

M

Grain

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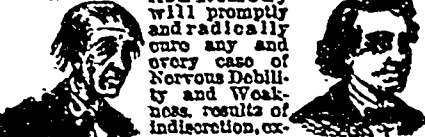
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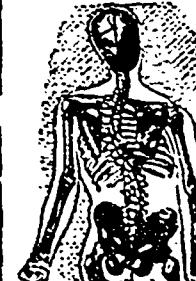
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TORONTO, ONT., SEPTEMBER 29, 1883.

NEW SERIES—VOL. III. NO. 156.

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WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

In last week's issue of TRUTH, the following offer was made:—A lady's valuable Silver Hunting case Watch will be given to any one correctly naming the longest verse in the Bible, by the 7th of November next. Should more than one correct answer be given, the second in order received will get a handsome solid gold gem ring. Should more than two be given, a neat English neck chain will be presented to the sender of the third correct answer in order received. To the fourth will be given a silver-plated butter-knife. Not more than the four prizes are offered. So if you want to secure one of them be as prompt as possible in sending in your answer. The conditions attached are that every competitor must send FIFTY CENTS and this advertisement with their answer, for which they will receive TRUTH every week for three months. In the last issue of TRUTH for November will be published the names and addresses of the suc-

cessful prize winners. A number of answers have already been received, and so far there appears to be quite a diversity of opinion on the subject, but it is impossible at present to say if any, or how many, are correct. TRUTH would, in the meantime, like to hear what some of our teachers and clergymen have to say on the matter. The offer remains open until the 7th of November, and anyone may avail themselves of it until that time. Remember, it is the first correct answer received that takes the first prize. Those desiring to compete who are already subscribers to TRUTH must send along the half dollar with their answer as well as those who are non-subscribers, for which they will have their term of subscription extended for three months. They, of course, stand on the same footing as regards the prizes as outsiders do. TRUTH hopes to see a good deal of interest manifested in these Biblical questions, as it is intended to offer other prizes during the winter. Look up your Bibles and see what you can find in the way of long verses, and send on your answer early. Please send coin or scrip, as stamps are subject to a discount.

By the time the next great Industrial Exhibition is held in Toronto, it is to be hoped that the Commissioners will have done something to make the cattle sheds and the grounds generally in that neighborhood much more approachable than they have yet been, for ordinary sight-seers. Enthusiasts of course, on horse-flesh and the different varieties of cattle and sheep, do not much mind the nastiness through which they may be compelled to make their way, before they can behold the objects of their admiration. With ordinary people, however, the case is different. There is no good reason why the grounds in that quarter should not be thoroughly drained, and the owners of beasts should be compelled to keep the passages clean.

The attention of readers of TRUTH is called to the Christian Home for female emigrants, established at 104 Peter Street. The enterprise is one which deserves every encouragement from Christian people. The intention is to provide suitable accommodation, as near an approach to a Home as possible, for female emigrants, who are to be brought out from time to time from the old country. Such accommodation, it can hardly be doubted, the emigrant sheds, as they are called—and there is too much truth in the name—do not afford. A servants' register will be kept at the Home.

What a set of uncultivated Philistines they must have for Aldermen down in Ottawa, when in all sober seriousness they propose to tax those models of deportment—the civil servants. And these dear fellows held an indignation meeting over it, did they? The poor dear things, it was shameful so it was, for the Council to intimate that in its opinion, they, the Civil servants, were not sufficiently ornamental to be excused from bearing the ordinary bur-

dens of humanity. It must have been an imposing sight, all these dignified gentlemen met in solemn conclave, to protest against such a piece of outrageous absurdity as their being asked to pay something for the privilege of hearing their own patent leather boots go patter, patter, patter, along well-paved streets, or of mixing their daily whiskey with the clear and limpid waters of the mighty Ottawa. Gentlemen of the Civil Service, keep your heads cool; if necessary, take a bath,—to use a vulgar phrase which, even to your fastidious ears may not be wholly unintelligible, "Keep your shirts on." Tell us now please, Why should you not pay taxes? You are the servants of the Government, which by a strange fatality happens to have its headquarters in the thriving town of Ottawa. But the town of Ottawa and the Government of Canada are two entirely different entities, and it does not follow that the enterprising burghers of that famous city on the noble river of the north, are to be so devoured with a sense of the honor of your presence, that they will willingly light the streets for you, rave the streets for your convenience, place policemen near convenient hiding places, for the protection of you and your families, or do any of the hundred and one things which, perhaps, an amiable and rightly constituted mind like any of yours might easily imagine that they would be very glad to do. A priori reasoning, however, is sometimes a doubtful thing in this practical age, and the Common Councilmen of Ottawa, are apparently a very practical set of men.

The G. T. R. Company has at last taken up the question of a railway station in Montreal, in a serious way, and before a great while has elapsed, the citizens of the Eastern Metropolis will be able to congratulate themselves on the possession of a building something like the thing. The present Bonaventure station is an unsightly heap which should have been carted into the river long ago. The new building it is thought, will cost a half million, by the time it is finished. A hundred thousand dollars have already been deposited in the Bank of Montreal as a guarantee that the work will go on.

There is something refreshingly American in the way in which O'Donnell, the Irishman, seems to regard himself. TRUTH's readers, no doubt, remember him as the gentleman who was instrumental in securing the translation of Carey the Dublin assassin and informer, from those troublesome regions of sorrow and sin, below here, to a climate, where possibly, there may be a more congenial field for the exercise of his peculiar abilities. Now, although O'Donnell in all probability served his day and generation in a not altogether useless fashion by removing such a peculiar product of human evolution as Carey proved himself to be, still his actions TRUTH thinks could scarcely to any normally moral nature commend it self as in any way noble, in any true sense grand or heroic. But O'Donnell himself it appears, takes a different view of the matter, as is natural enough no doubt. He poses as a patriot, and to patriots of course, considerable latitude must be given. In many ways they are a peculiar people,

O'Donnell is disgusted at the apparent want of appreciation which is manifested by many of his compatriots. He is especially severe on the Dublin Irishmen. "Them Dublin Irishmen" as he calls them, will be under eternal reproach if the author of "the most popular murder since the shooting of Constable Talbot," to use his own forcible language—is allowed to pass over the dark river to join his victim in the study of the mysteries beyond. And it must be discouraging to the poor fellow who fancied he was helping to avenge the wrongs of Ireland, and who has got his neck into what may prove to be an unenviable nearness to a hempen rope. His hopefulness, however, and buoyancy of spirits in this awkward situation are quite American. He must have lived a long time in the Western States, we imagine. Perhaps in St. Louis, who knows? That seems to be a kind of earthly Walhalla for murderers. Their greatest heroes are the James boys, one of whom they long mourned as a martyr, the other—by the decree of twelve such good men and true as Missouri produces, walks the earth to-day a free and innocent man. Freedom, truly strange things are done in thy name!

What shall be done to the abominable snobs who come trailing into public entertainments half an hour late on the strength of having reserved seats? The custom is too common and it is detestably vulgar as it is common. After the hour of meeting has struck no seats should be kept. If eight is the hour then after the stroke of the hour "first come first served." What of those who hurry away before the entertainment is done? It is equally abominable and equally shows the low breeding of those who practice it. Oh, you three or four times doubly distilled snobs and cads try to behave yourselves like common decent people.

A leading New York journal states that, last year, there were nearly ten thousand more deaths in that city than there were births. The respective figures stand 37,951 to 27,321. The increase of population must, therefore, be entirely attributable to the inflow from outside. Great numbers of the old land emigrants remain in the city, and it is the ambition of tens of thousands of American farmers' sons to become permanent residents of the great commercial metropolis. The comparative majority of deaths over births may be attributable to several causes. The sanitary condition of the city is none of the best, anyway, and the number of deaths on that account is very great. Then, fast living and intemperance prevail to a frightful extent. The number of unmarried persons, of both sexes, is larger probably in proportion to the entire population than in other cities. The Times attributes this much to the fact that many are able to earn barely enough to maintain themselves, and are not, therefore, safe in undertaking additional expenses. Added to this must be mentioned the fact that both marriage and parentage seems to be growingly unpopular with the average native American. It has long been considered so in the Eastern States, and it is doubtless becoming more so in New York,

The Chicago newspapers are trying to drive into the thick skulls of their town councilmen, by all the weapons of earnest appeal, wit, irony, sarcasm, caustic ridicule, which Chicago scribes know so well how to handle, the necessity of cleaning the city in view of the possible visit from Dame Cholera next year. In which connection it might well be asked, Is Toronto as well prepared as she ought to be for a visit from that terrible old lady in case she should take it into her head to come so far? Gentlemen, whose duty it is to look after the health of the city, *verbis sat sap.* You remember Dr. Cannon will do his duty and Coatsworth even he whose other name is emphatically an E, will try. Come, it is a stiff necked and rebellious people, it will need you both, and no mistake.

What a wise man David had been, that is David, King of Israel, whose Psalms some of the stilted stupids of the present day think such poor things. Now just let every body consider such a remark as this.—“*The wicked borroweth and payeth not again, but the righteous showeth mercy and grace.*” Ah, David good old fellow, so you too know the terrors connected with borrowing neighbours! Yes—and not only borrowing neighbours but neighbors who were of the wicked one, for they never paid back. That was bad. No wonder that, though a King, you often cried out in the agony of your heart because of the wicked who beset you round like bees and clamorously asked for what they never meant that you should see any more. Dear David, what did they borrow? Did they ever send round of a morning to the palace back door for a cupful of oatmeal with which they might make a little wholesome porridge that their souls might bless God and the King before they gave up the ghost? It is to be feared not, for it was not at all certain that the virtues of oatmeal porridge were sufficiently known at that time and in those regions, though it is certain that in after years Daniel, who was of the seed royal, relished “pulse” which was either porridge or mash. Leigh Hunt or his wife borrowed from the Carlyles many a cupful of porridge ready-made, but who could ever expect that such cupful would ever be repaid? Leigh had fully learnt the lesson that base is the soul that pays, but the ecumens of David’s soul do not seem to have pursued the food which Scotchmen love. What then? Did they borrow rice to make puddings of? It is possible, but not in the last degree likely. Did they ask for a “drawing” of tea? or had they the slightest hankering after brown sugar in even the smallest quantities? History does not say that the saccharine arrangement was very common in those days, indeed TRUTH believes that the word *sugar* does not occur even once in the whole of the Bible. So it is to be presumed that it was not for either brown or crushed sugar that the servant damsel came round the corner. It is provoking that the King of Israel does not condescend to particulars. Perhaps it was a few fresh eggs that formed the special object of desire. Perhaps, as David was a family man it was a cradle of which he had, no doubt, a considerable stock. This is not improbable. TRUTH has heard of well authenticated cases not a hundred miles from Toronto, of a cradle being borrowed for six months and of the owner being then directed to send for it as it was no more required. So it is exceedingly likely that David was tried by his cradles being coveted and not returned in time when a new arrival clamorously cried for their soothing movements. Or was it a plug of tobacco? Hush, do you insinuate that the sweet singer had loved the weed and blew a cloud?

No, it was not tobacco that was asked for, for if it had been David would have sent the unfortunate to the general store round the corner. It was—it was—well what was it? As sure as fate, it was a couple of pounds of new potatoes just when they had newly come in and were a most toothsome morsel. Yes, and there was a solemn promise to repay, but it came to nothing. No wonder that David said in his haste that all men were liars. Such conduct was enough to provoke any body. But TRUTH takes the liberty of saying that if David had been settled in some quarters of Toronto and had been beset by some borrowing neighbours there who hold their heads pretty high, he would have said all that he did say, not in his haste, but decidedly, and in the most emphatic terms at his leisure time. Surprised as you would! Why there are those in the Queen City of the West who will borrow a single suck of an orange or, *Crede mihi*, a single blow of a slightly soiled and greatly crushed pocket handkerchief! Borrow! why Heaven help them they would borrow the coppers that are laid on the eyes of the dead, and find some use for the bleached bones of their neighbours’ grandmother! Oh ye borrowing fiends that add a new terror to life and rob the grave of half its gloom, read the 37th Psalm and repent in dust and ashes, while at the same time let all sotred cry out in the agony of their souls. From all too familiar and borrowing neighbours, good Lord deliver us!

TRUTH confesses to a very real and wholly inexcusable sympathy for gossip. As long, that is, as the gossip is not simply slander and malicious back biting under a more euphonious name. For that it has no patience. A mere back-biter, shmy, treacherous, snake-like coward and humbug that he or she is, as the case may be—male and female of that genus are alike detestable—should be sent to the most hopeless sort of earthly Purgatory.

But a little lively, not ill-natured humanly interesting talk about one’s neighbors is it not delightful? Let the propriety dragons preach as they like to the contrary. A sharp critic will no doubt remind one that the most inveterate dragon will never preach about the *delightfulness* of gossip, but about its *wrongfulness*. Its *delightfulness* is a foregone conclusion. Were it not so delightful it would not be done. But let this pass. It is natural for men and women to talk about one another, and if kept within due bounds, there is nothing wrong about it either. Why “dear me,” what a dull uninteresting dreary round of monotonous existence life would become were our lips to be hermetically sealed about our neighbors, their joys and sorrows, their weaknesses, their little peccadilloes, their mistakes and awkwardnesses, their lovemakings, flirtings, and jiltings, their house-warmings and heart-breakings, their billings and cooings and all the other trifling things which after all form both the warp and the wool of life for most of us. The worst of it is that gossip is so often ill-natured, and much of it undoubtedly is simply devilish. There is so much of it, which in the most barefaced way is manufactured out of the whole cloth, and stamped with the signet ring of approval of Satan the Father of Lies. How shall the right kind always be kept so, and no harm be done? Aye, but how can one make fun of his neighbor’s weakness without being over malignant? There’s the rub.

When is the whole world going in for ready money and the abolition of all day books and ledgers? It would pay all honest people while it would be death sure to the

impecunious and unprincipled. Bad debts must be covered somewhere and some how. How is this done? By making the honest not only pay for himself but for his dishonest neighbor who lives on tick as well. It is not to be supposed that a tradesman can sell on credit as cheaply as he could do for cash. Yet it is a fact that with too many of these gentry the cash payer is put on exactly the same footing with him who never pays oftener than once in six months, if he does even then, not to speak of “*ever*.” Now this is not fair. It is not honest, and it is discouraging to honesty. Why should not every tradesman give five or ten per cent. off for cash without being asked? Yet he is the rare exception who does so. Go into a butcher’s shop for instance, with money in your hand and if you are thought good, you will actually be asked to let it stand, for the “boss” likes to get a good round sum at a time. If you are not known or not thought good, your money is taken and not the ninetieth part of a cent allowed for such payment below that which is charged to that flashy carriage person to whom the object is bowing and scrawing at the time, though that pink of gentility won’t let the man of bones see the cash for the next twelvemonth. All this demoralizes people.

The Prince of Montenegro is a thorough believer in the principles of paternal government. But he gives both dudes and dudings, male and female, a very poor chance indeed to flourish and grow fat in that benighted kingdom of his, should these peculiar products of civilization ever make their appearance there. Some time ago by his orders all cafes and drinking shops were peremptorily closed, they could be regarded as nothing but “schools of effeminacy, extravagance, and corruption.” He also abolished all titles, so that now even the highest functionaries have to content themselves with plain Mister. But the measure of their calamity was not yet even filled up for the unhappy people of Montenegro. Their Prince has lately issued an edict against all extravagance in dress, including in his list of extravagances, “cravats, gloves, walking-sticks, parasols, and umbrellas.” How thankful we should all be that we don’t live in Montenegro. Life in Canada under the N. P. and the watchful, keenly, critical and censorial eagle eye of the *Evening News* man is in many respects bad enough, but not to be able to wear a cravat or carry an umbrella in wet weather, or a parasol to shield one’s complexion, or a cane for the delectation of the maidens. Why, existence under such circumstances would not be worth having. What can the poor bank clerks and other office swells in Montenegro do? Find some other means it is to be supposed of proving their distinction from the grovelling crowd.

TRUTH cannot resist the conclusion that Prime Minister Smith, of British Columbia, made an ass of himself when he meandered on in the way he did at the dinner given to him and some of his colleagues, by the members of the press attached to the Villard excursion party. If the matter has been reported correctly, then the most charitable conclusion one can come to in reference to Prime Minister Smith and his behaviour at that time, is that he was more or less unpleasantly laboring under the effects of liquor. In short he must have been drunk, TRUTH is inclined to think. The excuse is one which, unfortunately for the honor of Canadian Statesmen, has to be all too frequently brought forward. What did Smith say, do some of the readers of TRUTH ask? Why, he palavered away about Canada annexing

California and other portions of the United States, trying to show that California would never amount to anything, but that British Columbia is the future seat of empire on the Pacific Coast. All which may or may not be true, TRUTH expresses no opinion. It is not so intimately acquainted with the designs of Providence as some people would seem to be, and does not believe that there are sufficient data as yet, at least upon which to found any such wild speculations as these. But to vapour forth such sentiments before gentlemen whose position as hosts forbade reply, was to show intellectual and moral obtuseness which were simply abnormal, and could only be even excused on the plea that the speaker was helplessly fuddled or inexorably an ass. Now then, Smith (are you any relation of Amor de Cosmos?) rise and explain or rather cry *peccati* and TRUTH will let you off this time, and so will Mr. Villard. You are a pretty fellow to think of annexing any thing but a horn.

The physical bruisers with their beetle brows, bull dog jaws and fully developed animalism have been giving their exhibitions with “hard gloves,” and raking in the hard cash from the kindred spirits that believe in said bruisers as the very excellent of the earth and the greatest glories of humanity. Now come the intellectual bruisers with their smug looks and self sufficient airs, gently and earnestly proclaiming to the world that in the interest of all that is high and noble and for the advancement of “humanity” in all its nobleness, they—the said bruisers—are “just a goin’ to begin,” and will be ‘appy to have a friendly round with any “gentleman” who is still foolish enough to believe in a personal God, and will assure all that he will guarantee that he—the said peripatetic bruiser—will, for the low charge of a quarter per head, knock any such “pusson” out of time in ten minutes, and give the audience one of the most wonderful intellectual treats that have ever been presented to any number of free men on this continent for the last two hundred years. Come, gentlemen, look alive, and bring out your man. Here am I, etc., etc., ready, etc., etc., to prove, etc., etc., with infinite ease, etc., etc. Step right in *game’n*. The greatest intellectual mill ever known—far better even than the Mill o’ the Floss, whatever that was, and whenever fought. Satisfaction given or your money returned. Business really meant. Will cover any reasonable amount at the shortest notice. Now, then, show your man that we may fight together.

Complaints are made from a good many quarters that the Model School is too much of a mere arithmetical forcing ground to serve the best interest of education. TRUTH feres there is too much ground for these complaints. From all that he has been able to learn, arithmetic is apparently the educational be all and end all of that institution. Other subjects of quite as much importance, some might very well be disposed to consider them as of even more importance if not positively neglected are yet in a measure slurred over, and made subsidiary to arithmetical celerity in a way which by no means meets the cordial approval of parents. TRUTH very much fears that sufficient attention is not paid to the importance of discovering and developing the different natural capacities of children, but that they are all forced through the same unvarying routine of the Gradgrind mathematical mill in a way which must lead, in not a few cases, to very undesirable consequences. We are told that a child’s standing in arithmetic determines his standing in all other

classes. If this is the case (and TRUTH has every reason to believe that it is) there is an amount of unfairness manifested in it which verges very closely on stupidity. Because a child is indifferently good or even positively bad at arithmetic, it by no means follows that he may not possess very excellent talent for some other study; and to subject him to the humiliation, and almost inevitable discouragement which must follow from being forced to take a low place in the class in that study, merely because he suffers from a constitutional inaptitude for arithmetical insight, is do him a very serious injustice. Complaints, too, are made about the unreasonably large mathematical exercises which even the youngest scholars are required to do at home. From all that TRUTH can learn, in short, after turning the whole matter carefully over, he has come to the conclusion that it would be, in the highest sense of the word, a *useful* thing for some of our Public School teachers to take a course of study in metaphysics, and seek to learn something about the nature of that child-mind and the laws of its development which they are privileged in being permitted to train during one of the most critical and important periods of its existence.

