

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

VOL. 1.
No. 23.

Saturday, June 18th, 1887.

{ JOHN CHARLES DENT,
Editor and Proprietor.

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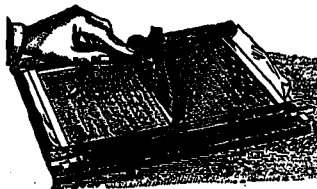
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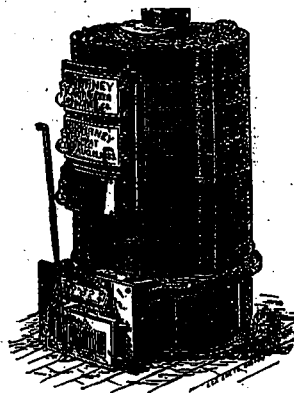
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{ \$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS. }

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Editorial Notes.

PASTEUR AND HYDROPHOBIA.

AT the meeting of the Ontario Medical Association held in Toronto last week, the President, Dr. J. H. Richardson, delivered an address, in the course of which he drew attention to the progress made in the healing art during the last few years. He specially referred to M. Pasteur's "crowning triumph over that dread disease hydrophobia"—a disease which, in the language of the speaker, had previously "baffled medical skill." The Doctor enlarged upon his theme, and gave his hearers a good deal of more or less accurate information about M. Pasteur's methods. From the tone of his remarks it might reasonably have been inferred that hydrophobia no longer "baffles medical skill," and that the eminent Frenchman's so-called discovery is a veritable boon to humanity. When a doctor undertakes to instruct a body of his professional brethren on matters pertaining to their calling, he should at least take the trouble to inform himself as to easily-ascertainable facts. Dr. Richardson certainly took no pains to so inform himself respecting this "crowning triumph" of M. Pasteur. Those facts a layman now presumes to place before him. So far from being a "crowning triumph," M. Pasteur's alleged discovery is now regarded by the leading scientists of Europe as one of the saddest, most dismal and most complete of failures. Two years ago they were strongly disposed to believe in him, but the wisest and most learned among them have utterly thrown him over. A writer who has probed this subject to the bottom writes about it as follows:—"A little over two years ago the press of Europe and America teemed with the wonderful and brilliant achievements of M. Pasteur in preventing the development of hydrophobia in persons who had been bitten by rabid dogs, by the in-

oculation of a cultivated virus prepared from the spinal cords of rabbits that had been previously inoculated with true hydrophobic virus. Patients flocked to him from all parts of the world, received the magic injections, and were pronounced safe after a week's treatment. In most cases there was no proof that the dogs that inflicted the wounds were rabid, and in the cases of the Newark children, who went to Paris for treatment, it is a well-known fact that one child who was bitten and remained at home has been equally as free from hydrophobia as the Pasteurized children. It is even asserted that the dog that bit these children never had rabies, and is alive to-day. In spite of all the doubtful circumstances surrounding the cases, the press almost universally approved of Pasteur's treatment, and even those who could produce strong arguments against it were denied a hearing. It was enough that the great scientist claimed he had produced in his laboratory an attenuated virus that would prevent the development of hydrophobia, if used any time within three months after the bite had been inflicted. Soon, however, a patient died, and then it was claimed that the treatment, to be effective, must be received before the thirty-sixth day. The speedy death of another patient who had been pronounced safe upset this theory, and the limit of time was further reduced, first to twenty, and soon after to sixteen days. A succession of deaths occurring among those who had been treated within the shortest time stated led intelligent people to conclude that those who had been really bitten by rabid animals died in spite of the treatment, while those who had not been so bitten, if they survived the treatment, were saved (?) from hydrophobia. M. Pasteur is not to be thus put down, and therefore he must square his theories with the facts. He has made a great scientific discovery, and he must change it with every failure till the poor public is forced to swallow it. In a paper read before the Academy of Sciences of Paris, last September, he said that a sad experience had taught him the necessity of inoculating with a more intense virus. This new virus was used, and a patient treated with it died within a month; and between that time and March 1st, 1887, sixteen deaths have occurred among those so treated. An important fact in connection with the 'perfected' method of treatment is that all the patients died from what is called paralytic rabies, which was unquestionably produced by the new 'intense virus.' It will thus be seen that Pasteur is in an unenviable position. He has himself admitted that mild injections will not save from hydrophobia, and it is proved that his last invention kills instead of cures." So much for Dr. Richardson's "crowning triumph."

THE NEW DUTY ON BOOKS.

THERE is a good deal of feeling just now among the dealers in second-hand books on the subject of the recent imposition by the Finance Minister of fifteen per cent. duty on all literature imported into Canada, irrespective of the date of publication. Until last month the duty was imposed only upon books issued within seven years of the date of publication, but all books are now placed upon an equality in the matter of customs duties, and must contribute their share of revenue to the national exchequer. ARCTURUS had its say about this latest tax upon knowledge some weeks since, but has no hesitation in returning to the subject in the present issue. It appears that some of the largest buyers of second-hand books in Toronto took the new impost as deeply to heart as did the dealers themselves, and that several of them made special appeals to the Finance Minister on the subject. The Rev. William Brookman, among others, wrote a strongly-worded letter, calling the Minister's attention to the retrograde character of the new regulation, and of the different line of conduct pursued by the United States authorities under *their* protective system. The Minister replied to the effect that the tariff admitting free of duty books printed more than seven years had led to innumerable frauds. New publications, it was alleged, had been printed with false title-pages, and brought in as old books. We have been favoured with a copy of Mr. Brookman's response, and as he presents the case strongly his remarks will probably be of interest to readers of this paper. "I would suggest," he writes, "the following course:—Extend the time for the admission of old books free, say, to twenty-five years, or even a longer period; or, which would effect the purpose also, though not so well, limit the period to a certain year, say 1850, or any other reasonable date which may recommend itself to your mind. With regard to old engravings, whether loose or bound up as books, the limit could be well extended as far back as 1835. Such a course would really answer all the beneficial purposes of culture I have in view; and whilst at the same time such a period of limitation would form a line which could not be fraudulently passed in face of ordinary intelligence on the part of the Customs Appraiser, it would also cut off the incentive to fraud which the limit of seven years or any other short period, including really very modern books, would, I am sorry to think, be liable to produce. Thus you would guard your revenue from the mean frauds of probably some half-dozen booksellers or publishers—for I cannot think all or many are so dishonourable—and also preserve us as a people from the literary and artistic loss which eventually, from the very circumstances of the case, would be felt in the future homes of Canada; as every year witnesses the diminution of the sources by the exportation of such literature and art from their fountain heads to this North American Continent. From these sources the literary wealth of the United States is being continually increased, even by the accession, as I see lately, of whole libraries from the Continent and Britain, thus freely admitted. Permit me here to

furnish a little practical illustration of the discouragement such a course as now entered upon, has already produced. Encouraged by the previous liberal policy pursued by our statesmen there has been large importations, comparatively speaking, of old literature into this country direct from England to a branch house established here. The intelligence of a duty henceforth to be placed upon such works was cabled home by the agent. What is the result? The branch house receives advice to the following effect: 'In returning thanks to the thousands of our customers and friends, including Members of the Legislature, Ministers of the Gospel, Professors and Teachers in the Universities and various Seats of Learning, for their appreciation of our endeavours to place within their reach a good portion of the best literature of the past, you will have to tell them that the Canadian Government, apparently considering that the continued importation of such good old English literature is not needful for the public welfare, has shown it by enforcing a prohibitory duty thereon to the discouragement of of such business; therefore, under such conditions, our next catalogues, after our clearance catalogue, will probably be issued from the United States, where encouragement rather than discouragement is given to such pursuits.'

ON CERTAIN ARTISTIC CANT.

