her; but she was a gude body for a' that. It's an auld sayin', that grace will bide where neither you nor me wad like to bide—an' I've warrant she's gotten a' things to her mind noo. Weel, that'll gang its length in the stockin' o' ye're shop. Ye've come oot like Abraham, no kennin' where ye was gaun, and there's five hundred pound to ye," and she laid a cheque for that amount on the table. We were were all struck dumb for a minute; then Lizzie silently kissed her aunt, and George said, "I feel your kindness deeply, but I don't think I can take it—I can't take it."

"W' at for should nae ye tak' it, if I've made up my mind to gie ye't? I canna say I've aye had an easy mind w' sae muckle siller lyin' by an' sae mony toll ill aff—a body's no to hve here aye, an we canna tak' it w' us. I'm glad o' sic a gude use to put it to. I approve o' the provisions. My certie, whan ye come to dee, as ye will some day for a' sae far awa' as it looks—ye'll find the meal pocks a hantel safter cod to lay ye're head on than the whisky casks." The argument was quaintly put but it was forcible—George took the money, and began business at once.

George Myles went home with me to Honeycomb House that evening, but beyond the gate he couldn't go, nor could I ask him to go. It is a very dreary thing the breaking up of family intercourse from whatever cause. People come round to your door every little while professing to mend the finest china and crystal so that it shall be as strong as ever, and noflaw, be visible—some good people try the same thing, and flatter themselves they have reached the same result in reuniting the shattered fragments of a broken friendship, but whatever they may say or think, neither article is perfect as at first; you must use them gingerly, take care—a drop of hot water, or cold—an inadvertent word, and lo, crack! They go to pieces in your hands again. No, to never break them that's the best and only plan.

I don't think Fanny had n' issued no much, for although her papa and David had been out during the evening, Dr. England and Charles Brown had been in; they had not left when I re-

turned. As I looked at, and listened to Charles Brown, I thought that even the doctor might admit that his rawness was gone and replaced by a manufactured article of a high order.

Fanny and he were brisk on total abstinence topics; the doctor sat by and said nothing. I gave them Miss Betsy Morgan's comparative view of the provision and spirit trades in her own original terms.

"It's very true," said Fanny; "it may turn out that this change may be for George's worldly advantage, but I consider him a kind of martyr for the cause."

"Martyr!" I said; "look at Dr. England—he is just forming his mouth to say 'bosh.'"

"I was forming my mouth to say, I am a teetotaler," said he with comic gravity.

"You?" I said. "Oh, doctor, don't say you are anything so absurd because one man makes a beast of himself is that any reason why you and I should, not take what will do us good?"

"No reason at all," he said; "but if I can prevent a man making a beast of himself by my abstinence, that's a reason why I should abstain."

"Your reason and your no reason shave close," said I; "female intellects are hardly equal to such nice hair-splitting—is your conversion recent?"

"Not very—why so?"

"Because I wonder we haven't heard of it before?"

"I'm not a very public character, but if you had been much interested, I daresay you might have made the discovery."

"We are much interested, and you ought to be making the round of the city. If you and Mr. Brown were to gigantic selves as specimens of what can be done on water-drinking, I think it might do good."

"I don't know—big things are seldom good for much but to be looked at. We would need some noble little spirit to point us out and illustrate us—what do you say?"

"That we'll think over it."

SPRAY FROM LONG BRANCH.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

(The whole being recounted in a letter from Abalom Fitzgerald, to his friend Bob.)

DEAR OLD FELLOW: Well, I'm back. It's all up with me! No more chance in that quarter. I'll never show my face before one of them again. The Keese girls, I mean. No, sir, I tell you, the fates have ordered otherwise. They've taken me in hand this summer (the fates not the girls), and a precious mess they've made of it! Such a chapter of accidents you never heard of. I went the other day, as you know, to Long Branch, expecting to meet them there (the Keeses), and so I did meet them, with a vengeance. In fact, at their special request, I put up at the same hotel. Got in their set last spring through Morris Tibbs—Shanky Tibbs, you remember, the butt of our school days. Same fellow. Old Keese is in the kerosene line. Made his heap some time ago. Well everything was in apple-pie order. Two weeks' vacation from the store, new suit of clothes, latest cut, everything complete, even to a shawl-strap and umbrella. Extra allowance from the governor in my pocket, and no pimples (pimples you remember are my bane.) Everything lovely and serene. Old Keese cross, but confined mostly in doors with the rheumatism. Mamma Keese dressy, radiant, and complacent. Young ladies Keese, angelic! Things promised gloriously but they took a turn. Bob, there's no use putting too fine a point upon it. In less than a week I was made to appear a fool, an ass, a coward, and an idiot. As I said before, the fates were in it. In the first place, three drawbacks or marplots came upon the scene in the shape of a trio of spooney, well dressed, nimble-tongued fellows from Boston. Of course they had letters to Papa Keese, and at the old gentleman was an invalid, they consoled themselves with lavishing their confounded attentions on his daughters. Miss Grace, dear girl, didn't take to them particularly. She soon pronounced Marplot I tiresome, Marplot II tedious, and Marplot III a bore. By the lack of variety in their characteristics, you can judge what nonentities the fellows are. Well, to my story.

I pass over my bathing adventure. Suffice it to say, the sad sea waves have benomed it ever since. No use in telling you about it. How I coaxed the girls to wade along with me close to

the shore for about an eighth of a mile, and how when we came back I couldn't for the life of me remember the numbers of our bathing-houses, and so led the poor things up and down along the line of shanties until Marplot III thrust his wet and imbecile countenance out of one of the doors shouting, "Further on! 107!" Nor need I tell how that very day I insisted on carrying Miss Grace's little satchel on our way to the post office; how the thing when, without our observing it, flew open while we were talking Tennyson, and I was quoting—you remember the passage Bob—"Not Maude, not Maude, but a voice." No; how Marplot II followed a dozen yards behind, picking up one little stray thing after another, nor how Grace thanked the fellow when at the post office, he handed her his half-dozen trophies at once, she assuring him, with a reproachful glance at me, that they all were "precious mementoes from dear friends." Such trifling mishaps as these have almost passed from my memory. However it's best to be consecutive, and let you know just how things followed one another. You'll be better able to tell me what to do about it. But there isn't anything to be done. It's all up with me, I tell you.

Well as I was saying, at the post office Marplot II left us, while Mrs. Keese and her other daughters joined Grace and myself. [The arrangements might have been better; but, also, it might have been worse.] We were walking along pleasantly by a new way, when just as we were passing a farmhouse, some cattle grazing close by on the road, took it into their heads to plunge and caper, at the same time rearing us uncomfortably. The ladies screamed. There was no time to be lost. With great dexterity and presence of mind I managed to get Miss Grace safely over the abominable picket-fence; then Miss Kate. Meantime, Mrs. Keese, screeching and refusing to be comforted until all the daughters were safely over, jumped wildly up and down against the pickets. Finally at the risk of sacrificing Miss Ellen's life, I managed to pitch the frantic mother, now almost powerless with fright, into a briar-bush on the other side. Then came Miss. Ellen's turn, when, just as the terrified little creature was safely descending into the farm-garden, and I was hopefully intending to climb over after her—for all this time the snorting and plunging of those furious beasts had never stopped an instant—a sharp-faced woman came out of the open farm-house door with a pert, "Why didn't yer open it, young man, instead of a-makin' them all climb over?"

Why didn't I, indeed! But how was I to know it was a gate? The ringing of those girls' laughter will haunt me to my dying day. Mrs. Keese, overcome with her late terrors, could only gasp out "Shameful!" while the sharp-faced woman added scornfully: "Anybody might know you was city folks. Them beasts ain't doing nothing in the world but playin'."

The next day was Sunday. Accompanied Grace to church. At the portal a cruel bee lit upon her sweet shoulder. I dashed it off with my handkerchief before any harm was done, hurriedly thrust the valiant cambric into my vest, and just managed to get off my hat in time. The first hymn was nearly over. We took our places. We were alone in the pew. Instantly three stout elderly gentlemen joined us, but I did not care. Grace sat next to me. It is a blissful thing, Bob, to worship beside the girl you love. I felt this when the prayer commenced. Our bowed heads nearly touched. We could have heard each other's faintest sigh, when suddenly—couldn't help it, Bob—I gave a jump that nearly knocked her over! That confounded bee, you know. I had clung to my handkerchief. Comment is unnecessary. (Mem.—The bee is migratory in its habits.) By the third stinging, the workings of my countenance must have been fearful. But I sat it out, and finally, like Capt. Kydd, I killed him in his gore by grimly pressing my knee with the hymn-book.

Ashamed to show myself in the parlor that afternoon. Went fishing, I'm sorry to say. Was brought up to do differently. No fish came. Finally bobbed for eels. Successful. Was carrying a handkerchief full of 'em to the hotel (what for the ladies only know), when I saw them coming—the girls, the young ladies—

What was I to do? Fortunately, I had my umbrella under my arm, I slipped the eels into it, crammed the sloppy handkerchief deep into my pockets, fastened the umbrella securely, and soon we stood face to face. They hadn't noticed so all went merry as a marriage bell. Miss Grace was more divinely charming than ever. That evening old Kesse told me he had taken the liberty of sitting in my room for a change. Delighted at his sociability. Began to feel like one of the family. Marplot number I confined himself to Kate, and improved on acquaintance. II and III seemed to recognize my position. Things couldn't have been better. After dinner, repaired to my apartment for an extra touch or two, lit a candle to look for pimples. Fortunately, none. But what did I see! A pretty little bottle, with a picture of a bear on it. Some delicious kind of hair-wash, evidently. Was it possible? Could Grace have placed it there for me? (Ah! I remembered she had praised my hair. You see, old boy, I conceal nothing.) Inspired by the thought, I drew the stopper and poured some of the contents on top of my head, within a few inches of the candle. Instantly my hair was in a blaze. I flew about the room in search of an extinguisher. Where was my travelling shawl? Strapped tight. There was a blanket on the bed. I whirled it about my head—caught in the mirror a momentary glimpse of a Turk in agony—and the worst was over. The next process

was to thrust my blackened pate into the wash-basin. I remembered only a strong odor of kerosene; a horrid sensation, as if rubbing the hair from a cocoa-nut. When I looked into the mirror, I moaned. Perhaps I swore. Can't say exactly. Hope I didn't. I felt like a burnt prairie. Fortunately, there was a straggling vegetation left all around the smouldering stubble. I pushed my hat well on, and stole like a thief to the shop of the crack barber of Long Branch.

"Have to shave the top of your head, sir," he said sorrowfully. "Impossible!" says I. "No other way," says he, drawing his hand pitifully over my head. "It comes off when I touch it like so much felt." Confound the fellow—was he punning? Not a bit. His eyes were almost tearful. "There's a fair border left yet around the forehead, sir," says he. "I needn't shave it all off. Got a beautiful scratch in the shop, sir, that'll cover the center perfect. The brightest pair of eyes a-grin' couldn't detect it."

In my sensitive state of mind I took this as a pointed allusion to Grace, but it wasn't safe under the circumstances to resent. Well, it ended in my getting shaved, buying the scratch, and feeling quite like myself again, after all. The thing fitted perfectly, and was a stupendous match. Went back to my room. To bed. Jumped up twice in the night to look for my scratch; found it all right on my head each time. Next morning sat beside Miss Grace at breakfast, feeling like a delusion and a snare. The dear girl never suspected. Would I go on the picnic with them right after breakfast? Of course I would. Would I take my camp-stool and all? Of course I would. While they were putting on their hats, I rushed to my room, seized my traps, and got down just in time to prevent Marplot II from being principal escort and leader of the van. Marplots I and III were along also, but I didn't mind. Grace was sure to walk with me. Only once, under pretense of wiping my burning brow, I felt for my scratch. It was all right. "Good friend," said I, under my breath, "I shall reward thee." I felt jubilant. In less than an hour we were sitting on the green sward under the spreading trees. I had "William Morris" with me. "Won't you read me some of the poems?" whispered Miss Grace. Her hat hung carelessly over her shoulders; her beautiful hair swayed in the breeze. We sat apart from the rest—still it would do no harm to screen ourselves a little more completely. A few flecks of sunlight afforded an excuse. "Shall I?" I asked gaily, as suiting the action to the word I hoisted my umbrella. Horror of horrors! a shower of cold slimy eels fell upon that angelic, upturned face. She sprang from me screaming and shuddering. Mrs. Keese, Miss Ellen, Miss Kate, Marplots I, II, and III, rushed to the scene. I could only pick up eel after eel, flinging them far into the distance. I felt like the Lagoon. In my confusion, a heavy Marplot's eye. I was beside myself with vexation and rage. The cussedness of umbrellas in general and eels in particular took possession of my soul. I looked unutterable things at the nearest Marplot. I stamped desperately on an eel, thereby causing the very earth to scream. Then I flew to Grace's side, and implored her to listen; told her all about the day before—how I had hidden the eels and forgotten them—how I had seized my umbrella in a hurry, knowing it always rained on a picnic, and how not for worlds and worlds would I—in short, could she forgive me.

Another shriek! then a peal of laughter. I never heard Grace laugh so before. It was like hysterics. Marplot I was roaring, Marplot II howling, Marplot III bellowing—all with laughter, Elderly party and young ladies ditto. Had they all gone mad? Had I gone mad? I clapped my hands to my head. *It was bald as a mock-orange!* I shuddered audibly. Still the laughter. By this time every branch above me was giggling. The whole wood was in a roar. I think I saw my scratch hanging on a bush where it had caught. I have a vague idea that Marplot I handed it to me, politely, on the extreme end of his walking stick, in the presence of the company, but I'm not sure. I can't remember exactly what did happen. I only know that I spent that evening on the briny deep, with my travelling shawl, strap, and umbrella—all bound for New York.

Come and see a fellow. I'm at home always to you, though I'm supposed at the store to be still at Long Branch. I'm trying a new hair-cream—think it will work. By the way, I forgot to mention that I found out old Kesse had taken some kerosene samples into my room that day. He often uses his wife's toilet-bottles for the abominable stuff, it seems. He sent in that same night for his stray sample, but I sent back the empty bottle with the word that it had met with an accident. So it had. Come and see me. Got some prime Havanas. But say nothing of her, my boy. That dream is over. FITZ.

While Adam slept, God from him took
A bone; and as an omen
He made it like a seraph look,
And thus created woman.
He took this bone not from his pate,
To show her power ample;
Nor from his feet, to designate
That he on her might trample;
But 'neath his arm, to clearly show
He always should protect her;
And near his heart, to let him know,
How much he should respect her.
He took this bone, crooked enough,
Most crooked of the human,
To show how much crooked stuff
He'd always find in woman.

MY RACE FOR LIFE.

I was riding along the Tuolumne river one summer afternoon, when I came upon a camp of Mexicans, some ten or a dozen in number. The day had been unusually warm. No, that is not the word; it was hot, sweltering hot, and I felt tired and worn out with my long ride and hard exertions. In fact, my condition was such that I determined to accept the proffered hospitalities of the Mexicans, rather than travel eight or ten miles to town. So, taking the saddle off "Gringo," my tough little mustang, I staked him out and re-joined the party, a portion of whom were busily employed getting something to eat. They did not appear to notice my presence particularly; treating me, however, with that marked politeness which they generally show to a stranger. But one among them could speak English, and from him I learned that they were miners, who had come from an adjoining county in search of better diggings. On the way a quarrel had arisen between two of the party about that fruitful cause of man's troubles as well as blessings—a woman.

Antoine, my informant, stated to me that he had made every effort to stop the difficulty without effect, and now it was proposed to fight it out early in the morning with bowie knives. My arrival, Antoine stated, had caused them some uneasiness, as I was looked upon as an officer of the law; and they were even now undecided what to do, although the general idea was to postpone the combat until I had taken my departure.

Here, thought I, is a chance for me to play the part of peacemaker; and there and then, my work began. The aggrieved parties were brought together, and the folly and madness of proceeding to extremes strongly represented. My eloquence prevailed, mutual explanations followed, the Mexicans shook hands, and friendship was apparently fully restored. After this we all felt in such good humour that the bottle passed freely, and I fear that more than one of our number swallowed a little too much of the ardent. At all events I know that my head appeared to have attained a most remarkable growth the next morning.

During the evening, however, one of the Mexicans—a big, swarthy fellow, with an ugly scar on his cheek—evinced rather an unusual interest in a piece of personal property belonging to me—namely, a large sized six shooter, with a white ivory handle, and handsomely mounted. Twice he requested me to let him see it, and his eyes fairly danced with pleasure while examining and handling the beautiful weapon. Time and again, through the medium of the interpreter, he wanted to know how much I would sell it for; until worn out with his importunities, I at last consented to trade the revolver for one he had, and six ounces of gold dust into the bargain.

My informant stated to me that he had certainly got my full share, my sleep was disturbed and broken, and I awoke next morning, just as day was breaking, sick at stomach and with a raging headache.

Looking around I could see my companions of the night, whom I had left playing monte, each wrapped in his blanket, and to judge from their heavy breathing, all fast asleep. Having a long day's ride before me, and feeling vexed and disgusted with myself, I quietly arose and went out to where Gringo was doing his best to get a square meal from the stunted and scorched grass within range of his tether. To blanket and saddle him was the work of a few minutes, and we were soon galloping rapidly away, without as much as saying good-bye to a single one of the party.

I had not gone more than a mile or two, however, before I came conscious that some one was riding hard in pursuit; or, at least, coming at a furious gait from the direction of the camp. A sharp bend in the road brought the horseman into full view, and a glance served to show me it was none other than the ugly-looking customer with whom I had swapped pistols the night before. My first impulse was to draw my six shooter. But, horror! I saw instantly it was not loaded! The next movement was to strike the spurs into the flanks of poor Gringo, determined on a race for life. Looking back, the swarthy Mexican could be plainly seen, urging his horse with lash and spur, while to add to my terror, he was brandishing my white handled revolver over his head in a most threatening manner.