From the tone of not a few editorial leading articles, comments and letters to the northwestern press, there would seem to be a strong feeling of restlessness and dissatisfaction in many parts of that country. A sense of injustice and consequent bitterness of feeling is apparently very widespread, much more so, perhaps, than a good many in Ontario have any conception of. Secession from the confederation is openly debated, and to a good many seditious even annexation to the States appears the best thing that can be done under the circumstances. It is urged that there can, in the nature of things, be no very real community of feeling between them, and the people of Eastern Canada from whence they are separated by wide stretches of barren land; that Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis are their natural bases of supply, etc., etc., and that after a careful survey of the whole situation, it will appear to all unprejudiced persons John Bull ought to be discarded for Brother Jonathan. But all this may be mere talk. TRUTH hopes so.

An eastern contemporary, an Ottawa paper, if TRUTH remembers rightly, has been betrayed into some expressions of surprise at what it evidently considers the unpardonable lack of spirit on the part of Toronto bachelors. In the opinion of the journal in question an application of the horseship should have been made to the shoulders of the man who runs the gutter organ of impudence and scandal. Now, in TRUTH's opinion, the Toronto bachelors were perfectly right in acting as they did. After all, what harm was done? None at all. People laughed good-naturedly and remarked on the preternatural character of the man's impertinence. That principal article of his stock in trade is certainly developing wonderfully. It is rounding out to admirable proportions. His cheek is by all odds the most conspicuous feature of an otherwise quite uninteresting physiognomy. It resembles Jonah's gourd in the rapidity of its growth, and the sublimity of its dimensions, but unfortunately it shows no signs of such speedy evolution as befell that ill-fated vegetable. Now you, whatever be your name, hark ye a moment. Just one word in that upright long ear of thine,—making his prophetic sketches of that kind is a game that more than one can easily play at. And there are some people TRUTH knows who could

scarcely stand the test as well as the Toronto Bachelors. *Verstehen sie, mein Herr?*

The Methodist clergymen are not without humour even when in Conference assembled. They have dispensed with "obey" in the marriage ceremony, as far as the women are concerned. It is just as well. There is precious little obedience going at any rate, and when one is determined to exercise authority, he will make his better half mind her p's and q's whether she promised to do so or not. It shows, however, how things are moving. And then they (these Methodist fathers) are clear for woman's suffrage. That's right too, even though Goldwin Smith does not believe in it, and fancies that he will with his mop and pail, stop the progress of what he thinks such absurd ideas. Not much, Goldwin, good fellow, even though you do get a new weekly to represent your ideas, and etc.

Can anyone satisfactorily explain the depressing, almost disheartening effect which a wet, gloomy, sulky, disagreeable day has upon the spirits of most of us? TRUTH doubts it very much. But the fact that such is produced is uncontrovertible. There are choice souls of course, whom no sort of bad weather seems to affect, unless it be to make them even jollier than they generally are. They rise to the occasion, like a burster to a five barred gate, or an after-dinner speaker to the responsibilities of his office. Nothing, apparently, will dampen their spirits,—nothing in the weather line we mean. Nature may be in one of her sulkiest moods, moping, and grooving, and in the blue of her blue despondencies, but these cheerful people go about as usual chirping almost as gaily as the first birds of the springtime. There is something provoking about them too. Misery loves company; and a radiant face and a gloomy day is apt to prove too forcible a contrast to be pleasant. TRUTH, however, would by no means be understood as seeking to disparage these cheerful people, or discourage them in their work and labor of love. By no means. There is far too little genuine cheerfulness in the world, and we cannot afford to lose one smiling, cheerful face. They are as rare as, the wit of a professional punster.

Fishing it appears, unless carried on according to certain well understood rules, may prove as dangerously disagreeable to the sportsman as to his intended prey. A young man in Ottawa, at any rate, found himself in the unpleasant predicament of a "engineer hoist with his own petard." The old fashioned rod and line, so dear to the heart of Izaak Walton, that most reasonable of sportsmen, is not speedy and destructive enough to satisfy certain youths of the Canadian metropolis. Nothing short of a dynamite cartridge will do the work. The young man in question, however, found one particular dynamite cartridge altogether too many for him. It went off too soon, and he returned home, poor fellow, a much sadder, a very much mutilated,—and let us hope a wiser—young-man than before that terrible experience.

Mr. John Morley, a leading English "light" of the sceptical world of the present day, was answered according to his folly—the only legitimate way to answer a fool sometimes—in the most effectual manner by a Reviewer. Mr. John Morley, it seems, has lately issued one of his books. He very carefully writes "God" with a small "g" wherever he has occasion to use the name of the Deity. The reviewer accordingly, in noticing the work, just as care-

fully writes "mr. john morley" wherever he has occasion to use the name of that distinguished gentleman. "mr. morley" should be very careful in his efforts, as the mere use of a small letter instead of a Capital to imply want of respect is not a token of such great originality that it cannot with the utmost ease be imitated.

A veil of anxiety is going up from many colleges throughout the country, especially from American ones, about the undue attention given by the students to athletic sports. They are becoming gymnasts, boxers, tumblers, anything, it is said, rather than students, and fears are entertained that scholarship is coming to be the very last thing dreamed off by the youths who are fortunate enough to tread the classic halls of Yale, Harvard, Princetown, etc. Dr. McCosh especially has been "speaking out in meeting," lately in no mincing manner. There is perhaps a good deal of truth in the complaint, but is there not also a good deal of exaggeration? In all colleges there are sure to be the two more or less defined classes—the fellows who read all they can in spite, apparently, of every disadvantage, and the fellows who, notwithstanding every advantage, and when all efforts are made that can be made to force them to pay attention to their books, will not read more than the very *minimum* that will allow them to escape through their examinations. From this class it is, TRUTH imagines, that these racers, tumblers, boxers, fencers and gymnasts about whom the souls of the worthy doctors are vehemently grieved, are most largely recruited. In all probability they would not study much anywhere, and it is reason for great thankfulness if Satan in their hours of idleness finds nothing worse for them than bicycle-riding and gymnastics. But TRUTH quite readily admits that there may easily be too much of a good thing, and that the reaction against over-studiousness and in favour of muscular development, side by side with intellectual training has no doubt gone just far enough. Of two evils however let us always if possible choose the least, and it certainly does seem that devotion to athletics, if kept anywhere within the bounds of moderation, is far less likely to produce deplorable results than undue devotion to study. By the former at any rate the *sanum corpus* is secured and the *sana mens*, too, TRUTH imagines in nine cases out of ten, though doubtless the *mens* is not always so full as might be desirable, however otherwise healthy it may be. But the later course makes the *sanum corpus* an impossibility, and the *sana mens* consequently not less so.

Dr. Mulvany never uttered truer or more timely words than when he said that scepticism never built any hospitals, never devised refuges for the incurables or houses for the fatherless and the outcast never, in short, showed any pity or devised any plan for making the wretched not quite so forlorn or the hopeless not quite so despairing. The same remark has often been made, but it is not the less appropriate to have it repeated in the terse, well-weighted words which the Doctor knows so well how to use. Let anybody look at Toronto or any other place and ask who started and who supports every charitable institution to be found within its limits? The answer would not be difficult. These institutions are all Christian in their origin and their support is all but exclusively due to those who are either Christians in fact or call themselves such. It is the pervading spirit of Christianity that makes the difference. The Doctor knows too well what scepticism did in ancient times for Greeks, Romans, etc. He knows the

pitilessness which it induced, the utter indifference to suffering, the contempt for the weak, the cruelty to the despondent, the scorn for the law, the absorbing selfishness in the strong, the monstrous, the all but incredible inhumanity every where, and therefore when he says "scepticism builds no hospitals" he speaks by the card. When something like a contradiction to this has now and then occurred it has been simply that from natural kindness of disposition and indirect and perhaps inauspicious influence, individuals have not been so heartless as their opinions ought to have led them to be; in short they were another illustration of those who caught Christians bathing and ran away with their clothes.

Wasn't it David Hume who said that the man who did not commit adultery very foolishly deprived himself of a pleasure which he might very innocently and very properly enjoy? It was either that honest gentleman or one of his associates, and whoever it was, from David Hume's standpoint as from that of any of our modern philosophers of a similar school, it is a perfectly accurate conclusion from the first principles professedly held. Crime, it seems, is nothing in itself except as it is thought to be physically injurious to the individual or in some other way hurtful to the community. Murder is simply killing, and what is killing but the diversion of a red fluid called blood from one channel to another? One might as well speak of its being a crime to change the current of a stream of water or to girdle the bark of a growing tree. It always comes to that. It always has done, and always will. Epicurus might be as virtuous as many say he was, but his disciples were more logical and his opinions filtered down through society they were more remorselessly carried out to their natural issues and the inevitable "sty" with all its hoggish brutality came unmistakably to the front. Will it be different to-day? Not a bit.

So the prejudices of color are not quite gone out of fashion even in this country of ours. Away down about Windsor we have still some lordly whites who are determined not to allow those of a darker skin to associate with their young immaculates in our public schools. The sooner this idiocy is trampled down with steel boots the better. The tavern keepers of Toronto on the bidding of a lot of brainless snobs tried this game some two years ago with the Fisk Jubilee singers. They won't do it again. So much is certain. At least not so long as Christianity is a living factor in the community. Of course when it dies as some foolish talkers are saying that it is dying then the pitiless humanitarianism so called, of scepticism, may reintroduce the color hatred which like so many indefensible insolences, is dying under the ban of a loving Christianity. And so the insolent and ignorant school trustees away in the West had better accept the inevitable at once and give in. TRUTH will venture to affirm that there is no danger of the average white child in Canada being corrupted by the average colored one. No, sirree! *Tout au contraire.*

The Exhibition closed, as it began, under the most favourable auspices. There was more or less of charlatanism in the grand taking specialties. But what can be done without more or less of humbug? TRUTH repeats that the exhibition proper of manufactures of all kinds stock, grain, etc., etc., was simply superb, and far before anything yet seen in Canada. This is not so because the show was in Toronto, but because it is simply the truth.

Good Templars' Department.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada.

T. W. CASEY, G. W. Secretary, Editor.

Grand Lodge of Canada.

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G. W. G., Amilo D. Yelle, Toronto.
G. W. S., W. H. Gribble, Woodstock.
P. G. C. W., Rev. John Shaw, Peterboro.
Next annual session to be held at Toronto fourth Tuesday in June, 1881.

BRO. GARDNER'S OPINION.—The *Detroit Free Press* man gives, every week, the full report of the Lime Kiln Club meetings, of which "Brother Gardner" is such a shining light. In last week's report the following item appears:—

"A communication from Halifax contained this enquiry. 'In case a member of the Club joins the Good Templars and finds he can't let whiskey alone, what would be good advice to him?'

"My advice would be for him to go off and drown himself," replied Brother Gardner. 'When I hear tell of a man who can't let whiskey alone I set him down as an idiot who had better take himself out o' de world. A man who can't spit on his hands an' lick his appetite in a stan' up fight, should have bin bo'n a cow.'"

SCOTLAND.—At the last annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Scotland a resolution was adopted "urging upon Government and upon Parliament the necessity of introducing and passing into law a bill for Scotland, which, while maintaining all existing imperial and legal restrictions on the liquor traffic, would give effect to the principle of local option by giving the people power to put down any or all of the licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors at present existing, by means of local representative boards, elected for the purpose only, or by any other equally effective method."

NEWS AND NOTES.

DEATHS FROM DRINK.—The Harveian Medical Society of London have been conducting an elaborate enquiry into the proportion of deaths from excessive indulgence in alcohol in the practice of its own members. A recent report embracing no fewer than 10,000 deaths, which has been published in the *British Medical Journal*, is full of important, striking facts and deductions. The report states that in 10,000 deaths enquired into, alcohol seemed to have played a somewhat important part in the causation of 1,402, or nearly 14 per cent. This would be equivalent to 5,870 from alcohol every year in London, England, and Wales, or 49,731 for the United Kingdom. What an army of victims!

THE TWO PICTURES.—The *Minnehahan*, a Minneapolis monthly magazine, writes:—One of the most striking examples of the success of illustrated journalism, in epitomizing a history, enforcing a lesson, or portraying a tragedy, is that given in *Harper's Weekly* of the 18th of August. We refer to the sketch entitled: "The Mill and the Still." Six characters are grouped for effect. A shock of tall, well-headed wheat fills the front centre. To the left is a happy, healthy family of four—father, mother, and two bright little girls. Comfort, contentment and great promise are depicted, as a brown wheaten loaf—the product of grain—is offered by a comely maid, who, in bold perspective, represents the dignity of righteous manufacture. This is one side of the picture, and it voices God's benediction.

Now the other side. The same family group is seen; but an untold and an untollable experience has been realized. The father is prostrate, his face awry, and rough as the rotten floor upon which he lies; his brain and body are paralyzed. Sitting on a block, bedazzled with her own thoughts, is the mother. With uncombed hair, and sunken cheek, whose hollow her half-shut hand conceals, she contemplates. Is this the mother of a while ago? Wait! On the floor, beside the shock of grain sits the younger child. Carefully gathered rags conceal her nakedness. Her little feet and legs, shoeless and stockingless, are gathered up to support her tired girlish head. The little one is sleeping. At the mother's knee the elder child, with raiment parted, stands beseeching. It is for bread she asks. She gets no answer. Father nor mother hears—one paralyzed, the other benumbed with grief and trial—the eloquence of innocence finds no responsive chord. This is all. No, no! it is not at all. Behind the group of human wrecks, in semi-silhouette, is poised their demon. With outstretched arm, and holding an inverted bottle in his fleshless hand, he pours the destroying liquid out. How changed, and yet how true! How bold the contrast. Home, wealth, happiness. Misery, hunger and slow death. The joyous maid, the greedy destroyer. The Mill, the Still.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing of the Roman Catholic Temperance movement in America, says:—In the city of St. Paul, it is considered degrading among the Irish to keep a saloon, and it is thought to be a matter for reproach to enter one. Some months ago there were only nine saloon-keepers of Irish birth or descent in that city. The result of this state of things as far as the Irish are concerned is told by the *North Western Chronicle*:—"Instead of being the hewers of wood and drawers of water, and engaged mostly in the humblest walks of life, as they used to be in many of the Eastern States, they are here among our best and most respected citizens. Nor is this the exception; it is the rule. In the East we have seen in many cities almost the entire laboring population who work on the streets Irishmen; here there is scarcely one. Here they are our mechanics, our contractors, builders, merchants, lawyers, doctors, farmers—in a word, they occupy honored positions in every walk of life, and with a few, very few, exceptions, are as sober as they are industrious and respected." And the *Chronicle* gives the reason. "We do not repeat this because we undervalue or despise labor or the laboring classes—all honest work is honorable—but it shows how energetic and successful the Irish in Minnesota are. And this is largely due to their sobriety. They are seldom seen in saloons."

SIGNIFICANT TESTIMONY.—Edward Everett Hale, one of the best known literary men now in the United States, writes as follows:—"At the first meeting of the Harvard Temperance League the Rev. Everett Hale said: 'I will remember the severest day of my experience, when, as a reporter of a daily paper, I reported the dedication of the Bunker Hill monument. There were ten reporters at work, and we had to take down in shorthand the oration of Webster, the speeches in Faneuil Hall, and the address of President Taylor. We went to work at ten a. m., and the one best off got done at four the next morning. Of those who had bottles of beer to stimulate them not one is alive now, and not one died an honorable death. The men who have lived were those who stuck to cold water, which is the only thing for a literary man to use.'"

"GOOD OF THE ORDER."

In connection with this Department we intend from week to week to furnish choice selections for readings or recitations at home or at Meeting.

The Cold-Water Man.

A Ballad.

JOHN G. SAXE.

It was an honest fisherman—
I knew him passing well—
And he lived by a little pond,
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod;
So even was his line of life,
His neighbors thought it odd.

For science and for books he said,
He never had a wish,
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a school of fish.

He ne'er aspired to rank or wealth,
Nor cared about a name;
For, though much famed for fish was he,
He never fished for fame.

Let others bend their necks at sight
Of Fashion's gilded wheels,
He ne'er had learned the art to "bob"
For anything but eels.

A cunning fisherman was he,
His angles all were right;
The smallest nibble at his bait
Was sure to prove a "bite."

All day this fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog;

With all the seeming innocence,
And that unconscious look,
That other people often wear
When they intend to "hook."

To charm the fish he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine;
He found the most convenient way
Was just to drop a line.

And many a gudgeon of the pond,
If they would speak to-day,
Would own, with grief, this angler had
A mighty taking way.

Alas! one day this fisherman
Had taken too much grog,
And being but a landsman, too,
He couldn't keep the log.

'Twas all in vain with might and main
He strove to reach the shore;
Down—down he went to feed the fish
He'd baited oft before.

The jury gave their verdict that
'Twas nothing else but gin
Had caused the fisherman to be
So sadly taken in;

Though one stood out upon a whim,
And said the angler's slaughter,
To be exact about the fact,
Was clearly gin-and-water!

The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear,
That drinking habits bring a man
Too often to his bier;

And he who scorns to take the "pledge,"
And keep the promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, a stiff
Cold water man at last!

HER LOTTER.

BRET HARTE.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even you would admire—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm bediamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue;
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour upon you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet,
They say he'll be rich—when he grows up—
And then he adores me indeed.

And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that!"
"And isn't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier—
In the bustle and glitter best-dressed
The "finest soiree of the year,"
In the midst of a *gaze de Chambery*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on the "The Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And fallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer *vis a vis*;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;
Of—the something you said at the gate;
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
To "the best paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low!)
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel—
Whatever's the meaning of that;
Oh, why did papa strike pay grave
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night! here's the end of my paper;
Good-night! if the longitude please—
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the
ditches,
And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

THE ORANGE FREE STATE.—The *Glasgow Herald's* correspondent, writing from Natal on affairs in South Africa, says:—"Unquestionably the most prosperous and by far the happiest of the South African States is the Orange Free State. It is entirely independent of Britain—a fact often pointed out here as significant—and under the Presidency of Sir John Brand moves along pleasantly and in peace. Recently the Raad, which is now in session, have been on the progressive path, and have been voting large sums for improvements—railways and the like—within their domain. Social reformers—say your own Scottish Temperance League—may note that they have just passed a law by which it is enacted that 'no licence will in future be granted outside a town, village or diggings under Government control; no strong drink whatsoever to be sold or given to any native except by his own master; no minor may be supplied with drink; no general dealer can obtain a liquor licence or be allowed to keep any intoxicants on his premises, not even for the purpose of offering a customer the usual 'introductory sample' previous to trans action. They are active social reformers in the Free State."

Temperance Department.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

What shall we do when our foe appeals us,
And duty calls us
With him to fight?
What can we do when our hearts are failing,
And spirits quailing
At his dread sight?
Though he be mighty, and fear appeals us,
If duty calls us,
We will be true;
Must our courage and bravely fight him?
Yes, we will smite him!
That's what we'll do.

What shall we do in temptation's hour,
When drink's fierce power
Our souls would bind?
What shall we do when our friends are
chiding,
Or else deriding,
Hard, and unkind?
Though they deride us, yet in that hour
From Drink's fierce power
We will be free!

We'll take the pledge, and we'll be Ab-
stainers,
Total Abstainers,
That's what we'll be.

C. E. T. Chronicle.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The 3rd Sunday in October will be Temperance Sunday. Special sermons bearing on the subject will be preached in all the Protestant Churches, and collections taken up in aid of the Dominion Alliance work in this Province.