AN esteemed contributor who has already aired his opinions in these columns on certain matters pertaining to art and artists, writes as follows:—I have no desire to defame in any manner the members of a cultured profession, who have done and are doing so much good in this world. The object of these few remarks is to show that honesty of purpose and purity of deed ought to be clothed in robes of honest manner and pure truth, and not garbed, as they often are, in the clownish patchwork of affectation and the finical finery of foolish pride. I propose to speak plainly on the matter, in the belief that the naked truth can only offend the prurient mind that hates to recognize its own blemishes. It is a common remark that artists are peculiar; that their actions are eccentric, and their natures different from those of average mortals. It is only with reference to those artists whose conduct gives occasion for these and other common remarks that I wish to say a few words. The peculiarity attaching to an artist is not greater than attaches to any other person; but it is often wrongly associated with his calling instead of himself. To take a high example. Blake was not mad because he was either an artist or a poet. His insanity was due to physical causes, no less than were the drunken habits of Poe, and parallels to both may be found in asylums and police cells all the world over. Therefore to excuse the absurdity in attire, irregularity in behaviour, rudeness in conversation and insolence in conduct which characterize many persons who pose as artists is a mistake, and exposes the shallow credulity of their professed admirers. I should like to know by what special arrangement custom has cozened with decency to let certain members of society wear their hair a foot long, their clothes unusually absurd, and their manners threadbare. Artists should conform to the laws

of society, as their works should conform to the laws of Nature. The deception of the senses is no more the duty of the artist than it is the end of his work. The affectation of superiority exhibited by many is merely the arrogance of egregious vanity, for excepting his skill as a workman he is vulgarly human with the rest of us. Does the artist see more than others? No; the same Nature unfolds her store to all alike, and none sees more than others save by infinite study and painstaking to understand the meaning of her many mysteries. Simplicity is the golden rule of great natures, and eccentricity the abnormal development of weaknesses.

A DIVORCE COURT.

A DISCUSSION recently took place in the Senate over a divorce bill, in the course of which the propriety of recognizing divorces obtained in the United States was pretty warmly discussed. There was a strong feeling against the principle of recognizing such decrees without enquiry into the merits of the case; and justly so, considering the varying practice in different States, and the extreme laxity allowed in some of them. To recognize all United States divorce decrees would make a Canadian marriage an obligation more easily evaded than any other contract, as nothing would be necessary to terminate an inharmonious union but a journey to the State in which divorces are most easily obtained. What is urgently needed in Canada is a Divorce Court that will grant divorces for good and sufficient cause without the great expense and delay of obtaining a private bill. We hope to see such a Court before long, though the opposition to its creation will certainly be most bitter. The Prohibition party, if the future should ever see it organized, will probably add that plank to its platform.

JUBILEE CRIMINALS.

IN the opinion of Mr. Sproule it would be a gracious commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee to set free certain of our criminals now undergoing the punishment of their offences. Luckily, it is not probable that the common sense which characterizes our Parliament when not engaged in the discussion of party questions will permit of such an act of folly. Liberty is dear to all; but it might be more in the interests of the public to set free the harmless inmates of our lunatic asylums than the responsible inmates of our jails. As a rule, persons who are lax in morality are not susceptible to great sentiment, and the reprieve of a thief would not likely result in his renunciation of thieving. In more cases than is generally supposed, men are born with certain criminal propensities, and the man with a wolf's nature is hardly to be expected to play the lamb for the rest of his life, as a result of the Queen's Jubilee. Criminals who have forfeited the rights of citizenship by conspiring against the rights of their fellows cannot expect, and should not be allowed to participate in, the pleasures attending those who love the law and obey it; or even of those who obey the law without any particular love for it. Misplaced lenity is even more to be deplored than cruelty.

"OF TWO EVILS," ETC.

THE farmers of Peel and Maryborough have embodied unanimously their sentiments regarding the trade policy of the Dominion, and by the manner in which they have expressed their desires they are not hard to please. They would prefer Reciprocity between Canada and the United States; but should this policy be unattainable Commercial Union with Great Britain and the colonies will suit. Considering the enormous differences that would result to Canada by the adoption of either of these policies it may be inferred that the farmers of Peel and Maryborough do not wish to hamper the Government by an iron support of either Reciprocity or Imperial Trade Federation. It is not likely when the question is definitely brought forward for determination that all Canadians will be so obliging in their views as the above body. It will resolve itself into a straight party question, no doubt, as most matters of vital interest to our Dominion have done, and in the ordinary course of our peculiarly sheeplike political nature, we suspect that the same obliging farmers of Peel and Maryborough will forget their resolution and support the political cow which they believe will yield the most milk to the country.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

UNLESS wisdom prevails the signs of the times indicate that the aboriginal game of this land, which has been fostered into a splendid science by young Canada, will decay. The sporadic mania for baseball, the rupture in the National Lacrosse Association, and, last but not least, the semi-professional element that obtains in most of our clubs are all factors in the threatened corruption and collapse of our national game. Of these the last is the most important. There is at present a great deal of semi professionalism in the game. Many first-rate players find their abilities of such a quality and in such demand that they are able to set a price on the services they can render the club they may join. At the beginning of each season, such players are eagerly bid for by clubs who are desirous of coming out first at the end of their series of matches. By adroitly lying back and waiting for chances, many of our semi-professional lacrosse men are able to add a comfortable sum to their year's income. All of which is destructive of the true interests of the game, and should be remedied by the recognition of professionalism on the same basis as it is recognized in the thoroughly honourable and English game of cricket, in which there is no doubt concerning the status of anyone. Semi-professionalism is the forerunner of a gambling monopoly of a game that should be kept free from all taint if it is to be kept as the national pastime of Canada. There was a time when we prided ourselves upon our champion oarsman. That time is past, and there are many of our best citizens who merely regard him as the man who, consciously or unconsciously, has been the means of bringing more gamblers and demireps to Toronto than any other man of this generation. Aquatics and athletics deserve to be encouraged, but gambling cannot be too severely repressed.

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JOHN CHARLES DENT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

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THE QUEBEC PREMIER.

MR. MERCIER, as appears from the United States newspapers, has been airing his independence opinions in New York. This is an old story with the Premier of Quebec. He has long held the idea that the future of his Province is independence. Five years ago he explicitly stated that we could not remain in the swaddling clothes of Colonialism many years longer. Said he, "We have no field for our young men. We must provide openings for the growing youthhood of Canada. All our sons cannot go into the Civil Service and the Militia." Mr. Mercier thinks that independence would provide fresh occupations for the rising generation. He would probably make a few thousand Canadian youths consuls and mercantile agents in various parts of the world. Of course that would be one way of looking after "our boys." But independence is pretty far off yet.

Mercier will meet his friends on Thursday at St. Hyacinthe, and the leaders will picnic together in the woods. Arrangements have been made at low rates with the Grand Trunk Railway Company, to carry the faithful to the Premier's constituency, and a great time generally is expected. The picnic is likely to prove quite a demonstration, and as Mr. Mercier has had his throat attended to in New York, he will appear at his best.

There is a decided row in the camp. The high-toned Irish are very desirous of getting rid of the low-toned Irish members of the Quebec Cabinet. But Mr. McShane will not budge an inch. He represents the important constituency of Montreal, and his electors stand by him. His place is wanted for Owen Murphy, of Quebec, but Murphy is unpopular, and as his majority at the last election was only nine, it is not probable that Mr. Mercier will take the risk and open so doubtful a constituency to suit the whims of his hot and cold supporter. Meanwhile McShane and Murphy do not speak as they pass by.