At last, in utter despair of escape, I threw myself from the saddle and sought safety by taking to the brush. Too late! too late! The Mexican with the hideous scar, and his horse covered with foam, was upon me in an instant. But I had sense enough left, and courage enough, too, not to give up my life without one desperate struggle. So, clubbing the old six shooter, I raised my hand to strike, just as the big Mexican rushed upon me. When within a few feet of where I stood, however, he suddenly jerked his horse back upon his haunches, and then a wild laugh rang through the woods loud enough to be heard a mile away. The fellow's eyes fairly rolled in his head as he looked at me, while he shouted and laughed as if his sides would split.

A few minutes sufficed to put things in their true light, although I could not speak a word of Spanish, and he was almost equally ignorant of English. He made me understand by words and signs that he had lost all his money playing monte the night before, and now wanted to sell me back my pistol for a couple of ounces. He was awake when I got up, and intended to make the offer before my leaving. My sudden departure, however, prevented his doing so, and he speedily jumped on the fleetest horse in the lot and started in pursuit. Mortified and ashamed of myself for having been so dreadfully frightened without cause, I

gladly gave the fellow the money he asked for, and resumed possession of my revolver. He then assisted me to catch my horse, and on taking leave I gave him to understand that if he wanted to be my friend for life he must never say a word about this adventure.—*Titusville News.*

(For Pure Gold.)

FOUR DAYS IN THE LIQUOR BUSINESS.

AN EXPERIENCE.

I WAS about ten years of age when I first became an abstainer, and in my case the principles I learnt in my boyhood, became more deeply rooted within me as year after year added to my stature, and widened my experience. I hated the drink more than any other thing, or creature that deserves hatred and when I leapt from my teens into the full blown of 21, no firmer adherent to Temperance and Prohibition was to be found. And yet I got into the "Trade," that is the trade of making the drunkards. It occurred in this way. I had been several months out of employment, in a large manufacturing town in the north of England. One day I chanced in my endeavours to find a situation to answer the following advertisement, in the *Guardian*. Wanted in an office a young man as Book-keeper, must be thoroughly temperate. Apply with references, *Guardian 284*. I applied, and didn't omit to state that I had been 12 years a water drinker. It appears my referee (the Rev. W. C.) was written to but did not communicate with me till some days after, and then too late to break the engagement. My application was answered by letter, it was a merchant's office. I was to try it in one week at the handsome sum of 18 shillings remuneration, and accordingly on the Monday morning I wended my way to my new place. It was an office in one of the many gloomy lines bordering on Deansgate. My employer gave me some figuring to do in the morning, and in the afternoon I was initiated into the black and white mysteries of the Ledger and Day-book, from those volumes I was not long in finding out my new line of business. Before I was in doubt, but the "Ledger" put me right, and showed me the possibility and the probability of a teetotaler being caught napping. I found I was in the very trade that I set my soul and energies to destroy. There was no help for it till the week's end, so I figured amid columns of X and double X and treble X till I was exceedingly uncomfortable. My fellow clerk was brother to my employer, from him I gleaned that it was a Dublin Porter Agency, and that no one but a teetotaler would do for the office. The fellow they had once, got down into the cellar and took too much of the porter, and thus got discharged. My friend assured me if I was always staunch, it would be a good thing for me in the end. This latter remark I very much doubted, and next day resolved to leave as soon as my week expired. The whole affair had transpired so suddenly, that I was in a measure bewildered and surprised at my own conduct. I was then an occasional speaker at temperance meetings, a member of a Temperance Society, and had only a few weeks before paid my subscription to the U. K. A. and now scribbling in the books of a Porter Merchant, and as I felt keenly helping in the downfall of my fellow beings. My employer rarely spoke to me, but I could perceive there was something troubling his conscience. Once he did mutter something about "sending souls to hell by the hundreds," and once or twice asked me if I would like to be a wholesale murderer. I told him I thought not, though I felt as guilty of the dark crime, as if I had been the perpetrator. Monday passed, Tuesday dragged along awfully slow, and I watched every five minutes of the hands course on the clock. On Wednesday I heard something which I was sorry for, but it strengthened my resolve to get shut of the whole business. The gentleman who was referred to for character was a strong temperance man, and on hearing that I, one whom he had faith in, had gone book-keeper to a liquor seller, he sat down penned a strong note of counsel reproof to my employer. My fellow clerk showed it me in the dinner hour, and I read something like the following. "Sir, I was painfully surprised to learn from you that Mr.— has obtained a situation in your office, as for a number of years he has been a strict teetotaler, and is a young man from whom I had expected to hear better things. I do hope sir you will not retain him in your employ, lest he should be ruined by the business which is so destructive to all that is good, and which is sending thousands of souls to hell every year. I would also urge you to abandon the direful business you are now engaged in, and no longer be the means of degrading and destroying your unfortunate victims, Yours &c. W. C. . . . A number of Temperance Pamphlets, arguments, statistics accompanied the letter, with a strong warning that the "Alliance" was coming. This letter made me also uncomfortable, that people should say I had violated my principles and gone over to the foe was too much to bear, and with the miserable countenances of bloated landlords hourly before me, beer and porter on every page, the smell of porter all round; all this made me the more anxious to quit the place at once. On the Thursday my employer told me if I liked to get orders from any of my friends, I could do so as it would add to my wages. I answered "my friends are all teetotalers" and like myself, are members of the "Alliance." He seemed much confounded, but after a few minutes said if that was the case, it would hardly do for me to re-

main. I heartily agreed with him and told him that had I known the kind of merchant he was before entering his office, it would have saved a good deal of trouble. Though at first desirous of keeping me, the fact of my being an "Alliance" man softened the desires and like the Israelites of old, who owed their freedom to Pharaoh's relenting, so I escaped on that Thursday night, with 18 shillings of blood money in my pocket. Next day was Good Friday and I was glad of it, it enabled me to get rid of some of my coin, that came from the liquor business. Though the money did me no good, the four days experience in a porter-shop made me abhor the whole fraternity of liquor-dorm, so intensely, that I would rather break stones on the Kingston Road, than ever again write the word porter for a Publican. I heartily agreed with his suggestion, and told him that had I known before entering his service what sort of a merchant he was, such a knowledge would have saved a deal of trouble and annoyance especially to me. The facts of my being an "Alliance man," enabled me to quit his services earlier than I otherwise should. He had an idea and a pretty correct one, that alliance men are rather dangerous customers to have about the liquor business, and though that man would have none to serve him but a teetotaler, he felt that a Prohibitionist was rather too much for him. A short time after this occurrence, I came all the way to Canada, and have learnt since there's wealth for honest labor to all who are able and willing to toil.

W. E. M.

Family Circle.

IF WE ONLY KNEW.

BROTHER, sister, "if you knew" that soon "those little baby fingers" could "never trouble you again," would you be impatient or cross to your little play-mates for their childish, wilful ways?

Two little boys were playing together. Both wanted the rocking-chair for a horse. Full of health and animal spirits, their dispute ran high, and ended in a lull. Only a few days passed, and the baby hands of the younger were folded in "snowy grace" upon the cold and quiet heart and laid in the grave. A short time after, hearing bitter sobs in the garden, the mother found the lonely brother—himself but just past babyhood—lying under the peach-trees, watching with eager eyes some birds flying over his head, and calling, between his sobs: "Oh, birdies! little birdies! Fly up! Fly higher! and tell Jesus if he will only let little brother come down to me he shall have the rocking-chair all the time, and I never, never shall strike him again! Oh, never, never!"

Ah! how many brothers and sisters look back upon little disputes and sharp, childish quarrels, that would hardly have been remembered had both been spared to grow up together; but one having been taken away, that dispute, or the wrong done, remains through life, a sore spot in the heart of the survivor.

Father be not harsh with your son. He disobeyed your commands, has done wrong, and for his own good deserves rebuke; but remember he is "only a little one." Let your censure be tempered with gentleness. It was but the overflow of exuberant life, not wilful disobedience. If you could look forward to what soon may be, how leniently would you judge, how tenderly chide; and by your gentleness secure obedience much more effectually!

Ah, poor, tired mother! you are very weary and well nigh sick. Your eyes are heavy for want of sleep, and your head throbbing with the noise, and shouts, and wild frolics of your little ones. It is often very hard to bear; but it is health, and strength, and life overflowing in their untired and undisciplined hearts. Be patient! If soon with hot and tearless eyes, you watch by the little crib where fever may conquer that life, but late so joyous and full of activity, can you endure what God may see best to bring upon you, if, by impatience, you have "scattered thorns,—not roses,—for your reaping by and by?"

"I have asked you twenty times to mend this coat, and it is not done yet. No time! How long would it have taken, I should like to know? But—well—I can go ragged, I suppose. You give little heed to my wishes or comfort. You must take your own time and way, without regard to any convenience, or you will not be satisfied."

Husband! why do you say such ugly, biting things? You love your wife. You would be indignant if a looker on should hint that you misjudged her or were exacting. Your heart,—or that silent monitor, your conscience,—tells you that she did not intend to disregard your wishes or advice. She was tired, overtaxed with many cares and frequent interruptions; or perhaps sickness is creeping upon her unawares. Whatever the reason the offense was "out a little thing." Or even if she was self-willed, or irritable, be patient with her. You are fully aware that one mode of speaking makes her indignant, and stirs up all the offensive, opposing elements in her character; while on the contrary, a certain tone of your voice, a love look from your eye, would have brought her to your side in an instant, sorry, self-upbraiding, loving and honoring you with all her heart. Ah, "if you knew!" These first morose, fault-finding words are perhaps "leaving on her heart a shadow, leaving on your heart a stain," which may be the beginning of coldness, mistrust, and defiance, or perhaps a darker sin, when but for them you could have secured joy and gladness in your house, growing sweeter and purer day by day. Deal gently. You, her husband, can make her happy

loving and good, or you can make her irritable; unloving and evil, thereby destroying your own happiness as well as hers.

"John, why do you always wait, and wait, and hinder me so? You can come at once, just as well as to keep me waiting, if you only choose to."

Wife, it is just such little, impatient, wasping words that will tempt your husband to seek quiet, comfort, and appreciation away from your side.

No matter if he "speaks just as impatiently as you have done, fifty times a day," show him a better way. Why retort or increase the "little shadows," which you can by gentleness dispel?

Mattie was himself a bachelor, and, being consequently unused to children's ways, imagined it would be a comparatively easy task to act upon Willhada's suggestion—or rather command—so, started off in search of a perfect child.

Over hills, dales, and seas he travelled, and at last, weary and discouraged, returned to his native land, the night before his month of grace expired.

He had journeyed among children of all kinds conditions and nations; had viewed the youth of Africa, China, Hindoostan, France, Germany, America—and of about every other country under the sun, and finally returned home with the firm conviction that on the morrow he must die!

"It is of no use," he murmured, sadly, as the shores of King Willhada hove in sight. "I must be reconciled to the inevitable. I have tested the negro infant, and found him lazy; have tried the Chinese children, and discovered them to be dirty; the Hindoo youth is revengeful; the French, deceitful; the Germans, profane—the Americans, selfish—and, according to all accounts, I myself, could not have been much in my earlier days. What shall I do?"

Suddenly a bright thought occurred to him. Willhada had not ordered him to procure him a perfect child, only a good one. He thought he could satisfy the old monarch. "So, on the morrow, he repaired, bright and early, to the palace.

"Well, Mattie Werner," said Willhada, with dignity. "Has your journey proved successful, and have you found in the course of your travels one good child?"

"Yes, sire," was the composed reply. "I can present you to-day, not only with one, but with two good children;" and, approaching closer, he presented to the astonished sovereign his own son and daughter, saying as he did so: "I have searched thoroughly, and, although having seen many of the kind desired by your majesty, found none superior to those at home. My speech was made without knowledge, and thus I confess my wrong. Wickedness and mischief are utterly different."

Of course Willhada could not deny the goodness of his own flesh and blood, even had he possessed any desire in that direction, and, to tell the truth, his parental pride was so pleased, that he immediately reinstated Mattie Werner in all his former riches and dignity, and they lived near and dear neighbours ever after.

VICISSITUDES.

Fair the dreams I dreamt at night, Fair as visions of the blest; Vanished all with morn's grey light; Filled their place by sore unrest. High the hope of yesterday, Fast the pulse, and strong the heart; Feebly, faintly now I pray That each moment may depart. And to-morrow—shall it bring Moan of grief or song of joy? What shall be its offering? What my lot? What my employ? None can guess. But come what may, It will be by heaven's decree, And the changes of each day Work for me my destiny— Draw or drive toward the goal Set before me in my life. Where in full repose of soul Issues every broil and strife.

JOSEPH GRIFFITH.

MATTIE WERNER'S PERPLEXITY.

A FAIRY STORY.

MATTIE WERNER was not the wisest monarch in the world, else he would have known better than to have incensed his powerful neighbour, Willhada, whose territories and subjects were far superior, both in Quality and numbers, to his own.

Willhada had two children—a boy and a girl, who, report said, were very quarrelsome and troublesome, and Mattie Werner, in a thoughtless moment, remarked:

"Were I the father of two such young wretches, I would either kill them or myself, and that forthwith."

Royalty is always surrounded by spies—one of the disagreeable inevitables of greatness is treachery—and, as a matter of course, this speech reached the ears of the individual most concerned, as soon as possible after its delivery.

"Um-mel!" he murmured, fiercely. "So Mattie Werner thinks it proper that either my children or myself should leave this world immediately! This suggestion may be very well meant, but as I don't propose to follow it, I'll make him eat his own words."

So he gathered his armies together, and, thoroughly equipped with everything necessary (in those days) for hard fighting, marched into the enemy's country.

Mattie Werner knew that it was of no earthly use to attempt to resist the mighty forces thus marshalled against him, but he fought bravely notwithstanding, and only after a desperate struggle was overpowered and taken prisoner. After a few days confinement, he was brought into Willhada's presence, there to answer the charges entered against him.

"Now," thought Willhada, "we will see what material my neighbour is made of. If he is cowardly, and attempts to lie out of this thing, I'll make short work of him; but if he sticks to his text like a man, he shall have at least one chance of his life;" so, with a very threatening scowl, he asked:

"Mattie Werner, did you say what has been attributed to you about myself and family?"

"Yes, sir," answered his prisoner, briefly. Willhada's face relaxed for a moment; then, with the same severity, he asked:

"But why did you say so; none of us had ever injured you?"

"No, sir," said the other, answering to this interrogative assertion. "But persons very often say a thing in haste which they repent at leisure. My tongue is never very guarded, and your children's behaviour had incensed me that day."

Willhada pondered a moment. That his children were not perfect, none knew better than himself, but no parent likes to be reminded of the shortcomings of his own offspring. After a little deliberation he said, however:

"Well, Mattie Werner, I will give you a month in which to show me one good boy or girl. If, at the end of that period, you do not succeed in producing what I desire, you must die! My children's inferiority must be proven!"

Mattie was himself a bachelor, and, being consequently unused to children's ways, imagined it would be a comparatively easy task to act upon Willhada's suggestion—or rather command—so, started off in search of a perfect child.

Over hills, dales, and seas he travelled, and at last, weary and discouraged, returned to his native land, the night before his month of grace expired.

He had journeyed among children of all kinds conditions and nations; had viewed the youth of Africa, China, Hindoostan, France, Germany, America—and of about every other country under the sun, and finally returned home with the firm conviction that on the morrow he must die!

"It is of no use," he murmured, sadly, as the shores of King Willhada hove in sight. "I must be reconciled to the inevitable. I have tested the negro infant, and found him lazy; have tried the Chinese children, and discovered them to be dirty; the Hindoo youth is revengeful; the French, deceitful; the Germans, profane—the Americans, selfish—and, according to all accounts, I myself, could not have been much in my earlier days. What shall I do?"

Suddenly a bright thought occurred to him. Willhada had not ordered him to procure him a perfect child, only a good one. He thought he could satisfy the old monarch. "So, on the morrow, he repaired, bright and early, to the palace.

"Well, Mattie Werner," said Willhada, with dignity. "Has your journey proved successful, and have you found in the course of your travels one good child?"

"Yes, sire," was the composed reply. "I can present you to-day, not only with one, but with two good children;" and, approaching closer, he presented to the astonished sovereign his own son and daughter, saying as he did so: "I have searched thoroughly, and, although having seen many of the kind desired by your majesty, found none superior to those at home. My speech was made without knowledge, and thus I confess my wrong. Wickedness and mischief are utterly different."

Of course Willhada could not deny the goodness of his own flesh and blood, even had he possessed any desire in that direction, and, to tell the truth, his parental pride was so pleased, that he immediately reinstated Mattie Werner in all his former riches and dignity, and they lived near and dear neighbours ever after.

TRYING TO ADVERTISERS.

There has been a good joke lately in publishing circles, too good, indeed, not to be told by the joked-upon publisher himself. He proposed to awaken public attention to the fact that a biography of Mazzini was to appear, by inserting that name six days in succession in the advertising columns of the leading dailies, each day in larger and larger capitals. The last day of the week he proposed to insert instead a formal advertisement. An enterprising hatter in Cincinnati saw it, saw further a good thing in it, and the day before the aforesaid enterprising publisher was ready with his "come outer," solved the mystery to the public with the following "a.":

MAZZINI.

At Jor Young Men. The Newest Thing in 15 years, At Burchard's, Promoter of Fashion Main, above Fourth.

That man got the worth of his money. The story is almost as good as that of the rival soap men of old New York. Smith daubed the rocks all the way up the Hudson with the appeal, "Use Smith's Soap," whereupon the still more enterprising Jones, after much cogitation, started his whitewasher up the river to attend to each of Mr. Smith's appeals, "If you can't get Jones."

A hatter in Brooklyn, who announces with omnipresent humor that his hats "head the poll," "crown the fashion," and are otherwise super-excellent, has been further advertising himself on all the fences by the conundrum, "Who's Turbulent?" It was solved, not to his satisfaction, by an ingenious second-comer, who made answer "A Fraud."

A Country paper says: "The credit system has been carried to a pretty fine point in some of the rural districts, if we may judge from the following dialogue, said to have recently occurred between a customer and the proprietor: 'Haow's trade, square?' 'Wa'al, cash trade's kinder dull now, major. Betsy Nipper has bort an egg's worth of tea, and got trust for it till her speckled pullet lays.'"