SALVATION ARMY IN INDIA.—An exchange says:—"Bombarding liquor shops is said to be the chief occupation of the Salvation Army in Calcutta. The siege is carried on very quietly, as any great salvationist excitement brings the army into trouble with the authorities. Soldiers walk up and down in front of the shops night and day, seizing on all intending customers and entreating them not to drink, generally with success. In one case the bombardment has gone on for a week, and large crowds assemble every evening to watch the fun. The proprietor of the liquor shop finds his business so diminishing that he contemplates moving off altogether."

BEER ADULTERATIONS.—In consequence of the scarcity of hops last year, and their high price, the temptations to adulterate beer with less expensive articles were probably too great for some, even of beer makers, to resist. A Canadian beer user informed the writer not long since that "beer had run down a good deal of late," and was not, therefore, as popular a drink as it once was, with many at least. The Chicago Times has been informed that great loads of hemlock bark are now being manufactured there into beer stock. It is said to take the place, to some extent of both malt and hops. Hemlock and soda are said to be used a good deal. There is many a poor drunkard's inflamed stomach that would be better of a tanning if the hemlock beer will do it.

TEMPERANCE AND LONGEVITY.—The annual report of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution again bears striking testimony to the superior value of abstaining over non-abstaining lives. In the two departments the expected and actual deaths during the year were as follows:—In the temperance section the expected deaths, 225; actual deaths, 157. In the general section the deaths expected were 327, and the actual deaths 295. The mortality in this section shows well for the year as compared with previous years, but does not yet approach the satisfactory results obtained in the temperance section.

THE COMPENSATION QUESTION.—The London correspondent of the *Western Morning News* writes in that paper:—"I am told by an eminent brewer that the depreciation of

public-house property in London, in consequence of the approaching triumph of Local Option, is more than 30 per cent., and that the fall is likely to be greater in the next few months, as the hour approaches for putting the new law in force. Evidently, therefore, the question of compensation is settling itself. We are not likely to compensate men who have years in which to adapt themselves to the new circumstances which they plainly foresee."

ARISTOCRACY AND THE BLUE RIBBON.—The *Scottish League Journal* says: "A very fashionable gathering assembled at Stafford House, the residence of the Duke of Sutherland, on Saturday afternoon, in furtherance of the Blue Ribbon movement, of which her grace has become a warm advocate. The distinguished company included, among others, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Ailsa, Lord and Lady Dudley, Sir David Baird and Lady Baird, General Sir Lewis Pelly and Lady Polly, Lord Radstock, Ladies Probyn, Ellice, Walsingham, and Wolsley, Sir F. Seymour, Sir R. Temple, Baron Grant, the Hon. A. Kinaird, and Mr. Chaplin, M. P. Letters of apology from Lady Tavistock and Lord Lichfield were read. Lord Mount Temple, who occupied the chair, in the course of his address said that it was felt that the aristocracy of this country, who had always been leaders in politics, war, agriculture, and sanitation, and all great questions affecting the commonwealth, could no longer withhold their support from the Blue Ribbon movement which was fighting against the overwhelming evil that afflicted the country—intoxicating drink—the evil that filled our gaols and our Poor-Law Unions, that brought misery and strife into thousands of working-class homes, and even overshadowed the thought of many who lived in refined society. He further added that the only remedy for all this evil was total abstinence. Canon Wilberforce having thanked the Duke and Duchess for the use of their mansion, the meeting sang some hymns and afterwards dispersed."

THE ALLANS.—Mr. Allan, of Aros, Scotland, one of the leading proprietors of the great Allan Line of Canadian Steamships, is a thorough temperance man, and President of the Highland Temperance League. He recently presided at a meeting of the League at Inverness, and delivered an earnest address. The late Sir Hugh Allan, of Montreal, was for many years a total abstainer from spirituous liquors and tobacco.

THE REVENUE QUESTION.—The Hon. Finance Minister, Sir Leonard Tilley, thus dealt with the question of revenue from the liquor traffic in a recent able speech in England:—"The question of revenue, to which the chairman has referred, is of minor importance. (Cheers.) It has been my misfortune, or fortune, having been a great many years in the Government of my native Province of New Brunswick, and in the Government of the Dominion, to hold the post of Finance Minister in all these Governments, and I never heard but one opinion about the revenue question, viz., that it is of quite secondary importance, though it is, I admit, a more difficult matter with you. The revenue we obtain in the Dominion of Canada is probably five or six million dollars a year, and it costs the people twenty million dollars in providing it for us. (Cheers.) No Finance Minister would remain long in office who would in this day propose a scheme for raising a revenue of five millions that would cost twenty millions to collect. It is not a question that embarrasses us. We might have struck off all we obtained in the last three years of revenue in the Dominion of Canada from intoxicat-

ing beverages and still hold a surplus. (Cheers.) The question with us, and it will be with you, is how far the legislation obtained can be enforced. The sentiment of our country is so thoroughly with us that Parliament would enact almost any law for the prohibition of the liquor traffic if it could be made clear that that law could be enforced. That is the limit with us, but we are feeling our way. We by means of taking polling divisions instead of electoral divisions are step by step hoping to educate our people up to a point at which apart from legislation we can reduce or diminish the consumption of intoxicating drink by the changed habits of our people. Some progress has already been made in this direction. In 1825 the consumption of intoxicating beverages excluding beer was about five gallons for every man, woman, and child in the country; it is now about 1½."

THE NORTH WEST.—Almost every week there are additional witnesses of the beneficial effects of the stringent prohibitory law. Recently ex-Governor Brass, one of the editors of the *Chicago Tribune*, has been making a trip over the Canadian Pacific railway, and in a published letter in his own paper, gives the following testimony. It is all the more significant as the *Tribune* has been recognized as a strong opponent of prohibition. The writer says:—

"After the line passes the boundary of Manitoba, not one drop of liquor is allowed to resident or railway passenger. Baggage of all kinds is searched for it, and all that is found is incontinently confiscated. Lot thirty souls take warning and avoid the scrutiny and the unflinching energy of the "red coats," for they do their duty with impartial severity. Gambling in any form and cognate vices are equally under the ban. Hence the contrast between the quiet and the good order of these border towns and what we have seen at Laramie, Promontory Point, and other places while our continental railways were building, shows what a burning curse whiskey is to man kind. Where its sale is strictly forbidden by law, and that law enforced, quiet, peace, and thrift prevail; gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery are unknown. The laborer is protected from the wiles of the wicked, and saves his hard earnings for those he loves."

ALCOHOL AND CHOLERA.—Dr. Norman Kerr, one of the best known physicians of England, gave recently an able lecture on "Cholera and its Prevention," in London in which he gave some significant statements, well worthy of the most careful consideration. He said that neither bad water, nor dirt, nor filth, nor alcohol, could be said to be the origin of the disease. All these existed in abundance in many countries, but only in India Cholera was indigenous, showing in that country, where the disease was first observed in Bengal exactly 380 years ago, there were special conditions favorable to its development. When developed the cholera poison, or germ, could be readily carried long distances. The cholera germs required conditions of evil favoring their development into an attack of cholera. With the mind calm, undisturbed, and devoid of fear, and the body sound and vigorous, through healthy surroundings, and a healthful habit of life, though one might be infected through water or other agents laden with cholera germs, the risk of an acute attack was slight, compared to the risk of the fearful, the weak of body, and the intemperate in living. To drink freely was to invite the disease, and by diminishing the strength, to lessen the chances of recovery. In England alcoholic indulgence had been a prolific factor in the mortality from cholera. From per-

sonal experience he could testify of the inutility and danger of intoxicants as a remedy for the cure of cholera, and to the great value of pure water. The doctor himself had been attacked and discovered in a state of unconsciousness, but recovered without alcoholic drink; and if he should be attacked again he would rather have an unlimited supply of clear cold water and ice than be surrounded with every comfort and medical treatment, if water were either forbidden or administered with a grudging hand.

If the conditions of the body were unfavorable to the growth of the cholera, even when introduced into the frame, these germs were eliminated and destroyed, and the individual escaped uninjured. That intemperance was the main cause of that state most favorable to the development of the disease, was not only the conclusion to which nearly all, if not all, medical men who had seen much cholera had come, but was attested by the striking disproportions between the rates of cases of deaths among the temperate and intemperate.

Why did alcoholic drinks predispose to cholera? Because they, in some degree, had a similar effect on the blood. Cholera blackened and thickened and vitiated the blood, thereby impeding the circulation. Strong drinks disturbed and corrupted the blood, cutting short the life of the red globules and loading the vital fluid with carbonaceous or fatty matters. Both poisons disturbed and poisoned the blood, rendering it less pure and healthy. In other ways alcoholics predisposed to the disease, (as, for example) by weakening the vital powers and depressing the system, bodily weakness and mental depression being a powerful invitation to an attack. In Paisley, Scotland, while in every 151 inhabitants there was one case, only one in every 2,000 of the teetotalers was attacked."

It is more than full time now that steps were taken to make it only a moderately safe thing for people to cross the Esplanade. As matters are at present it is not simply risky, but positively dangerous for anyone to attempt the feat. It is a wonder to TRUTH that dozens of children and adults are not killed every year there. The idea of there being no other means of reaching steamers and pleasure boats than by crossing half a dozen different railway tracks where trains are constantly passing is preposterous. It would not be a matter of more than inconsiderable expense to throw light iron bridges across the tracks, and even though it were, it ought to be done.

FRUITS OF THE TRAFFIC.

A YOUNG DRUNKARD.—It is a sad sight to notice so many boys—sometimes mere children—smoking or drinking, or both; but in these habits they are often merely following the example of their father, or some elders, to whom they have a right to look for an example. On Friday evening a boy named John Horton, but eight years of age, was arrested by a Toronto policeman and run in, being found in a very drunken state, singing, swearing and acting in an outrageous manner generally. It is a dark outlook for the future of the boy, and an unpleasant prospect for society.

"NATIVE WINE."—During the late Industrial Exhibition, licenses were given for the sale of beer and native wine on the grounds. Some idea of the strength of some of the "Native" may be formed from the fact that a man named David Woodhouse was picked up on the Garrison Commons in a state of helpless intoxication, by a policeman. His statement was that he had drunk two glasses of this beverage at one of the saloons on the ground. A man named Clark was caught in the act of rifling the drunkard's pockets at the time of the arrest.

STELLA; OR, AT CROSS PURPOSES.

CHAPTER XXV.

SANDYPORT.

The little seaside village—for it is little more, of Sandyport, lies upon the flattest and the ugliest portion of the Essex coast. There are neither trees nor hills landwards, neither cliffs nor rocks seaward, to break the dull and bleak monotony of the scene; nothing but sand—sand everywhere. Flat sandy fields, sparsely covered with ragged grass behind, low heaps of sandy hillocks in front, merging into wide yellow stretches of wet, swampy sands at low tide; and between the bare fields at the back and the sandheaps between it and the sea, lies the village itself. One straggling street, a cluster of brown fishermen's huts, a stuccoed Church with a dwarf tower, and a dozen or so of green shuttered lodging-houses beyond it, which owe their existence to the fact that the healthy air—the one recommendation to Sandyport that any one can urge—induces the people in the neighborhood to send their children to them for sea air. It is healthy and it is cheap—nobody can say anything more in favour of Sandyport.

It was at the door of the very last in the row of these lodging-houses that Lily Finch and her small box were deposited late one afternoon by the one-horsed omnibus, which went backwards and forwards to meet the trains at Sandyport Junction, three miles off.

Mrs. Barnes, a portly and important personage, who patronized her, and called her "my dear" in familiar and motherly manner, gave her her arm to help her out of the vehicle that had brought them, and rang the bell at the green-shuttered abode to which she had brought her charge.

The door was instantly opened by a tall and melancholy-faced woman, with whom Mrs. Barnes instantly exchanged friendly greetings.

"You see, I've brought you your lodger, Mrs. Wilson. She isn't good for much yet, but my lady says you are to take good care of her."

"It is very good of her ladyship to have recollected me. I hope"—turning round with a solemn stare at Lily, who was so faint and tired after her journey that she could hardly stand—"I hope, miss, that you mean to get well, and give her ladyship no more trouble."

Poor Lily had not strength to answer her landlady's somewhat alarming welcome. She followed her meekly up-stairs to the room that had been provided for her.

A large airy upper room, overlooking the sandheaps and the sea beyond them, as cheerful a view, probably, as any room in Sandyport could possibly command; and yet, when the two women had gone down-stairs to gossip over their tea, and she and her box were left alone together, Lily, although she had food, and clothing, and lodging provided for her by the kindness and charity of others—although she knew that nothing was expected of her but to enjoy the sea air and get strong—felt more un-speakably lonely than she had ever felt in her life before.

It will be easily imagined that there had been no parting scene between herself and Sir Edgar. Lady Dyson had carefully provided against such an alarming and dangerous experiment. No sooner was Sir Edgar's back turned, than superhuman efforts were made to strengthen up poor Lily's frame to enable her to endure a journey. By dint of port wine, and beef tea, and calves'-foot jelly, and with the help of an invalid's carriage, Lady Dyson effected her desire, and sent her safely off out of the house on the very morning of the day on which her son was expected to return. Nobody but herself and Barnes, who was bribed to secrecy, knew the destination of her journey. She was gone "to the seaside," that was all the information bestowed upon the rest of the household. Even Mrs. Finch was kept in the dark, for Lady Dyson was determined that, until her son was safely married, he should have no chance of hearing of Lily's whereabouts.

So Lily was bundled off, weak and unequal to the move as she certainly was, and was safely lauded, as we have seen, the same afternoon, in Mrs. Wilson's clean, but somewhat desolate-looking domicile.

She felt very lonely in it. She stood by the window, and looked drearily out at the

melancholy yellow hillocks of sand beyond the road, and the long line of leaden colored sea beyond them, and she felt weak and hopeless both in body and mind.

The next day Mrs. Barnes went back to Barfield, and Lily was left alone, in a solitude so utter and so depressing, that she felt at first as if she should die of it.

Mrs. Wilson brought up her little meals to her three times a day, and generally lingered a few minutes to make some kind enquiries about her health, and to give her some not very exhilarating admonitions concerning the trouble she was causing her friends.

Thus, her life went on for a few days of unspeakable monotony and dullness, and Lily felt sometimes as if the solitude and the dreariness were more than she knew how to bear.

At length, however, relief came to her in the shape of new friends, whom she was fortunate enough to find in the rector and his family.

The one good-sized and pleasant-looking house in Sandyport was the Rectory. It stood near the Church, within a high-walled garden, wherein clustered the only trees to be found in the whole place. When Lily arrived at Mrs. Wilson's the lilacs and laburnams were just coming into flower in the Rectory-garden, and the Miss Nortons, the Rector's daughters, were just setting up the lawn-tennis net again, after the long dullness of the winter season.

Mr. Norton, the Rector, being a placid and a good old man, was quite contented with his lot in life; but Mrs. Norton and her daughters did not appreciate the absolute tranquillity of Sandyport at all. The dullness was unspeakable. There was no neighbourhood, and there was no society. Marian and Katie Norton were good girls; but they caught eagerly at the faintest and slenderest excitement to break the monotony of their lives.

Such an excitement was afforded by the arrival of Lily Finch at the Terrace with the odging house.

A young lady—and a pretty young lady too—could not have dropped down in any corner of Sandyport without at once attracting the attention of the whole of its inhabitants, and of course the Rectory people were among the first to know of it.

"Such a pretty girl, mamma!" said Marian, excitedly. "I caught a sight of her on the Terrace yesterday. I wonder who she is—do let us call on her!"

"Certainly we will call on her; let us go to-day."

But Miss Finch was out, sitting on the sands by the sea, when she called, and so there were only a whole flight of cards awaiting her return when she came in.

But a few days later the two sisters met her face to face, close outside their own door.

"You are Miss Finch, are you not?" asked Marian, holding out her hand. "Do come in and see us. How tired you look!"

"I have been ill; I am not very strong yet," said Lily, accepting the invitation gratefully.

They took her into the pretty garden within the high walls, and she sat on the bench in the sun, while they played lawn tennis.

By and by the Rector and his wife came out and joined them, and welcomed Lily kindly and cordially.

"How do you like being at Mrs. Wilson's?" asked Mrs. Norton. "Does she make you comfortable?"

"Oh! yes, very, thank you."

"But you must find it rather dull?"

"It is not exactly lively," answered Lily.

"My dear, I hope you will come here as often as you like," said kind Mrs. Norton.

And Lily gratefully accepted the kind invitation to the Rectory.

She went there, indeed, every day; and their constant kindness, and the fresh sea-breezes began at last to work favourably upon her health and spirits.

One day that she came in as usual to join the two sisters in their game at lawn-tennis, she found the whole family in an unusual state of delight and excitement.

"Such a wonderful thing is going to happen," explained Marian Norton to her. "A young lady is going to stay with us."

"A great friend of yours?" asked Lily politely.

"Well, no, not exactly. To tell you the truth, papa was her brother's tutor before he married; it was a long time ago—and her brother died. We only know her very slightly; but she is so handsome and clever."

"Yes, and so nice and pleasant too," said Katie.

"And she is engaged to be married too," cried Marian; "and I do think it will be so amusing to have an engaged young lady—for you know Katie and I have never had any lovers ourselves."

"She has had a bad attack of influenza, and is ordered to the sea to get well before her marriage, and so she thought of coming to us—for you must know she is rather above ourselves in rank—so it shows how nice she is to want to come to a quiet clergyman's family," explained Katie.

"And what may her name be?" inquired Lily, without any great interest in the stranger. But the answer to the question startled her.

"Her name is Lady Honoria Rosett," said Katie.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LOUGHTON FAIR.

Once a year, and it is always in the last week in April that it takes place, there is a fair held in the queer little old-fashioned town of Loughton. The market-place three days is filled with open stalls, where all sorts of cheap wares—crockery, cutlery, turnery and articles of dress—both masculine and feminine—are sold all day long, among the babel of voices and shouts and confusion. This is the business part of the proceedings. Hard by, in a large open space on the outskirts of the town, the votaries of pleasure hold high revels from morning till night, and pretty nearly from night till morning. Here the goods sold are more of a frivolous description—gaudy toys and unwholesome looking sweets, gingerbread men and penny ices, being the chief ingredients of commerce. There is a long line of booths, wherein fat boys, three-legged ponies and performing dogs are constantly attracting crowds of eager sight-seers, and a merry-go-round that goes by steam, and gyrates to the tune of "Tommy make room for your Uncle," with a deafening clamor and with unceasing energy and perseverance.

It will readily be imagined that at fair-time Loughton is a place to be avoided by all decent and respectable inhabitants. The town is filled with a crowd, of the worst and most rowdy description. An immense concourse of ruffians of every kind—gypsies and vagrants, who never come to the surface at any other time—pour in from the country around, and hold high jinks for these three days of unbridled pleasure.

I suppose, if the townspeople had taken the matter strongly in hand, the nuisance might have been put down; but the fair is good for trade, and so the Loughton authorities submit to the institution, and put up with its many inconveniences as patiently as they can.

But amongst the neighboring gentry Loughton fair-time is held in deep and indignant abhorrence, and the town is as much deserted and as carefully avoided by them as Margate at Whitstuntide and Epping Forest on Bank Holiday is by the respectable and peace-loving Londoner.

I don't know how it came to pass that Stella King, being a stranger, knew nothing about Loughton fair; and as ill-luck would have it, the fancy came into her head to walk by herself into the town on the afternoon of the third day of the revels.

Norman was away, or she would probably have been warned against so rash a proceeding; but he had gone up to town for a few days, and the time of his return was so uncertain. It so happened that something was wanted for the decorations that were now in process of preparation for the wedding next week. All the morning the two sisters and Mrs. Finch had been working hard at some white satin quillings, which were intended to wreath the bannister all the way up the staircase, tied up at intervals with bunches of greenery. They worked at it till they were tired, and until they had exhausted all their materials.