The talk is revived here that Mr. Taillon is to be elevated to the Bench, and that Judge Angers is to come down to his old level in the game of politics, to lead the Opposition in the Assembly. Of the necessity of a strong hand in the Opposition there can be no doubt. But will Angers consent to resign his comfortable berth for the stormy arena? He was Attorney-General in De Boucherville's famous Cabinet, and none felt the savage kick of the Governor more than he. De Boucherville held his head high in the air, but the

face of Angers bore the traces of humiliation long after his expulsion from the treasury benches. Some time ago an effort was made to induce a prominent Judge to accept the leadership of the Tory Government at Quebec. This was during the time that Ross and Taillon were passing through the crucial state of their existence, but rumour says that the Judge would not leave his law bench unless thirty thousand dollars were deposited to his credit in the bank. His patriotism has a certain value, evidently. Well, the money failed to be forthcoming, and Ross and Taillon were deposed. Will the wire pullers be any more successful with their candidate now? While he is about it, he might as well ask for something handsome. There is a difference between a Premiership and the leadership of the Opposition, with the odds largely in favour of the former position. But what an outrageous thing is this idea, so freely discussed in this land of ours, of bartering judgeships for political places. One would like to see our judges, at least, far removed from party politics and temptation.

Montreal.

A CANADIAN.

Poetry.

A LOWLY LAY.

[BY A COSTERMONGER.]

WHEN I roamed, a young gutter-boy, through the back street,
Intent upon finding a scrap for my bag,
From a window above, once there fell at my feet,
Sorewound in a paper, a morsel of rag,
It was rough and unpolished and grimly grained,
But my soul soared above all the mud-spattered crew,
When I opened the packet, and found it contained
A piece of blue ribbon once treasured by you.

You dreamed not, perchance, of the luminous flame
Which Cupid can plant in the heart of a child;
In lighting the faggots, love, you were to blame,
For you nodded and winked when I looked up and smiled.
Then your image for aye on my heart was impressed,
And sleeping or waking your form I could view;
I carefully kept 'neath my ragged old vest
A piece of blue ribbon—I prized it for you.

Ah well I remember the day when the law
Laid its hand on my shoulder, and led me along;
I faltered, I trembled not, love, for I saw
Your smile, as you followed my heels with the throng.
Six months were unable my ardour to chill,
For swiftly the days of captivity flew;
I thought of the future while treading the mill,
And kissed the blue ribbon that whispered of you.

We met and we courted; the years sped away;
I saved, and I purchased a donkey and cart;
We were wed for a penny one midsummer day,
And you've resigned ever since in my home and my heart.
When the neighbours are nasty and customers slow;
When the barrow's in pawn, and the rent coming due,
There's a cotton-gowned angel that ceases my woe,
And I bless the blue ribbon that led me to you.

THE report that Mr. Lucy retires from the managing editorship of the London *Daily News* and returns to the reporting gallery of the House of Commons, seems quite in the line of the probabilities. A brilliant reporter is not necessarily an able manager. But whoever assumes the helm in the *News* office at present must expect few roses and many thorns. The paper is suffering from disjointed liberal politics. Both liberal unionists and Gladstonians have stock in that corporation. One day John Morley has his say, and the next Mr. Chamberlain dictates the leader, and before the month is over both Labouchere and T. P. O'Connor get in a word after their own heart.

THE MONEY DIGGERS AND OLD NICK.

(Concluded from last week.)

"HOLD your tongue, you fool," said Bill; "if she knows all about us we may as well be here as anywhere else."

Asa trembled a little, but finally took a seat on a bench near the door, ready to run, in case matters should grow desperate.

"Well," said the old woman, "if you get the money, you'll have to work hard for it. There's been a good many tried for it before you; and there's been two men here hunting all over the island since you was here before. They dug round in a good many places, and my old man thinks they found some, for they give him half a dollar for fetching their boat back when she went adrift, and he said the half dollar was kind of rusty, and looked as though it had been buried in the ground. But I've no idea they got a dollar. It isn't so easy a matter; Old Nick takes better care of his money than all that comes to."

"Where is your old man," said Bill. "Seems to me he's always away when I come."

"The Lord knows where he is," said the old woman; he's been out a fishing three days, and was to a been home last night. I've been down to the shore three times to-day to see if his boat was in sight, but couldn't see nothin' of him."

"Well, aint you afraid he's lost?" said Bill.

"What? old Mike Newbegin, my old man, lost? No, not he. The wind always favours him when he gets ready to come home, let it be blowing which way 'twill. If it's blowing right dead ahead, and he pulls up anchor and starts for home, it will come round in five minutes and blow a fair wind till he gets clear into the harbour."

Here Asa whispered to Bill again, declaring his opinion that the old woman was a witch, if nothing worse, and proposing to leave the house and seek shelter for the night somewhere else. But Bill resolutely opposed all propositions of the kind, and Asa, being too timid to go alone, was compelled to stay and make the best of it."

"Well, come, old lady," said Bill, "you can give us a berth to lay down and take a nap till morning."

"Why, yes," said the old woman, "there's room enough in 'tother room. If anybody wants to sleep, I always let 'em, though, for my part, I can't see what good it does 'em. I think it's throwing away time. I don't think there's any need of anybody's sleeping more than once or twice a week, and then not more than an hour at once; an hour of sleep is as good as a month at any time."

This strange doctrine about sleep caused Asa's knees to tremble worse than ever, as he followed Bill and Jonathan into the other room, where they found a mattress of straw and some blankets, and laid down to rest. Bill and Jonathan soon fell into a comfortable snore, but Asa thought if there was no sleep for Mother Newbegin there was none for him. At least he felt little inclined to trust himself asleep in the house while she was awake. Accordingly he turned and rolled from side to side, for two long hours, but could get no rest. He sat up in bed. By a crack under the door he perceived there was a faint light still glimmering in the other room. He walked softly towards the door and listened. He could occasionally hear the catlike footsteps of the old woman padding across the floor. Once he thought she came close to the door, and he drew back lightly on his tip-toes to the bedside. He wondered how Bill and Jonathan could sleep so quietly, and stepping to the other side of the room, he seated himself on a chest by a low window containing three panes of seven by nine glass, the

rest of the space being filled up with boards. Here he sat revolving over in his mind the events of the day, and of the night thus far, and more and more wishing himself safely at home, money or no money. The night was still dark and gloomy, but he could now and then see a star as he looked from the little window, and—

Of to the east his weary eyes he cast,

And wished the lingering dawn would glimmer forth at last.

And at last it did glimmer forth; and presently the grey twilight began to creep into the room, and trees, and bushes, and rocks, as he looked from the window, began to appear with distinctness. Asa roused his companions, and they prepared to sally forth for their day's enterprise. In leaving the house, they had to go through the room in which they had left Mother Newbegin when they retired. On entering this room they found the old woman appearing precisely as they had left her, gliding about like a spirit, apparently busy, though they could hardly tell what she was doing. She seemed a little surprised at their rising so early, and told them if they would wait half an hour she would have some breakfast for them. They gave her many thanks, but told her they had provisions with them, and, as their business was important, they must be moving.

"Ah, that money, that money," said the old woman shaking her head; "look out sharp, or Old Nick will make a supper of one of you to-night."

The party left the house and started for the little harbour. Asa seemed rather wild at this last remark of the old woman, and looked back over his shoulder as they departed, till they had gone several rods from the house. When they reached the harbour, they found the boat and all things as they had left them, and proceeded forthwith to commence the important work of the day. They set their compass at high-water mark at the highest point of the harbour, and took a rod pole and measured off half a mile from that point due south. They then set their compass at this place and measured off fifty rods due east. And here they found the blue stone, as described in the "documents" which Bill Stanwood had received from the pirate. The eyes of the whole party brightened as they came to it.

"There 'tis," said Bill, "so fur, exact as I told you, aint it?"

"Yes, fact, to a hair's breadth," said Jonathan,

"Well, now if you can get the fifteen rods brandy-way, you'll find the rest jest as I told you," said Bill.

They then measured off fifteen rods from the blue stone in various directions, and set up little stakes, forming a sort of circle round the stone at fifteen rods distance from it.

"Now," said Jonathan, "I'll take my mineral rod and walk round on this ring, and if the money is here I shall find the spot."