This legend appears at the head of the Governor (N. Y.) Democrat. It is commended to the country press in general: "No pay, no paper."

A BEAUTIFUL PARABLE.

A rich young man of Rome had been suffering from a severe illness, but at length he was cured, and recovered his health. Then he went for the first time into the garden, and felt as if he were newly born. Full of joy, he praised God aloud. He turned his face up to heaven and said, "O Thou Almighty Giver of all blessings, if a human being could in any way repay Thee, how willingly would I give up all my wealth!"

Hermas the shepherd, listened to these words, and he said to the rich young man, "All good gifts come from above; thou canst not send anything thither. Come follow me." The youth followed the pious old man, and they came to a dark hovel, where there was nothing but misery and lamentation; for the father lay sick, and the mother wept, whilst the children stood round naked, crying for bread. Then the young man was shocked at the scene of distress. But Hermas said, "Behold here is an altar for thy sacrifice! Behold here the brethren and representatives of the Lord!"

The rich young man then opened his hands, and gave freely and richly to them of his wealth, and tended the sick man, and the poor people, relieved and comforted, blessed him, and called him an angel of God. Hermas smiled and said, "Even thus turn thy grateful looks first toward heaven, and then to earth."

A young lady of extraordinary capacity addressed the following letter to her cousin: "We is all well, and mother's got the his Terrieks; brother Tom is got the Hupin Kough, and sister Ann has got a baby, and I hope these few lines will find you the same, rite sune. Your affectionate kusen.

"You say the deceased settled here. What do you mean by settled?"

"Well, he was born here, and got married here, and they buried him here, and if that wasn't settling him, then I'm no Judge."

A city pro who was taking an airing in the country, tried to amuse himself by quizzing an old farmer about his bald head, but was extinguished by the old man, who solemnly remarked, "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours, I can raise hair to sell."

Carlyle after emptying his quiver of more satirical arrows than any brother essayist, coolly says: "Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the language of the devil; for which reason I have long since as good as renounced it."

Lord Bacon says, "But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love."

A wealthy bachelor, having had one or two law-suits for breach of promise, now replies to any young lady who wishes a few minutes' private conversation: "No, you do not, madame. It cuts me to be compelled to doubt the honorableness of your intentions, but that sort of thing is played out. My rule is imperative, and if you have any business to transact with me it must be in the presence of two witnesses."

I never knew a good horse which had not some odd habit or other, and I never yet saw a minister worth his salt who had not some crotchet or oddity. Now, these are the bits of cheese that cavillers, smell out and nibble at; this man is too slow, and another too fast; the first is too flowery, and the second is too dull. Dear me, if all God's creatures were judged in this way, we should wring the dove's neck for being too tame, shoot the robins for eating spiders, kill the cows for swinging their tail, and chickens for not giving us milk. When a man wants to beat a dog he can soon find a stick, and at this rate any fool may have something to say against the best minister in England.—John Ploughman.

A sheppard once, to prove the quickness of his dog, who was lying before the fire in the house in which we were talking, said to me in the middle of a sentence concerning something else, "I'm thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes." Though he purposely laid no stress on these words, and said it in a quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, the dog, who appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up, leaped through an open window, and scrambled up the turf roof of the house, from which he could see the potato field. He then (not seeing the cow there) ran and looked into the barn where she was, and finding that all was right, came back to the house. After a short-time the sheppard said the same words again, and the dog repeated his look-out; but on the false alarm being a third time given, the dog got up, and wagged his tail, looked his master in the face with so comical an expression of interrogation, we could not help laughing aloud at him, on which, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his own warm corner, with an offended air, as if determined not to be made a fool of again.

Lord Lytton has lived in almost complete retirement for some years. He studies his health with care, and apparently with success. His favorite sea-side places are Torquay and Margate, the latter being the resort of the lower order of cockneys. But Margate has a fine, bracing air, and the dainty author of "Pelham" has come to look with indifference upon foppish considerations. He stoops, is exceedingly deaf, and has altogether a strange look of antiquity. His only son, now a middle aged man, is still in the diplomatic service. He is wonderfully like his father—like, that is, the painting of his father taken thirty years ago by Maclise. Mr. Robert Lytton is beloved by his friends. He has a grace and exquisite courtesy which delight everybody who knows him, and his more intimate companions are aware that his heart is as kind as his bearing is delightful.

Campaign at Niagara

HUMOROUSLY ILLUSTRATED,

ENCLOSE 15 CENTS FOR IT

TO THE

PURE GOLD PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

CHEAPEST AND BEST OF ALL!

"PETERSON'S MAGAZINE" is to be greatly improved for 1872, though it already gives more for the money, and of better quality than others! It contains every year 1000 pages of steel plates, 22 mammoth colored steel fashion plates, colored Bazar Patterns, and 1000 wood cuts—and all this for TWO DOLLARS a year, or

A DOLLAR LESS THAN OTHERS!

The stories in "Peterson's" are commended to be the best published anywhere. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. R. Harding Davis, F. Hodgson, Daisy Ventnor, Ella Rodman, Katharine F. Williams, Emma Garrison Jones, Frances Lee, Mrs. Dennison, Rosalie Grey, Clara August, and the authors of "The Second Life," and of "Susy L.'s Diary," besides all the other popular female writers of America, are regular contributors. In addition to the usual number of shorter stories, there will be given in 1872, Fifty Copyrighted Novels, the most splendid array of original ones ever offered to the public.

STEEL AND MEZZOTINT ENGRAVINGS and the inferior Engravings in other magazines, and one Steel Engraving at least is given in each number.

MAMMOTH COLORED FASHION PLATES. Colored Patterns in Embroidery, Crochet, etc., etc.

The Work Table Department of the Magazine is wholly unrivalled. Every number contains a dozen or more patterns in every variety of Fancy-work, Crochet, Embroidery, Knitting, Bead-work, Shell-work, Hair-work, etc., etc. Superb Colored Patterns for Slippers, Chair-seats, etc., given—each of which at a retail store would cost Fifty Cents. "PETERSON" is the only Magazine that gives these patterns.

"OUR NEW COOK-BOOK."

The original household receipts of "PETERSON" are quite famous. Every one of these receipts has been tested. Other receipts for the toilette, sick-room, etc., are given. It is economy in housekeeping; to take "PETERSON," New and fashionable Music in every number. Also, Hints on Horticulture, Equestrianism, and all matters interesting to ladies.

TERMS—ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. 1 Copy for one year, \$2 00. 3 Copies, 4 00. 4 " " " " 5 00. 5 " " " " 6 00. 8 " " " " 8 00. 11 " " " " 12 00. 14 " " " " 20 00.

PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS!! EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS!

To every person getting up a Club of two, three, four, five, six, seven, or eight, at the above prices, the new premium engraving, "Five Times One To-day," will be sent gratis. To persons getting up Clubs of five, eight, eleven, or fourteen, at the above prices, an extra copy of the magazine, in addition to the premium engraving, will be sent gratis. In re-mitting, get a Post-Office order, or a draft, on Philadelphia or New York; if neither of these can be had, send Greenbacks, or notes of National Banks. In the latter case, register your letter. Address, post paid.

CHARLES J. PETERSON, No. 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Specimens sent to those wishing to get up clubs.

ARTHUR'S LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE

Of Literature, Art and Fashion.

A Magazine for cultured homes. A Magazine always up to the advancing thought, social progress, and spirit of the times. A Magazine in which the lighter literature of the period is made the vehicle of pure and noble sentiment. While, as a story magazine, the LADY'S HOME claims to rank with the best in the country, it unites with fiction and poetry, a range of subjects in the thoughtful and earnest take a living interest. Wife and mother, husband and father, sister and daughter, son and brother, will all find in its pages a sincere friend and cheerful companion.

During the coming year (1872) it will be unusually rich in its literary, as well as pictorial departments. Among its attractions will be

An Original Serial Story. By Virginia F. Townsend, so long a favorite with the readers of The Home Magazine.

An Original Serial Story. By S. Jennie Jones, author of "Towards the Heights."

A Series of Social Life Stories. By T. S. Arthur A New Series of "Other People's Windows." By Pippisavi Potts. It is a long time since anything so fresh, spicy, sensible, and taking as this series of papers has appeared in our periodical literature. Everybody is charmed with "Pippisavi's."

Poems of the Heart. By Mrs. Hester A. Benedict. Poetry, and various Literary Papers, from the author of "Watching and Waiting," Mary E. Comstock, Mrs. E. Duffey, Geo. Stanley, Ella Rodman, Mary Hartwell, and other writers of talent well known to our readers.

TERMS: 1 Copy \$2 00. 3 Copies 5 00. 4 " " " " 6 00. 6 " " " " 10 00. 8 " " " " 12 00. 14 " " " " 20 00. Specimen numbers, fifteen cents.

Every get-up of a club for 1872 will receive a copy of our new and charming Chromo, "The Church Mouse." A Chromo who have seen this Chromo pronounce it one of the sweetest and most attractive pictures recently published. It represents two dear little girls in a church pew surprised in the midst of the service by the sudden appearance of a mouse on the cushions. The startled look on their faces as they glance sidelong over their book at the tiny intruder is very quaint and amusing.

Send ten cents to pay cost of mailing premium. Address, T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 82 and 84 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

A. K. HARRIS, Grocer & Provision

DEALER.

Fruit in Season.

CANNED FRUITS & FISH

Yonge St., TORONTO

THE WEEK

A RESUME OF CURRENT OPINION, HOME AND FOREIGN.

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

The first number of THE WEEK was published Saturday December 2nd, and was a decided and emphatic success from the start. No paper has ever received more cordial words from the press and the critic; and it is the general testimony that THE WEEK has met an important and well-defined want in American journalism.

TERMS—\$3 a year. Single copies, 6 cents. Address, "THE WEEK," P. O. Box 1283, New York. Off. 108 Fulton Street.

The American News Company, Agents for the Trade.

THE PURE, GOOD, TRUE, BEAUTIFUL, INTERESTING, INSTRUCTIVE, HEARTH AND HOME

(Established in 1868.)

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

TERMS—\$3.00 a year; Four copies for \$12; Ten or more copies, only \$2.50 each. N. B.—Hearth and Home, with American Agriculturist, for one address, \$4 a year. The two papers are entirely different. Begin now with Vol. IV.

ORANGE, JUDD & CO. Editors and Publishers, 245 Broadway, New York!

SCIENTIFIC & AMERICAN.

THE BEST PAPER! TRY IT!

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN has been published TWENTY-FIVE years, and stands at the head of all industrial papers. It contains ENGRAVINGS OF NEW INVENTIONS, patented Machines of all kinds, including the most improved Agricultural Implements and Household Utensils, Bridges, Architecture and Engineering. Every thing new in Chemistry, Science, Invention and Discovery abroad, is republished in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. It also contains an official record of all patents granted in the United States, and a description of the most important inventions. An ABLE CORPS OF WRITERS on Engineering, Mechanics, Chemistry, are employed on this paper. It has a larger circulation than any paper of its class ever published. It is indispensable to every Inventor, Manufacturer, Mechanic, Engineer, Chemist and Farmer. Specimen copies sent free. Terms, \$3.00 a year in advance; \$1.50 for six months.

MUNN & CO., PATENT SOLICITORS, 37 Park Row, N. Y.

THE GALAXY

THE BEST AND MOST ABLY EDITED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

WHO WOULD NOT GIVE \$4.00 FOR SUCH A MAGAZINE FOR A YEAR?

SHELDON & COMPANY, NEW YORK.

THE BEST IN ITS SPHERE OF JOURNALISM.

Moore's Rural New Yorker,

Has for nearly Twenty-Five Years been the recognized leader in its important field of journalism. Favorably known throughout the length and breadth of the land; and in Europe, it has the

LARGEST CIRCULATION

of any Newspaper of its class on this continent or in the world and the LARGEST INFLUENCE, from the reliability of its Teachings. The extent and variety of the information in its pages make it not only the Best Agricultural Paper, but the Best Family Paper and the Best Literary Paper, as it is the Best authority on Rural Topics, and furnishes

THE BEST STORIES! THE FRESHEST NEWS! THE LATEST DISCOVERIES! ACCURATE MARKET REPORT! ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES!

REDUCED TERMS, IN ADVANCE.—Single copy, \$2.50 per year. To Clubs: Five Copies, and one copy free to Agent or get-up of Club, for \$12.50. Seven Copies, and one free, for \$16. Ten Copies, and one free, for \$20—only \$2 per copy.

As we are obliged to prepay the American postage on papers mailed to foreign countries, twenty cents should be added to above rates for each yearly copy mailed to Canada, and One Dollar per copy to Europe. Drafts, Post-Office Money Orders, and Registered Letters may be mailed at our risk.

Liberal Premiums to all Club Agents who do not take free copies. Specimen Numbers, Show-Bills, etc., sent free. Address,

D. D. T. MOORE Rural New-Yorker Office, New York City

1872. TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR. 1872.

THE

HOME JOURNAL

In its enlarged form, begins its twenty-seventh volume with the beginning of the new year. With the experience and multiplied resources of past successes, it is enabled to promise our readers a large increase of attractions in the present year, rendering it more than ever worthy of the attention.

"The Best Literary and Society Paper in America." No paper will be spared to make THE HOME JOURNAL in the future, as it has been in the past, the leading organ of cultivated American society, as well as a handsome Journal to be regarded as "the best ornament any man place upon his library table."

HOME JOURNAL CLUBS.

Subscribers (both new and old) forming clubs for THE HOME JOURNAL alone, will receive it at the following rates: Three copies, one year, or one copy, three years, \$7.50; six copies, one year, \$12. Single subscriptions, \$3 a year.

Subscriptions will take date immediately, or at any time the subscribers prefer. Address

MORRIS PHILLIPS & CO., No. 3 Park Place, New-York City.

WM. A. BROWN,

MANUFACTURER OF

EARTHENWARE

COUNTRY ORDERS SOLICITED.

Also, Manufacturer of Flower Pot

PURE GOLD.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR CANADIAN HOMES. NINE months ago we began the publication of PURE GOLD—not without prognostications of failure from various quarters. So many enterprises of the kind (it was said) had failed, that it was useless trying again. Still, we were convinced that there was abundant room for just such a paper as was contemplated, and that, if it was made worthy of support it would receive it, and so PURE GOLD was issued. For the first six months it was all up-hill work. Prejudices had to be overcome and public confidence in the stability of the enterprise established. But as the merits of the publication began to be known, prejudices gave way, and some who had prophesied failure became numbered among our warmest supporters. Our subscription list has been steadily increasing from the first, and now extends to all the principal towns and cities of the Dominion, besides considerable numbers in the rural sections.

Since the opening of the present year, many enquiries have been made concerning PURE GOLD,—its character, objects, etc. For the information of all such, we re-publish the following from our Prospectus, issued in May, 1871:

"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 standpoint, 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.—Aliberal 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."

PURE GOLD will 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., such as may be read with pleasure and profit at every fireside in the Dominion.

4. RURAL AFFAIRS.

5. PROGRESS OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

6. REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

TERMS: \$2.00 per Annum; \$1.00 for six months, invariably in advance.

Any person sending the names of FIVE Subscribers, with \$10.00, will receive an extra copy GRATIS. All letters to be addressed, pre-paid, to PURE GOLD PUBLISHING CO., Toronto.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1.—Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2.—If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publishers may continue to send it until payment is made and then collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3.—The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

TERMS FOR "PURE GOLD."

One Year.....\$2.00 Six Months.....\$1.00 (strictly in advance.)

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received through the postmaster or otherwise to discontinue, and until payment of all arrears required by law is made.

THE RECEIPT of the paper is a sufficient receipt for the first subscription. Receipts for other months will be hereafter acknowledged per postal card. Address, Pure Gold Publishing Co., 40 Church St., Toronto.

PURE GOLD.

TORONTO, JULY 19th 1872.

"WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE AND FOUND WANTING."

IN the Christian Union of recent date, in two well considered articles, entitled as above, Mr. Abbot, an American writer of considerable power, gives expression to his views on liberalism, supported by facts, certainly most condemnatory to the religion itself, and uncomplimentary to all who profess its doctrines. Whatever may be said favourable to this religion, the writer aforesaid, clearly shows that the experience, of past generations, is at least strongly set against it. Its present followers and teachers may argue that the liberalism of the present day is not the past. Mr. Abbot proves that Darwinism is nothing more than a reproduction of the theory of development by species, expounded many years before its present exponent existed. So liberalism, be it religion, or whatever else we choose to call it, only a reproduction of the doctrines of accommodation taught by Semler, Law

rence Schmidt and others, centuries ago, and which in every instance has signally and hopelessly failed,—assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. In reply to this, we may be told that liberalism then failed, because not in harmony with the spirits of the age, in which it existed, while liberalism as now taught, being thoroughly adapted to all present requirements, cannot otherwise than succeed. Statements such as these, may serve a temporary purpose, opposed however by known facts, as it never has, it never can hold its own as a religion. Between the two religions, the liberalism of the past and the liberalism of the present,—there exists—in fact no significant difference. Both alike accept nature as their God. Both worship the created and not the creator. Now, we are free to acknowledge, that in nature, there is much to call forth man's highest praise and admiration, and far be it, that we should retract therefrom one jot or tittle. Who can listen to the sweet singing of the birds above, observe the industry of the little busy bee, or study nature in any form whatever, without feeling that its beauties are manifold, its attributes unbounded. But manifold as are its beauties, boundless as are its attributes, how can it stand superior to HIM, who can hold the ocean in the hollow of his hand, who counteth the sparrows as they fall, and by whom every hair of our head is numbered—to whom all things repond for the highest praise and glory. Can nature give comfort to the distressed, peace to the dying, joy to the bowed down, "prove the father of the fatherless, the husband of the widows and the orphans stay"? Can Nature furnish any of those blessings and comforts which come only from HIM, who reigns supreme above man and beast, above nature and all it yields? If so liberalism may grow, flourish and progress, but alas "it has been weighed in the balance and been found wanting." Liberalism, however, is to be condemned, not only because all previous attempts to establish it as a religion have failed, not only because of the absurdity and shallowness of its doctrines, not only because the Bible is opposed to it, not only because it makes the created superior to the creator, but in addition to all this, because the fruits of its own labours—or rather the barrenness of any fruit—revolt against it, and brand it as a religion, without an aim or purpose worthy of the name "religion." Of what practical use would be a plot of land to any one, were it barren of fruit or vegetables of any kind? It might be advantageously situated, the position might be pleasant, the scenery surrounding picturesque and beautiful, but being unyielding to cultivation, when purchased for that purpose, to the owner, it would be as useless, as if situated in the wilds of Africa. As it is with matters concerning man's physical and temporal well being, so is it the same with those things which pertain to his spiritual growth and moral advancement. A society organized without definiteness of aim, without any legitimate object to further—merely a society in name—would be the greatest absurdity conceivable of. All societies are supposed, or at least, should have an object of some kind in view—be that object what it may—especially should religious organizations have some grand moral purpose before them. A Christian motive to guide their every action. A religious organization not having this is a stigma to Christianity, a defamation of the name it bears. Just such a society have we in the liberals or free religionists. They have been in existence for very many years, and during that time, present a record barren of any evidence of the good they have done for Christianity, in any way whatever. Our views on this subject may be wrong, our judgment prejudiced, our observation defective, but as to finding on the record of liberalism an action worthy of the cause, we have completely failed.