"We shall want at least two dozen more yards of white satin ribbon," Mrs. Finch had said, when their task came perforce to an end. "It must be got at Loughton."

In the afternoon Stella remembered the white satin ribbon. She had a headache, and such an utter weariness of mind and body, that it came into her head that a walk by herself would do her good. So she thought she would go and buy the ribbon herself in Loughton. Without saying a word to anybody, and with no recollection of the fair, which, if she had heard of, she had certainly not realized the condition of things to which such a festivity can reduce

an ordinary tranquil, and dead-alive little country town, she put on her hat, and sallied forth alone across the fields.

When, however, she got near the town, she perceived that some unwonted excitement was going on. There were tents covered with gaudy paintings; flags flying in every direction; a confused sound of course, half-drunken merriment, and the jingling music of the interminably gyrating merry-go-round.

Stella was a little disturbed in her mind at these indications of vulgar revelry; but she was now so near the town, that it seemed to her a pity not to go on and accomplish her errand.

She was, moreover, naturally grave, and not easily daunted; it was unpleasant, of course, to have to push her way through a rough, tipsy-looking crowd; but, after all, she did not imagine that they could hurt her.

So she pushed on quickly and courageously, looking neither to the right nor the left, working her way straight up the middle of the booths and the open stalls.

The people fell back a little to let her pass, staring with some curiosity at the delicate, lovely young lady who had ventured thus unprotected in their midst. One or two men stared at her rudely, and a ragged woman shrieked after her some taunting, horrible words, of which she hardly caught the meaning, but which made her shudder with disgust.

Nothing, thought Stella, should induce her to return the same way. She now felt sorry that she had come; but there was a longer way home by which she could get back to Wrexham without coming near these horrible merry-makers again. She reached the little draper's shop and made her purchase; the shopman seemed surprised to see her, and even made some remark about the place not being very orderly for ladies to walk about in.

"I had no idea there was anything going on," said Stella, as she paid for her ribbon.

"What is the matter?"

"Why, it's the fair, miss—didn't you hear of it? And a shameful state of things I call it, that respectable persons should be kept shut up for three days because of all these drunken vagabones. However, there is some as likes it even among them as ought to know better. You are never going to walk back, are you, miss? Would you like my little lad to go with you? It would be a kind of a protection like."

"Oh, thank you very much. No, I don't want any one, because I shall go back another way. I can get across the common to Wrexham; it is a longer walk, but it will be quiet that way."

The shopkeeper shook his head. "There's a many bad characters loafing about everywhere, miss. You had better let Johnny go with you."

But Stella declined the protection of the valiant Johnny, who was twelve years old, and small for his age, and decided upon venturing forth again by herself.

She started forth across the common at a rapid pace, and soon left the town and its noisy occupiers far behind. It was a breezy, blowing day; little showers scudded across the heavens, alternating with gleams of sunshine.

The common across which she walked was a wide expanse of heath and brushwood, some three miles or so in length. It was not a flat plain, but was undulated; the path leading up and down a succession of little dips in the land; and it was so thickly studded over with gorse-bushes and juniper shrubs, that a whole army might have been concealed upon it without betraying a sign of its existence until you were close upon it.

Stella walked on bravely and quickly; the wind blew gently in her face, flushing it a rosy red, and ruffling the soft locks of her fair hair. She looked very serious as she walked, for her thoughts were full of sad and solemn things; but there was no despair or rebellion in her grave eyes, because she was a good girl, and she would not allow herself to dwell overmuch upon that sad secret of her heart which only of late had been fully revealed to herself.

"I lost him by my own folly," said Stella to herself; "and now I have got to make the best of things—to love them both dearly, and hope for their happiness, and to do my duty in the life that is before me. I shall live with grandpapa, as he said, and make him happy till he dies; and I shall be an old maid, and make the most model of maiden aunts," and she smiled to herself a pale, sorrowful little smile that had no depth nor life in it.

And then all at once she heard somebody running up behind her. Turning round quickly, she was rather dismayed to see close to her a rough looking man in a suit of ragged corduroy, and a red scarf tied loosely around his bare uncovered throat. He was very dark, had wild, rough hair, and a lawless but not altogether unpicturesque appearance.

"Here I stop!" cried the man to her. But Stella, although her heart beat violently, made no answer, but walked rapidly on; only with a sudden impulse of self-protection she quietly slipped off her watch and the rings from her fingers, and the earrings out of her ears, and unfastened a little gold brooch at her collar, and dropped them all into the pocket of her jacket. By this time the man had come close up to her.

"Why didn't you stop when I called out to you miss?" he said, looking at her curiously, but not altogether uncivilly, and panting loudly—he was evidently out of breath with running after her. "You might have waited a little bit for a fellow!"

A wise instinct told Stella that to look frightened, or to speak roughly to this man would be fatal. Her only chance lay in preserving her coolness and her temper.

"I couldn't wait," she answered quite civilly. "I am in a hurry to get home."

"And where may your home be, pray, miss?"

"Oh—over there," she answered pointing, vaguely to a belt of wood beyond the common. Oh! how poor Stella wished herself there!

"Well, I suppose you won't mind a poor fellow like me walking a couple of your miles?" said the man, with a sort of a half-familiar, half-respectful manner, looking at her curiously. Probably if she had been plain and old, instead of the loveliest vision of womanhood he had ever set eyes on in his life, he would not have been at the pains to be so polite to her.

"I can't help you walking by me, of course, if you like," answered Stella, keeping her eyes straight before her. Her companion was staring hard at her, looking her up and down from head to foot. Stella felt certain he was looking for her rings and watch, and congratulated herself for her promptitude in hiding them.

"I suppose, now, you have never walked alongside such a rum looking card as me in your life before, miss?" said the man, presently.

"Never," answered Stella, and for all her terror, she could not help smiling.

Presently the man stopped short close in front of her.

"Look here!" he said to her "there are three of us about here on the common, and we drew lots which should come and trap you."

"What do you mean?" faltered Stella, changing color for the first. "You cannot mean to do me any harm—you seem a civilized young man—I am sure you will not stop me!"

He laughed. "Oh! I don't know about doing you any harm. If you wasn't such a pretty lass, I'd have knocked you down behind the first green bush long ago; but you've got them pretty blue eyes and hair just like the sunshine on a cornfield, so that I can't find it in my heart to lay a finger on your pretty throat."

Stella turned sick and cold with fear, yet she had sense enough to know that to resent the man's rude admiration would be to bring his wrath upon herself.

"I am sure you wouldn't hurt me!" she said. "You look too kind and manly to ill treat a woman with no one to protect her!"

He laughed merrily.

"I don't know about that," he said. "I've been sent after you to get your money and your jewellery. I know you got them somewhere about you, because I saw you slip something into your pocket as I came up; but now, you look here, I'll not take them from you—not a thing—I'll go back and tell my mates you had nothing about you, if you will let me give you one good kiss."

Stella uttered a faint cry of horror. "You'd better not try screaming, because I've only got to whistle, and my pals will come up directly. Now, will you or won't you?"

He stood close before her—there was no chance for her to escape. In despair Stella emptied out her pockets.

"Take everything I have got!" she said, trembling, "and for pity's sake go away!" The man looked surprised, and even disappointed. A woman who would part with

her jewellery sooner than submit to an insult was evidently a new experience to him.

"I would sooner kiss you than take them," he said, doubtfully, half-pushing back her outstretched hand.

And then, in the tension of her over-strung nerves, and in the terror of her loneliness and helplessness, Stella at last lost her presence of mind.

"How dare you offer such an insult to a lady! I would sooner die than touch so much as your hand!" she cried, half-frantic with fear and disgust.

Suddenly, at her words, the evil nature of the man, that had been charmed for a short space to sleep by the spell of her beauty, awoke once more into life.

"Oho! my lady! so that's your game, is it!" he cried furiously. "Let us see whether you can show fight, you pretty pigeon!"

He seized her in his arms, and dragged her roughly to him. The wild, brown face with its rough black locks and shining wicked eyes, was close to her. Her brain reeled, her heart almost ceased to beat, her very eyesight seemed to fail her!

Then close behind her a footstep upon the grass—a voice that cried out suddenly:

"My darling—I am here!"

A few smothered oaths—a struggle—a blow or two—and she was free! There was a swift vision of a dearly loved face above her; and Stella remembered nothing more, for she had fallen headlong on the soft grass among the gorse-bushes at Norman Allingham's feet.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"IS IT TOO LATE?"

When Stella recovered her consciousness, she found herself staring straight up at the cloud-flecked sky, whilst somebody was sprinkling water upon her upturned face. For a minute or two she could not recollect what had happened, nor make out at all where she was.

"Do you feel better, Stella?" asked Norman, gently, and then she suddenly discovered that she was in the middle of Loughton Common, and that her head was supported upon her cousin's shoulder.

She sat up blushing.

"He is gone away, dear; don't be frightened," said Norman, reassuringly, "the brute went off quickly enough when I appeared on the scene. I felt as if I could have killed him when I first caught sight of him!"

But Stella was not thinking of the vagrant who had given her such a fright. She had but the dimmest recollection of his coarse words and his rough gestures. She was quite safe now, and not in the least frightened—only what she was thinking now was, that it was Norman's voice that had called out to her.

"My darling—My darling!" Norman, who was to be married to her sister next week—Norman, who had called her by that sweetest, tenderest, and least to be mistaken name in the English language. My darling! he had called her. Ah! what a great glow of gladness was in the depth of poor Stella's heart when she remembered it! Ah! could it be possible, that he loved her, and not Cecily?

And then her conscience smote her, and almost at the same minute she seemed to see the meaning of his words. Was it not the case that she and Cecily were very much alike—no had come up behind her; at a little distance he would hardly have been able to tell which sister it was—of course he must have mistaken her for Cecily.

"You thought it was Cecily, I suppose?" she said, aloud, following the current of her unspoken thoughts.

"Cecily!" he repeated, in surprise. "No, why did you think that? I know it was you—besides, could I ever make a mistake between you?"

She had risen to her feet by this time.

"Do you feel able to walk now?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh! yes, quite; let us go on, Norman." And then turning suddenly to him. "How on earth did you happen to be here, in the middle of Loughton Common, just in time to rescue me from that dreadful man?"

"Why, that is simply told. I am home just after you had left the house; nobody knew where you were, but Mrs. Finch thought you had gone to Loughton. I remembered the Fair, and how unfit it was for you to be walking about the country whilst it was going on; there are always so many of these tramps and gypsies about. So I set out and followed you. I traced you into the town, and to the draper's shop; and

the man there told me you had started to return home by the common—about the worst place, by the way, you could have selected to walk over by yourself; so I put my best leg forward, and as you see, mercifully arrived upon the scene in time to save you from that ruffian's insults."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Roar of London.

W. J. Stillman says, in the *October Century*, in his essay on the "Characteristics of London": "As I write, sitting by my study window, full five miles from the city proper, I hear the roar of the traffic like the sea on a rocky shore—the rush of incessant trains along the iron ways, the rumble of myriads of drays along hundreds of miles of stone-paved streets (for which wood is now being in part substituted), each no more to the general symphony than the hum of a gnat in the sounds of a summer day—a volume of sound unintermitting from dawn till dark. Yet I am bowed in green trees, with cowslip and daisy-flecked fields spread out under my eyes—not a spire, not a chimney-stack of the metropolis visible; and the carols of larks and thrushes, the song of the nightingale, run through the web of sounds like gold and silver threads through a cunning fabric, with the twitter of scores of sparrows like tiny spangles thrown on at random. Out of the monotone dashes the individual roar of a nearer train, the scream of a whistle, and the roar dies away again in the sullen monody. This is audible London."

BE CAREFUL.

The genuine "Rough on Corns" is made only by E. S. Wells (Proprietor of "Rough on Rats"), and has laughing face of man on labels. 15c. & 25c. Bottles.

A woman is always most busily engaged at packing a trunk when the expressman calls for it.

Orieu Catlin, 49 Pearl Street, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I tried various remedies for the piles but found no relief until I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which entirely cured me after a few applications."

A philosopher observes that there are two periods of life when a man looks to see if his hair is coming out—at 20, when he inspects his upper lip; at 40, when he inspects the top of his head.

The tenacity with which people abide by their early faith in Ayer's Sarsaparilla can only be explained by the fact that it is the best blood medicine ever used, and is not approached in excellence by any now candidate for public favor.

Mr. Gladstone's visit to Copenhagen has produced a deep impression at Vienna, and may lead to the modification of certain points of the Austro-German policy.

THE ELEMENTS OF BONE, BRAIN AND MUSCLE, are derived from the blood, which is the grand natural source of vital energy, the motor of the bodily organs. When the circulation becomes impoverished in consequence of weak digestion and imperfect assimilation of the food, which should enrich it, every bodily function flags and the system grows feeble and disordered. When the blood becomes impure either from the development of inherited seeds of disease, its contamination by bile, or other causes, serious maladies surely follow. A highly accredited remedy for these evils is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which eradicates impurities of the blood and fertilizes it by promoting digestion and assimilation. Moreover, this fine alterative and stomachic exerts a specific action upon the liver, healthfully stimulating that organ to a performance of its secretory duty when inactive, and expelling bile from the blood. It likewise possesses diuretic and depurant properties of a high order, rendering the kidneys active and healthy, and expelling from the system the acrid elements which produce rheumatic pain. Price, \$1, sample bottle, 10 cents. Ask for Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The wrapper bears a fac-simile of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.

A Vienna despatch says the American Minister to China has joined with the English representative in urging China to come to an understanding with France.

LOOK OUT FOR FRAUDS!

The genuine "Rough on Corns" is made only by E. S. Wells (Proprietor of "Rough on Rats"), and has laughing face of man on labels. 15c. and 25c. Bottles.

Did She Die?

"No!"
"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years."
"The doctors doing her no good!"
"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters, the papers say so much about."
"Indeed! Indeed!"
"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,
"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,
"Under the care of the best physicians,
"Who gave her disease various names,
"But no relief,
"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:
"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."
"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."
"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY OF Utica, N. Y.

It is stated that Mr. Parnoll has selected Mr. Edward McMahon as the candidate of the Home Rulers to contest the election for Parliament for Limerick.

The Cheapest medicine in use is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, because so very little of it is required to effect a cure. For croup, diphtheria, and diseases of the lungs and throat, whether used for bathing the chest or throat, for taking internally or inhaling it is a matchless compound.

A terrible hurricane has occurred at Mass. Many houses were blown down. Fifty vessels were wrecked, and sixty lives were lost.

Women are rapidly taking places in the learned professions and the more lucrative occupations from which they were formerly excluded. Many are graduating in medicine. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., is a minister of health to thousands who may never touch the hem of her garment or behold the genial light of her modest countenance.

A Constantinople despatch says a box of dynamite was recently discovered within the precinct of the Yildzkiosk, the residence of the Sultan. A Circassian has been exiled.

PEOPLE WHO READ AND REFLECT, after reading, upon the many published testimonials regarding Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, can scarcely fail to perceive that evidence so positive and concurrent could not be adduced in behalf of a remedy of doubtful efficacy. The facts proven by such evidence are that it roots out impurities of blood, restores digestion, enriches the circulation, and regulates the bowels and liver.

Despatches from Australia exhibit the highest indignation at the conduct of the Government with regard to the New Guinea and Pacific Islands.

When symptoms of malaria appear in any form, take Ayer's Ague Cure at once, to prevent the development of the disease, and continue until health is restored, as it surely will be by the use of this remedy. A cure is warranted in every instance.

The cholera victims in Egypt since the outbreak of the present epidemic, up to Aug. 26th, numbered 26,597.

POST-MORTEM EXAMINATIONS have, in some instances, led to the discovery of the scars of completely healed abscesses or sores upon the lung. This of itself shows that the lung tissue when diseased is susceptible of restoration to a sound and healthy condition. Persons afflicted with lung disease may reasonably hope to recover health by the use of well chosen remedies. Foremost among these is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, a thoroughly tested and highly accredited specific for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and other affections of the throat, chest and lungs. Pulmonary irritation is promptly arrested by the Cod Liver Oil, and the hypophosphites, which are among the finest renovants used by physicians, revive the flagging energies of the debilitated system.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Is the tendency of the theatre immoral? Periodically the question is brought under consideration, sometimes through the medium of theatrical papers, sometimes by means of sermons preached from the pulpit. The latest utterances on the subject are those of the Rev. Hugh Johnstone, of the Metropolitan Church, whose views are, at least, deserving of respectful attention; although there is—and indeed can be—really nothing new or original in the arguments advanced. The attitude of the Church, Mr. Johnstone is careful to say, has reference to the theatre as it is, not as it might be, or ought to be. But what has the Church done towards making the theatre what it ought to be? It has simply contented itself with denouncing the alleged immorality of the stage, while doing absolutely nothing towards improving matters. This, too, in face of the fact that the dramatic instinct is one of the strongest in human nature, and that the stage, whether for good or evil, is, and must ever continue to be, a mighty power in our social life. But what is the tendency of the stage? Like every other institution appealing to the popular taste, it reflects the spirit of the age. The profligacy and immorality of the times of Charles II. and Louis XIV. were reflected in the plays of the period, and neither the one nor the other would be tolerated for a moment in this age. Has the theatre reformed since then? Mr. Johnstone says no, but he nevertheless speaks of "the indecencies of the 'Black Crook' and 'White Fawn,' which had become toned down to 'Enchantment' and such plays;" but this very "toning down" process shews that there is a reforming element at work, from whatever cause it may spring. There are, as Mr. Johnstone says, "attendant evils on trades and professions, on the press, the school, our very churches,"—and, we take leave to add, "our theatres." The stage is not inherently evil or immoral. It depends upon the influences thrown around it; it reflects, as already remarked, the spirit of the age. If the age is immoral, the tendency of the theatre will be downwards; if the age is a moral age, its influence will be felt in the drama. The more elevated the taste of the people, the higher the class of drama produced. It is unfortunately true, as Mr. Johnstone says, that the Church, and by the Church he means the entire Christian Brotherhood, through all the ages, has maintained an opposition to theatre-going. The antagonism of the Church to the Stage has, unfortunately, been very marked; yet the drama still exists, and exercises an influence, as powerful in its own way as the Church. It is to be regretted that this opposition exists. Hand in hand, the Church and the Stage could exercise an irresistible power for good. For ourselves, believing as we do, in the high destiny and power to elevate of the drama, we regret that an effort is not made by Christian men and women to eradicate the evils which admittedly exist, and which none deplore more deeply than those members of the profession—neither few nor far between—who desire to advance the standard of their profession. Instead of denouncing the drama as so many of our good people do, they should join the throng of admirers for the legitimate, and thus, in a magnificent way, capture the drama and make it a greater instrumentality, a still more exalted mouthpiece of to-day's advancement and the future's civilization.

The new Metropolitan Opera House, New York, of which Mr. Henry F. Abbey—the most enterprising of American managers—is director, will be inaugurated on the evening of October 22nd. The new building—which is in the Italian renaissance style, and of imposing appearance—combines, it is be-

lieved, more of the desiderata of a secure and elegant opera house than can be found anywhere else in the world, the object aimed at being to secure absolute fire proof protection, the greatest convenience, the utmost comfort, and the amplest facilities for the safety and accommodation of the public, and the production of modern works of art in the most elaborate manner, and on the largest scale. The audience room has a seating capacity of 3,064, while the stage is 76 feet deep from footlights to dead wall, and 101 feet between walls. There are three tiers of boxes, a balcony and a gallery. The orchestra can accommodate 150 musicians, and is built in the shape of a reverberating arch, floored over; and it is believed the most perfect acoustic effects will be obtained. Gounod's immortal opera of "Faust" has been selected for the opening performance, and will be presented by the following splendid cast:—*Marguerite*, Madme. Christine Nilsson, *Maria*, Mme. E. Lablache, *Sizel*, Mme. Sofia Scalchi, *Faust*, Sig. Campanini, *Alphonses*, Sig. Novara, *Valentine*, Sig. Del Puente. The company is a remarkably fine one—it is unnecessary here to give the list of artists, which, however, besides those already mentioned, includes such well known names as Farsch Madi, Marcella Sembrich, Zelia Trebelli, Victor Capoul, and Kaschmann. Signora Malvina Cavallazzi will be Premiere Danseuse, and Signor Vianesi Musical Director. The orchestra and military band will number 95 pieces, the chorus 50 voices, and the ballet 32 coryphees. The operas will be presented with phenomenally strong casts, with new, complete and elaborate costumes and *mise-en-scene*, and with every appliance that is necessary to present the master works of the great composers as they have never yet been presented in the great American metropolis.