He then took his green crotched witch-hazel bough, and holding the top ends of the twigs in his hand, so that the part where they joined would point upward, began his mysterious march round the circle, while Bill and Asa walked, one on each side of him, at a little distance, and watched the mineral rod. Sometimes it would seem to incline a little one way, and sometimes a little the other, but nothing very remarkable occurred until they had gone about three-quarters round the circle, when the rod seemed to be agitated somewhat violently, and began to bend perceptibly towards the ground, and at last it bent directly downwards.

"There," said Jonathan, "do you see that? My gracious, how strong it pulls! Here's the place for bargains; drive down a stake."

"I swear," said Asa, "I never see the like of that before. I begin to think there's something in it now."

"Something in it!" said Bill Stanwood, slapping his

hands together; "didn't I tell you if we could only find the fifteen rods brandy way, I wouldn't thank King George to be my grandfather? Now, Mr. Rider, jest hand out your brandy bottle. We haven't had a drop to day; and since we've worked brandy-way so well your way, I should like now to work it in Asa's way a little."

"I second that motion," said Asa, "for I'm as dry as a herrin."

They accordingly took a social drink of brandy and water, and drank health and success to him who should first hit the pot of money; and having sat down under a tree, and eaten a hearty meal from their basket, they returned to Mother Newbegin's to prepare for the labours of the coming night. They brought from their boat three shovels, a pick-axe, and a crowbar. The old woman eyed these preparations askance, and as she turned away, Asa thought he could discern on her features the deep workings of a suppressed laugh. The afternoon wore away slowly, for they were impatient to behold their treasures; and twice they walked to the spot, which was to be the scene of their operations, to consult and decide on the details to be observed. They concluded, in order to be sure of hitting the pots, it would be best to make their excavation at least ten or twelve feet in diameter, and in order to afford ample time to get down to them at about midnight, they decided to commence operations soon after dark.

"And now, about not speaking after we begin to dig," said Bill; "how shall we work it about that? for you know if one of us happens to speak a word, the jig is up with us."

"I think the safest way would be," said Asa, "to cut our tongues out, and then we shall be sure not to speak. Howsoever, whether we cut our tongues out or not, if you won't speak, I'll promise you I won't; for I've no idea of giving the old feller a chance to carry me off, I can tell you."

"Well," said Jonathan, "I guess we better tie some handkerchiefs tight round our mouths, as my wife said, and we san't be so likely to forget ourselves."

This arrangement was finally concluded upon, and they returned to the house. That night they took supper with Mother Newbegin, and endeavoured, by paying her a liberal sum for the meal, and by various acts of courtesy, to secure her good graces. She seemed more social than she had been before, and even, at times, a sort of benevolent expression beamed from her countenance, which caused Asa to pluck up a comfortable degree of courage. But when it became dark, and they shouldered their tools to depart, the old woman fixed her sharp eyes upon them with such a wild sort of a look, that Asa began to cringe and edge along towards the door, and when she added, with a grave shake of the head, that they had better look out sharp, or the Old Nick would have them before morning, his knees trembled, and he once more wished himself at home.

The party arrived at the spot. And first, according to previous arrangements, they tied handkerchiefs over their mouths. They then measured a circle round the stake, of twelve feet in diameter, and took their shovels and commenced throwing out the earth. The night was still and calm, and though the atmosphere was not perfectly clear, the starlight was sufficient to enable them to pursue their labours with facility. They soon broke ground over the whole area which they had marked out, and diligently, shovelful by shovelful, they raised the gravelly soil and threw it beyond the circle. In half an hour they had sunk their whole shaft nearly two feet, and were getting along so far quite comfortably, with bright hopes and tolerably quite nerves. No sound broke upon the stillness around them, save the sound of their own shovels against the stones and

gravel, and the distant roar of the chafing ocean. But at this moment there rose a wild and powerful wind, which brushed down upon them like a tornado. The trees bent and quivered before it, the leaves flew, and dust and gravel and light substances on the ground, were whirled into the air, and carried aloft and abroad with great rapidity. Among the rest, Asa Sampson's straw hat was snatched from his head and flew away like a bird in the air. Asa dropt his shovel, and sprang from the pit, and gave chase with all his might. After following it about fifty rods, it touched the ground, and he had the good fortune to catch it. He returned to his companions, whom he found standing awe-struck, holding their own hats on, and rubbing the dust from their eyes. It was but a few minutes, however, before the extreme violence of the wind began to abate and they were enabled to pursue their labours. Still the wind was wild and gusty. They had never known it to act so strangely, or to cut up such mad pranks before. Sometimes it would be blowing strongly in one direction, and in one minute it would change and blow as powerfully in the other; and sometimes it would whisk round and round them like a whirlwind, making the gravel they had thrown out fly like hailstones. Black, heavy and angry looking clouds kept floating by, and sometimes they heard the distant rumbling of thunder. They had never seen such clouds before. They appeared to them like huge living animals, that glared at them, as they flew over, with a hundred eyes. Asa sometimes thought they looked like monstrous great sea-turtles, and he fancied he could see huge legs and claws extending from their sides; and once he was just on the point of exclaiming to his companions, and telling them to look out, or that monstrous turtle would hit them with his claw as he went over; but the handkerchief over his mouth checked him, and reminded him that he must not speak, and he only sank down close to the bank where he was digging. The clouds grew thicker and darker, but instead of adding to the darkness of the night, they seemed to emit a sort of broken, flickering twilight, sufficient to enable them to see the changes in each other's countenances, and to behold objects rather indistinctly at some rods' distance. Each perceived that the others were pale and trembling, and each endeavoured, by signs and gestures, and plying his shovel with firmness and resolution, to encourage his fellows to perseverance.

It was now about eleven o'clock, and having measured the depth they had gone they found it to be good four feet. One foot more would bring them to the money; and they fell to work with increased vigour. At this moment a heavy crash of thunder broke over their heads, and big drops of rain began to spatter down. Though nearly stunned by the report, they recovered in a minute and pursued their labours. The rain increased rapidly, and now began to pour down almost in one continued sheet. Although the earth below them was loose and open, and drank in the water very fast, still so powerfully did the rain continue to descend, that in a short time they found it standing six inches round their feet. One of them now took a pail and dipped out water, while the others continued to shovel gravel. Their resolution seemed to increase in proportion to the obstacles they met, and gravel and water were thrown out in rapid succession. The force of the rain soon began to abate, and they would in a short time have accomplished the other foot of digging, had not the loose soil on the sides of the shaft begun to come in by means of the wet, and accumulate at the bottom faster than they could throw it out. Several times it gained upon them, in this way, to the depth of some inches. While they were battling with this difficulty, and looking up at the bank to see where it would

come in next, a tremendously great black dog came and stood upon the brink, and opened his deep red jaws, and began to bark with terrific power. They shrank back from the hideous animal, and raised their shovels to fright him off; but a second thought told them they had better let him alone and stick to their work.