From generation to generation the work of evangelizing the world has been going on. A great deal in this time has been done. Churches have been erected, hundreds educated for the Ministry, men who give their whole time and ability to the work, missionaries are sent abroad to convert the heathen, temperance societies formed for the reformation of the drunkard and the prevention of intemperance, Young Men's Christian Associations established, to shield the youth of our land from the allurements of sin. Sunday schools exist for the spiritual education of the young, in fact a "thousand and one" ways of advancing Christianity occupy the attention of many of the ablest minds of this and all civilized lands. We ask therefore by whom is this work being done? Can the liberals rise up and say, the conversion of this or that people is due to the energies set forth by us? Can they say, the Y. M. C. A., the temperance societies, the Sunday schools, and other kindred organizations owe largely—or at all—their success and power to the efforts of the labourers in the field of liberalism? The echo answers, can they? These are facts which speak for themselves. Liberalism may have its advantages, though we fail to see them, it may have an object and a good object too, but during the many years of its existence, it has never made known its aims, or shown the result of its labours.

"By their fruits ye shall know them"—the fruits of liberalism are void. History protests against it, its own doctrines condemn it, the Bible denies it. We have endeavored to show that its own deeds (fruits) cannot uphold it. What claim then has it on the Christian public? Again it has been weighed in the balance and been found wanting."

J. S. R.

A young woman's conundrum: Who is our great Roman hero? Marius.

TRACT TO THE TRADE.

WE invite the special attention of Temperance friends to the effort to circulate the tract just published.—There are men keeping taverns and in the trade, whose moral sense is not annihilated. Men who only by continuous effort manage to stifle the voice of conscience, yet as continuously making itself troublesome. Men, who feel ill at ease in their business of death, and who only for the infatuated love of gain, (and in many instances the benumbing power of the intoxicant) would gladly give up the wretched trade. Men who would not hesitate to speak of the traffic in such strong terms of condemnation as only some teetotalers would feel free to use. Men who but for the apparent inconsistency involved in such expression concerning it, while continuing therein; would harshly express, as did a whiskey trader, himself to the writer only a few days ago. When asked why he continued to sell intoxicating drink knowing so well its terrible effects, he replied: "Of course I know—it's me that does know,—I call it a curse-o'-God business, and want to get out of it." A movement to arouse and supplement the efforts of the conscience of such men ought to be inaugurated. The coming consequences, especially to those concerned,—so faithfully pointed to by Mr. Spence's tract—cannot fail to have a good effect, and ought to be put into the hands of those who claim to be respectable in "the trade."

THE CLERGY AND THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

IT is a very common thing to hear complaints of the indifference of the clergy on the temperance cause, but if we believed all that was said on the subject, we should come to conclusions very far from the truth. We believe the ministry and the Churches are in sympathy with the great reformatory movement to a much greater extent, than they get credit for. There is not a church organ that comes under our notice, that does not deal a blow at the gigantic and spreading evil of intemperance, certainly the organizations of all encampments of the temperance army in province—enroll a large number of the clergy among their chief men. Every year for a number of years past, circulars have been addressed to the several religious bodies, in their annual gatherings, which have met with a response of unmistakable character, expressive not only of sympathy with the temperance movement generally, but also recommending decided personal action in that interest. In this connection we are glad to notice in the action of the Wesleyan Conference at its last session in the city of Montreal, a proof of the interest taken by the ministry in this reformatory movement. A standing committee on temperance was appointed, to whom the subject of temperance was remitted, and a public temperance meeting was held in Great St. James' Street Wesleyan Methodist Church, at which no less than fifteen hundred persons were addressed by ministers of the body who were not novices in the cause,—but men known through this western province, as earnest workers—and men abreast of the times. We have only to mention the names of the Revs. Wm. Scott, A. Sutherland, John L. Williams, A. Browning Rupert to make good that which we say. The following resolutions were proposed at the meeting and carried unanimously, and risk nothing in saying that in principle and sentiment they are of the true ring:—

1. "That while we rejoice in the success of the varied agencies now in active operation for the suppression of intemperance in this Dominion, it is suitable and proper that as a body of Christian Ministers having access to more than a quarter of a million of the population, we should give a public endorsement to the principle of total abstinence, as being in perfect accord with the moral conviction and religious sentiments of our people, and one of most solemn Christian obligations."

2. "That it is the duty of the State to promote the general welfare, and to respect the moral sense of the community; that the relation of the liquor traffic to the progress of crime, pauperism and death, is such as to call for the most decided action on the part of the State."

3. "That the sale of intoxicating liquors is inimical to the interests of the country. And the traffic has grown to such proportions as to be no longer inseparable from the ordinary objects of Government, the security of persons and property, and the suppression of pauperism and crime. No Government can ignore the issue between license and prohibition without so far being recreant to the social happiness and moral progress of the people."

We are glad to record that the Rev. Archdeacon Bond was on the platform, as the representative of the Quebec temperance league; thus giving expression to that Catholicity of sentiment, and feeling, which rejoices in every honest endeavour to destroy the great antagonist—to the peace of communities—and the progress of truth.

As a branch of christian effort, we know of none more worthy of the attention of christian men,—than the suppression of the liquor traffic—none from which larger returns might be looked for.

Custom and the traffic are the two great factors in the prevention and maintenance of intemperance. For the former total abstinence is the only cure, for the drunkness in ninety nine cases out of one hundred, is only the failure of an attempt to drink moderately, for the latter—nothing but prohibition can preserve the country.

We thank the Revd. gentlemen who framed the resolutions and we commend them to all who are conservers of public morals, and private virtues; to all who are the friends of the young, to all who are lovers of good order, and human happiness.

A public sentiment must be created,—backed by a public feeling of horror at the responsibility of countenancing a traffic fraught with such dreadful consequences as we know the liquor traffic to be,—and we know no better way of securing this end—than by men professing allegiance to truth and right,—acting under the control of an enlightened conscience in all matters in which they are called to act, in behalf of society at large. In this way alone can christian sentiment gain the ascendancy.

(For "Pure Gold.")

CONSIDER THE LILLIES OF THE FIELD.

BY J. G. M.

Bow sons of men! and look on how The Lily rears its spotless form, And how, when shaken by the blow Of some resistless storm,

It stands in humble confidence, Upheld by him who dwells on high— Its confidence—its courage thence, Till withering, it die.

And they, to him, with loving gaze, Their forms so pure and spotless rear; And, though unheard by any, praise Their loving maker's care.

Fair robes of chastened white they wear, And pleasant to the gazer's eye; How like the robes which angels wear In heaven's courts on high!

Emblems of pure virginity, Sweet lilies of the field; Lessons of spotless purity, Your spotless beauties yield!

And if the lily trusts in God, And nestles 'neath his sheltering wing, Can he protection, not afford To man, and everything?

He can, and will,—thence learning, know He does so every passing day; And he will guard his sons below, If they but him obey.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE TORONTO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

J. Adams, \$2; Dr. R. J. Andrews, \$1; W. C. Adams, \$1; W. A. K. \$1; G. W. Allan, \$5; S. R. Briggs \$30; Blake Kerr & Bethune, \$20; Rev. Edwin Baldwin \$5; Brean Ewart & Co. \$2; J. P. Bottom \$1; P. Browne \$1; Beaty Chadwick & Lash \$2; Brown Brothers \$2; W. B. \$2; Edward Beckett \$2; R. C. Bothwell, \$5; W. H. Boulton, \$5; W. R. Brock, \$2; Bronson & Paton \$1; P. Bethell \$1; Boyd Allen, \$1; J. Brimer, \$1; H. E. Buchan, M. D. \$1; Jas. Cooper, \$5; W. A. Copeland, \$1; R. Carmichael \$1; W. Cayley, \$1; Miss Clark, \$1; Cash, \$1; S. C. Duncan Clark, \$5; H. Crompton, \$1; Wm. Mortimer Clark, \$2; Mrs. Crombie, \$1; Jas. Campbell & Co. \$10; Mr. Crawford, \$2; Clarkson & Hagerty, \$1; Mr. Cayley, \$5; F. G. Callendar, \$1; Wm. Caven, \$1; E. A. Childs, \$1; S. C. \$1; B. Homer Dixon, \$50; Dunn Wiman & Co., \$5; H. P. Dwight, \$2; J. A. Dobbie, \$2; Geo. O. Dickson, \$1; D. S. & Co., \$1; E. Duggan, \$5; J. W. Drummond, \$1; E. H. Dewart, \$1; Jas. Dobson, \$1; Elliott & Co., \$5; John Ewart, \$1; J. Elliott, \$1; A. T. Fulton, \$5; Friend, \$1; F. E. D. \$1; Friend, \$1; Geo. Faulkner, \$1; Frisby & Bartlett, \$1; Friend, \$1; Do do \$1; Gordon McKay & Co., \$25; Gooderham & Worts, \$20; Dean Grasset, \$5; Gray & Co., \$2; Joseph Greenwood, \$1; C. H. Greene, \$1; W. & R. Griffith, \$1; James Graham, \$1; J. Gillespie & Co., \$5; Henry Graham, \$1; E. & C. Gurney, \$5; E. & A. Gunther, \$1; Mrs. C. Gamble, \$1; James Good, \$1; J. Gartshore, \$2; Wm. Galbraith, \$2; Rev. T. Guttery, \$5; Mrs. Guttery, \$5; Geo. Hague, \$25; A. McLean Howard, \$2; Jas. Hobbs, \$1; W. P. H. & Co., \$1; Robert C. Henderson, \$1; Geo. Harrison, \$2; R. J. Hunter, \$1; David Higgins, \$1; Hunter Rose & Co., \$2; J. W. Hall, \$3; Thomas Houston, \$1; E. Hooper & Co., \$4; George J. Hodgins, \$1; Stephen Heward, \$2; H. Hewlett, \$2; Fred J. Jarvis, \$2; J. Jackes, \$1; Edgar J. Jarvis, \$1; James & Newcombe, \$2; F. W. Kingston, \$4; John Kerr, \$5; John Kay, \$2; T. A. Keefer, \$1; A. King, \$1; Lockheart & Haldane, \$5; Joseph Leslie, \$2; Thomas Lailey & Co., \$2; D. Laidlaw, \$2; John N. Lake, \$1; W. S. Lee, \$1; Lyman Brothers & Co., \$4; Thomas H. Lee, \$1; Edward Lawson, \$1; John F. Lash, \$5; R. W. Laird, \$1; A. R. Leask, \$1; Rice Lewis & Son, \$10; John Leys, \$1. Thos. May & Co., \$10; Wm. Malloy, \$1; C. Morse & Co., \$5; W. T. Mason, \$2; James Myles, \$2; J. Herbert Mason, \$2; Adam Millar, \$2; John S. Marshall, \$1; Mrs. M.—\$1; Mrs. Murray, \$1; Thos. Mara, \$1; C. W. Moberly, \$1; Robert Maitland, \$1; John Moat, \$1; D. A. Mott, & Co. \$1; Moffatt Bros., \$2; John Macdonald, \$100; A. R. McMaster, \$50; Wm. McMaster, \$50; McLean & Craig, \$10; John K. McDonald, \$5; Macnab & Co., \$2; W. Maclean, \$1; A. T. McCord, Jur., \$1; A. T. McCord, Ser., \$4; J. C. McMillan, \$1; McDunnough & James, \$5; Mrs. McDonald, \$3; Joseph McCausland, \$1; P. McDonald, \$1; A. McKellar, \$2; W. D. McIntosh, \$1; Thomas McCracken, \$1; John D. Nasmith, \$1; Uzziel Ogden, \$1; H. O. O'Brien, \$1; T. J. O'Connor, J. P. Palmer, \$5; Paterson & Son, \$2; R. Platt, \$2; J. H. Page, \$1; A. Piddington, \$1; C. Page, \$2; Chas. J. Page, \$1; Rev. W. M. Panshon, \$4; A.

M. Rosebrough, \$5; John Robertson Son & Co., \$5 Mr. Rennie, \$1; John G. Reid, \$2; Rowell & Hutchins, \$2; R. A. L., \$1; J. Rordans, \$2; I. Rooney, \$1; James Ross, \$1; R. D. Richardson, \$5; Jas. Richardson, \$1; Slade Robinson, \$1; Fred. J. Stewart, \$5; Sessions Turner & Cooper, \$5; J. Snarr, \$2; W. J. Stubbs, \$1; M. Sweetman, \$1; J. L. Scarth, \$1; R. Score & Son, \$1; Robt. Shields, \$10; T. Smith & Son, \$5; Edward Trout, \$1; I. Taylor, \$1; T. S. \$1; E. Tyner, \$1; J. L. Taylor, \$1; Alexander Topp, D.D., \$2; Hugh Vallance, \$1; Daniel Wilson, L.L.D., \$5; C. Wilson, scale maker, \$2; J. J. Woodhouse, \$1; Joseph Wey, \$1; V. B. Wadsworth, \$1; C. H. Wallis, \$1; W. Warwick, \$1; Robt. Wilkes, \$4; J. Wardell, \$1; Walsh & Loveys, \$4; Wm. West, Jur., \$1; Sandford Yale, \$1; John Young, \$1.

PUBLISHERS DEPARTMENT

STOP THE EXODUS.

"Stop the Exodus" is published by the PURE GOLD Publishing Company is now in the hands of the Wholesale Agent, Mr. A. S. Irving. Booksellers will please forward their orders at once, either to him or to this office.

And still the circulation of our weekly is increasing at a rapid rate. From the Thursday of last week until the Thursday of this week, we have added 128 subscribers to our list. As a first class literary weekly it is unrivalled.

ADVERTISERS.

Toronto advertisers will note the fact that under the direction of our Toronto Agent, Mr. Wilson Morton, the circulation in this city is steadily increasing. The city is being canvassed systematically, and the paper will thus afford an excellent medium for advertising. Rates can be obtained from the publishers.

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

The photograph of the Metropolitan Church will be sent to all parties renewing or subscribing for a year. Remember that a party sending in his own subscription and another will receive that splendid Photograph, "The first Ontario Parliament," by Notman, valued at \$3.

Correspondence.

THE SABBATH TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

(To the Editor of Pure Gold.)

DEAR SIR,—I have carefully read over the letter in your last issue by Mr. "James Thomson," but fail to discover that he has answered the question I put to him on the 4th of July, namely, Is the Jewish law which applies to work done on the seventh day of the week, applicable to us as Christians, if we attempt on the first day of the week to reason with and endeavour if possible to bring the drunkard to realize his degraded position. Instead of boldly asserting, as he evidently believes it to be, that the Jewish laws prevent the observance of the seventh day of the week are binding on us as Christians and Gentiles, and intended to apply also to the first day of the week, or the Christian Sabbath, he takes up side issues, that I very much doubt if even he himself knows what he is writing about. Perhaps it is my "manhood" that is in the way, and before I can understand Mr. Thomson's profound reasoning, it will be necessary for me to become the "child" he talks about, and then I will be better able to appreciate, not only his literary efforts, but say "amen" to all the pabulum he deals out to us in the Sabbath afternoon meetings.

Mr. Thomson thinks he has made a "happy hit" by raising a question as to the age of, and the quantity of sticks gathered by, the man on the seventh day of the week; but I think otherwise. I have the same "private sources of information" as he has with regard to this matter; and am as much, and even more, justified in presuming that the man was aged and the sticks few, than he is in supposing that the man was young and had gathered several cords of wood. But "age" and "quantity" is a matter of indifference to me and to the point at issue,—the historical fact remains—that a man was put to death because his actions on the seventh day of the week did not accord with the ideas of Moses and those acting under him.

What "James Thomson" wishes me to understand by the words, "The scriptures show that the sentence of death came direct from the law; and this God is our God," I positively cannot divine. But this much I will say, if he will have me to believe that the arbitrary, cruel and unchristian laws enacted in the name of God (the same under which Christ was put to death,) by the Jewish leaders for the government of the Jews, when wandering through the wilderness, is his God, I must continue to differ from him; and in love would humbly suggest that he turn his attention to the New Testament, where he will find exhibited a much more loving God—even the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ—and One more worthy of his adoration and worship.

"The Sabbath was made for man," and "wherefore it is well to do good on the Sabbath day," are, I can say with Mr. Thomson, "glorious truths," but it does not follow I am bound to view them in the same light as he does. I cannot go the length of hanging my cat on Monday because it killed a mouse on Saturday as he would. I would rather follow the example of Christ, who during his wanderings on earth never hesitated, despite the cavillings of the Sadducees and other Jewish sectarians, to perform a good act on the then Sabbath day.