Mr. Lytton Sothern, who made his bow to a Toronto audience Thursday night last, and who received a warm and hearty welcome, partly for his own sake, but,—at first at all events—chiefly for the sake of the father they knew so well and revered so much—has much in him to remind us of that father, whose mantle he so worthily wears. He has evidently made a close study of the elder Sothern's methods and manners, and his impersonation of *Lord Dundreary* was a startling and successful imitation, and irresistibly reminded us of the elder comedian's impersonation. There was the same lisp and limp, the same drawl and inane laugh, the same peculiarities and idiosyncracies made famous and familiar by his father. The imitation throughout, in fact, is so perfectly accurate, as to be absolutely startling. But Mr. Lytton Sothern is more than a mere copyist. He is a true artist. Every detail is carefully considered, rightly conceived, and justly rendered. His acting is perfectly natural, his voice, pleasant and agreeable to listen to, is admirably managed, his bearing easy and unconstrained. The famous letter scene was given in a manner that was of itself sufficient to raise the actor to the highest possible position, while the other well-known scenes—the comedy incidents, the love making—were excellently well done, and were received with every sign of approval by the large audience present. The company supporting Mr. Sothern is a very good one. Mr. Ed. Marble made a capital *Asa Trenchard*, Mrs. Jennie Carroll an admirable *Mrs. Mountchessington*, and Mr. Hargreaves an excellent *Dunary*; Miss Bessie Hunter made a very pleasant *Florence*, and Miss Nellie Donald a very lovable *Mary Meredith*. The cast of Arthur Giles, and the drunken clerk, *Abel*, of W. H. Wallis were also deserving of notice, and the remaining characters were all in good hands.

Darry and Fay did a fine business during their brief engagement here. Their very clever impersonations are too well known to need any particular notice. The company supporting them was above the average, and the several vocal selections were given in a most acceptable manner. The attractions at the Grand next week are Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Knight, and the Harrisons, neither of whom are strangers to our theatre-goers.

Lord and Lady Roseberry are to visit Martha's Vineyard, the White Mountains, Stratona, and Lakes George and Champlain this month.

The daughter of Lawrence Barrett, who has just married a German Baron, is of gentle manners, with a sweet serious face. Her husband is a man of family and fortune. He fell in love with her while she was studying in Stuttgart.

TRUTH ON MUNICIPAL MATTERS.

Ald. Clarke, chairman of the chief committee of the City Council, was evidently not aware at their last meeting that City Solicitor McWilliams had assumed authority at the last session of the Legislature to set the statute changed as to make it compulsory on that body to allow an exemption rate, in the way of a rebate on their general tax bills, to all owners of properties which have been assessed for the cost of paving, or sidewalking, or both, instead of being permissive. Nor was he aware that so important a change had been accomplished by the simple substitution of the word "shall" for that of "may" in the section of the statute providing for such exemption. The effect of this will be, as Ald. Clarke stated in connection with a similar case, to compel poorer taxpayers to pay the difference. Being in ignorance of these facts, he opposed a recommendation of the committee on works to grant such compulsory statutory exemption to Ald. Walker, who had laid at his own expense a sidewalk in front of three stores of his on Queen street west, and was therefore entitled by the law created by McWilliams to the exemption. This having shown to be the case a motion by Ald. Clarke to expunge the clause was defeated by a large majority, though the mover showed that the effect of such a law was to shift the taxes from the shoulders of rich taxpayers and place them on those of the poor ones. Ald. Clarke has substantial reasons for knowing that it will have such effect, as he owns two large properties on King street on which he will be entitled to an exemption of about \$24 per year, while he will have to pay about \$70 per year for ten years for the cost of the paving. The difference of \$46 per year will have to be paid by poorer taxpayers in his and other wards. It is due to Ald. Clarke to state that he opposed the scheme of Ald. Turner to procure legislation whereby the City Council has been clothed with power to compel owners of properties to pay the cost of paving and sidewalking, unless a majority of them on any section of street petition against it within a month after notice, but having been defeated, he unfortunately committed the indiscretion of stating that he would loyally endeavour to carry out what he showed to be clearly against the interests of the poorer taxpayers. As he has announced his intention not to continue to occupy the office of Alderman after this year, it is to be hoped he will endeavour, as a member of the Legislature to get this iniquitous law repealed.

The latest act of folly on the part of the School Board is the purchase of a house and lot on Givens street adjoining a school for \$750, though it is assessed for but \$700, of which \$400 is for the house, which is of no use for play-ground purposes, for which the property was purchased.

At the last meeting of the committee on works, Ald. Hastings asked Ald. Allen as to the age of Ellis, a candidate for the City Engineership, when Allen replied that he had not examined his teeth. The candidate is rather an old horse.

The members of the committee on works are altogether too pliable in the hands of their chairman, Ald. Turner, who arrogated authority to move at their last meeting while in the chair, three motions that certain candidates be appointed to the position of City Engineer. By doing so he was enabled to give a casting vote in cases of ties, whereas had he followed the rule whereby he should have requested one of the members to take the chair, while he made the

motions, he would have been precluded from so doing.

No further time should be lost by the City Fathers in inviting tenders for having the city lighted with electricity, now that the Exhibition is over, and to which time such invitation was extended. It costs over \$50,000 a year at present, and no doubt it can be done much better and for half that sum with the new atmospheric element. Tenders for iron columns and machinery might be asked for, the contracting company to also supply the fluid for a year in order to ascertain whether the Corporation could not undertake to manage it.

Charley Sproat, a Toronto boy, has been appointed City Engineer, and it remains to be seen whether he will be pliable to contractors and ward grabbing aldermen, as alleged by two of the morning dailies. Ald. Turner, chairman of the committee on works, who was opposed to the appointment on that ground, has certainly not set him a good example in committing the illegality of grabbing \$6,250 for the purpose of constructing sidewalks contrary to a by-law which fixed the exemption rate to be allowed to those owners of properties, which have been assessed for the cost of sidewalks on the local improvement system.

The owners of properties on King, Yonge, Queen and other streets of the City, which have been assessed for the cost of paving, or sidewalking, or both, should not lose sight of the fact that the City Fathers, having passed a by-law this year fixing the rate of exemption to be allowed such owners as a rebate on their general tax bills at seven-eighths of a mill on the dollar for paving, and one-half of a mill on the dollar for sidewalking, at their last meeting illegally appropriated \$6,250 for sidewalks, of which \$5,000 is to be taken from the amount which constitutes the seven-eighths of a mill. Any taxpayer can compel the Fathers, who were present on that occasion, to restore their moneys to their original appropriations, by instituting proceedings in a Superior Court.

Monday's rain caused the upheaval of a lot of cedar blocks recently laid on King street, between Church and Market streets. The cause thereof has been assigned to defective surface drainage. If such be the case then the question arises whether a system of paving, which requires costly culverts on every few yards of street, is one which should have been adopted for three leading streets of the city. The folly of the scheme will continue to manifest itself.

Lord Cairns, who has recently been making a fuss over his son's misalliance, in his own youth wore the sobriquet of "Count Dip," his father being a tallow-chandler.

WHITE SHIRTS!



GEO. ROGERS

Is showing extra value in

GENTS'

WHITE SHIRTS

—FROM—

75c. each upwards

346 Yonge St., cor. Elm.

Our Young Folks.

Going Calling.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

Jessie and Tad and Prue happened to be in the sitting-room that afternoon, when Mrs. Gifford and Mrs. Thorne were talking about the new minister and his wife.

"I haven't called on her yet," said Mrs. Gifford.

"Nor I," answered Mrs. Thorne. "I've had so much to do that I couldn't find time. Mrs. Torrey says she likes them very much.

"Lakes who, mamma?" asked Jessie, not understanding what the conversation was about.

"The minister and his wife," answered her mother. "How did you say this sleeve ought to go, Mrs. Gifford? I can't get the hang of it, for some reason."

"Where do they live?" asked Jessie, who likes to know all about everything.

"Where the old minister did," answered her mother. "Don't ask any more questions now. Run away and play, please."

"I know where that is," said Prue. "I go by there when I went to gramma's."

Jessie sat down on the door-step and looked thoughtful for as much as two minutes, then to Prue.

"Let us go calling."

"L's," said Prue concisely: ready for anything Jessie proposed.

"Yeth, loth do tallin'," said Tad, eagerly, fearful he might be ignored in the proposed expedition.

"I don't b'lieve mamma'd let you go," said Jessie. "It's a great long way, and you'd get tired, wouldn't he, Prue?"

"Tourse he would," answered Prue.

"No, I wouldn't," said Tad. "Me doin' if 'ou do."

"I'll go and ask mamma about it," said Jessie. So she ran in and asked if Tad might go with them. It didn't occur to her that she hadn't told where they were going.

Mrs. Gifford was trying so hard to understand the difficult pattern before her that she hardly noticed what Jessie said.

"Yes, yes," she said without thinking anything about what she was saying.

"And may we take your parasols?" asked Jessie, pausing at the door-way.

"Yes, yes! Do go away. I'm so bothered!" said her mother, unconscious of what she was giving assent to.

Jessie ran to the bedroom where her mother kept her parasols in the upper drawer of the bureau, and soon had possession of them. If there was anything she liked it was a parasol.

"Yes, mamma said you might go," she said to Tad, when she went down steps, "and she said we might take these," displaying her parasols. "Ain't they just lovely!"

"Oh my!" exclaimed Prue, with sparkling eyes. "But Tad hasn't got none. There's dest one for you and t. c."

"Oh Tad's a boy," said Jessie. "Boys never carry pasol."

It was a warm and dusty day. Every gust of wind that blew took up great handfuls of sand from the road and scattered it in clouds, and it seemed to the little travellers as if a good deal of it came into their eyes, for they began to smart, and then they rubbed them with their dusty hands. The perspiration excited by the warmth of the day and the exertion of the walk made a kind of grimy paint of the dust, so that before they were half way to the parsonage they resembled little mulatto children in which the color had been rather unevenly distributed, more than anything else. Jessie led the way, with her parasol elevated as far as possible, entirely regardless of the sun which was beating in her face. She had on a sun-bonnet, tilted as far back as she could, and under her chin would admit. Prue was bareheaded and carried her parasol over her shoulder. Tad trudged behind with an old straw hat on the back of his head, through whose tattered crown his tow-colored hair stood up as if he was frightened, his face getting redder and redder with the exercise and the heat of the sun.

"It's offal dry," he gasped, presently. "Lath not do 'alling any more."

"There!" exclaimed Jessie. "I know you'd get tired. You'd ought to staid at home. We'dn't he, Prue?"

"Yes, I duss he had," puffed Prue, "I'm dry, too."

"I hear a brook," said Jessie. "We'll stop ap! t a drink."

They reached the stream pretty soon, and Jessie made a cup of a great leaf.

"Oh, that's good, oilful dood," said Prue, with a long sigh of relief as the water went gurgling down her throat. "I never dot so dry, anywhere's I does, I dees. Ain't it dood, Tad?"

"Yeth," answered Tad, taking long pulls at the leaf-cup. "It's doodest I ever theal!"

"Well, if you've got enough, we'd better go," said Jessie, and they went on.

The minister's wife was just putting the tea-things on the table when she happened to look out of the window, and saw three forlorn looking children straggling up the path.

"Oh, William!" she cried, "do come here. Such a laughable sight I haven't seen in many a day!"

Jessie was almost at the door, her parasol elevated to the last degree, her sun-bonnet off, and dragged by one string. About half way to the gate was Prue, with her parasol hanging over her shoulder in a most dejected way. Just coming through the gate was poor weary little Tad, and all three were so begrimed with dust that it was hard to tell what the color under it might be; but whenever it broke through the coating of brown it was bright red.

Tap, tap, tap!

Mrs. Rainsford smoothed down her face decorously and opened the door.

"Good-day," said Jessie. "We come a calling. It's awful warm." And then she helped herself to the first chair that she came to and drew a great breath of weariness.

Prue lifted two very heavy feet over the door sill, and looked about the room, but hadn't lifelength left to say anything. Tad got as far as the steps, and there he gave out, with a comical groan. The minister's wife lifted him into the house and put him in the big rocking-chair.

"Poor little fellow! You're all tired out, aren't you?"

"Yeth," said Tad; "an' I'm tho' hungry," with a longing look at the tea-table.

"I'm dest starved," said Prue. "I want some b'rem' better."

"I guess we'll stay to supper," said Jessie. Then she added, as if fearful that the nature of the visit might be misunderstood.

"We come a callin'."

The minister and his wife looked at each other and laughed.

"They ran away, I presume," he said, lifting Tad to his knee. "What's your name, little man?"

"Tad," answered the little man. "I'so free years old."

"And my name's Jessie, and her'n's Prue," said Jessie, in a general introduction.

"What's yours?"

"You may call me Aunt Delia, and him Uncle Will," said the minister's wife. "I know you'd look a good deal better if your faces were washed, and I think you'd feel better. After we've washed them we'll have something to eat."

She got a basin of cool water and bathed the red, half-blistered faces. Then she combed their hair, and they looked quite like human beings again.

She brought out three more plates, filled three cups with milk, and then invited her little friends to come to supper. They needed no urging.

"This is the doodest milk I ever see," said Prue, almost emptying her cup at the first draught.

"Yes, it's awful good," said Jessie. "So's the bread,—and everything."

They were about half through eating when somebody knocked at the door.

Mrs. Rainsford went to answer the knock.

"Have you seen anything of three stray children?" Jessie heard asked, and called out with her mouth full of bread and butter.

"We're here. We're eatin' an' it tastes awful good."

"Oh Jessie!" exclaimed her mother, as she and Mrs. Thorne came into the room. "What made you run away? We've been so frightened!"

"We didn't run away," said Jessie. "You said Tad might go, and that we might take the parasols."

"I do remember something about it, but I was too busy to pay much attention to what was said," said Mrs. Gifford. Then, to the minister's wife, "This is Mrs. Thorne, and I am Mrs. Gifford. Those two children are mine, and this one belongs to her."

We were talking about calling on you, and that very likely put the idea into their heads. I'm sorry they've made you so much trouble.

"They've made me no trouble at all," answered the minister's wife. "I've enjoyed the visit very much. I'm glad they came, for it has saved us from the formal calls you would have made. Now suppose we consider ourselves past the calling period of our acquaintance, and I want you to sit down and take tea with us just as we'd known each other a long time."

"We'll come again," said Jessie, as they started for home, after supper, and

"Es, we'll tum adin," echoed Prue, and sleepy Tad roused up enough to say,

"We'll tum thome time."

So, you know, now, how Mrs. Thorne and Mrs. Gifford made their first call on the new minister and his wife.—*The Minnehahan.*

The Alaska Metropolis.

Nothing could be finer than the picture that opened before us on the shining Sunday morning when the steamship Idaho wound her way between the little islands in the harbor and fired a resounding shot point blank against the echoing mountains behind Sitka. The queer and out-of-the-way capital of our latest territory seemed quite a metropolis after the unbroken wilderness we had been journeying through, and the rambling collection of weather-beaten and moss-covered buildings that have survived from Russian days, and the government buildings, in their coats of yellow brown paint, smote us with a sense of urban vastness and importance. The castellated towers of its rocky height, as castles are supposed to do, and the 1,200 inhabitants of this town, more than half of whom are Indians, gave immediate signs of life before the echoes of the cannon had ceased ringing on the air. At a first look it wears the air and dignity of a town with a history, and can reflect on the brilliant good old days of Russian rule, to which fifteen years of American occupancy have only given more lustre by contrast. When Baranoff founded the town of old Sitka in 1799, the United States knew nothing of this end of the world, and few of its people learned of the Indians murdering the inhabitants and burning the houses in 1801. A new site was chosen for a town, and the first buildings for the settlement of New Archangel was erected in 1804. In 1832 Baron Wrangell moved the capital from the island of Kodiak to Sitka, or New Archangel, and then followed the brilliant Russian regime that closed on the 18th of October, 1867, when the territory was formally transferred to the United States in consideration of the sum of \$7,200,000 in gold. In all the vast territory of 577,390 square miles there were but 30,000 inhabitants, and not one-tenth of them were white. The withdrawal of the Russian governor and his miniature court, the civil officers, the military garrison, and the naval fleet left Sitka a deserted village with the grass growing higher and higher in its streets with every year that is gone over its head until it has now become picturesque in its ruin and abandonment.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Hong Kong's Growth.

The growth of Hong Kong in thirty years, from a small and piratical fishing village into a great city, is as striking a story as any that can be told of American progress, says the *London Standard*. Some of the largest fortunes that Englishmen have put together have been made in Hong Kong. But the halcyon days are now gone by when Derby winners were bought by mercantile firms and shipped to China, in order that the colors of the house might be first on the race-courses there. The merchant princes whose splendid hospitality used in the last decade to excite the enthusiasm of the garrison officers no longer reside in Hong Kong. Those of them who are alive have sunk into obscurity in the House of Commons at home, and the trade which enriched them has passed in great part into the hands of John Chinaman. The Chinese traders are running very hard the English merchants of Hong Kong. They have agents in England, they own steamers, they project joint-stock companies, and one of them is a legislator in the Hong Kong council. Over 170,000 Chinese have settled down in this busy place. There are kept in order by an armed police force 700 strong, made up of Sikhs from the Punjab, Englishmen, and Chinamen in about equal proportions. There is now visiting

Hong Kong a large travelling circus, and the crowd which nightly gathers under the great canvas tent is characteristic of the place. There are Parsees from Bombay, with their quaint hats and dainty wives; Malays from Borneo; swarthy half-blooded Portuguese and Dutch from the islands. In one corner are settled a detachment of gunning and bearded Sikhs, fraternizing with the crew of a newly-arrived English man-of-war. Sailors of all nations there are, and the ubiquitous British soldier is of course present. In front are English, German and French gentlemen in evening dress, and behind is a vast crowd of Chinese men and women, whose ever-restless fans add life and movement to a scene that could only be possible in lands owning the sway of Queen Victoria. Hong Kong, as I have informed you by telegraph, is the real base of operations for the French forces in Tonquin. Agents of the French commissariat are busily purchasing provisions and other campaign requirements. Steam launches are in great demand for the navigation of the Saankoi. On the other hand, many of the Chinese merchants in Canton are quietly sending down to Hong Kong their money and valuables, to keep them in security until quieter times come round again, while the agents of the Anamite government, like those of France, are quietly buying all the munitions of war they can obtain.

How Will Carleton's Most Popular Poem Came to be Written.

"Under what circumstances was your poem 'Over the Hill to the Poor House' written, Mr. Carleton?"

"While at school I was interested in visiting the almshouse and chatting with the paupers. Among the acquaintances I made there were two very worthy old people whose children had abandoned them in their old age. The father told me his story. The details were not of course the same as related in the poem, but in them was the idea afterwards elaborated."

"Did it not have a strong moral effect?"