They measured their depth again, and found it in some places four feet and a half, and in others almost five. They again plied their shovels with all diligence, and as they stepped to and fro at their work, that deep-mouthed dog kept up his deafening bark, and leaping round the verge of the pit, and keeping on the side nearest them, whenever they approached the side to throw out a shovelful of earth, he would spring and snap at their heads like a hungry lion. Asa seized the pickaxe, partly with a view of defending himself against the dog, and partly for the purpose of striking it down to see if he could hit the pots. He commenced driving the sharp point of it into the earth, passing round from one side of the pit to the other, till at last he hit a solid stone; and striking round for some distance they perceived the stone was large and flat. Bill and Jonathan made their shovels fly and soon began to lay the surface of the stone bare. They noticed when they first struck the stone that the dog began to bark with redoubled fierceness, and as they proceeded to uncover it, he seemed to grow more and more enraged. As he did not jump down into the pit, however, they continued to keep out of his reach and pursue their work. Having laid the stone bare, and dug the earth away from the edges, they found it to be smooth and flat, about four feet square, and six or eight inches in thickness. They got the crow-bar under one side, and found they could pry it up. They gradually raised it about six inches, and putting something under to hold it, they began, by means of a stick, to explore the cavity beneath it. In moving the stick round amongst the loose sand under the stone, they soon felt four hard round substances, which they were sure must be the four iron pots. Presently they were enabled to rattle the iron covers, which gave a sound that could not be mistaken. At last they got the stick under one of the covers and shoved it into the pot, and they heard the jingle of money. Each one took hold of the stick and tried it; there was no mistake; they all poked the money with the stick, and they all heard it jingle. All that now remained was to remove the great stone. It was very heavy, but they seized it with resolute determination, and all got hold on one side with the intention of turning it up on the edge. They lifted with all their might, and were but just able to start it. They however made out to raise it slowly till they could rest it a little on their knees, where it became stationary. It seemed doubtful whether they would possibly be able to raise it on the edge, and it seemed almost equally difficult to let it down without crushing their own feet. To add to their embarrassment, the dog was barking and snapping more fiercely than ever, and seemed just upon the point of springing upon them. At this critical moment a person came up to the edge of the pit, and bid the dog "get out." The dog was hushed, and drew back.

"I say, neighbours," continued the stranger, "shall I give you a lift there?"

"Yes, quick," said Asa, "I can't hold on another minute."

The stranger jumped down behind them and put his hand against the stone. In a moment the ponderous weight of the stone was changed to the lightness of a dry pine board, and it flew out of the pit, carrying the three money-diggers with it, head over heels, to the distance of two rods.

They picked themselves up speedily as they could, and ran for their lives towards the house. When they arrived they found Mother Newbegin up, as usual, and trotting

about the room. They called to her and begged her to open the door as quick as possible. As the old woman let them in, she fixed her sharp eyes upon them and exclaimed:

"Well, if you've got away alive you may thank me for it. I've kept the Bible open for you, and a candle burning before it ever since you left the house, and I knew while the candle was shining on the Bible for you he couldn't touch you."

They were too much agitated to enter into conversation on the subject, and being exceedingly exhausted, they laid down to rest, but not to sleep. The night passed wearily away, and morning came. The weather was clear and pleasant, and after taking some refreshments they concluded to repair again to the scene of their labours, and see if the money was still there and could be obtained. Asa was very reluctant to go, "He didn't believe there was a single dollar left." But Bill Stanwood was resolute. *Go he would.* Jonathan said "he might as well die one way as another, for he never should dare to go home again without carrying his wife's new gown and morocco shoes."

So, after due consultation, they started again for the money-hole. On arriving there, they found their tools and the general appearance of the place just as they had left them. There was the great flat stone, lying about two rods from the pit. And on looking into the pit, they observed, under the place where the stone had laid, four large round holes in the sand, all of which were much stained with iron rust. They got down and examined the place. There had evidently been iron vessels there; but they were gone, money and all.

"Come," said Asa, "this place smells rather too strong of brimstone; let us be going."

THE END.

MESMERISM, YCLEPT HYPNOTISM.

It is recorded of Jesus of Nazareth, who though not a regularly qualified physician was nevertheless a successful healer of disease, that on one occasion, while in the midst of a crowd, he was unconsciously instrumental in the cure of a disorder concerning which he was entirely ignorant; nor did he even know his patient nor the healing influences of his magnetic force until "he perceived that *virtue* had gone out of him"; that is to say, until, as a magnetic healer, he had experienced the withdrawal of a certain *energy, efficacy or power* from his physical organism which effected the normal removal of a distemper which had for many years afflicted a kindred organization.

I commence this article for *Home Knowledge* by the introduction of this incident written in the Gospels, because, in my judgment, it is a simple narrative which expounds not the manifestation of any miraculous or supernatural power specially characteristic of personal attributes exclusively belonging to the founder of the Christian religion, but an illustration of the healing influences which naturally belong to all healthy organizations when brought *en rapport* by the subtle laws of magnetic attraction with disease and suffering in other persons. What Patrick Henry calls "the lamp of experience" is a wonderful guide and teacher, breaking down all obstacles in the attainment of knowledge, and therefore a mighty factor in forwarding the invincible march of progress. I have found this to be the case in the course of thirty years' public ministry as a clergyman in England and America.

In 1857 I was travelling from London to Birkenhead, of which place I was then the curate, and on entering a first-class carriage of an express train I found a gentleman and his wife with a lovely child who appeared to be in the last

stage of consumption, and whose eyes manifested a brilliancy of a most startling character. This child, about ten years of age, sat on pillows between the father and mother, and continued, with a fixed gaze, to observe me very attentively. I could see that she was suffering intensely. Soon the sad story of her illness was disclosed by the mother, who concluded by informing me that the child was dying for want of sleep. The parents had brought her up to London for medical advice, and they were then returning to their home in Liverpool. As we became more familiar, I fondled the child, who was desirous of leaving her pillows to sit in my lap. I took her in my arms, and, being impressed with a strong and tender yearning to do her some good, and if possible ease her pain, I stroked her beautiful hair and kissed her, when she gently returned my caresses. Using all my will-power as an expert mesmerist, within the space of ten minutes she fell fast asleep, and the mother exclaimed, "Thank God!" while the father looked at me with astonishment, and said, "Oh! sir, this placid and gentle slumber is a message of mercy and hope to our stricken hearts; she is our only child, and has had no sleep for a week. The London doctors have told us that unless she gets sleep she will die."

I answered: "You may calm your minds; this child will now sleep for at least twenty-four hours, and longer if needed."

The father then asked me: "Is she mesmerized?"

I replied, "Yes. When I entered this carriage she gazed so intently upon me, and so continuously, that, by her own effort, she became partially hypnotized; the process is now complete, and she is enjoying the sweets of magnetic sleep. She is mesmerized."

I then placed the child on the pillows in an inclined and easy position, and continued my conversation with my new-made friends, who were ready to grasp at any hope for their darling. The mother became afraid of our talking lest the child should be disturbed. I said: "You need not fear; no physician could now awake her without using remedies that would probably kill her; rest satisfied she is peacefully sleeping. I will satisfy you that you need not fear." She inquired: "How?" "She shall speak to you herself and describe her condition." I then gently told the child to speak to her mother and calm her fears. After a few moments the child did so, and told her not to be afraid, that she heard my voice, that she was without pain, and at perfect rest, "but only a little *too much asleep*."

Having relieved this intensity of sleep, our journey was brought to an end, the child still sleeping and occasionally answering my questions while being removed to her home. I called next day and found her still asleep. I gradually took her out of this magnetic coma very much refreshed. Suffice it to say that from that time she gradually, by no other treatment than the mesmeric sleep, became completely restored to health, and subsequently both parents and child often visited "The Workingmen's Church" in Birkenhead, of which I was then the pastor.

Mesmerism, or animal magnetism, is a name given to an art, by the practice of which the vital principle existing in human beings may be transferred from healthy organizations to those that are diseased. It is a curative agent existing in nature and forming an essential element in the human constitution. It varies in degree in different persons, and in this respect is like all other physical and mental gifts. Its origin is probably coeval with creation itself, and began to manifest itself as soon as the process of evolution provided suitable media through which its force materializes. This is the subtle and invisible force flowing through appropriate organic forms which produces in nature

such beautiful and varied phenomena, and which communicates growth to the simplest form of vegetation and life to the smallest insect as well as to the most perfect formation of organic matter, viz., the human form.