And now as to the highest aim of "A Son of Temperance." My aims are as high as those of Mr. Thomson with regard to the drunkard, but I differ from him thus far. I believe a man cannot be a Christian unless he is a "good husband" "a good father" and a "good citizen." And it is necessary to make him these before you talk to him about receiving "divine grace." Mr. Thomson believes in making him a child first, then "An heir of God, in joint heir with Christ," forgetting that even a drunkard is born an heir of God but unfortunately has lost his position through waywardness. I want him to return to his manliness and to his inheritance. Mr. Thomson wants to make him believe there is no good in him, and unless God performs on him a "miracle" he

is for ever lost. Mr. Thomson surely knows from his own experience as a worker in the temperance ranks that the preaching of "hell and damnation" to the drunkard avails very little; but get him to realize the duty he owes to God, to society, to his family and to himself, and you may succeed in arousing him to consciousness and hence to manliness; and when this point is gained, ten chances to one he becomes a reclaimed man.

I am pleased to think he has no fault to find with me for following Christ's commands, and doing all the good I can according to my convictions. This is a "come down," but I am afraid Mr. Thomson does not mean what he says. I scarcely can give him credit for so much liberality, when I recall to mind "The Bull" (of which he was author,) which appeared in PURE GOLD a few weeks ago, in which was set forth the fact, that a meeting of "the friends" of the "Sabbath Temperance Meetings" had been held, a committee of four, (giving names) with Mr. Thomson as secretary, had been appointed to carry on this Sabbath work, and requesting if the various lodges and divisions sent representatives to co-operate with this committee, (who by the way were almost self appointed) such representatives must be members in good standing in Evangelical churches, thereby shutting the door (see Worcester's definition word Evangelically upon Methodists, (and what denomination has done more in Canada for temperance reform than this one?) Episcopalians, Universalists, Unitarians, in short all who are not Galvinists. And when remonstrated with for his narrowness, confessed he did not know the effect of this bull until it was pointed out to him, but simply intended that it should apply to two individuals, whom it appears refuse to be guided by his narrow opinions.

And now when the truth is told, the public will be better able to determine whether Mr. Thomson's "more excellent way" is better suited to present circumstances than the "Reformation Societies" highly laudable "old way," (which excluded all sectarianism) and gave every one who felt disposed an opportunity to work for the suppression of intemperance and left the church free to deal with drunkards after they had been reclaimed from their intemperate habits. I have no doubt the order of the Sons of Temperance will feel duly grateful for the "highest respect" Mr. Thomson entertains for them. And in this connection I may say I do not write as a representative of that honorable body, but simply as an individual member, and in using the *nom du plume* I do, I consider I have wronged no one.

And now, I am done with "James Thomson" but before closing I will just add, that the reason I have not put my real name to these letters is that I am not an aspirant, like him, for literary fame; and moreover, am of the opinion that your readers feel much more interest in the question under discussion than in those who are engaged in it; but nevertheless, to relieve his mind, you have my permission to give him both my name and address.

Yours respectfully,
A SON OF TEMPERANCE.

Toronto, July 16, 1872.

FROM ENGLAND.

(Continued.)

The old-fashioned, ancient tower flings its sombre shadow on the green turf and head-stones, which mark the silent rest in deathly silence those who have fallen "heir to their, some six feet of sod." Beneath you weeping willow's shade is a sacred spot; touch it not, a loved sister sleeps there, and rests in peace free from all worldly care.

A profound stillness prevails, save at intervals when the trees are whispering a mournful dirge, as if chanting a solemn requiem for the departed. Such a churchyard called forth Grey's noble Elegy. You see some strange epitaphs; here is one—

"Here lies my wife, Elizabeth Pyc,
The Lord has taken her to the sky,
The saints rejoice,—and so do I."

A delightful ride through a beautiful part of the country brings me to Bridlington; a fine summer retreat, with all the sea-side attractions. The coast of Yorkshire is very dangerous: two years ago, in the vicinity of this place, was wrecked thirty-four vessels. Flamborough, as you will see by the map, is a bold promontory. Here, I stood on the place where the Danes first landed in England. A few miles from here is the burial place of Alfred, King of Northumbria, and near by is a famous mound, from the top of which the Romans were addressed by their chiefs and councillors. A few miles farther on is Filey, with its fine bay said to resemble that of Naples. Again taking the train, I am landed at Scarborough, the queen of English watering places; where all the fashionable resort in search of health and pleasure, and where you have to dress within an inch of your life.

I must bring my rambling epistle to a close. Of course I have not told you a quarter of what I have seen, and things I have heard, but I must leave the remainder for some future time. I need hardly tell you that there is an indescribable pleasure in visiting the land of one's nativity, and again seeing the place where we lived our boyish, golden days.

In a few days I leave for a flying visit to London and Paris; and afterwards, with deep regret, I shall bid adieu to the sea girl isle of Britain, and embark for my western home.

Submitting my humble lines with all errors in orthography &c. to your gentle criticism, with kindest regards to all my friends and yourself,

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours, very truly,
C. M. STUBBS.

P. S. I cannot find words to express my appreciation of the many moral precepts you have inculcated to me while a member of your Bible class. I have received instruction from you, which will always be remembered and cherished, and upon which I set a priceless value. The sound advice I had from you at different times, will never be forgotten. The storms of life may beat over my head; the cares and perplexities of business may crowd thick and fast upon me; my check may be furrowed with age; and whitening locks indicate the winter of life;—still I shall always think of you as a true friend who will always stand high in my admiration and esteem. I trust you may be long spared to counsel others as you did me.

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

By the Brantford papers, we learn that the Strawberry Festival of the Grand River Division of the Sons of Temperance, held on Friday evening was a great success. A very enticing programme was placed before the audience, commencing with the chairman's address, by Mr. H. Wade, and which was interesting. This was followed by a song by the choir—"The Tectotals are Coming," and an address by the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy. Then followed a bountiful supply of strawberries and cream, then the remainder of the programme was carried out, and consisted of a song by Prof. T. B. Fluelling—"The sign of the Grip," a serio-comic piece, which was heartily enjoyed. This was followed by readings from the *Temperance Budget*, by the editor, Mr. McIntosh, and a duet from the Misses Chatterton of Mt. Pleasant.

Part second was commenced with a song and chorus, by Miss Clark, followed by a humorous reading from Mr. Brown, after which the following debate was entered upon:

Resolved—That the occupation of a dry goods salesman is more adapted to improve the mind than that of a journeyman shoemaker. The affirmative was taken by Mr. J. Henderson, and the negative by Mr. Donald Buchanan, and warmly argued on both sides. Upon the conclusion of the debate, the Choir sang "When shall we Meet Again."

Prof. Fluelling, who presided at the organ, received a vote of thanks, when the National Anthem was rendered, and the company dispersed, no doubt well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

THE Annual Brant County Convention, of the Sons of Temperance, we understand, will be convened on the last Monday of this month.

THE Cold Stream Division, Brock Street, Toronto, gave a Social on Wednesday evening of last week. The attendance was large, and the programme, vocal and instrumental music, and addresses was well carried out. The refreshment table, under the charge of the ladies, was first-rate, and amply provided with ices and strawberries; and it is needless to add, patronized to an alarming extent. The Deputy, Bro. McDougall, presided on the occasion.

THE Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of the Province of Quebec, held their Annual Meeting at East Farnham, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 3rd and 4th inst. There was a fair attendance of representatives present. The following officers were elected and installed for the present year:—R. Alcombrack, Bedford, G. W. P.; James Whitten, Adamsville, G. W. A.; Rev. J. J. Hall, East Farnham, Chaplin; J. S. Hall, Montreal, Grand Secy.; C. H. Mansfield, East Farnham, G. T.; B. M. Martin, West Bolton, Grand Con.; Robert Allen, Adamsville, G. Sent.

On the afternoon of Thursday a Pic-Nic in honor of the Grand Division was held in Mr. C. H. Mansfield's grove, which was well attended. Addresses were delivered by Rev. J. J. Hall, of East Farnham; Kenney, Waterloo; C. P. Watson, Cowansville; Shutteworth, Granby; Thos. Gales, Montreal; and Mr. Duff, of Montreal. Between the addresses appropriate pieces were sung by the East Farnham choir which were well received by the audience and added much to the interest of the meeting.

The Halifax Abolitionist, of the 30th inst., thus alludes to the late Rev. James E. Balcom, P. G. W. A. who died at Hantsport, on the 6th ultimo.

"Brother Balcom was a clergyman of the Baptist Church of this Province. For many years he was stationed in Londonderry, Colchester County; but for a few years had charge of a congregation at Hantsport. As a minister of that denomination he was much respected by the Baptists. He was a native of Paradise, Annapolis County, and at the time of his death 46 years of age. As a temperance man he was a warm advocate of the cause, and for many years has been connected with the Sons of Temperance, being a member of Iron age Division No. 82, Londonderry. He became a member of the Grand Division of Nova Scotia on October 25, 1864; and on Oct. 30th, 1867, was installed as G. W. A., and elected a Representative to the National Division of North America." His death is deeply regretted by all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

SINCE the beginning of the year 1872 the Grand Division of Nova Scotia has lost by death three of their representatives in the National Division, viz: Bros. Noble, McArthur and Balcom,—an unusual occurrence in connection with its history.

THE Crystal Fountain Division of this city, although a comparatively young division, seems to exercise considerable influence in our community, and we are pleased to learn that during the past three months it has added twenty five new members to its roll, which now numbers over one hundred.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE please ponder over the following items. They ought to urge them to greater efforts for the extension of their noble Order.

Sixty thousand lives are annually destroyed by intemperance in the United States, and sixty thousand more in Great Britain.

One hundred thousand men and women are yearly sent to prison in consequence of strong drink.

Twenty thousand children are yearly sent to the poor-house for the same reason.

Three hundred murders are another of the yearly fruits of intemperance.

Four hundred suicides follow in this fearful catalogue of miseries.

Two hundred thousand orphans are bequeathed each year to public and private charity.

Two hundred millions of dollars are yearly expended to produce this shocking amount of crime and misery, and as much more is lost in time wasted from the same cause. Is it not time to drive that which produces such results from our country? Can we be human if we hesitate to lend our aid to such a cause? Let him who reads this lay it to heart.

AGENTS WANTED.—Good Agents will be engaged either on a fixed salary or commission. Address PURE GOLD Publishing Company, giving section desired, references, &c.

I. O. G. T.

THIS, the oppressive weather and busy times in the country districts, influence the attendance somewhat at the weekly meetings, still the Order is progressing very much. Bro. Johnston, of Ingersoll, is doing wonders in the way of instituting new lodges.

THE Montreal Good Templars complain of the warmth of the weather, still it must be a satisfaction to them to know that Good Templars are singularly free from sunstroke in the first degree while we hope that sunstroke (so called) in the lesser degree, or intoxication extreme, is unknown.

IN Toronto the Order progresses, not a night passing without "additions to our number." A grand Temperance Demonstration or excursion is spoken of and it only requires earnest energetic brothers to start the affair, and attend to the matter, to have the "biggest thing" in that line yet seen in Toronto. It is expected, let us have it.

THE Oshawa Temple is getting along famously. We wonder if our Good Templar friends there could not induce Mr. Gibbs or Mr. White to put a prohibition clause in their election address. It is full time something was done in that line there.

GOOD TEMPLARS, the elections are coming on. Your individual and collective influence will be canvassed. Do not throw it away. Let it be used so that it may be felt, and that in political circles it may be considered an item of consequence and weight rather than a feather blown by every wind.

Bro. Nasmith of this city, whose letters have been read with interest, we are glad to say, is expected to arrive home every day. We have no doubt but that the experience he may have gathered in his connection with the Good Templars, will assist greatly the cause here.

Since writing the above Bro. Nasmith has returned, and is hale and hearty as expected.

REVIEW.

"Lights and Shadows of New York Life, or, the Sights and Sensations of the Great City." A work descriptive of New York City in all its various phases. Its Splendors and Wretchedness; Its High and Low Life; Its Marble Palaces and dark Dens; Its Attractions and Dangers; Its Rings and Fraud; Its Leading Men and Politicians; Its Adventurers; Mysteries and Crimes. By James D. McCabe, Jr.

What Paris is to the Frenchman, or London to the Briton, New York is to the American. It is not only the Metropolis, but it is the chief attraction upon this continent, the great centre to which men and women resort for both business and pleasure, and as such is a source of never-failing interest. Of late years several attempts have been made to reproduce its varied attractions in book form. The most successful result of these efforts is the book now before us. The author has had unusual facilities to see every feature of the great city, and has written the work with an enthusiasm which is apparent in every page. He has not merely produced a sensational story, but has given us a record of actual facts, of which he is personally cognizant.

The book is as fascinating and absorbing as a novel, and were it not for the evidence he furnishes, we should be tempted to believe that he has carried us into the realm of fiction. He tells us the history of the great city which has grown to be the most remarkable in America, and relates its old traditions with zest and humor. He introduces us to all classes of people, and initiates us into their ways and manner of life. He brings us face to face with great merchants and bankers, actors, editors, working women, ballet girls, thieves, gamblers, sailors, quacks, firemen, and a host of others. He delights us with his sketches of the better and brighter side of city life, of the genius, enterprise, charity and humanity of the great city, and appals us with his thrilling accounts of the darker and more terrible side of the life he is delineating.

A truthful picture of New York life cannot be otherwise than deeply interesting. Our author has succeeded admirably in his task, and we predict for his book a large sale. It is brim full of useful information, brilliant and fascinating, and is an emphatic warning against the vices of the city. It is pure and lofty in tone, and while it discusses fully many of the darker sides of city life, it does so with delicacy and candor. An interesting feature of the book is a powerfully written history of the Tammany Ring frauds with sketches of the actors therein.

It is comprised in one large octavo volume of 850 pages, illustrated with nearly 200 fine engravings of noted places, life and scenes in New York, and published by the National Publishing Co., of Philadelphia.

The low price at which the work is issued, brings it within the reach of all, and no one who wants to know New York as it really is, should fail to buy this book. It is published in English and German, sold by subscription only, and agents are wanted in every county.

A GENTLE REBUKE.—A lady riding in a car on the New York Central railroad, was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen occupying the seat just before her. One of them seemed to be a student of some college on his way home for vacation. He used much profane language, greatly to the annoyance of the lady. She thought she would rebuke him, and on begging pardon for interrupting them, asked the student if he had studied the languages. "Yes madam, I have mastered the languages quite well." "Do you read and speak Hebrew?" "Quite fluently." "Will you be so kind as to do me a small favor?" "With great pleasure, I am at your service." "Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?" We may well suppose the lady was not annoyed any more by the ungentlemanly language of this would-be gentleman.

TO THE PUBLIC OF CANADA.

OFFICE OF THE JOSEPH HALL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, OSHAWA, ONT., MARCH 8, 1872.

BEING desirous of testing the merits of the different water-wheel now offered for sale in Canada, as to their economical use of water, as manufacturers of the GENUINE JAMES LEFFEL DOUBLE TURBINE, make the following challenge to the manufacturers of ANY OTHER PATTERNS, the wheels in all cases to be wholly manufactured by the competing parties:—

We will place in the hands of any responsible party six thousand dollars (\$6,000), and the party accepting the challenge to do the same, the money to be held subject to the award of the judges. The wheels to be tested in a flour mill, driving the same runs of stone, grinding the same wheat, and having the same number of square inches of opening to receive the water, amount of water discharged to be the measure of the amount used by each wheel.

The judges to be non-residents of Canada, and to be thoroughly well informed in the mode of testing the power of turbine wheels,—each party to choose one judge and the two to choose the third.

The owners of winning wheel to have their money refunded them, and the loser's money to go towards establishing a mechanical free library in any town in Canada named by the owner of the successful wheel.

The wheels to be tested at 1/2, 3/4, 5/8, and full gate. Each party to give good and sufficient bonds, to the amount of \$4,000, that the loser shall pay the entire expenses of the test. There are some wheels that give very good results with full head and full gateage which entirely fail under partial head and partial gateage. Such wheels in our climate, where the water-powers are affected by cold and drought, are of no practical value.

We claim that we are the only makers of the GENUINE JAMES LEFFEL DOUBLE TURBINE WHEEL in Canada, and that it is without a RIVAL in the WORLD IN PRACTICAL RESULTS.

More than 6,000 of these wheels are now in operation in Canada and the United States. The sales of no other wheel ever yet introduced on this continent exceed one-sixth this number.

Our wheel has been thoroughly tested in Great Britain, and has fully maintained the reputation it has gained in Canada and the United States, as the most economical water-wheel in practical operation ever yet introduced.

We are now publishing a new descriptive water-wheel pamphlet containing 150 pages of valuable matters, which will be sent free to all applicants.

For further information address,
F. W. GLEN,
Oshawa Ont.

N. B.—We desire to call attention to the following certificates:—

MEDICAL HALL,
AND
HOMEOPATHIC PHARMACY,
886 YONGE STREET,
TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Has always on hand:
Pure Drugs, Medicines, and fine English, French, and American Perfumery; Hair, Tooth, and Nail Brushes, Combs, Fancy Goods, &c.
Also keeps in stock:
PURE HOMEOPATHIC PREPARATIONS, in forms of Mother Tinctures, Globules, and Triturations. Cases Refitted and Vials Re-filled.

USE THOMPSON'S CELEBRATED WORM POWDERS. Have no equal. Safe, sure and effectual. They have a soothing effect in all irritations, and they are pleasant to take. Every child likes them. Try them. For sale by all Druggists. Elliot & Co., and Lyman Bros. & Co., Wholesale Agents, Toronto.

USE THOMPSON'S GREAT RENOVATOR for removing all Grease, Spots, Paint, Tar, Pitch, etc. etc., from all kinds of fabric, and for polishing Silver and Brass it has no equal.

D. THOMPSON,
PAPER HANGING

358 YONGE STREET, 358
Between Elm & Wallon Streets.

PAPER HANGINGS
Of the Newest Designs,
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PATTERNS,
A large variety, suitable for Halls, Parlors & Offices,
AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Ready Mixed Paints, Brushes, Oils, Colors, &c.

Plain & Ornamental House Painting,
Sign Writing, Paper Hanging,
GLASS CUT TO ORDER, &c., &c.

JAMES THOMSON,
358 Yonge Street, Toronto.

AGENTS AND CANVASSERS.

WANTED for PURE GOLD in every City, Town, Village and School Section Dominion. Liberal terms to pushing men. Address, PURE GOLD PUBLISHING CO., TORONTO.

Handsomest, Brightest, Best,
FAMILY PAPER IN THE DOMINION.