"It did. It was published in the *Harper's Weekly* at the time with illustrations. In two months a friend wrote me that the verses had produced on him such an effect that he immediately sent a check of \$100 to his parents whom he thought had been by him too much neglected. I have heard of cases where people have been taken out of the Poor House by penitent children. In this connection I might instance the case of an old man who died a pauper at Cleveland. When his satchel was opened and its meagre contents examined a copy of the poem was found carefully rolled up. From these and numerous other affecting incidents, I believe that the poem has done some good. 'Betsy and I Are Out' has come back to me at numerous times. When stopping at a hotel in a large city recently, the proprietor came up to me, and in a demonstrative manner told me that those verses were the means of reuniting himself and his wife."—*Denver Tribune.*

Once, when a certain very eccentric laird, named Hamilton, had business with the Duke of Hamilton, at Hamilton Palace, the Duke politely asked him to lunch. A liveried servant waited upon them and was most assiduous in his attentions to the Duke and his guest. At last our eccentric friend lost his patience, and looking at the servant, addressed him thus:—"What for are ye dance, dancing about the room that gait; can ye no draw in your chair and sit down? I'm sure there's plenty of room for three."

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Solitude.

BY ELLA WIKELER.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air.
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn to go.
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all,—
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by,
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.

There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lovely train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow wickets of pain.

UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.

BY MADEL S. EMERY.

It was very warm in the cars that night, even in the rosy May twilight after the sun had set. Will Prince threw aside the evening paper as the train came to a stand-still at the North Gilbert Junction, and put his head out of the window to survey the familiar situation. The down-train on the Amsterdam and Ottawa was a trifle late, and the delay was greater than usual. It was an ugly little station at North Gilbert; no broad carra or fancy gables here, but a structure severely plain, and unadorned as a wood-shed. A stout man in blue and white checked shirt sleeves was rolling a huge packing-box along the platform with a series of bumps and thumps, and a young girl with a baby carriage stood by the window of the ticket-office, chatting with some one inside. Four small boys completed the visible population. One of the number, yellow-haired and freckled, had a paper bag of peanuts, and was counting them out into four little heaps, while the others sat in a row on the edge of the platform, kicking six battered shoes back and forth, and watching the problem in a very long division with hungry eyes. The village street ran off at an angle behind the station, revealing just a glimpse of white cottage houses among the trees, and the modest spire of a gray-painted church.

Will was a Massachusetts boy who had been brought up in the way he should go—consequently he was well read in the published writings of Mr. Halo; but it was with no conscious memory of a chance suggestion in "How To Do It" that a bright idea suddenly occurred to him—an idea which he forthwith proceeded to put into execution. He turned toward the four urchins, just beginning on the allotted shares of peanuts. Let's see—"Charlie" was a common name. He would try that.

"Hallo, Charlie!"

It was the yellow-haired capitalist who responded. He crammed a handful of nuts into his pocket, and jumped up. Will beckoned him to the window.

"Is your mother pretty well, Charlie?"

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, evidently a little puzzled.

"And how are the rest? are they pretty well too?"

"The rest?—oh—Dora? Yes, she's pretty well, thank you."

Who was Dora? His sister, probably. Better steer clear of family nomenclature.

"You've grown tremendously since I saw you last. Do you go to school now?"

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, fingering his pockets.

"Have a nice teacher?"

"Pretty good. She's awful cross sometimes."

"That's too bad," said Will sympathetically. "Let's see. How old have you got to be now? Why, you're quite a young man!"

"Ten next—" But the A. and O. train was in now, and the cars started up once more with a snort and jerk, and pulled away from the station, baby carriage, peanuts and all. Will laughed a little to himself at "Charlie's" probable wonderment, and then turning again to the evening paper, quite forgot the joke in the interest of its columns. It did occur to him once, as he reached home at Shirley, some miles beyond, to

speculate a moment as to "Dora's" identity, but, meeting a friend as he left the cars, even that shadow of interest in the affair faded out and left nothing behind.

Meanwhile, in a certain small house at North Gilbert, a certain small boy was doing the work of Fate. He was scowling darkly over a spelling-book, the pages very much thumbled and dog-eared, and two ladies, one elderly and one young, were sitting near the student-lamp, busy over needlework and a new magazine.

"Say, Dora! Hear me now, won't you? I know it just as well as I ever can."

"Where do you begin?" asked Dora, taking the book.

"First column, page thirty-one. Kerosene—k-e-r-o-s-o-n-e—kerosene. What's the next one?"

"Cannibal."

"C-a-n-n-a-b-e-l—Oh, mother! there was a man on the train to-night, and he asked how you was, and how Dora was. He thought I knew him, but I didn't."

"What train?" asked Mrs. Bradley, looking up from her stitching.

"The quarter of seven on the Central. He knew me, but I didn't remember him a single bit."

"Old or young?" asked Dora.

"Oh, I do know; pretty old; 's old 's you are."

Dora laughed. She had a big dimple in either pink cheek, and lacked her small brother's freckles. She looked like a rather nice sister, though she had attained to the venerable age of eighteen.

"What did he look like, Charlie? Was he light or dark? Good-looking?"

"I do know 's he was so very good looking. He had a big nose—kind of a funny nose—but his eyes were jolly."

"Was it Mr. Downing?"

"Why, no! Of course not. I sh'd think I'd seen him enough times; 'n' I don't know who this one was."

"Joe Bruce?"

"I guess not!" said Charlie, with an air of disgust. "He's awful soft looking, and this one wasn't. No, it's somebody 't hasn't been here for a good while; he said how much I'd grown."

Dora clasped both hands over the spelling-book, and gazed reflectively at the dimpled knuckles.

"Who in the world—Can't you think of anybody, mother?"

"Nobody in particular," said Mrs. Bradley. "Anyone might be passing through on the train, and a large nose isn't sure to identify him."

"Were his eyes light or dark, Charlie?"

"Light. No, they wa'n't either; they were black—real jolly eyes. The rest of his face was kind 'o long 'n' solemn."

Dora leaned her chin on her hand, as if change of attitude would assist the mental vision.

"Dear me! how queer! Didn't you notice anything else about him?"

"My gracious! I sh'd think you wanted me to stare at folks!" cried Charlie, a little tired of the catechism. "No, I didn't—Yes, I did, too. He had a ring with a big stone in it, 'n' 'twas too big 'n' almost dropped off 'n' his finger. It had a P on it."

"Oh, a P! Now let me think over the directory. Pennell—Piper—what's Lily Avery's cousin's name?"

"Frank Parker."

"'Twasn't he. Jim Parsons—whom else do you know with a P?"

"George Penhallow," suggested Mrs. Bradley. It was an inspiration.

"Why, mother! Do you suppose it was George? It's years and years since we've seen him. Do you suppose it could have been he?"

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Bradley, thoughtfully. "It might be, really. Let me see. It's six—seven years since we've seen him. He must be twenty-one by this time."

"I do believe it was," declared Miss Dora, with an air of pleased conviction.

"I'd like to see him again; wouldn't you, mother? Don't you remember what splendid time we used to have together those summers? He was just the brightest boy. But didn't he love to tease! He was a dreadful plague sometimes!"

"And then his aunt Louisa—Mrs. Carrington," mused Mrs. Bradley. "We heard she was better after that visit to Philadelphia, so she could walk around the house on crutches. I wish he had called to see us. Well, perhaps 't will another time. It seems he remembers us. I wonder where they're living now?"

"I wish he had called," said Dora; "that

is, if he's as nice as he used to be. I always liked him ever so much."

For a week or two, unconscious Will passed by the little station twice a day without seeing anything of "Charlie," and, indeed, without thinking of him more than two or three times in the interval. The morning train which took him into the office of Smith, Brown & Co. passed the Junction too early to afford much likelihood of seeing anyone but the station-master and chance passengers from the other railroad. One morning, when it stopped as usual, Will did see his small friend at some little distance from the station, walking along the top of a loose pile of boards left beside the railway—apparently sent on some household errand, for he had a milk-can in one outstretched hand and a basket in the other. Someone shouted to him—an invisible urchin from behind the station:

"Say! Charlie Bradley! why ain't you goin' too?"

"Cause she won't let me," called Charlie in response.

"Oh, my gracious! Why don't you tease?"

"I have teased." And he began to walk dejectedly back over the clean, white planks.

"Tease again!" shouted the pertinacious friend; but whether or no Master Charlie would take this good advice was left unsettled, for the train just then started off and rumbled away down the track.

A day or two after this the boy was at the station again when the evening train arrived. Will caught his eye and gave him a friendly nod and smile.

"I told 'em I saw you that night," said Charlie, coming up to the window.

"Oh I did you, though?" said Will, opening his eyes.

"Yes; and they didn't know who you were at first."

"Didn't they, really?" returned Will, with a mischievous twinkle. "Honest-ly?"

"Oh, they did afterwards. Dora said you used to be an awful plague."

"I'm sorry for it," said Will. "I never plague people now. I've reformed."

"I don't believe it."

"You don't! Why?"

"Oh—because—I wish 's I was goin' in the cars somewhere."

"So do I. Look out, there, young man! You'll get under the cars instead, and you won't like that much. Good night."

"Who in the world am I?" thought Will. "Some family council has settled my identity—that's certain. And I used to be an awful plague, did I? This is getting interesting."

It became more interesting as the weeks went by, and he continued to see, every now and then, two brown eyes, a freckled nose, and a rampled head of yellow hair somewhere about the North Gilbert station. There is just enough precarious mystery and intricacy in the matter to make it a pleasant relief for the tedious ride. It was perfectly evident that this unknown family had invested him with the personality of somebody else; but as long as the affair came no nearer home there could be no harm in it. So he appreciated the joke, and watched every day for some new instalment. The chapters were always short—sometimes only a word or two—and again several minutes would be spent in chatting from the car-window, while waiting for the other train.

"They laughed like everything last night," the boy confided to him once.

"They" always appeared to mean his mother and sister; he never spoke of anyone else. "Dora had a lot of old papers 'n' things out, 'n' she found some pictures you drew once, ever so long ago—awful funny ones—pictures about what they did at a picnic once that you went to. It was where a great fat man was tumbling out of a boat, and—oh, lots of others. Do you remember 'em?"

"Not exactly," said Will. "How do you know they were mine? Did they have my name on them?"

"Yes."

"How was it spelled?" asked Will carefully.

"Ho! Don't you know how to spell your own name?" cried Charlie, coming nearer the mark than he thought.

"Generally. I thought perhaps you didn't."

"Thought I was a baby, didn't you?" said Charlie, a trifle offended at this slight to his years. "It was f—o—"

Oh, that locomotive! Why would the engineer blow off steam and ring the bell all at once, and just at this particular moment.

One afternoon Will was at his desk in the office of Smith, Brown & Co.'s, making out a pile of monthly "statements," when his attention was caught by a word or two between Mr. Smith, the senior partner, and a stranger with whom he was talking—some old schoolfellow.

"Oh, Bradley!" Yes, indeed, I remember Bradley well; a first-rate fellow. Died some six or eight years ago, I believe. How was it? Did he leave much property?"

"Not much, I imagine. His widow lives very quietly in a little country place out here somewhere—North Gilbert—that's it; a place he used to rent when he was alive."

"Oh, yes, I remember her well, too; she used to be an old flame of mine before Bradley cut me out. Yes, indeed, I remember Mrs. Bradley."

"She has a daughter now, and one other child—a boy, I believe. Well, well! We're getting to be pretty old folks, you and I. But let's see, now, about that estimate."

Will got the items mixed on the paper he was making out, and had to begin it over again.

He took the depot side of the train that night, hoping, though with no especial purpose or reason to see the familiar, round, boyish face; but it was not there. Only the station agent, stout and commonplace, smoked a cigar on the platform and scanned the car windows. Then a young man came along beside the train, evidently just alighted.

"Pretty warm, ain't it?" said the station-master, colloquially. "Goin' right up home?"

"Yes." The stranger hesitated.

"Just's like take a bundle along and leave it for Miss Bradley? Come on the three-forty express. I thought that boy o' theirs 'd be down by this time; he's almost always hangin' round in the way somewhere. But you never can catch hold of a boy when he'd be any use."

"Oh, yes," said the young man, with suspicious alacrity. "I can take it just as well as not. Fetch it along."

Will watched him around the corner of the building, with a little scowl on his own forehead—though just why he should have frowned over the civility of one stranger to another stranger he couldn't have quite explained. The next day he hurried out of the office in season to buy a bunch of rare pink pond-lilies at a florist's, and carry them with him to the train. It was the last of July—a warm, sultry night—and he began to think about his vacation. It was Charlie's vacation, he knew. If Charlie should not be at the station to-night! But he was there, hand in pockets, and a sailor-hat on the back of his head. Will held the pink lilies in a careless bunch by the window-edge.

"We don't have those kind of pond lilies here," remarked Young America, eyeing them curiously. "Where'd you get 'em?"

"From a friend of mine," said Will.

"Here take them; I can get some more. You can give some to the teacher in the morning."

"Oh, but school's done," said Charlie. He held up his hands, nevertheless, and caught the blossoms as they fell, "I'll give 'em to Dora. She's crazy after pond-lilies."

"All right," said Will, as innocently as if this were not precisely what he had planned. "They're yours. Do what you please with them."

The train began to start.

"Oh, I forgot," said Charlie, walking along the platform and looking up at the same time, with some risk of rolling under the wheels. "Mother said to give her love to your aunt, if I saw you again, and she'd like to have you come and see us. Say, won't you? I know Dora—" But here again the conversation came to a sudden end, for which the engineer was alone responsible.

Several weeks passed after this without a meeting at North Gilbert. Will had his short vacation in August, and spent it in a camping-out excursion through the mountains with half a dozen friends. The city office and Smith, Brown & Co.'s books were a dull substitute for fun and adventure, and the first few days of duty resumed seemed long enough.

"I declare, it's a pretty fix!" said Mr.

Smith, in anxious consultation. "That block-head who took your place, here wasn't good for a thing. Somebody'll have to go to Fultonbury and see them."

"Yes, sir?" said Will interrogatively. "Ought to be done right away, too. I can't go, Brown's gone to New York, and Merrifield's wife is sick. You'll have to go yourself."

"All right, sir," said Will. "Why, yes—it's right on your way home; so it is. Well, you stop over to-night, will you, and fix the matter up? Won't make any difference to you, will it?"

"Not a bit," said the bookkeeper, cheerfully ignorant of the possibilities of fate; and so it was decided.

Fultonbury was some eight or nine miles out on the Central. Will jumped off the train there, found his employers' correspondent, and, having cleared up the small misunderstanding between them, thought about getting home to Shirley. He supposed he could take the next train? How soon was it due?

"Why, no; there isn't any other that stops here until the theatre-train, at eleven. This isn't an express station."

Of course it was not. He knew it himself. Over four hours to wait, now, in a dingy, commonplace village like Fultonbury. It was a cheerful prospect. Was there no help for it?

"Not unless you walk over to Paper Mill Village and take the seven-thirty express. It's three miles over there."

"Which way?"

"Straight down by the glue-factory, and keep the main road."

"I'll do it," said Will, and he started off.

It was just after sunset, with not a cloud to be seen. Low, round hills and now and then a farm house or a patch of evergreen trees, stood outlined dark against the pale rosy flush along the horizon, which melted by imperceptible degrees into a paler silvery blue overhead. Will was a good walker, he had had practice, too, during vacation, and the winding country road was rapidly left behind. He stopped once on a bridge over a little river with low, marshy banks, and lingered a moment a little further along to pick a bunch of early asters beside the stone wall, then went on again at a swinging pace towards the cluster of gray roofs he could see ahead. This must be Paper-Mill Village. It was farther away than it looked. The three miles from Fultonbury were nearer four, and, when he found himself at last at the head of the long, straggling, tree-lined avenue, he pulled out his watch and looked at it with some anxiety as to the time. There were several minutes yet before the train would be due. Down a steep embankment at his right stood a group of tall wooden buildings, silent and lifeless. Panes of glass were broken here and there in the windows. A great iron wheel, rusty and weed wreathed, lay before the front doors, that had apparently been closed for years. Path and roadway had grown up to Roman wormwood, and the gate was padlocked. These were the paper-mills, no doubt. Manufacturers had evidently suffered a decline here.

An old gentleman was leaning over the front gate of a house near by—a chocry, round-faced little man, with an asthmatic cough. The house was on the corner of a second street, both running in a general way toward the railroad.

The train whistled faintly down the track.

"This is Paper-Mill Village, I suppose?" said Will hurriedly, pausing for an instant at the gate. "Which is the way to the station, please?"

The old gentleman choked and smiled: "Paper-Mill Village? Oh, yes,—North Gilbert; all the same. They used to call it Paper-Mill Vill before the mills stopped running. Oh, yes," and then he fell to coughing.

Will stood and stared at him. "North Gilbert? Well, I am an idiot!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A rich sensation has just been spoiled in St. Louis. A wealthy young lady of that city had fully made up her mind to run away with and marry her father's coachman, when at the last moment she discovered that the coachman wouldn't have her.

Uncle Remus on coarship: "Man want gal, he des got ter grab'er—dat's wa't. Dey may equal on dey may flutter, but flutter'n on equalin' ain't done no damage yitoe I knows us, en 'tain't gwine ter."

Out of the Bowels of the Earth.

Among the many exhibits in the main building at the Toronto Exposition, visitors could not fail to be struck with admiration at the beautiful display of petroleum products shown by the Queen City Oil Co., of which Mr. Samuel Rogers is manager. The writer can well remember when "Paraffine Oil" as it was then called was first introduced into the rural districts of England. Looked upon with suspicion at first it finally superseded the Tallow and Composite Candles which were then used exclusively in villages, &c., for illuminating purposes. Wax and Spermaceti Candles were used among the wealthier classes and the French moderator Lamps in which was burnt Colza Oil. Now Mineral Oils have swept these things almost out of the market so far as the general public are concerned.

Then again as lubricating agents for machinery petroleum preparations take front rank. Users of machinery who falled while in Toronto to see the various kinds of oil exhibited by the Queen City Oil Company missed a chance of examining the various brands of lubricating oils manufactured by the Co. Foremost among the Amber Oils stand the Eldorado Engine Oil, Peerless Machinery Oil and Challenge Machinery Oil, Capitol Cylinder and Modal Valve Oil. These are all light colored or Amber Oils. The obliging superintendent of the company showed the writer a preparation which he called "Hot Neck Grease," which is not affected by heat or cold and practically indestructible, for use in rolling mills. Amongst Wool Oils the Acme and Angora stand pre-eminent. There was also exhibited fine samples of Olive Oil, Refined Neatsfoot and Straw Colored Seal Oil. Amongst the Illuminating Oils the Carbon Safety ought to take first place. The Diamond Brand and an American Oil yeletp Eocene Mica Axle Grease ought to find favor amongst farmers who desire their waggons, &c., run easily, also the Continental Hoof Ointment for the cure of Cracked Hoofs, Galls, Scratches, &c., last but not least among the various articles which combine usefulness with ornamentation stands Laundry Wax which every housewife who wishes to see her husband's Cuffs, Collars, and Shirt Bosoms surpass anything that can be turned out by "Ah Sin" "Wing Kee" "Sam Lee" or other imports from the Celestial Empire, ought at once to purchase and use according to directions. The writer can vouch from experience that once used it will always give satisfaction.

Discovery of the Telephone.

"Was the invention of the telephone the result of a deliberate research and experiment for that purpose, or was it a discovery rather than a creation?"