This same subtle force has been known in past ages by different names, and gave power to the witchcraft of ancient as well as modern times. The sorcerers of India used it to accomplish those marvels which have puzzled and astonished the world. The Gypsies scattered throughout the European civilization, like the witches in the days of the Puritans, have been persecuted because of their power to control this natural factor in their own interests. The horrible penal statutes against these harmless wanderers continued in force in England for centuries, and were only repealed in 1783, when the science of animal magnetism began to be recognized, and the monstrous paradox of penal enactments against the beneficent action of natural law became somewhat conspicuous.

The physician from whose name the designation "mesmerism" is derived was born at Wieler, in Germany, and has written several treatises on the science. He travelled through Germany, Bavaria, Switzerland, and Swabia, performing many wonderful cures, until his great fame reached the French Metropolis, which he entered in 1778, where he demonstrated by his marvellous skill in animal magnetism the truth of his theory of the existence of a magnetic force under the control of the operator's will-power.

Thousands flocked to hear and see this remarkable man, and became his disciples, hailing the discovery of this natural curative agent as a panacea for the removal of almost every disease. Not a few went so far in their wild enthusiasm as to accept it as a means of restoring youth and invigorating age. Another class of enthusiasts, losing all balance of thought at the extraordinary phenomena and exceptional cures which they witnessed, attributed to this power a supernatural agency; and the extremely superstitious did not hesitate to affirm that it was diabolical.

The late Sir John Forbes, M.D., in his remarkable work entitled "Nature and Art in the Cure of Disease," says: "Diseases have been treated mainly as if nature had little or nothing to do in their cure, and art almost everything; a principle so false, adopted as a ground of action, could not fail to be the source of the gravest doctrinal errors, with practical results of the most deplorable character."

The writer of this article when lecturing in the city of Gloucester, England, before a number of physicians, clergymen, and students, succeeded in mesmerizing the son of a surgeon who was present, and who had expressed a decided antagonism to mesmerism. I invited him on the platform to test, while under the mesmeric influence, his son's insensibility to pain, which he did by the insertion of a lancet under the quick of a finger nail, and other means. He became satisfied that the young man was, by the mesmeric process, placed in a cataleptic condition. By a few passes this condition was removed, and the young man, by the operator's will, told the audience that his own father was not his father but a black man. The genuineness of both the physical and mental experiments altered the surgeon's estimate of mesmerism as a curative agent. It is, however, in its relation to health and disease that its practical usefulness becomes apparent.

Disease has been treated as if it were a distinctive substance which needed to be subdued, dissolved, and cast out of the system. It is not a term easy of definition from a professional standpoint, and yet common sense describes it in three words, viz., absence of health, or, in more extended form, it is deranged action of the normal functions of the organism. Now, if disease be perverted action, it can only

be cured by restoring the organic system to its normal condition, for, as already defined, disease being the absence of health, so health is the absence of disease in our organic economy.

It is therefore a mistake to suppose that morbid growths, inflammatory swellings, depraved secretions constitute disease. These are its effects and some of the evidence of its presence; they are symptoms, results. The disease itself is the deranged action of organic functions which produce such results.

The different opinions held by noted physiologists regarding the *modus operandi* of the nervous system require here a passing notice, and as a question of fact, no matter what may be the individual theory held, the motive influence of the nervous system remains still a question of medical speculation. These opinions are somewhat indefinite, but are practically reduced to three modes of action, viz: that of change of condition, nervous energy, or a subtile fluid, with a common acceptance of the fact that all organic action is dependent on a motive influence derived from the nervous system. It is also conceded that this motive influence originates in the brain, and that the millions of nerves distributed throughout the body act as its conductors, and also that upon this motive influence the actions of the body depend. Now it seems also conclusive that the organic condition or state described as healthy or diseased will likewise depend upon the proper distribution of this motive influence, whether it be a nervous energy, a subtile fluid, or a change of condition.

When this force is duly distributed through the appropriate nerve channels or conductors the result will be health, because, being carried along these tiny but well-constructed avenues, viz, the nerves of sensation and voluntary motion, it gives the requisite capacity of sensation and voluntary locomotion; and also flowing along the ganglionic nerves it gives regulation to the two great processes on which life depends.

The foregoing general abstract of the actual working of the human organization clearly points to the existence of a refined or very subtile force or magnetic current which gives to mesmerism its other and somewhat clearer designation, viz, "Animal Magnetism." This influence the magnetist knows to be the servant of the mind and, within natural limitations, under the control of volition or will-power; but it likewise acts under certain conditions without any appreciable exercise of personal volition, as in the Gospel narrative with which this article opens, and the one following it drawn from the personal experience of the writer as a medical mesmerist. The reader is requested to contrast the leading characteristics of these narratives with the descriptive representation of the working of our organic economy as generally accepted by the best medical authorities, when it will be seen that mesmerism as a curative agent can not be intelligently ignored, and must be, by all who would undertake the cure of disease with any hope of success, recognized as a factor in the God-given art of healing.

The hypnotic state simply indicates the initiatory sleep of the mesmeric process, and absolutely fails to sufficiently or reasonably account for the more striking and exceptional phenomena exhibited by the fully mesmerised subject.

What distinguishes hypnotism as a theory from mesmerism is the existence of a specific influence or effluence used by the mesmerist as a healer in the removal of disease, and involves a discussion of the varieties of power on the part of operators, and of susceptibility on the part of subjects, together with the facts of *cross-mesmerization* as well as the higher and more advanced phenomena of the mesmeric art. Such considerations must be reserved for future considera-

tion; but the writer will be glad to answer inquiries on the subject which may be forwarded to the editor.—*Charles P. McCarthy, in Home Knowledge.*

THE ELK AT BAY.

ONE of the inconveniences—as it constituted also one of the excitements—of this sport was, that you were liable at any moment to come upon game that you were not looking for, and did not want to find. I remember upon one occasion, after listening to the music of the dogs in the distance, as they were apparently crossing some patch of open, to judge from the pace they were going, and after making up my mind as to the direction the elk was taking, and the pool in which he was likely to come to bay—for I knew the country well for miles round—making a rush by the only available path through the dense jungle, and coming suddenly upon the stern of an elephant taking his midday siesta; at least I presumed, from his motionless attitude that he was dozing, and I was thankful for it. He was standing in the narrow path, and completely blocked it up. I was so near him that I could have pulled his tail, had I felt inclined to be impertinent; as it was, the only course open to me was a strategic movement to the rear. The jungle was so thick that it was impossible to turn him without attracting his attention; and, under the circumstances, it seemed a pity to disturb his noon-day dreams. As he was quite alone, he was probably a "rogue" or "must" elephant; and in that case my chances of escape, should he happen to detect me, would have been small. I felt compelled even to deny myself the pleasure of trying to get a glimpse of his head and face. His huge hindquarters towered above me as fixed and motionless as though they had been carved in stone. After staring at them for a minute or two, and turning the situation over in my mind, I retired stealthily, and on tip-toe; and the result was, that before I could strike another path in the desired direction, the sound of the chase had died away.

However, I made steadily for my pool, and as I approached it, knew from the changed notes of the hounds, that what I anticipated had occurred. The elk was standing on the edge of a fall some twenty or thirty feet high, with a part of the pack squatting on their haunches in a semicircle, barking at him, but afraid to go in at him; one foolhardy young cur had apparently been rash enough to venture too near, and got an ugly gash for his pains, which he was now licking disconsolately. The rest of the pack with the seizing hounds and their owner, had apparently gone off upon some other scent, for they were nowhere to be seen, so I had all the fun to myself. No sooner did I appear upon the scene than the elk made a bound, and plunged over the cataract into the pool below. It was a dark, deep-looking hole, some twenty yards in diameter, and here he began to swim about, apparently uninjured. The pack, declining to follow him in his leap, ran round, and jumping in from below, were soon all swimming about him, giving tongue and snapping prudently at his stern. As he apparently shrank from the shallow-water, and kept swimming about the centre, there was nothing for it but to go in after him. So, putting my knife between my teeth, I swam out to him.