PURE GOLD,
A Weekly Journal for Canadian Homes.
\$2 a Year; \$1 for Six Months.
Send for a Specimen Copy.

Address, PURE GOLD PUBLISHING CO., TORONTO.

Parents Should subscribe for PURE GOLD. Its contents are pure, elevating, healthful and interesting. May be put without fear into the hands of the young. \$2 a year; \$1 for six months. Give it a trial.—PURE GOLD PUBLISHING CO., TORONTO.
Clergymen Should subscribe for PURE GOLD, and thereby aid in circulating a pure, healthful literature. Clergymen remitting direct to the Publishers will receive the paper for \$1.50 per annum.
Farmers Should subscribe for PURE GOLD. Just the thing for pleasant leisure reading, these long winter evenings. \$2 a year; \$1 for six months. TRY IT.—PURE GOLD PUBLISHING CO., TORONTO.

Temperance Directory.

Announcements in this column are charged Ten cents each insertion, or Four Dollars a year. Cash, in all cases, must accompany the order.

TORONTO DISTRICT DEGREE TEMPLE meets monthly. The next meeting will be held March 28th, in the hall of St John's Temple, on Sayer street, a block sharp. Bro. M. Nasmith, Degree Templar; Bro. Dennis, Degree Secretary.

ENTERPRISE TEMPLE, No. 113, I.O.G.T. meets every Monday at 7:30. Bro. W. J. Read, W.C.T.; Bro. J. T. Moorhouse, W. Sec.; Bro. Stark, T.D.

JESSE KETCHUM LODGE, No. 87, British Templars, meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Bro. A. E. Whinton, W.C.T.; Bro. Edward M. White, W. Sec.

ST. JOHN'S TEMPLE, No. 58, meets in Mission Church, corner of Agnes and Chesnut Streets, every Friday evening at 7:30. Richard Dennis, W.C.T.; James L. Therpe, W.S.; W.R. Morrison, T.D.

A COLD WATER TEMPLE meets in the above place on the same evening at 6:30. Superintendent, W. R. Morrison; assisted by Sister Baker and Bro. W. Metherell. Children under 14 years are eligible for membership.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE, No. 600, meets in Good Templars' Hall every Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock sharp. Thos. Nixon, W.C.T.; Bro. Morton, W.S.; Luke Sharpe, T.D.

TORONTO STAR TEMPLE meets every Friday evening, in the Good Templars' Hall, corner of York and Albert Streets. W.C.T., H. B. Montreuil; W.S., E. M. White; T. D. C. Woodall.

Parties wishing to join this Lodge are required to pay \$2.00 initiatory fee at the time of proposition.

NASMITH TEMPLE meets every Wednesday evening, in the Good Templars' Hall. W.C.T., Bro. Burgess; T. D. Bro. Marshall.

MAPLE LEAF TEMPLE meets every Tuesday evening, corner of Adelaide and Francis streets. W. C. T. Bro. G. C. Patterson; Sec. Bro. Follet; T. D. Bro. H. Fairclough.

RESCUE TEMPLE meets every Thursday evening, in the Good Templars' Hall, W. C. T. Bro. R. W. S. Bro. Hammond; T. D. Bro. W. J. Taylor.

CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN DIVISION OF THE Sons of Temperance meets every Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the basement of the Temperance Hall, Temperance street. Bro. G. M. Ross, 8th King street, and Bro. Jas. Thompson, 358 Yonge street, will be happy to give any information with regard to this Division.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Table with columns for destinations (Toronto to Montreal, Montreal to Toronto, Toronto to Sarnia) and times for various stations.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Table with columns for destinations (Main Line—Going West, Main Line—Going East) and times for various stations.

TORONTO LINE—G. W. R. R.

Table with columns for destinations (Toronto to Hamilton, Hamilton to Toronto) and times for various stations.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Table with columns for destinations (Moving North, Moving South) and times for various stations.

TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY.

Table with columns for destinations (Going North, Going South) and times for various stations.

PURE GOLD

(For Pure Gold.)
THE MAPLE AND ITS LEAF.

FAR in some grand old forest,
Beneath thy broadening bough,
I've stood lost in reflection;
And hailed thee with affection,
As I do hail thee now.

I hold thy leaf all tightly,
Within my closed hand;
This leaf, which once hung growing,
On thy branch, which erst blowing,
Low blowing breezes fanned!

Was it on plain or mountain,
By some famed waterfall,
Or in some valley shaded,
The spring thy texture braided,
In green-columned hall?

O green umbrageous Maple,
O broad-leaved Maple tree,
Say did the Indian rover,
Or dusky-featured lover
Once amorous sport 'neath thee?

Thou art a leaf of springtime,
Nor has the summer heat,
Or Autumn's sultriness, yet taken
Thy gloss; but, being shaken
To earth, still green we see't!

I'll twine thee in the tresses,
Since thou art verdant yet,
Of her, whose cheek is fairest;
Whose eyes of meaning rarest
Look out from deeps of jet.

In honor to the Maple,
Our Canada's true tree;
Long may it bud in beauty,
The emblem of the duty,
We owe, dear land, to thee!

J. G. M. Jr.

Miscellaneous.

BEAUTY OF WOMEN.

A NEW YORK contemporary draws a parallel between American and English women; and by a very easy line of argument makes out the former to be by far the most beautiful. Of course we should favor the Yankee women, but then the standard of female beauty varies so with countries and climates that each nationality conceives beauty according to its own fashions. The Africans, of course, figure beauty as black or bronze, with swollen lips, and to make the lower lip more beautiful some tribes render it pendulous, by attaching heavy jewels or weights to it through artificial holes. In Peru the longest ears are considered by far the handsomest, and as a great mark of beauty in the females. Some people stain their teeth black and some red, and in Basque the women do not consider themselves fit for brides until they have shaved their heads close to the skin.

The Mexican women rejoice in low foreheads and very thick heads of hair, the blacker the better, and coarser it is the higher appreciation, while Italians venerate red, golden and light hair. The Spaniards fancy light, slender figures in their women; the Italians on the contrary, are fond of full developments of limb and figure. The Orientals and Westerns are also at complete antipodes as to the way in which they interpret beauty and what relates to it. The Eastern women use yellow cosmetics, while the French and English dread that tinge in their complexion. The Asiatic, whether of China or Siam, is delighted with the olive skin and high cheek bones of the Mongolian women. Thus the negro adores the thick lips, flat nose, and ebony tint of his race, and did he indulge in art, would produce Venus with crisp hair, and his group of the Graces would be of the color of basalt. It will be remembered that a colored painter once exhibited a picture of a group of angels to Napoleon, in which every angel, wings and all, were as black as the ace of spades.

Our New York critic will therefore see that the criterion of beauty is simply a matter of latitude and longitude, and that what we call ugliness is only a want of appreciation on our part, or rather it may be termed misplaced beauty. The woman who sets value on the public opinion of her personal charms, and who is criticised for the lack of them, has only to emigrate to that country where her peculiar style of beauty is in vogue. Among the great advantages of improved travel, few may therefore reckon the facile transportation of the unappreciated beauties, for we deny most emphatically that ugly women exist anywhere.

THIS WEATHER.

DR LIVINGSTON is not probably so much of an idiot as he has been thought. He at least knows enough to stay in Africa during our heated term, and refused to be discovered and brought back to be broiled under our July sun. If we could, we would be in Unyanyembe-to-day. For there is said to be a subterranean passage between Unyanyembe and Nyassa, and Dr. Livingston is in it this minute. He is exploring its cool recesses, and luxuriating in its dripping passage. Perhaps he is sailing on a stream in that underground channel, where has no need of fans of umbrellas, or iced sherbet or lager beer. If it is true that the river Rusyi flows into Janganyiki, and that that river Janganyiki is unconnected with the Nile, the exploration of this subterranean passage may solve a problem in physical geography. But it is not in this respect that we are interested in it, but it promises to open up a new and cool place in which to spend the summer. It would be better in some respects than the cave under the chorus in the Boston

Coliseum; for it would be a temperate place for one living, and less Teatonic than the subterranean passage in Boston.

This is, like the same season every year, the hottest weather ever known. The intercourse with Oriental Japan has something to do with it. The country is flooded with Oriental fans. Everybody must have noticed that. And where there is a great increase of any article, there is always created an artificial want for it. The weather was never so hot before, as it has been since the importation of so many ship-loads of these fans. But this is not by any means the worst of it. These pagan fans are deteriorating the national character. Look at the pictures on them, the dragons, the monsters, the impossible domestic life, the heating tea-parties, the strange gods. Every body does look at these pictures the greater part of the day. They are low in moral tone. How different these are from the simple palm-leaf-fans of our primitive and more Christian national life! The palm-leaf-fans come from missionary lands, and were associated in our ideas with missionary effort. In all country churches were these great fans of palm-leaf. They were Sunday fans. They had not a worldly suggestion. Can you use the Japanese fans on Sunday? Ought you to do so, if you can? How would a Sunday school look, studying these grotesque and trifling pictures? What would be our feelings to see a meeting of the American Board every member of which had a Japan fan in his hand? It is in this way that heathendom is coming in and demoralizing us all in a pictorial manner, when we are powerless under this heat and least able to resist its encroachments. Talk about our Tract Society! These pagan fans are the most effective tracts that were ever distributed. And they are good fans, too; cheap, light and carry a great deal of wind. And long before we get cool, we shall find that we are more than half pagan, and there will remain very little for the Buddhist missionaries to do. They no doubt are looking at us now, and saying, complacently "His fan is in his hand." Their work is well begun.

But this is not all that the Japanese have done. From paper fans, we shall go to using their paper handkerchiefs, and paper all-sorts-of-things. In Boston now they advertise paper suits of clothes for sixty-two and a half cents a suit. This is cheap enough, though if a person wearing one of them should get caught in the rain we imagine he would feel still cheaper. They ought to be cool and comfortable, especially if they are made of wrapping paper, but they would hardly keep their shape with the thermometer at ninety-five and one hundred. We are not informed what sort of paper they are made of, but they might be the means of disseminating a cheap literature; any one could wear a small volume, so that he that runs could read. It would be economical to have the suits printed on both sides, so that they could be turned the second day, and a person could in this way wear a serial through the week, "to be continued" being stamped on the coat-tail. On Sunday he could put on good clothes, with a sermon, or religious extracts from the secular papers, printed on them. There is no end to the variety in costume that can be attained in the use of paper, or to the good that can be done. Business men will come down to their offices in the morning in a suit of the morning daily, cool and fresh; and sure that they have the latest, because the telegraphic news will be on their backs. They will be thus the means of spreading information wherever they go to non-subscribers. Summer clothing will not hereafter get out of style, but it will get out of date, for a man's old suit will at once be recognized. Instead of being pointed at as having old clothes, he will be noted as wearing old news. We are evidently only just in the beginning of our discoveries of the uses of paper.

THIERS ON HIS SITUATION.

AN editor of the *Revue Politique*, who assisted at one of the recent receptions given by the President of the French Republic, at which his excellency "chats with perfect freedom," gives a summary of one of those familiar conversations upon the state and future of France, which Thiers is said to rather court than avoid.

When one of his interlocutors, says the writer, after having adverted in flattering terms, to the great services already rendered to France by the illustrious statesman, designated as a cloud in the picture, the possibility of a non-conformity of opinion between him and the Assembly, resulting as has always been the case in one instance, in the resignation of the president, Thiers replied in a very decided tone:

"I shall not resign. I wish, before I die, to establish the republic permanently in France. This service will give me the claim to immortality to which I, of all others, most aspire. If any serious differences between the Government and the Assembly should threaten, I would change my ministers. The Assembly has not the power to remove me. The Constitution gives me as long a lease of power as it does them; consequently I would hold on until a new Assembly came together. This is what I have determined upon, and nothing can turn me from my resolution."

"One of the influential members of the Right Centre" remarked a gentleman present, "said to me only this morning that your excellency's position will be untenable when you find yourself *vis-a-vis* of a Chamber the majority of which will be Republican. Your opinions on certain matters are so conservative that they will not accord with the ill-advised demands of such a Chamber, and the dissensions that will arise will be far more numerous and more serious than those that have arisen between the Government and the present Assembly."

"I have already thought of that," replied Thiers, "but I am not of the opinion you express; that would be to culminate the members

of the Republican party. What are the questions upon which you are most likely to disagree? Compulsory education? That I will accord to them willingly. The question of the impost? It is certain that I do not share the opinions of a large number of Republicans on the question; but I shall be able, I trust to come to an amicable understanding with them. We will make mutual concessions, and on many points I hope to convince them of the wisdom of my views. The subsidies for the Church? This will be the great problem. The Republican Chamber-elect will ask me perhaps, to withhold them. I will never consent. This would be to declare war against the whole Catholic world, and religious wars are above all things, to be avoided. The question is so important and might prove so dangerous to the republic, that I cannot believe I shall not be able to bring the Assembly to my way of thinking, however. Republican it may be.

Upon this last point, as upon many others, we do not agree with M. Thiers; but when we consider this whole programme, which we will call national, we may, as the *Revue Politique* very truly observes, safely intrust it to him, and give our support to the illustrious statesman who prefers to the role of Mönck the glory of Washington.

A YOUNG MAN WANTED.

WANTED.—A young man of industry, ability integrity, &c.

This meets the eye daily in the column of "wants," and it is as true as the Pentateuch. Wanted? Of course they are always wanted. The market can never be overstocked; they will always be called for, and never quoted "dull" or "no sale." Wanted for thinkers—wanted for workers—in the mart, on the main, in the field, and in the forest. Tools are lying idle for want of a young man; a pen is waiting to be nibbed; a tree to be felled; a school to be instructed.

They talk about staples and great staples. Honest, industrious, able young men are the great staples in this world of ours.

Young men! you are wanted, but not for a doctor. No, nor a lawyer. There are enough of them for this generation, and one or two to spare. Don't study a profession, unless that of a bricklayer or a farmer, or some of the manual professions. Don't measure tape, if you can help it. It's honest and honorable, and all that, but don't rob the women. It's their prerogative to handle silks and laces, tape and thread. Put on your hat, then, like a man, don an apron and go out of doors. Get a good glow on your cheek, the jewelry of toil upon your brow, and a good set of well developed muscles. We would go, if we could, but we were young longer ago than we would like to think; but, you know, when one's old, he can't.

Besides if you become a doctor, you'll have to wait—because you haven't experience," says an old practitioner; because you are "too young," say all the women. If a lawyer, and likely to rise, they'll put a weight on your head, *a la* Swiss, to keep you under, or if you make a good argument, same opponent as gray as a rat will kick it over, by some taunt or other, because you were not born in the year one. And so it will be, until you are tired and bored, and wish you had been a tinker, perhaps "an immortal" one, or anything but what you are.

Be a farmer, and your troubles are over, or rather they don't begin. You own what you stand on, from the centre of the earth (as they used to say) up to the sky; you are independent all day, and tired, not weary, at night. The more neighbors you have, and the better farmers they are, the more and the better for you.

There's one thing more young man. You are wanted. Don't wait to be rich. If you do, ten to one if you are fit to be married at all, or you will not find anybody that's fit to be married. Marry while you are young, and struggle together, lest in years to come, somebody shall advertise, "Young men wanted," and none to be had.

TOO POOR

Moore of the *Rural New Yorker*, was sitting in his office, one afternoon some years ago, when a farmer friend came in and said: "Mr. Moore, I like your paper, but times are so hard I can not pay it."

"Is that so, friend Jones? I'm very sorry to hear that you are so poor; if you are so hard run I will give you my paper."

"Oh, no! I can't take it as a gift."

"Well, then, let's see how we can fix it. You raise chickens, I believe."

"Yes, a few, but they don't bring anything, hardly."

"Don't they? Neither does my paper cost anything, hardly. Now I have a proposition to make to you. I will continue my paper, and when you go home you may select from your lot one chicken and call her mine. Take good care of her and bring me the proceeds, whether eggs or chickens, and we will call it square."

"All right, Brother Moore," and the old fellow chuckled at what he thought a capital bargain. He kept the contract strictly, and at the end of the year found that he had paid about four prices for his paper. He often tells the joke on himself, and says he never had the face to say he was too poor to take a paper since that day.—*Maid Farmer*

Mrs. M. Leary reports her earnings with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, \$700 a year for shop work and \$250 more for custom work, besides her family sewing for 6 persons.

THE art of reading and writing short-hand successfully taught in ten lessons either privately or by correspondence. Three systems, whichever the student prefers. Terms moderate. Address, WILSON, MORTON. "Pure Gold" Office, Toronto.

TO THE PUBLIC OF CANADA.

OFFICE OF THE JOSEPH HALL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, OSHAWA, ONT., MARCH 8, 1872.

BEING desirous of testing the merits of the different water-wheels now offered for sale in Canada, as to their economical use of water we, as manufacturers of the GENUINE JAMES LEFFEL DOUBLE TURBINE, make the following challenge to the manufacturers of ANY OTHER PATTERNS, the wheels in all cases to be wholly manufactured by the competing parties:—

We will place in the hands of any responsible party six thousand dollars (\$6,000), and the party accepting the challenge to do the same, the money to be held subject to the award of the judges. The wheels to be tested in a flour mill, driving the same runs of stone, grinding the same wheat, and having the same amount of square inches of opening to receive the water, a number of water discharged to be the measure of the amount used by each wheel.

The judges to be non-residents of Canada, and to be thoroughly well informed in the mode of testing the power of turbine wheels,—each party to choose one judge and the two to choose the third.

The owners of winning wheel to have their money refunded them, and the loser's money to go towards establishing a mechanical free library in any town in Canada named by the owner of the successful wheel.

The wheels to be tested at 4, 5, 6, 8, and full gate. Each party to give good and sufficient bonds, to the amount of \$4,000, that the loser shall pay the entire expenses of the test. There are some wheels that give very good results with full head and full gateage which entirely fail under partial head and partial gateage. Such wheels in our climate, where the water-powers are affected by cold and drought, are of no practical value.

We claim that we are the only makers of the GENUINE JAMES LEFFEL DOUBLE TURBINE WHEEL in Canada, and that it is without a RIVAL in the WORLD IN PRACTICAL RESULTS.