"It was the result of long and patient study of two distinct lines of thought which finally blended in one, producing the telephone. I had for a long time studied the subject of speech and the organs by which it is produced, as had my father before me, and in doing so conceived the idea of producing artificial sounds by a certain system. I came to Canada for my health, I am a native of Scotland, you know, and while studying electricity in the woods there and on regaining my lost health I was called by the officials of the Boston schools to introduce a new system of teaching them to speak. I had long believed it possible to teach the deaf the use of the mouth and organs of speech, and had demonstrated it in some degree, and gladly accepted the opportunity of putting the system into practical operation. I undertook the work, keeping up, however, my study of electricity and its application to sound production, working late at night after other people were at rest. In the course of my efforts to demonstrate to the deaf how the sound waves effect the hearing ear I made use of a little instrument with a membranous diaphragm which responded to the sound waves. I conceived the idea of writing these sound waves on smoked glass so they might be read. Continuing the experiment still further, I obtained a human ear, and found by speaking into it I could produce similar but more satisfactory results, a little bone in the ear being moved by the vibration of the ear drum and writing the sound waves on the glass. All this time I was continuing my experiments with sound and the application of electricity to its production. I had succeeded in a considerable degree, when suddenly the idea of connecting the two successful experiments occurred to me, and I did so, attaching the ear to the instrument by which the sounds were produced, and I had the telephone.

The remainder was only a matter of detail. The two lines of thought and investigation which I had followed so long and patiently blended there, and the result was the telephone."

A Modern Glimpse of the Dark Ages.

In discussing the marvels of modern science it is perhaps well to be reminded of some of the horrors of the pre-scientific age. This is afforded by the extraordinary trial of certain Hungarian Jews, charged with murdering a Christian girl, so as to mingle her blood with the flour to be converted into Passover bread. In this case the story was told on his own father by a Jewish lad, who swore positively that he saw his relatives murder the girl in a synagogue, and drain her blood into vessels to take to their homes. Credence was given to this terrible accusation by the whole Christian population, and a number of innocent Jews were at one time in peril of losing their lives through the malice of a half-witted child. Of course the story was finally disproved, and the lad himself confessed his infamy. The blood-thirsty ferocity and credulity which the trial revealed on the part of a modern and a nominally Christian community was simply amazing. This belief in a periodical sacrifice of a Christian child by Jews, in order to mix the blood with the flour of the unleavened bread, can be traced back to the fifth century. We could give a page of incidents, in which the Jews in the middle ages were plundered and murdered, because of the repeated revivals of this superstitious illusion. In 1255, in Lincoln, England, ninety-two of the richest Jews were arrested, their property confiscated, and eighteen of them were hung, because a Christian boy was found floating in the river near a Jewish residence. At last accounts the Jews were again being persecuted in Hungary, Poland, and Russia by the envenomed and superstitious peasantry.—*Demorest's Monthly for October.*

Nothing ironical really meant "Is that gentleman a friend of yours?" asked a newly-introduced lady of another at a reception. "O no, he's my husband," was the innocent reply.

Special Fair Rates.

The Michigan Central Railroad Co. with their accustomed liberality, have recently issued a circular, giving special cheap rates during the Canadian Fair Season of 1883. The rates are uniformly one fare for the round trip, and include almost all the fares for the coming month. At points not included in the circular, where fares may be held, special rates will be quoted on application.

Tell Us We Lie.

Here is a chance for the ministers. When they come home from their long vacations let them omit to tell us what they have seen abroad or in the mountains or at the seashore. Let them take the people to task for their little sins; don't let us have any doctrinal sermons or theological discourses; let us have undiluted Christianity, which denounces lying, dishonesty, trickery, undue advantage over one's neighbour, licentiousness and all kinds of wrong-doing.—*New York Hour.*

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

OWING to the great increase in our business, and the many requests of our lady patrons, we have opened an office at 120 King St. East, two doors east of the English-Cathedral. We have also secured the services of Dr. Strangways, who has for seven years made a special study of diseases of the Liver, Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys and the diseases peculiar to the ladies. Dr. Strangways will give free consultations to all parties calling, whether they purchase our remedies or not. He will also explain to inquirers the principle on which our remedies are founded, and how it is that they make so many wonderful cures, even where the best physicians failed. Don't forget that at our retail office you will find the cleverest physician in Toronto to give advice and tell you how to cure yourself and avoid ever being sick.

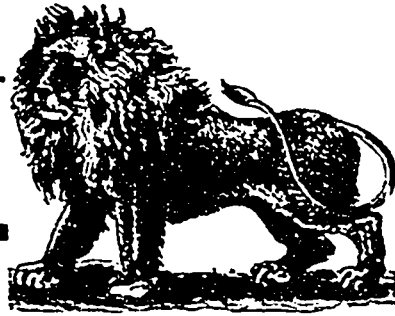
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NOTMAN PAD CO.
120 King St. East, Toronto.

THE GRANDEST DISPLAY

OF NEW AUTUMN

DRY



GOODS

NOW OPEN AT

R. WALKER & SONS

DRESS GOODS in all the Novelties of Plaids and Stripes, some great bargains bought from a Scotch Manufacturer at about half price, to be sold at once.

Black Dress Goods, Ottomans, Serges, Cashmeres, Fouls, etc.

An Immense Display of New Autumn Mantles and Jackets.

The Cheapest Lot of All-Wool Blankets in Canada.

Carpets, Oilcloths, Curtains, Sheetings, Tablings, etc.

R. WALKER & SONS, 33 to 37 KING ST. E., TORONTO.

WHEN MY ROVER COMES AGAIN.

WALTZ SONG.

ROSABEL.

Tempo di Valse.

1. Ho is com-ing, fond as ev-er, Bye and bye, bye and bye; When the sum-mer
 2. When the ros-es bud and blos-som, Bye and bye, bye and bye; We'll be hap-py

birds are sing-ing, 'Neath the sum-mer sky Where the vio - lets blos - som, Down in the
 as the swal-lows When they home-ward fly May no care or sor - row E'er come to

sha - dy lane I will hear his foot - steps, When my ro-ver comes a-gain. Ah,
 give us pain Let the sun shine bright - ly, When my ro-ver comes a-gain.

Yes, he's com-ing, fond as ev-er, Bye and bye, bye and bye;

EATON'S NEW STORE,

190, 192, 194, 196 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Where you can buy Dry Goods Retail at the lowest Wholesale Cutting Prices.

Corsets.

Of all articles of ladies' wear, perhaps that of Corsets have undergone the greatest change. From the stiff iron-cased machines of our mothers to the beautifully, artistically shaped Corset of the present day is a wide gulf.

Eaton keeps all the favorite makes in stock, from 50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 up.

Ball's Health Corsets, so much admired, are kept in all sizes.

Gloves.

You can buy at Eaton's New Store the best make in Josephine Gloves, double-stitched and every pair warranted, from \$1 per pair.

A special line of Black and Colored Kid Gloves at 50c. a pair

Underwear.

Eatons are selling Children's Knee Dresses from 0 to 6 sizes for \$1.25, \$1.35 \$1.40 up.

Small Womens', \$2.75.

Women's for \$3.00.

Ladies' Lamb's Wool Vests, 95c., \$1.15, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75.

Ladies' Sleeveless Vests, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 \$2, up.

Hosiery.

At Eaton's New Store, where so many fashionable goods are sold cheap, you can buy Ladies' All-Wool Cashmere Hose in Garnet, Navy, Seal and Black, Plain, or Clocked at 35c., 38c., 45c., 60c. per pair.

Children's All-Wool Cashmere Hose from 1 to 6, from 25c., 30c., 35c., up.

Children's Merino Hose, 10c., 12½c., 15c., 18c. up.

Ladies' Merino Hose, ribbed or plain, 18c., 20c., 25c. per pair.

Ladies' Silk Hose, extra finish and length, in sky-pink, cardinal peacock, navy, black, &c., \$1.15, \$1.25, \$1.50.

Carpets.

You can buy at Eaton's retail at the lowest wholesale cutting prices.

Tapestry Carpets 32½c., 35c., 38c., 40c., 45c., 50c., 55c., 60c., 65c., 70c. per yard up.

Brussels Carpets, new designs, 75c., 85c., \$1, \$1.10, \$1.15, up.

All-Wool Carpets, a large variety, 90c., \$1.

Union Carpets, 60c., 65c.

Felt Carpets, latest patterns, 23c. to 50c.

Hemp Carpets, a splendid assortment, 10c. to 20c.

All Goods delivered free of charge. - Sales for Cash only

INSPECTION INVITED.

T. EATON & CO., 190 to 196 Yonge St.

The Housekeeper.

CUCUMBER PRESERVES.—Gather young cucumbers a little longer than your middle finger, and lay in strong brine one week; wash them and soak them one day and night in clean water, changing this four times; like a bell-metal kettle with vine leaves, and lay in the cucumbers with a little alum scattered among them; fill up with clear water; cover with vine leaves, then with a close lid, and green as for the pickles. Do not boil them. When well greened drop in ice water; when perfectly cold wipe, and with a small knife slit down one side; dig out the seeds; stuff with a mixture of chopped citron and seedless raisins; sew up the incision with a fine thread; weigh them, and make a fine syrup, allowing a pound of sugar for every pound of cucumbers, with a pint of water, heat to a lively boil, skim, and drop in the cucumbers, simmer half an hour; take out; spread upon a dish in the sun, while you boil down the syrup with a few slices of ginger root added; simmer five minutes and put into glass jars, tying them up when cold.

POTATO JELLY.—On one tablespoonful of potato flour pour half a pint of boiling water, and when perfectly dissolved let it boil a moment. Remove from the fire and flavor with nutmeg; and sugar to taste. This is nutritious and easy digested by invalids. Potato flour is obtained by grating raw potatoes into cold water. The raspings fall to the bottom like paste. These are rinsed thoroughly, dried and pulverized. For infants and invalids potato flour may be made into many agreeable forms.

BOILED HAM.—Boil three or four hours, according to size, then skin the whole of it for the table; then set it in the oven for half an hour, cover thickly with pounded rusk or bread crumbs, set back for half an hour longer. Boiled ham is always improved by setting in an oven for nearly an hour, till much of the fat dries out, and it also makes it more tender.

RASPBERRY JAM.—To five or six pounds of fine raspberries (not too ripe) add an equal quantity of the finest quality of white sugar. Mash the whole in a preserving kettle; add about one quart of currant juice (a little less will do) and boil gently until it jellies upon a cold plate, then put into small jars; tie a thick white paper over them. Keep in a dark, dry and cool place.

MASHED POTATOES.—Peel one dozen large potatoes and when they are cool drain dry, put in a little salt, pepper and butter; add a little butter while beating. Beat briskly with a fork for five minutes until light and creamy, and serve immediately.

BOILED CHOPS AND STEAKS.—The object to be attained in broiling a chop or beef-steak, says Mr. Mattien Williams in his "Chemistry of Cookery," is to raise the juices of the meat throughout to about the temperature of one hundred and eighty degrees Fahrenheit, as quickly as possible, in order that the cooking may be completed before the water of their juices shall have had time to evaporate to any considerable extent; therefore, the meat should be placed as near to the surface of the glowing carbon as possible. But the practical housewife will say that if placed within two or three inches, some of the fat will be melted and burn, and then the steak will be smoked. Now here we require a little more chemistry. There is smoking and smoking; smoking that produces a detestable flavor, and smoking that does no mischief at all beyond appearance. The flame of an ordinary coal fire is due to the distillation and combustion of tarry vapors. If such a flame strikes a comparatively cool surface like that of the meat, it will condense and deposit thereon a film of crude coal tar and coal naphtha, most noxious and rather mischievous; but if the flame be that which is caused by the combustion of its own fat, the deposit on a mutton chop will be a little mutton oil, on a beefsteak a little beef oil, more or less blackened by mutton carbon or beef carbon. But these oils and carbons have no other flavor than that of cooked mutton and cooked beef; therefore they are perfectly innocent, in spite of their guilty appearance. If readers are skeptical, let them appeal to experiment, by putting a mutton chop to the torture, and taking its own confession. To do this, divide the chop in equal halves, then hold one-half over a flaming coal, immersing it in the flame, and cook it thus. Now cut a bit off the other, throwing this fat on a surface of clear, glowing, flameless coal or coke; and, when a good blaze is

thus obtained, immerse this half-chop recklessly and unmercifully into this flame; there let it splutter and sizz, drop more fat and make more flame, but hold it there, nevertheless, for a few minutes, and then taste the result. In spite of its blackness, it will be (if just warmed through to the above-named temperature) a deliciously cooked, juicy, nutritious, digestible morsel, apparently raw, but actually more thoroughly cooked than if it had been held twice as long, at double the distance from the surface of the fire.

Frogs as Food.

In some portions of Europe frogs have long been an article of diet, but a few years ago frogs' legs were a rare dish in the western world. Now it is stated that they are regularly served at first-class hotels and restaurants at Boston, in the United States, while a considerable number are also sold for family use. Frog catching and preparing for market has now, in fact, become a recognized business. Boston is supplied from the adjacent country towns, from Cape Cod, and from Maine and some other places. The Maine frogs are kept in fresh water until needed, and then shipped alive in crates, provided with wet moss or seaweed. At Cape Cod the men engaged in the frog business employ boys to catch the frogs, and have a number of ponds penned up. One frog catcher alone sends from fifty to one hundred dozen per week to the New Orleans market, where also a great trade is done. In this southern city the demand is greater than the supply. In the Massachusetts market prices range from 30 cents to 50 cents per dozen, and sometimes higher, according to size and quality. Canada, used to ship the frogs' legs packed in ice, and to supply the Boston market almost wholly a few years ago, but the competition of the domestic article has driven the foreign out of the market, and the Canadians now ship wholly to New York city. All kinds of frogs are eaten, but the speckled frog is said to be the most tender. Frogs have recently been shipped to this country by a Boston dealer, and it is considered possible that an export business may be developed, as the bull-frog is not an inhabitant of British waters.—*London Times.*

How Cholera is Spread in Egypt.

"To anyone unacquainted with Orientals," says Capt. G. D. Giles, Egyptian constabulary, "and with the people of Egypt in particular, the utter recklessness with which people who are in health bring themselves unnecessarily in contact with disease would be almost incredible; and the wonder is that an epidemic of the kind which is now raging having once started, it should ever cease while there remain people to be destroyed by it. The incident represented in my sketch, and witnessed by two or three officers in by no means an exaggerated case exemplifying this.

"A funeral has taken place. The shell used for conveying the body to the grave—a large, open, coffin-shaped box, furnished with handles—has been put on to a donkey-cart, and the hired mourners have availed themselves of it as a conveyance. No process of fumigation has been gone through, and these people are actually sitting in the place where, a few moments before, his corpse had rested.

"A similar shell is being carried by a man on a donkey. These pass through the streets: no notice is taken of them, and the people who, if cholera be a contagious disease, must have become impregnated with it, mingle with the densely-crowded population of a filthy native quarter."—*London Graphic.*

About a hundred thousand Canadians are engaged in the lumber business. The total product of lumber in Canada in 1881 was \$38,541,752

Harper's Bazar Pattern House

All Cut Patterns published in Harper's Bazar New York (WEEKLY), sent to any address on receipt of price. Send for Sheets and Catalogues. A Choice Selection of French and American Millinery.

Dresses and Mantles in the latest Styles at reasonable rates. Dress Trimmings, Fancy Goods, etc.

MRS. E. THORNHILL, 211 Yonge St., Toronto.

TOURISTS should call on W. J. KEX at 21 Queen St. West, opposite Shaftsbury Hall, near Old China, Antique Bronzes, Old Coins and Oil Paintings. Speciality, Very Old Books.

Fashion Department.

Canvas woven stuffs are all the rage. The Langtry turban is as popular as ever. Chatolaine watches are exceedingly fashionable.

Shirred yokes and full waists will be much worn.

Cream white will not be worn any longer by brides.

Galloon is revived for dress and bonnet trimmings.

Silver white is the now shade for bridal dresses.

Arcadia velveteen is a fine importation for fall suits.

Plaids, blocks, checks, and stripes are features in fall fabrics.

Bison hair cloth is the fabric destined to supersede camel's hair.

Large balls and spots are the newest designs for Oriental and Spanish laces.

Plaited camels' hair bonnets will be worn with cloth and chevrot costumes.

Velvet spots are introduced into Spanish laces intended for dresses and bonnets.

Plain plaited and gathered skirts will be more worn by fashionable women than any other.

Little girls of from 4 to 8 frequently wear the Louis XV. jacket with large revers forming a collar, and pockets in the same style. Under the loose waistcoat is worn a plaited skirt.

The gauntlet glove is coming into fashion for morning use in quiet gray, tan, and wool shades. They are made in four different lengths, and the longest cuffs reach nearly to the elbows.

Parisian theatre and opera cloaks are in bright colors and white. White gros-grain cloaks are enriched with shell shaped Spanish trimmings, shaded with embroideries, or gold soutache work.

The taste for dressy coaching costumes is on the wane since the princess of Wales and the empress of Austria have set their faces against this exaggerated use of finery, and have shown the women on the other side of the water how much more beautiful they appear on the top of a coach in neat dark suits of drap-d'ete, broad-cloth, and navy-blue flannel.

Dresses of cashmere and silk remain popular, and cloth dresses so much worn last spring continue in style. Cloth dresses will again be made by tailors, giving what is termed tailor-made suits. Gray is a favorite color; so is blue. By the bye, modistes assure their early patrons that a little later on in the season it will not be an unusual sight to see a blue wool dress elaborately trimmed with red braid.

Black straw hats are trimmed with white crepon or embroidered muslin scarfs. Fine, costly laces are to be extensively used on bonnets. Capotes are covered with black gauze tightly draw over the frame, with rich black lace over the gauze, also sewed on plain. The brims are bound with cordings or narrow velvet, and covered with two or three rows of lace. Winter ball dresses are also to be trimmed with a profusion of lace.

A new dress fabric, designed for bridal toilets and evening wear, is of silk gauze overlaid with designs in velvet. These come in silver-white for brides and in delicate colors for evening toilets. While on the subject of bridal dresses it should be told that all fabrics, whether of silk, satin, or velvet, designed for this purpose, are finished so as to show a silver sheen, which distinguishes them from the cream-white in vogue last season.

Among the new imitation laces that promise to become favorites are the imitation Valenciennes laces, which this year are closer copies of the real, both in design and color, than ever before. This lace is being used largely for trimming fine underclothing and summer dresses. Another new imitation lace is that copying the Alencon lace. To the French women belong the praise or blame, whichever it should be, of introducing the fashion of wearing imitation laces.

From across the sea come rumors of the decline of colored hosiery and the supremacy of white hosiery again. It is also told that the brides abroad are dropping the



MISSES' CLOAKS.

FIG. 1.—Miss's raglan of plain Russian gray Ottoman cloth. The design illustrated is the "Gisela" raglan, which has sacque fronts, sleeves inserted in dolman style and plaited on the outside of the arms at the wrists. A turn-down collar and "Capuchin" hood finish the neck, and the hood and sleeves are lined with gay Scotch turtan surah. Loops of dark gray velvet ribbon are fastened at the back where the sleeves join in the seam. French felt hat of dark gray faced with green velvet in a dark shade, and trimmed with a pheasant's breast and a tuft of sulphur-colored fancy feathers. Patterns of the raglan are in sizes for from

ton to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—This pretty little cloak, the "Trixie," is illustrated made up in dull red cashmere, embroidered in silk of the same on the selvage. The cloak is a box-plaited blouse cut crosswise of the goods to bring the selvage at the bottom, and is mounted on a square yoke almost concealed by the deep collar of embroidery fastened with a velvet ribbon bow. The coat sleeves have embroidered cuffs to correspond. This pattern could also be used for a dress. Sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty-

five cents. FIG. 3.—The "Nanon" cloak in checked Cheviot mixture is the outer garment displayed on this pretty figure. It is a half-fitting paletot with coat sleeves, a cape reaching to the waist line and draped there in plaits, and a hood lined with brown silk. The front of the cloak is trimmed with a deep plaiting of plain cashmere in dark brown. Shirred bonnet of brown surah, trimmed with red and gold silk pompons. Patterns of cloak in sizes for from six to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

old custom of furnishing their trousseaux with sets upon sets of elaborate underclothing. The rule at present prevailing limits the supply to sets of two dozen. The trimming is also less elaborate than heretofore but quite as costly, for all the lace employed must be real to meet the requirements of the present style.