When one is young and excited the idea that animals suffer pain does not seem to occur to one; at all events, I look back to my performance upon that occasion with a certain feeling of disgust. The picture of the fine animal, with his head and magnificent antlers thrown back, his eyeballs staring, and his tongue half out, rises before me as vividly as if it were yesterday; but I cannot remember the

details of that horrible struggle. I know that it lasted a long time; that more than once I had to swim ashore and rest; that the waters of the pool were tinged with blood from the repeated stabs I gave the poor beast, for it was difficult, while swimming, to strike a vital spot with sufficient force for it to be fatal; that the dogs, in their excitement, were very apt to mistake me for the elk; that, finally, we all came tumbling into the shallow water together, and that there I dispatched him—a splendid animal of unusual size. I have had several encounters with elk at bay, and more than once seen dogs receive such severe wounds that they have died of them, so savagely has the elk fought; but none of them were so exciting as this—perhaps because I was alone.—*Laurence Oliphant, in Episodes in a Life of Adventure.*

SHORT STORIES.

THE writer of short stories, having to condense in a few pages the events of a whole lifetime, and the effect on his own mind of many various volumes, is bound, above all things, to make that condensation logical and striking, for the only justification of his writing at all is that he shall present a brief, reasoned and memorable view. By the necessity of the case, all the more neutral circumstances are omitted from his narrative; and that of itself, by the negative exaggeration of which I have spoken in the text, lends to the matter in hand a certain false and specious glitter. By the necessity of the case, again he is forced to view his subject throughout in a particular illumination, like a studio artifice. Like Hales with Pepys, he must nearly break his sitter's neck to get the proper shadows on the portrait. It is from one side only that he has time to represent his subject. The side selected will either be the one most striking to himself, or the one most obscured by controversy; and in both cases that will be the one most liable to strained and sophisticated reading. In a biography, this and that is displayed; the hero is seen at home playing the flute; the different tendencies of his work come, one after another, into notice; and thus something like a true, general impression of the subject may at last be struck. But in the short study, the writer having seized his "point of view," must keep his eye steadily to that. He seeks, perhaps, rather to differentiate than truly to characterize. The proportions of the sitter must be sacrificed to the proportions of the portrait; the lights are heightened, the shadows overcharged, the chosen expressions continually forced, may degenerate at length into a grimace; and we have at best something of a caricature, at worst a calumny. Hence, if they be readable at all, and hang together by their own ends, the peculiar convincing force of these brief representations. They take so little a while to read, and yet in that little while the subject is so repeatedly introduced in the same light and with the same expression, that by sheer force of repetition, that view is imposed upon the reader. The two English masters of the style, Macaulay and Carlyle, largely exemplify its dangers. Carlyle, indeed, had so much more depth and knowledge of the heart, his portraits of mankind are felt and rendered with so much more poetic comprehension, and he, like his favourite Ram Dass, had a fire in his belly so much more hotly burning than the patent reading lamp by which Macaulay studied, that it seems on first sight hardly fair to bracket them together. But the "point of view" was imposed by Carlyle on the men he judged of in his writings with an austerity not only cruel but almost stupid. They are too often broken outright on the Procrustean bed; they are probably always disfigured. The rhetorical artifice of Macaulay is easily spied; it will take longer to appreciate the moral

bias of Carlyle. So with all writers who insist on forcing some significance from all that comes before them; and the writer of short studies is bound, by necessity of the case, to write entirely in that spirit. What he cannot vivify he should omit.—*Robert Louis Stevenson, in Familiar Studies of Men and Books.*

STUART ROBSON'S MELANCHOLY.

THERE is a story told of some great comedian—Grimaldi, we think—who consulted a physician concerning the state of melancholy into which he had fallen. The physician, who did not know his patient, after listening to his recital, advised him to go and see Grimaldi. "Alas," said the melancholy comedian, "I am Grimaldi."

Not long ago Stuart Robson ran across the anecdote for the first time. "Good snap!" cried Robson, "I'll try it on a doctor myself."

So he went to the office of a physician in the city where he chanced to be playing, to consult him about his melancholy. Robson is far from being a melancholy man himself, though many people consider him to be a very melancholy specimen of an actor. They can't see any more real fun in him than in a brass monkey. Among this class was the physician whom the eccentric comedian consulted.

"You are afflicted with melancholy, are you?" said the doctor, regarding his unknown caller closely.

"Yes," said Robson, putting on an expression that Barrett habitually wears in the most dejected of his impersonations, "I—am the most—miserable—of men."

"You look like it," said the doctor.

"Nothing—amuses me; nothing—makes me laugh."

"Hum," mused the physician, tapping his forehead with his finger thoughtfully. All physicians tap their foreheads with their finger, although it often happens that nothing comes out.

"Ever go to the theatre?" he finally asked.

"Now, it is coming," thought Robson, a gleam of expectant triumph lighting up his melancholy for an instant; "wonder what Crane will say to this?" Then he said aloud:

"The theatre? I never—go—to the theatre—when I can help it."

"But you should go occasionally. It will divert you and do you good. Go when there is something funny, though. You want nothing sad or solemn. Now there is an actor playing here now—a comedian, he calls himself—Stuart Robson."

"Yes (eagerly), I've heard of him."

"For God's sake keep away from him. He's the worst in the business. To see him play is enough to drive a sane, cheerful man to the madhouse. I saw him the other night and I've been melancholy ever since."

Robson didn't stay to hear any more, but grabbing his hat he incontinently fled.

A PARABLE FOR HUSBANDS.

As a reward for her twenty-five years of slave-like labour on his farm he had taken his wife to a circus.

When the lemonade man came around, the old lady looked wistfully toward it and said to this champion mean man:—

"That's lem'nade, ain't it, paw?"

"I reckon so," said paw. "Jest look at them elephants, naw."

"It looks like it might be right good," said ma, her eyes still fixed on the lemonade.

"Looks air deceivin', maw; and the best o' lem'nade made ain't fit stuff to put into one's stummicks."

"I've heerd it was healthy, paw."

"Well, it ain't; it's—jest see that fool clown!"

"I'm mighty dry, paw."

"Well, the show won't last more'n an hour longer, I reckon, an' then we'll hunt up a good well."

VACCINATION.

FOR a time Jenner's discovery was bitterly opposed by the profession; and even some of those who adopted it claimed that inoculation directly from the *grease* of the horse into the human body was as protective as that which passed through the cow. Then came the claim that the virus taken from the person inoculated with the cow-pox could be used to protect other persons; and, as the symptoms thus produced were less severe than direct inoculation from the cow, this method of vaccination soon became the prevailing one. At first, however, it was considered necessary to have recourse to the cow for a fresh supply of virus every few years; but even this was soon regarded as unnecessary, and so the practice of vaccination from arm to arm was almost universally relied upon as a preventive of small-pox for half a century.

At first all agreed with Jenner that one vaccination protected a person for life against small-pox; this, however, was soon found to be untrue. Then one thorough vaccination in infancy and one after puberty were deemed necessary. This also proved a delusion. Its advocates next advised the practice to be repeated at maturity. Then it was thought necessary that it should be repeated every seven years; and now, to insure perfect immunity, it is claimed that every one should be vaccinated every two or three years.

As the question now stands, it is impossible to ascertain what constitutes effective vaccination. In every country where it is practiced, the profession is divided respecting the merits of humanized and bovine virus. One party claims that vaccination from arm to arm is more certain, and that it can do no harm. The other contends that it does not protect, and that numerous diseases are communicated thereby, while they claim that the calf virus is certain and harmless. The calf virus that is used in America, as well as in Europe, was first obtained by inoculation from the spontaneous cow-pox, and Jenner declared that this would not protect against small-pox. Again, some have advocated the inoculation of a cow with small-pox virus to obtain a supply of vaccine virus, while others claim that this only spreads the small-pox.