More than 6,000 of these wheels are now in operation in Canada and the United States. The sales of no other wheel ever yet introduced on this continent exceed one-sixth this number.

Our wheel has been thoroughly tested in Great Britain, and has fully maintained the reputation it has gained in Canada and the United States, as the most economical water-wheel in practical operation ever yet introduced.

We are now publishing a new descriptive water-wheel pamphlet containing 150 pages of valuable matters, which will be sent free to all applicants.

For further information address:

F. W. GLEN,

Oshawa Ont.

N.B.—We desire to call attention to the following certificate:—

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, Dec. 23, 1862.

We take the pleasure of informing the public of Canada that we have sold and furnished MR. F. W. GLEN, of Oshawa, Ontario, Patterns, Formers, Drawings, Gauges, and all other necessary information to build our celebrated Double Turbine Water-wheel, invented by James Leffel, and known as the "Leffel Wheel." We have also obligated ourselves to furnish the same facilities for manufacturing to no other parties in Canada. Without the information we have given to Mr. GLEN, none can successfully build our wheels, and we advise parties in Canada to purchase our wheels of no other manufacturer. MR. GLEN'S facilities are unsurpassed, and we feel sure that he will build a wheel that will give perfect satisfaction. We therefore commend him to the people of Canada with entire confidence, feeling sure he will manufacture a wheel in all respects equal to our own.

JAMES LEFFEL & CO.

FOUND AT LAST

THE GREATEST WORM MEDICINE OF THE AGE.

MRS. WINSLOW'S WORMSYPUR.

FOR CHILDREN and ADULTS

AN ANTI-EMETIC Remedy for Worms.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

REAL ESTATE

OFFICE,

No. 16 Toronto Street, Toronto.

HOUSES AND LANDS

BOUGHT, SOLD, RENTED, VALUED, AND EXCHANGED.

OVER \$2,000,000 WORTH

OF

FARMING & WILD LANDS

FOR SALE,

Over \$250,000 Worth of Property

IN THE

CITY OF TORONTO

FOR SALE,

Comprising some of the finest offers in the market. No commission charged unless a sale is effected. Money loaned on Mortgage, Conveyancing, &c. Fire and Life Insurance in first-class companies at lowest rates. Send stamp for the "New List," just published.

GEORGE OLIVER

295 Yonge St.,

(OPPOSITE AGNES ST.)

SELLS THE BEST BRANDS OF

CIGARS

ALSO THE

Choicest Tobaccos.

GIVE HIM A CALL.

LUKE SHARP.

UNDERTAKER.

WAREHOUSES AND RESIDENCE:

Nos. 7 and 9 Queen St. West, Toronto

ADJOINING KNOX'S CHURCH.



COFFINS
Of every description
WAYS ON HAND
FIRST-CLASS HEARSE.

A Liberal Discount to Churches and Societies who bury their deceased members.
Toronto, Jan. 1, 1872.

DR. J. BRANSTON WILLMOTT,

DENTIST,

Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College,

OFFICE: CORNER KING & CHURCH
TORONTO.

F. BAILEY'S

Book and Stationery Store

No. 86 QUEEN STREET,

Nearly opposite Bay Street, TORONTO, ONT.

MORTON'S

TEMPERANCE BOOK STORE.

BOOKS, STATIONERY, PERIODICALS,
TOYS, &c.

Remember the Stand,
No. 12 ST. LAWRENCE ARCADE.

KENT BROTHERS

YONGE STREET.

Importers of all grades of

FINE

Gold and Silver Watches

JUST RECEIVED

A large consignment of

French Gilt and Marble

Clocks,

Suitable for presentation.

A splendid assortment of bright and colored

Gold Sets, Chains, Lockets, Rings, &c.

Sole Agents for Lazarus & Morris' celebrate

Perfected Spectacles.

Toronto, Jan. 1, 1872.

FRISBY & BARTLETT'S

CHEAP TIES

Large Sales—Small Profits.

WE MAKE OUR OWN TIES, AND CAN

sell them Retail at the Wholesale Price:

Beautiful Scarfs at 30c,	value for 40c
Do do 35c,	do 50c
Do do 40c,	do 60c
Do do 60c,	do 75c
Do do 75c,	do \$1
Pretty Bows for 5c,	value for 10c
Do do 10c,	do 15c
Do do 15c,	do 20c
Do do 20c,	do 30c
Do do 25c,	do 35c

FRISBY & BARTLETT,

TAILORS & MEN'S MERCERS,

19 & YONGE STRE

Important Announcement.

PURE GOLD

PRINTING

AND

PUBLISHING

HOUSE

Is prepared to do all kinds of Book and Job

Printing at reasonable rates. Special attention

paid to.

POSTERS, PROGRAMMES, TICKETS,

HAND-BILLS, CARDS, BILL-HEADS

&c., &c., &c.

Special Inducements given to Temper-

ance and other Societies.

Orders by mail promptly executed.

PURE GOLD

Printing and Publishing House

Church Street Toronto.

PURE GOLD

PUT DOWN THE BRAKES.

No matter how well the track is laid, No matter how strong the engine is made, When you find it running the downward grade,

Put down the brakes!

If the demon of drink has entered the soul, And his power is getting beyond your control, And dragging you on to a terrific goal, Put down the brakes!

Remember the adage, "Don't trifle with fire," Temptation you know is always a liar; If you want to crush out the burning desire,

Put down the brakes!

Are you running in debt by living too fast? Do you look back with shame on a profitless past,

And feel that your ruin is coming at last? Put down the brakes!

Whether for knowledge, or for honor and gain, You are fast wearing out your body and brain,

Till nature no longer can bear the strain. Put down the brakes!

The human is weak, since Adam's fall, Beware how you yield to appetite's call. Be temperate in all things," says practical Paul;

Put down the brakes!

Ah, a terrible thing is human life! Its track with many a danger is rife; Do you seek for the victor's crown in the strife?

Put down the brake

Varieties.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot? Not if they have money.

A Provident and yet Improvident Man.—baker, he kneads much, but sells everything he kneads himself.

If you have a sister, love and cherish her with a holy friendship. And if you have none, why, love somebody else's sister.

A German writer complaining of the difficulties in the pronunciation of the English language, cites the word Box, which he says is pronounced Dickens.

An Ohio paper says that Colorado bugs are sitting around on fences offering 78 cents a bushel for potatoes, and a dollar a day for hands to plant them.

The Cleveland Leader thinks it has enough poetry on hand to last till next Fall, but if the spring is backward, and the fires have to be kept up, it will probably need more.

A Detroit man who had no ear for music confessed as much when he frankly owned that, "If I were the proprietor of a hand-organ, sat expressly to play Old Hundred, I couldn't get over seventy-five out of it.

"Safe" Sausages.—At an Irish breakfast-table a traveller from the East handed to one of his fellow-travellers a plate of sausages; whereupon the question was asked, "Are they safe?" He was met with the reply, "This is a prolific pig country, and it is safe to eat sausages wherever pig is cheaper than dog."

A Rural gent of eighteen summers invested in a banana on the cars recently. He carefully removed the peel and put it on the seat by his side; then he broke the fruit up in small bits, eyeing it anxiously as he did so. When this was done he picked up the peel, shook it in his lap, and finally threw the pieces out of the window remarking as he did so, "That's the fast of them prize packages I ever bought an' its the last, you bet."

A Forlorn widower, after much reflection, composed the following epitaph for his wife's tombstone:

Thou hast gone before me To thy last and long sleep; Tears cannot restore thee, Therefore I weep."

"Dat's de Way de White Folks Does."

—Sam Johnson, of New Orleans, was a great authority among his fellows, and one day he called his satellites together. "Niggers," said he, "if yer want to get rich, ye must save yer money. You must hab a bank. Dat's de way de white folks does." The project was swift, ly put into execution, and the earnings of the week were promptly forthcoming. "Niggers," said Sam, "I will be de cashier, yer must 'posit de money wid me, and when yer want any, yer must draw on to it. Dat's de way de white folks does." All went merrily for a while, but by-and-by there began to be trouble.

It was found easier to get funds into this model institution than to get them out again. "It's all right," says Sam. "de banks only suspended, and in a few days she will 'gain resume; dat's de way de white folks does." This expedient lasted but a little while, however; and the storm was about to burst on the head of the great operator, when he found it expedient to gather once more his infuriated depositors. "Niggers," said he, "dar ain't no use a movin' about it! De money's spent, and de bank's broke; and dat's de way de white folks does."

Policeman, spare that dog, touch not a single hair; he worries many a hog from out his muddy lair. Oh, when he was a pup, so frisky and so plump, he lapped his milk from a cup, when hungry, at a jump. And then his funny tricks, so funny in their place, so full of canine licks upon your hands and face. You will surely let him live! Oh, do not kill him—dead; he wags his narrative, and prays for life—not lead. Go get the muzzel now and put upon his mouth, and stop that bow, wow, wow, and tendency to drouth. He is your children's pet companion of their joy; you will not kill him yet, and thus their hopes destroy. No, policeman, spare that pup; touch not a single hair, oh, put your pistol up, and go away from there!

Do not be above your business. He who turns up his nose at work quarrels with bread and butter. He is a poor smith who is afraid of his own sparks; there's some discomfort in all trades except chimney-sweeping. If sailors give up going to sea because of the wet; if bakers left off baking bread because it is hard work; if plowmen would not plough because of cold, and tailors would not make our clothes for fear of pricking their fingers, what a pass we would come to. Nonsense my fine fellow, there's no shame about any honest calling, don't be afraid of soiling your hands, there's plenty of soap to be had. All trades are good to good traders. Lucifer matches pay well if you sell enough of them. You cannot get honey if you are frightened at bees, nor plant corn if you are afraid of getting mud on your boots. When bars of iron melt under the south wind, when you can dig the fields with toothpicks, blow ships along with fans, manure the crops with lavender water, and grow plum cakes in flowerpots, there will be a fine time for dandies; but until the millennium comes we shall have a deal to put up with.

Steam Dye Works!

353

YONGE ST., TORONTO,

(Between Gould and Gerrard Sts.)

THOMAS SQUIRE,

PROPRIETOR.

KID GLOVES CLEANED

With Superiority and despatch.

Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned, Dyed, and Repaired on the shortest possible notice. Express Orders punctually attended to. Not responsible for Goods after six months.

W. BELL & CO.,

GUELPH ONT.

PRIZE MEDAL

Cabinet Organs!

AND MELODEONS,

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of "THE ORGANETTE," containing Scribner's Patent Qualifying Tubes.

Awarded the Only Medal,

Ever given to makers of Reed Instruments at Provincial Exhibitions.

FOR PROFICIENCY IN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Besides Diplomas and First Prizes at other Exhibitions too numerous to specify.

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

CAUTION.

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

"ORGANETTE"

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

Illustrated Catalogues furnished by addressing W. BELL & CO., Guelph.

W. B. HARTELL,

241 Yonge St.

CABINET - MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER,

ALL KINDS OF BEDROOM SETS FROM \$16. DRAWING-ROOM SETS IN EVERY STYLE.

Bureaus, Sofas, Lounges, Mattresses, Fancy Tables, Extensions, &c.

Our Furniture repaired and varnished, Sofas restuffed, Mattresses re-made

Needle Work Mounted! FURNITURE MADE TO ORDER.

JOB WORK EVERY

DESCRIPTION

NEATLY,

CHEAPLY,

AND

Expediently

EXECUTED

AT THE

"PURE GOLD"

OFFICE.

LIFE ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE, MASONIC HALL, TORONTO.

CAPITAL \$500,000.

Stock and Mutual Plans Combined. Deposited with Dominion Government for Security of POLICY-HOLDERS, \$30,000.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT—SIR FRANCIS HINCKES, K. C. M. G., Finance Minister of Canada.

VICE-PRESIDENTS—HON. WM. P. HOWLAND, C. B., Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; HON. WM. MCMASTER, President Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Issued—Over 500 Policies first half year.

This Association issues all the most approved forms of Policies—all non-forfeiting by charter, to assured than that of any other company.

A strong Company which combines strength of capital, character and local influence and provides life insurance at the lowest safe rates without detractions of dividends, making a good dividend certain by decreasing the premiums.

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

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

The fullest information will be cheerfully furnished on application to

WILLIAM McCABE, General Manager, Toronto

ETNA Life Insurance Company, OF HARTFORD CON.

HEAD OFFICE FOR WESTERN CANADA, NO. 2 TORONTO ST., TORONTO.

Incorporated 1820. Commenced business in Canada in 1850.

Accumulated Assets, July 1, 1871: over \$16,000,000. Annual Income 6,000,000. Surplus over all Liabilities 3,000,000. Deposited with Canadian Government, 100,000. Already paid to Widows and Orphans in Canada, nearly \$200,000.

ALL POLICIES STRICTLY NON-FORFEITING.

No money paid to this Company can ever be lost by discontinuing payments after the second year. The policy remains good, on application, for more insurance than the Cash paid in.

This Old, Reliable and Most Successful Company affords great advantages in Life Insurance.

An Annual Revenue of over \$6,000,000. OVER \$16,000,000 SAFELY INVESTED AT INTEREST.

JOHN GARVIN, Manager.

T. Toronto, Dec. 22, 1871.

T. CLAXTON,

DEALER in first-class Violins, English, German and Anglo-German Concertinas, Guitars, Flutes, Pipes, Bows, Strings, Instruction Books, etc.

197 YONGE STREET.

Special Attention given to Repairing and Tuning every description of Musical Instruments.

W. SHISTEL,

CONFECTIONER

AND OYSTER DEALER,

No. 145 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

WILLIAM BROWN,

Fruit and Vegetable Store,

11 RICHMOND ST. EAST,

DEALER in Confectionery, General Provisions, Bacon, Lard, Butter, Eggs, &c.

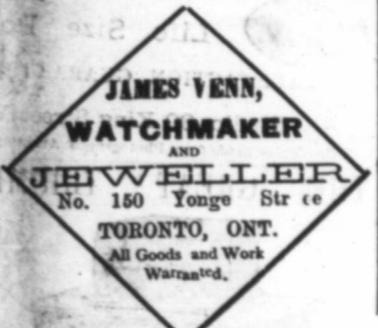
W. D. McINTOSH,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FLOUR & FEED,

Grain, Oat and Wheat Meal, Split Peas, Corn-meal, Buckwheat Flour, and Glasgow Brown-meal.

No. 309 Yonge St., opposite Albert St. TORONTO.



SUBSCRIBE

FOR

"PURE GOLD"

\$2

Per

YEAR

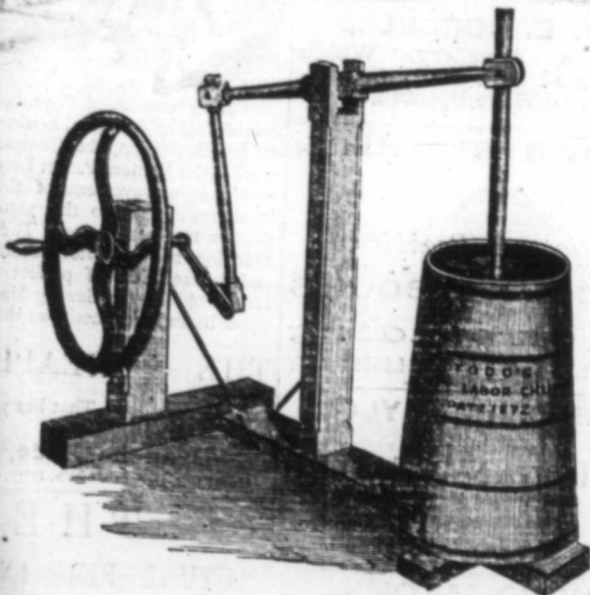
IN ADVANCE.

Now is your time.

FARMERS.

If you want to bring BUTTER quick and want to do away with the HEAVY LABOUR in churning, get one of

TODD'S EASY LABOR HURNS; OR, CHURNING MACHINES



This is a Machine to be attached to a any DASH CHURN, and A CHILD 5 YEARS OLD CAN DO THE CHURNING OF 50 COWS WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE.

Todd's Patent Dash goes with each Machine, and will bring Butter out of the Butter Milk of any other Churn.

Call at the Office and see for yourselves, corner of Church and Front Streets, where the MACHINES, CHURNS, AND COUNTY RIGHTS ARE FOR SALE.

J. C. TODD,

Corner of Church Wellington and Front Streets, Toronto.

DEALER IN FLOUR,

Oatmeal, Corn Meal, Buckwheat Flour, Oats, Bran, Shorts, &c., &c., &c.

S. MEADOWS,

Plumber Steam & Gas Fitter

(Patentee of the CORRUGATED SILVER-PLATED REFLECTOR.

IMPORTER OF GASOLINERS.

Old Steam Gauges tested and repaired.

No. 27 Queen St. West,

TORONTO.

No 77 QUEEN STREET WEST.

1843 The Pioneer Publishers 1872

OF CANADA

OFFER

INDUCEMENTS

To Agents, male and female, in every part of the Dominion.

\$25 to \$40 a Week easily earned.

Ladies Most Successful.

Among their New Books are—

Mrs. Moodie's Roughing it in the Bush. Re-edited and improved. \$1 75 and \$2 25.

Mrs. Kelly's Captivity among Sioux Indians. \$1.

Siege of Derry, with PUNSHON'S graphic Introduction. \$1 and \$1 50.

Dr. Naphey's Transmission of Life. \$2. The same Author's Physical Life of Woman. \$1 50. &c., &c.

or circulars and terms, apply to

MACLEAR & CO.

Victoria Hall, Melinda Street. TORONTO.

TO TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES,

DECORATIVE PAPER HANGINGS,

IN EVERY STYLE.

DESIGNS FURNISHED,

AND OR

WORK EXECUTED.

Painted & Gilt Linen Window Shades

FOR

LODGE ROOMS

AND

SOCIETY HALLS,

MADE TO ORDER,

UP TO 120 INCHES WIDE.

CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

J. EDWARDS,

Importer and Manufacturer,

186 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Toronto, Jan. 5, 1872.

VICTORIA WOOD YARD

VICTORIA ST., TORONTO.