The truth is that no two physicians agree as to what constitutes effective vaccination; whatever way we look at the question it is certain that none of the methods now employed correspond with the discovery of Jenner; and the time is not far distant when all will be rejected.

Had Jenner been a conscientious searcher after truth he never would have asserted, six years after he commenced his investigations, that the vaccine disease "for ever after secured against the infection of small-pox." Had he been a real scientist he would never have invented new theories to account for every failure in the results of his investigations, at least till a sufficient number of years had elapsed to prove the general truth of his assertion. Had he discovered any actual scientific truth, it would have come down to us precisely as he gave it to the public in 1798.

The great popular dread of small-pox was such at Jenner's time that anything that promised protection from it would have been accepted. Thus the medical profession,

many of whom were opposed to it, soon found it to their interest to accept vaccination, and thus it became rooted in the ignorance and prejudice of the people, and ignorance and cupidity have since combined to uphold it.

It requires but a casual glance to see the similarity of the claims of the methods of Jenner and Pasteur, yet doctors and laymen will uphold the one as proven fact and condemn the other as unworthy of consideration.

"Does not vaccination prevent small-pox?" we are asked. We answer, No! Improved sanitary conditions and the removal of small-pox patients before the stage of contagion develops, have prevented small-pox, and vaccination gets all the credit. Vaccination alone has never been tried; those who are vaccinated are more afraid of catching small-pox than those who have not been vaccinated. Statistics have been falsified as a pretext of continuing this monster fallacy in the interests of those who make money out of it, or are too conservative to investigate the truth for themselves.

"Are not all the leading men in the medical profession believers in vaccination?" we are again asked. Not all. A brilliant array of names are recorded as opposed to vaccination *in toto*, while Huxley, Spencer, Newman, Gladstone, and a host of other leading scientists and thinkers have expressed themselves as in doubt, but unequivocally opposed to any form of compulsory vaccination. But numbers prove nothing in such a case in the face of facts. All doctors refused to give water to fever patients till a comparatively recent date, but now all admit they were wrong. Blood-letting was believed to be the only safety in the treatment of many diseases, but the "cranks" proved the practice wrong, and the doctors were obliged to give up their lancets. Dr. Morton was cast into prison and accused of witchcraft by the doctors of Boston for demonstrating that ether would destroy sensibility to pain, and that, too, as late as 1843; but to-day the civilized world recognizes the discovery of the anæsthetic properties of ether as one of the greatest blessings ever given to mankind. And we fully believe that we will live to see the day when the medical profession will blush for the ignorance that so long upheld the fallacy of vaccination—that remnant of the fetichism of a past age.

WALT WHITMAN said recently that he had never received any "nourishment" from any American poetry, nor from any contemporaneous foreign poetry. The only poetry that had nourished him was Sir Walter Scott's Border minstrelsy, particularly Sir Walter's memoranda of interviews with old Scotsmen and Scotswomen respecting the folk-lore of their earlier days. The folk-lore of witchcraft was especially interesting to him. But he found the Bible to be his best book of poetry, and he never travelled without a copy of it, nor passed a day at home without reading it. His views as to personal immortality became clearer as he grew older, and in no sense of the term did he regard himself as an agnostic. While Mr. Whitman was speaking, two bright boys were clambering up his knees and embracing his snowy head. They called him "Uncle Walt," and he kissed them passionately. They are his favourite playmates when he is visiting this city. Though the venerable poet's mind is in an entirely normal condition, he is unable to walk across the room without assistance. Several painters are painting his portrait, and he declares himself as very rarely suited; in fact, as harder to please in this matter than he was twenty-five years ago.—*The Interior.*

THE Goethe Society has decided to put Goethe's father's house in Frankfort into the same condition in which Goethe knew it.

Titles of Books.

THE title of a novel is conventionally supposed to be a phrase condensing into a few words a suggestion of the hero, the plot, or some incident of the story. In reality this is not so. In their mad chase for recognition, many novelists, or more properly, writers of novels, have given to their work some puzzling sensational title, thinking in a blind superficial way that it will attract attention to the work by exciting curiosity. In these days when the cheap, catching and deceptive masquerade in titles has become so popular, the potency is lost by its very commonness, and the individuality of the book destroyed by assuming the gaudy uniform of works of inferior rank.

Prompted no doubt by high, honest motives, an English religious publishing house has started a *Penny Library* of the best fiction in order to kill sensational literature among boys and girls by developing a taste for stories of a higher moral and literary tone. Among the early announcements, however, are found three books of strangely sensational titles: *Gone*; *Three Times Tried*; and *Saved by the Skin of His Teeth*. If the plan is a brilliant attempt by strategy to betray the young boy into reading them, in the hope and delusion that the story is as exciting as the title, the scheme will not succeed. The principle is wrong, the idea cheap and petty, and warranted to mislead a wide-awake boy only once. If *Saved by the Skin of His Teeth* indicates the character of the story, the boy would probably be reformed more quickly if he did not read it. If it does not give the spirit of the book, it is not the proper title: either the inside or the outside should be changed for consistency's sake. To the young reader, prepared for that work by a diligent apprenticeship at Indian stories and road-agents' adventures, it would suggest—"Winsome Willy, the Boy Scout, as he leaned over the treacherous precipice, with no hold save the slippery, rain-soaked moss, seemed by an almost superhuman effort to support his body for a second, while with a giant's might he caught the beautiful Indian girl *Tahle-gua* from the angry, yawning waters." With such high enthusiastic expectations roused by the title, will not the reader feel disappointed, angered and aggrieved to find that it is only the story that "Herbert Jolly had been led away by evil companions who taught him to drink and steal, and when he was almost ready for the gallows, he reformed, and was thus saved by the skin of his teeth." The reaction from the expectation to the realization is too

strong for him, and the feeling that he has been cheated makes the boy give too little credit to the story he might have thoroughly enjoyed if the title had not led him to expect an exciting and thrilling story of magnificent villainy on a broad scale, instead of a narrative of prosaic, everyday naughtiness developed into unattractive crime.

Perhaps to some persons the title of a book is of trifling import. Dodging behind the ambush of proverbial philosophy, they say, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." But no name but "rose" can bring before the mind the combination of characteristics—colour, form, perfume, texture and velvety beauties—it represents. There is in a name more than any mere reasoning can elicit. Words have a living power of absorbing certain qualities, traits and meanings, which they ever retain. Some slang phrase of odd formation—some striking absurdity, but of no special meaning, passing from lip to lip, by some mysterious accretion gathers to itself a meaning which in a short time it seems nothing else in the language expresses so well. It is difficult to think of any Christian name abstractly, for the mind unconsciously brings with the name the average of the qualities of all our acquaintances bearing that name. The force of a name cannot always be passed over as a mere accident.

Perhaps there may be some law of relationship existing between the work and its name that the qualities necessary for writing a good novel play an equal part in making the title. It can hardly be a coincidence that all the noblest works of fiction to-day, all the classic novels, those that we read with ever-increasing interest and affection, have simple titles. The best ten novels of the world at a recent voting were pronounced to be: *Ivunhoe*, *Adam Bede*, *Romola*, *The Scarlet Letter*, *Les Misérables*, *David Copperfield*, *Henry Esmond*, *Wilhelm Meister*, *On the Heights*, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. These titles are simple, direct, and appropriate.

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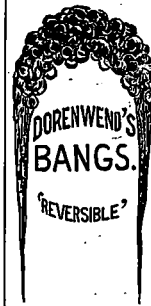
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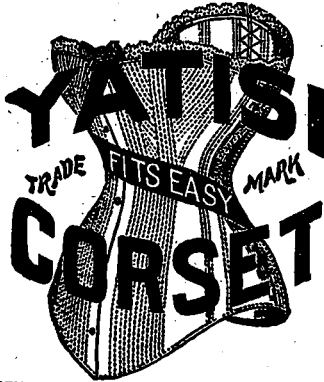
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