OLIVER & THOMPSON,

WHOLESALE AND IN

COAL, WOOD AND LUMBER.

NOW READY.

PURE GOLD

SERIES OF

Canadian Tales.

No. 11.]

PRICE, ONLY 25 CENTS.

!A LIFE WASTED!

BY

T. J. VIVIAN,

J. K. VICK,

WATCHMAKER

NO. 57 Yonge Street

Next Door to A. W. Russell's Wholesale

Watch Depot,

Upstairs, over Vickers' Express Office.

TORONTO, O

Work done for the Trade.

Dec. 22

DRUIDS.

Any person or persons residing in the

City of Toronto, Members of the above

Ancient Order, would oblige by calling

at the office of

T PRESERVER

No Breaking of Ice; No Sugar Required!

PAYNE'S

STEAM FRUIT PRESERVER

Consists of a Beller with a projecting base on which the jar rests. Small pipes convey the steam to the bottom of the fruit in the jar, and in the space of THREE MINUTES all the moisture is ready for sealing.

Fruit put up in this way will keep perfectly fresh for years.

TOMATOES, PEAS, BEANS, ASPARAGUS, &c., Can be put up with equal success.

ANY PERSON CAN USE IT PRICE - \$100. Address, or call on WILSON MORTON.

PURE GOLD SERIES

TEMPERANCE TRACTS.

NO. 3.

To the Liquor Trade, By JACOB SPENCE.

NO. 4. Trial of John Barley-Corn, By JACOB SPENCE.

NO. 5. Anti-Drunkenness Duty, By JACOB SPENCE.

NO. 6. The Ox Essay, (ABRIDGED), By JACOB SPENCE.

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

To give a greater inducement to have them read we propose the following scheme: We will place at the head of each tract the advertisement as follows: "Published by—Temple or Dentist," as if they are sent by one person—Compliments of Mr.—or anything—that may be inserted in two lines. This will be done for the cost of change, viz: 25c. for any person ordering 1,000 pages. These tracts will come up in envelopes will be sold at the regular price of \$1.25 per 1,000 pages.

For further information, or copies, address, PUBLISHING COY, TORONTO.

J. SEGSWORTH,

IMPORTER OF Fine Gold and Silver WATCHES.

Jewellery and Watches thoroughly repaired and garranteed. 113 YONGE ST.

WEST BROS.,

GOLD & SILVER PLATERS, AND MANUFACTURERS OF Nichol Silver Show Cases! SHOP-SASH, WINDOW BARS, &c. 20 Toronto St. Toronto, Ont.

WILLIAMS

CLOCK MAKER, 297 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

WATCH AND JEWELLERY, 504 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

Special attention given to cleaning and repairing Clocks, Watches and Jewellery.

W. E. CORNELL,

Watches, Jewellery, Watch Materials and Tools, Silver Plated Ware, Spectacles, 65 and 68 King Street East, Stationers, Bookbinders, ACCOUNT BOOKS, Bookbinding, WHOLESALE ESTABLISHMENT.

THOS. H. TAYLOR,

FASHIONABLE MERCHANT TAILOR, 265 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

SEWING MACHINES

AFTER ALL IS SAID, THE Champion Family Sewing Machine is the Best in the Dominion. PRICE \$20 00. With Table and Treadle all complete. Fully warranted for five years, and will sew the widest range of thread and material of any machine yet invented. SEND LIVE AGENTS WANTED. For particulars and circulars address W. A. WHITE & CO.

CITY OF HAMILTONS BRASS FOUNDRY,

HUGH YOUNG, LATE H. & R. YOUNG, Engineers and Plumber Brass Work, HAMILTON, ONT. Corner of McNab and Vine Streets. Hamilton, Dec. 20th, 1871. 3m

HAMILTON AGRICULTURAL WORKS.

L. D. SAWYER & CO., OHIO COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER, Dodge's Self-Rake Improved for 1871. Ohio Combined Hand Raking Reaper and Mower. Johnston's Self-Raking Reaper. Wood's Patent Jointed Bar Mower. Buffalo & Taylor's Sulky Horse Rake. Combination Grain Drill. Carter's Ditching Machine. Threshing Machines Improved for 1871. First Prize Clover Thresher and Huller, &c., &c.

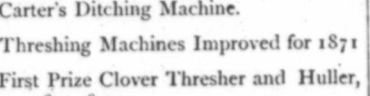
THE HAMILTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

31 JAMES ST., HAMILTON, ONT., Manufacturers and Dealers in Patent Dominion Elbow and Thrust, Patent Towel Racks, Patent Clothes Line Holders, Patent Scissors Sharpener, Patent Broom Holders, Patent Hook and Bolt, Patent Hold-back, Patent Bread Toasters, Patent Dry Goods Stock-taking and Measuring Machine, AND OTHER SALEABLE ARTICLES. AGENTS WANTED. Hamilton, Dec. 20, 1871. 3m

Triumphant Success

OF THE GARDNER SEWING MACHINE! The verdict of the People declares it to be superior to any now in the Market.

Victorious Over All Competitors! Being awarded First Prize at the Toronto, London, Guelph, St. Catharines, Chatham, Waterloo, Orangeville, Mono, Wellandport and Otterville Exhibitions of 1871; second prize at the Provincial Fair at Kingston, and Diploma at Hamilton. It is acknowledged to be the most simple in construction, most durable, most elegantly finished, and best family and light manufacturing machine now in use, containing all the latest improvements. A complete set of attachments, with printed instructions, furnished with each machine, free of extra charge. Please call and examine at Salesroom, No. 189 Yonge St., Toronto. Agents Wanted. ROBERT BRUCE.



W. E. CORNELL, RUBELL WATCHES, 65 and 68 King Street East, Stationers, Bookbinders, ACCOUNT BOOKS, Bookbinding, WHOLESALE ESTABLISHMENT.

THOS. H. TAYLOR,

FASHIONABLE MERCHANT TAILOR, 265 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

SEWING MACHINES

AFTER ALL IS SAID, THE Champion Family Sewing Machine is the Best in the Dominion. PRICE \$20 00. With Table and Treadle all complete. Fully warranted for five years, and will sew the widest range of thread and material of any machine yet invented. SEND LIVE AGENTS WANTED. For particulars and circulars address W. A. WHITE & CO.

PURE GOLD

R. WALKER & SONS

NOW ARE SHOWING FULL ASSORTMENT OF NEW SPRING GOODS!

In Silks, Velvets, Dress Goods, Shawls, Mantles, MILLINERY, AND STAPLE GOODS.

Also, WOOLLENS AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS, CARPETS, AND READY-MADE CLOTHING.

33 to 37 King St., 16 Colborne St. GOLDEN LION. STEAM DYE WORKS.

THOMAS SQUIRE SILK WOOLEN AND COTTON DYER, No. 353, Yonge St., Toronto

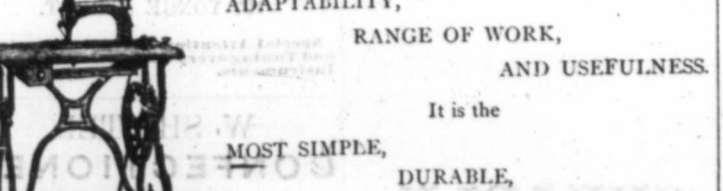
Clothes Cleaned, Dyed, and repaired on the Shortest Notice. KID GLOVES CLEANED WITH SUPERIORITY AND DESPATCH. EXPRESS ORDERS PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO. Not responsible for goods after 3 Months. 20-3m

Provincial Exhibition, 1871 - 1st Prize Toronto Exhibition, 1871 - Special Prize of \$25.

THE OSBORN FAMILY SEWING MACHINE!

UNEQUALLED FOR ADAPTABILITY, RANGE OF WORK, AND USEFULNESS. It is the MOST SIMPLE, DURABLE, AND ELEGANT. CHEAPEST AND BEST. MONTHLY PAYMENTS. LIBERAL DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

ALBERT W. DRAYCOTT, AGENT, 826 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Dec. 20. 3m



MACORQUODALE MATTHEWS, (Late with EWING & CO.) ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS, S. E. CORNER KING & CHURCH STREETS. The finest and best lighted Studio in Toronto. November 24. 23-3m

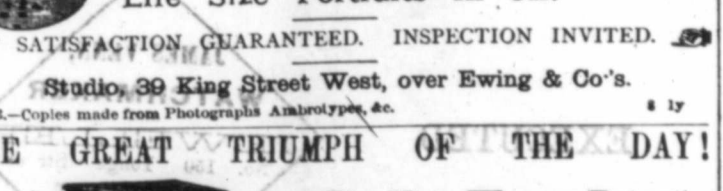
J. W. BRIDGMAN, PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Life Size Portraits in Oil. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. INSPECTION INVITED. Studio, 99 King Street West, over Ewing & Co's. N.B.—Copies made from Photographs and Typo. &c. 17

THE GREAT TRIUMPH OF THE DAY!

The New Wanzel Patent LETTER "A" FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

IR. M. WANZER & CO. Sewing Machine Manufacturers, HAMILTON, ONTARIO.



After continued improvements, that have rendered the history of this old established and original Sewing Machine Manufacture of the Dominion famous from its first institution, the Company have now brought to perfection and placed in the market the Wanzel Patent Letter "A" Family Sewing Machine, an invention which combines improvements of the highest importance, which have been the study of inventors devoted to the perfecting of the Sewing Machine from its earliest introduction to common use. The advantages claimed for the new Letter "A" Sewing Machine are—superior accuracy of operation, durability, simplicity, convenience, and the retention of perfect utility through an indefinite period of service. The Letter "A" Family Sewing Machine is now introduced to the public, relying solely upon its superior merits as the most perfect, convenient, durable, and

THE CHEAPEST SEWING MACHINE

That has yet been introduced into the world. Branch Office, No. 3 Yonge Street, Toronto. Hamilton, December 20th, 1871.

THE VICTORIA MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.

Incorporated under Cap. 52, Consolidated Statutes. GENERAL BRANCH, Established in 1863. HAMILTON BRANCH, Established in 1868. AVAILABLE ASSETS, \$100,000. HEAD OFFICE: Corner MAIN and JAMES STREETS, HAMILTON, ONT. BOARD OF DIRECTORS: GEO. H. MILLS, Esq., Hamilton, President. LEVI LEWIS, Esq., Saltfleet, Vice-President. Alex. Brown, Esq., W. Flamboro'. Jas. Cummings, Esq., Hamilton. Geo. Morrison, Esq., Hamilton. R. Gibbons, Esq., Goderich. Henry Hall, Esq., Burlington. James Calder, Esq., Ancaster. T. McIlwraith, Esq., Hamilton. Jacob H. Fisher, Esq., Nelson. A. T. Wood, Esq., Hamilton. W. J. Taylor, Esq., Grandford. D. ROOPER, Secy. 12 1/2

E. M. MORPHY

Regulator of Toronto University and Normal School Time. IMPORTER OF Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, SILVER & 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. Toronto, Dec. 20th, 1871. 3m

GEO. L. GARDEN,

SUCCESSOR TO R. DAVIS & CO., 55 King Street West, CORNER OF BAY ST. IMPORTER OF GROCERIES, TEAS AND TOBACCOS. &c., &c., &c. WHOLESALE & RETAIL. All kinds of Produce taken on account. Toronto, Jan. 1, 1872. 1-3m

J. W. ELLIOTT DENTIST,

Nos. 43 and 45 King Street West, (Over E. Hooper and 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. Toronto, Dec. 20, 1871. 3m

DR WOOD,

OTTAWA, TREATS CANCERS without the use of the knife, and requires no pay until the cure is complete. Ottawa, Dec. 20, 1871.

GOOD BOARD.

Gentlemen requiring GOOD BOARD with the comforts of a home, can obtain it by applying at 28 Wellington St., West. MISS MOORE. W. F. Coleman, M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng. HAS REMOVED TO 316 CHURCH ST., CORNER OF ANN. OFFICE HOURS 2 1/2, 5, and 7 to 8 o'clock p.m. Toronto, Jan. 10, 1872. 3-3

J. YOUNG,

(Late from G. Armstrong's Undertaking Establishment, Montreal.) UNDERTAKER, 351 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Funerals furnished with everything required. Agent for Fisk's Patent Metallic Burial Cases. Undertaker Collins supplied when required. 1-3m

W. C. ADAMS DENTIST,

95 King St. East, Toronto, Has given attention to his profession in all its parts and recommends the new base for those needing artificial teeth. 2-3m

W. L. MUIR,

Manufacturer of Oval, Oxford, Walnut and Gilt PICTURE FRAMES, Dealer in Chromolithographs, Engravings, Looking Glasses, &c. Novelty Picture Frame Manufactory, No. 351 1/2 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Dec. 20 Looking Glasses framed to order. 3m

Italian Warehouse.

258 Yonge Street, corner Trinity Square CHOICE TEAS & COFFEES, CROSS & BLACKWELL'S PICKLES SAUCES, POTTED MEATS, &c., &c., &c. J. C. ROSE & CO., FAMILY GROCERS. NO LIQUORS ARE KEPT FOR SALE. Toronto, Oct. 2, 1871. 20-3m

W. R. STEWARD,

Chemist and Druggist, 253 YONGE STREET, (Opposite Trinity Square.) TORONTO. Prescriptions and Family Recipes carefully prepared.

GEORGE ELLIS

Manufacturer and Importer of Human & Imitation Hair, Wigs, Bands, Switches & Chignons. Hair Work done in the latest styles. Finest assortment of Hair Nets in Canada. Manufacturer of Ellis's Restorer and Darkening Oil. The Restorer is a valuable preparation for removing dandruff and rendering the hair soft and glossy. Also, manufacturer of Ellis's Magical Bloom for beautifying and preserving the complexion. Each of the above in bottles, 25 cents and 50 cents. Orders carefully attended to. Wholesale and retail. 179 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

WEEKE'S CARBOLIC SALVE,

To be had of all Druggists. M. McCABE, UNDERTAKER, 155 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO. FISK'S patent Metallic Cases kept on hand. Liberal discount to Charitable Institutions. Toronto, Jan. 10, 1872. 3-3m

CADBURY'S COCOA.

CADBURY'S COCOA ESSENCE. These celebrated Goods obtained First Class Prize at Exhibition of 1871, and are for sale by all respectable Grocers and Druggists. Sample of Cocoa Essence sent free, on Application. E. LUSHIER, Montreal, Sole Agent for the Dominion.

Toronto Steam Laundry,

COR. BAY AND KING STS., OPPOSITE DAILY TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

All kinds of Washing Done

IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE.

GEC. P. SHARPE,

C. D. EDWARDS, Manufacturer of FIRE-PROOF SAFES. Burglar-proof Safes, Vault Doors, Iron Shutters & Doors, Bank, Jail, and Store Locks, AND Iron Work for Jails, Registry Office, &c. E. H. MOORE, 61 Front Street East, Toronto, General Agent for Ontario. A large stock of these, and also all kinds of counter and Platform Scales, always on hand. THE OLDEST TEMPERANCE HOUSE IN THE CITY

Victoria Tea Warehouse.

Established over 27 years, and the Finest in the PURE TEAS AT LOW PRICES. Over 2,000 packages in stock, put up in 5 lb and 10 lb Tin Canisters, and also in original packages of 20, 40 and 60 lbs each. Over 50 varieties at from 25c the 5 lb canister. Price Lists sent free on application. A trial that is asked to secure future patronage. 29 King Street. Sign of the Queen. EDWARD LAWSON, The Pioneer Tea Merchant. 1-3m

R. C. BOTHWELL

IMPORTER and Wholesale Dealer in FANCY GOODS. Jewellery, Cutlery, Combs, Berlin Wood, Small wares, &c., &c. Wholesale Manufacturers of India Rubber Jewellery, India Rubber and Hurn Combs. No. 112 YONGE STREET Two Doors below Adelaide Street, Dec. 20 TORONTO. 3m

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

GEORGE THOMAS, Issuer. OFFICE, 40 CHURCH STREET WEST SIDE, TWO DOORS SOUTH FROM KING ST. TORONTO.

W. C. ADAMS DENTIST,

95 King St. East, Toronto, Has given attention to his profession in all its parts and recommends the new base for those needing artificial teeth. 2-3m

W. L. MUIR,

Manufacturer of Oval, Oxford, Walnut and Gilt PICTURE FRAMES, Dealer in Chromolithographs, Engravings, Looking Glasses, &c. Novelty Picture Frame Manufactory, No. 351 1/2 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Dec. 20 Looking Glasses framed to order. 3m

Italian Warehouse.

258 Yonge Street, corner Trinity Square CHOICE TEAS & COFFEES, CROSS & BLACKWELL'S PICKLES SAUCES, POTTED MEATS, &c., &c., &c. J. C. ROSE & CO., FAMILY GROCERS. NO LIQUORS ARE KEPT FOR SALE. Toronto, Oct. 2, 1871. 20-3m

W. R. STEWARD,

Chemist and Druggist, 253 YONGE STREET, (Opposite Trinity Square.) TORONTO. Prescriptions and Family Recipes carefully prepared.

GEORGE ELLIS

Manufacturer and Importer of Human & Imitation Hair, Wigs, Bands, Switches & Chignons. Hair Work done in the latest styles. Finest assortment of Hair Nets in Canada. Manufacturer of Ellis's Restorer and Darkening Oil. The Restorer is a valuable preparation for removing dandruff and rendering the hair soft and glossy. Also, manufacturer of Ellis's Magical Bloom for beautifying and preserving the complexion. Each of the above in bottles, 25 cents and 50 cents. Orders carefully attended to. Wholesale and retail. 179 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

WEEKE'S CARBOLIC SALVE,

To be had of all Druggists. M. McCABE, UNDERTAKER, 155 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO. FISK'S patent Metallic Cases kept on hand. Liberal discount to Charitable Institutions. Toronto, Jan. 10, 1872. 3-3m

CADBURY'S COCOA.

CADBURY'S COCOA ESSENCE. These celebrated Goods obtained First Class Prize at Exhibition of 1871, and are for sale by all respectable Grocers and Druggists. Sample of Cocoa Essence sent free, on Application. E. LUSHIER, Montreal, Sole Agent for the Dominion.