Our Engravings.

The designs and illustrations of this department are from the celebrated house of Mme. Demorest, the acknowledged representative of Fashions in Europe and America. This house has always received the first premium at all the Expositions, and is the recipient of the only award over all competitors for patterns of Fashions, at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Paris, London, and New York.

Nearly all the Prime Ministers of England reached a mature age before they attained to the honor. Mr. Gladstone was 50 when he first held the position. Lord Beaconsfield was 63. Lord Palmerston 70. Lord Derby 62, Sir Robert Peel 53, the Duke of Wellington 56, and Earl Russell 53. In striking contrast with these veterans appears the youthful Pitt, who became Prime Minister before he had completed his 23th year.

A Great Aqueduct.

Among the notable American works about to be undertaken is the construction of a new aqueduct running from a vast reservoir to supply New York City with water. This aqueduct will be thirty miles long, and although the first estimate is \$14,500,000, it will probably cost \$25,000,000. When completed New York will have a water supply of 360,000,000 gallons per diem. Even should there be a year of drought there will be never less than 250,000,000 gallons a day, an amount sufficient for a population of 5,000,000 persons. It is doubtful whether New York really needs this costly work, for underneath the city lies a vast reservoir of water which is sweeter, cooler, and chemically purer than the Croton or any other river or lake water. It can be reached in about forty feet from the surface, and has been tapped in a thousand different wells to supply hotels, bathing houses, breweries, and manufactories. New York is the best watered city in the world, and it ought to be the healthiest, but its death rate is nevertheless very large.—Demorest's Monthly.

Capt. Richard King, the cattle king, pays taxes on property in Nueces county, Texas, valued at a million dollars.

The way to Cook Oysters.

The oyster is eaten in a variety of styles. He will be eaten to-day fried, boiled, stewed, steamed, scalloped, and raw. Some people in Chicago eat them pickled. No matter, Chicago is young yet and will learn better after a while. So wealthy and enterprising a city can not remain forever uncivilized. The best way to eat oysters is in the old-fashioned Maryland stew. Shuck your oysters, and on pain of death, let not a drop of water or milk touch them. Let them repose for a few moments in their own liquid, while you cut up a very small quantity of fat, fine bacon, with a shred here and there of lard with it. About an ounce of bacon to a quart of oysters. Ham is not the best, neither is middling good; now shoulder is the article. Put the bacon in a frying-pan and heat rapidly over a vigorously burning fire. When the bacon is done to a crisp pour in the oysters. Stew for two minutes and a half—three, no longer. Pepper to suit taste while stewing. If the oysters are good salt water bivalves, they need no salt. Then pour out and eat, thanking God you live in a land where the art of cooking oysters properly is not wholly lost. If you eat oysters cooked in this style you will never eat them in any other if you can help it.—Washington Republic.

MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The Dominion Mutual Benefit Society of Canada, (Incorporated) provides a benefit of \$200, \$1,000, or \$2,000 for families of deceased members; also an endowment of \$200, \$500 or \$1,000 in ten years, and \$500 to \$1,000 in case of permanent disability by sick-ness or accident. A number of the leading business and professional men in the country are members. All claims will be promptly adjusted on maturity. Ladies admitted on equal terms with gentlemen. Agents wanted. Greatest inducements ever offered. Call or send for terms and by-laws. Home Office 30 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

Health Department.

Fruits as Food and Medicine.

Of all the fruits with which we are blessed, the peach is the most delicious and digestible. There is nothing more palatable, wholesome and medicinal than good, ripe peaches. They should be ripe, but not over-ripe and half rotten; and of this kind they may make a part of either meal, or be eaten between meals; but it is better to make them part of the regular meals. It is a mistaken idea that no fruit should be eaten at breakfast. It would be far better if our people would eat less bacon and grease at breakfast and more fruit. In the morning there is an acrid state of the secretions, and nothing is so well calculated to correct this as cooling sub acid fruits, such as peaches, apples, etc. Still, most of us have been taught that eating fruit before breakfast is highly dangerous. How the idea originated I do not know, but is certainly a great error, contrary to both reason and facts.

The apple is one of the best of fruits. Baked or stewed apples will generally agree with the most delicate stomach and are an excellent medicine in many cases of sickness. Green, or half-ripe apples stewed and sweetened are pleasant to the taste, nourishing, cooling, and laxative, far superior, in many cases, to the abominable doses of salts and oil usually given in fever and other diseases. Raw apple and dried apples stewed, are better for constipation than most liver pills.

Oranges are very acceptable to most stomachs, having all the advantage of the acid allowed to; out the juice alone should be taken, rejecting the pulp.

The same may be said of lemons, pomegranates, and all that class. Lemonade is the best drink in fevers, and when thickened with sugar, is better than syrup of squills and other nauseous drugs in many cases of cough.

Tomatoes act on the liver and bowels, and are much more pleasant and safe than blue mass and "liver regulators." The juice should be used alone, rejecting the skins.

The small seeded fruits, such as blackberries, figs, raspberries, and strawberries, may be classed among the best foods and medicines. The sugar in them is nutritious, the acid is cooling and purifying, and the seeds are laxative. We would be much the gainers if we would look more to our gardens and orchards for our medicines, and less to our drug stores. To cure fever or act on the kidneys, no febrifuge or diuretic is superior to watermelons, which may, with very few exceptions, be taken in sickness and in health, in almost unlimited quantities, not only without injury, but with positive benefit. But in using them, the water, or juice should be taken, excluding the pulp; and the melon should be fresh and ripe, but not over-ripe and stale.—J. S. Wilson, M. D., in *Southern World*.

Sunlit Rooms.

No articles of furniture should be put in a room that will not stand sunlight, for every room in a dwelling should have the windows so arranged that some time during the day a flood of sunlight will force itself into the apartment. The importance of admitting the light of the sun freely to all parts of our dwellings cannot be too highly estimated. Indeed, perfect health is nearly as much dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air. Sunlight should never be excluded except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And daily walks should be taken in bright sunshine. A sun-bath is of more importance in preserving a healthful condition of the body than is generally understood. A sun-bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are

deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money. But remember that pure water, fresh air, and sunlit homes kept free from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of doctors, and give you health and vigor which no money can procure. It is a well-established fact that the people who live much in the sun are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight. And certainly there is nothing strange in the result, since the same law applies with equal force to nearly every animate thing in nature. It is quite easy to arrange an isolated dwelling so that every room may be filled with sunlight some time in the day, and it is possible that many town houses could be so built as to admit more light than they now receive.—*California*.

The Use and Abuse of Bathing.

A physician gives general rules for bathing as follows: A warm bath with liberal use of Castile soap, is best for cleanliness, and night the best time. Twice a week is often enough. Too frequent warm baths debilitate the system. A cool sponge or wet cloth bath should be taken daily for its tonic effect, and always in a warm room. If strong and vigorous the best time is in the morning; if not strong the cold bath had better be omitted and the tepid substituted. After exercise, if greatly fatigued, take no bath, but rub down vigorously with a dry towel. If thoroughly warmed up but not tired, take a tepid sponge bath standing. Never take a tub bath, except when bathing for cleanliness. A warm shower bath followed by a cool sprinkling is preferable to a cold bath after exercise, and renders Turkish baths wholly unnecessary; those should be reserved for medical cases. Skin disorders are frequently caused by excessive bathing and the use of too much soap. Although general rules for bathing could be given, every man must be guided by his own physical condition and his occupation.

A Constitutional.

Few people walk enough in winter, yet it is precisely at that season that people of sedentary habits should walk. How grateful the crisp air is to the lungs; how clear and sweet to the nostrils; how it inspires and sustains one in a swinging gait of four or five miles an hour. How the cheeks glow and the eyes shine, and the muscles tingle with delightful vigor, after a walk through the winter sunshine. A sleigh-ride is not half so good, for it robs the trip of the necessary exercise. Try it if you would seek health and strength. Winter walking as a nerve is a million times better than medicine, and for the complexion it is worth a whole harbor full of lotions and washes. It will put an edge on appetite that you can't buy at the doctor's, and in prompting digestion is better than a corner drug store's entire stock of bitters and pills. If you have never tried it, take a walk. Keep your mouth closed, your shoulders well thrown back, your head up, and remember that your legs, and especially your hips, were given you to walk with. Some people walk with their knees, bodies, and also shoulders; no wonder they don't like it. We don't like to see them. There is an art in walking as in other things. If you don't believe it, observe the motion of some shapely woman who knows how to move, or study the gait of the man who has some spring or liteness in him. It is never too late to learn to walk by walking.

The Great Dr. Virchow

has resigned from the medical association of Berlin. He won't be forced to keep "his light under a bushel." He approves of advertising any remedy or combination that will cure, regardless of medical ethics. The surgeons of the International Throat and Lung Institute, head office London, England, and branch offices Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Detroit, Mich., using Dr. M. Souviello's wonderful invention the Spirometer, are curing thousands of cases of bronchitis, consumption, catarrh, asthma and catarrhal deafness, and are making it known to physicians and sufferers all over the world. Physicians and sufferers are invited to call and try the Spirometer free. If impossible to call personally write, enclosing stamp, for list of questions and copy of International News, published monthly. Address Dr. M. Souviello & Co., 173 Church street, Toronto, or 13 Philips Square, Montreal.

There'll be Room in Heaven,

She was a little old woman, very plainly dressed in black bombazine that had seen much careful wear, and her bonnet was very old-fashioned, and people stared at her tottering up the aisle of the grand church, evidently bent on securing one of the best seats, for a great man preached on that day, and the house was filled with splendidly-dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, of his learning, his intellect, and goodness, and they wondered at the presumption of the poor old woman. She must have been in her dotage, for she picked out the pew of the richest and proudest member of the church, and took a seat. The three ladies who were seated there beckoned to the sexton, who bent over the intruder and whispered something, but she was hard of hearing, and smiled a little withered smile, as she said gedly:

"Oh, I'm quite comfortable here, quite comfortable."

"But you are not wanted here," said the sexton, pompously; "there is not room. Come with me, my good woman; I will see that you have a seat."

"Not room?" said the old woman, looking at her old sunken proportions, and then at the fine ladies. "Why, I'm not crowded a bit. I rode ten miles to hear the sermon today, because—"

But here the sexton took her by the arm and shook her roughly, in a polite, underhand way, and then she took the hint. Her faded old eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered: but she rose meekly and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their rich dresses over the space she left vacant, she said, gently:

"I hope, my dears, there'll be room in heaven for us all."

Then she followed the pompous sexton to the rear of the church, where, in the last pew, she was seated between a threadbare girl and a shabby old man.

"She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew which she had first occupied. "What can an ignorant old woman like her want to hear Dr. — preach for? She would not be able to understand a word he said."

"These people are so persistent. The idea of her forcing herself into our pew! Isn't that voluntary lovely! There's Dr. — coming out of the vestry. Is not he grand?"

"Splendid! What a stately man! You know he has promised to dine with us while he is here."

He was a commanding-looking man, and as the organ voluntary stopped and he looked over the great crowd of worshippers gathered in the vast church, he seemed to scan every face. His hand was on the Bible, when suddenly he leaned over the reading-desk and beckoned to the sexton, who obsequiously mounted the steps to receive a mysterious message. And then the three ladies in the grand pew were electrified to see him take his way the whole length of the church, to return with the old woman, when he placed her in the front pew of all, its other occupants making willing room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition, and then the service proceeded, and he preached a sermon which struck fire from every heart.

"Who was she?" asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as she passed the sexton at the door.

"The preacher's mother," answered that functionary, in an injured tone.

How few remember that while "man looketh on the outward appearance the Lord looketh on the heart."—*Christian Advocate*.

A Sign of Consumption.

Little Mary, who is very much interested in studying "the laws of health," since school began, had been asking Mr. Rattler all sorts of questions about diseases and their remedies. "Now, Papa," she continued, "if you neglect a bad cold you lay a foundation for the consumption, don't you?" "Yes," answered her father. "And consumptives are thin and pale, ar'n't they?" "Yes." "What other signs are there in well, in quick consumption, papa?" queried the child. "Five minutes for refreshments, posted in railroad stations," responded R. The examination closed.—*Boston Courier*.

Oscar Wilde and Lily Langtry were both on the ocean at the same time, one going, the other coming. They never spoke as they passed by.

SOME SMILES.

It is generally a cool day when an Arctic expedition gets left.

A noted physician says that nearly all women have smaller cheeks and trunks than they ought. Baggage-men don't think so.

When Fogg was asked regarding the latest additions to the English language, he said he would ask his wife. She always had the last word.

"I tell you," said Poots, "there is an indescribable sense of luxury in lying in bed and rugging one's boll for his valet." "You got a valet!" exclaimed Poots' friend. "No," replied Poots, "but I've got a bell."

The adventure of an owl. A Texas owl mistook a sleeping man's head for a chicken, and fastened his claws into his hair and scalp. "Well, what's the matter now, old woman?" said the assailed as he awoke.

Biggs had eaten pretty heartily. He left the table before his host and hostess, excusing himself, of course, as in politeness bound. "Excuse yer!" exclaimed Farmer Sparrowgrass; "oh, get out! I love to see a man eat."

Some scientists have gone so far as to hold that cholera would come to this country from Egypt on the regular telegraph wires. The epidemic couldn't find a more rapid mode of locomotion in travelling from pole to pole.

The "season" at Niagara Falls is pronounced a failure. The Indians who frequent the place and sell their relics to visitors complain of "no trade," and when they left for their native home in Limerick, Ireland, the other day, one of them observed in a tone of disgust: "Begorra, there's more money in workin' on the railway at eighty seven cents a day."

A country editor undertook to ride on a pass belonging to one of his subscribers who had an advertisement in his paper. After examining it, the conductor looked at it and the editor, and said: "This pass is crooked." "Guess not," said the editor blandly. "Put I say it is." "That's just where you are fogging yourself; it's me that's crooked. The pass is all right enough."

Arresting a "Rat."

The *London and China Telegraph* publishes the following under its Hong Kong news: An absurd story circulated among the Chinese, had the effect of crowding the magistracy compound and Arbuthnot road with some hundreds eager to see a prodigy said to have been captured by the police. The origin of the sensation seems to have been that three women were arrested on a charge of kidnapping, one of whom bears a name, or nickname, meaning in English the great rat. As she was being taken to the station, some people who know her raised the cry that the police had arrested the great rat. A number of persons, who were unaware of this woman's title, were seized with the impression that the police had captured some extraordinary rat, and the most absurd rumors went about with great rapidity, causing the crowding at the magistracy we have mentioned. One story had it that a monster rat had been captured weighing twenty-six catties, and another story was that the creature was a rat fairy, a marvellous animal which had, among other powers, that of changing itself into any form it pleased. It was believed that when arrested the rat fairy was disporting under the form of a huge rat with a woman's head, and the beast was going to have its pranks put an end to by the magistrate, who would stamp his seal upon it, and then it would have to remain in the same form in future, no further change being possible. The police and the officers of the court could not clear off the crowd, who choked the court and its enclosures and kept up an incessant noise in the hope of seeing the rat. His worship, through the interpreter, informed them no such rat had been caught. The crowd received the statement with incredulity, and hung about the court in gradually diminishing numbers long after the business was done.

Waiter, to cook—"George, gent, in number three says as his potatoes ain't good—says as they've all got black eyes in 'em." George (real name Patrick)—"Becad, thin, it's no fault o' mine! The Spalpeens must have been fightin' after I put 'em in the pot!"

LORD CARNARVON'S SPEECH AT MONTREAL.

Enthusiasm over Canada—Eloquent Utterance of a Polished Statesman.

The following is a full report of Lord Carnarvon's speech on the occasion of the recent banquet in Montreal in his honor:

DESIRE TO SEE CANADA.

Sir Francis Hincks, honorable gentlemen and gentlemen,—The welcome that you have just now accorded to me touches me most deeply, and words from me are feeble indeed to acknowledge my deep sense of it. I have long desired, Sir Francis, to see Canada. (Hear, hear.) Long official relations with this country, long personal friendships that it has been my good fortune to form with Canadians, have led me earnestly to desire it, and now at last I have the great pleasure, and believe me that that pleasure is doubled when I find myself receiving this most kindly welcome, this most splendid hospitality, in the fair city of Montreal. (Loud applause.) I am reminded, Sir Francis, by what you have just said, that round your board this evening are gathered

REPRESENTATIVES FROM ALL PARTS AND SECTIONS

of this great Dominion. We have the representatives of old France with their kindness, with their courtesies, with the chivalry that belongs to that race—(applause)—and all of them united in hearty loyalty to our beloved sovereign. (Loud applause.) We have also representatives here in no small number of English, Scotch and Irish, those who speak the tongue with which we are familiar, and which it does one good to hear again, after crossing three thousand miles of salt water. (Applause.) We have indeed representatives of all shades of party politics and opinions—(hear, hear);—most grateful to me is the sight, and most gratefully do I acknowledge it to those gentlemen who have so deeply honoured me. Sir Francis, you have been good enough to refer to the

CONFEDERATION ACT OF 1867,

and to the share, whatever it was, I had in passing that important measure. As you were speaking I bethought me of those who were my colleagues in England on that occasion. I have the happiness of saying that three at least most distinguished men are present here to-night. My old friend, if I may so say, Sir Leonard Tilley, Sir Alex. Galt and Sir Hector Langevin—(applause)—with whom I have been so pleased to renew an acquaintance, interrupted now for many years. I wish I could number up more. Some have been unavoidably absent by the grave cares of office and by other pressing business, but some are no longer on this side of the great river. If I might, for one moment, single out the remembrance of one for whom I had a deep regard, and I may say a personal affection, it would be the memory of

SIR GEORGE CARTIER

(Loud applause.) English and French alike may remember him with pleasure and pride. I recall all his charming qualities, and I delight to think that one whose name was so familiar with his generation, and who played so important a part in Canadian politics, is destined to have a statue in Ottawa. (Hear, hear, and applause.) In 1867 it was my good fortune to take a small share in England of that important measure. Since then I have been proud, and have looked on it as the greatest pride in my public life (applause), and I deeply prize the recollection of it. I indeed played but a small part. It was only given to me to place the coping stone as it were upon the edifice which others had built. It was jealousy that were laid aside; the practical unanimity which you, sir, describe that we adopted. These were the true foundations upon which that great measure rested. I try to recall now that I am in Canada.

A RETROSPECT.

What was the position of Canada before that measure became law? There were separate provinces jealous, and proudly jealous, of their rights. There was much sacrifice of personal feeling and of legal rights, and there was, as those of my three colleagues who are here will remember, great anxiety in discussing the great difficulty in adjusting the balance of power between the Dominion Government and the sovereign rights of the several states. How great that difficulty was can be best imagined when we remember that it cost that great republic across our border a long and bloody war to determine it, and that after that war and after one hundred years of national existence, even now questions in-

volving the rights of the Federal Government and the States will from time to time come up to be decided by the peaceful arbitration of the tribunals. It was, therefore, no easy matter, I say, to adjust skillfully the balance of power, and for fifteen or sixteen years this great dominion has worked on without any great friction. It shows, therefore, that the engineers who framed the machinery did not greatly miscalculate the power of the respective parts to each other. (Great applause.) Gentleman, pray think for one moment how isolated was the position of those several provinces. With separate custom houses along the frontier guarding the commerce of each State, hostile tariffs interfering with the free transmission of goods; men bought and sold in those different states with different currencies; they weighed out the articles by a different scale of weights and measures; banking was carried on under different conditions and the postal service, which now ranges with perfect uniformity, from one end of the dominion to the other, was a different system in each different state, and now all that has been united and brought under one common system. More than that, we have seen every great question peaceably and naturally solved. There was the Hudson's Bay Company question which, I remember, was the perplexity and vexation of every politician that came within the walls of Downing street, a question that ranked second only to the Newfoundland Fisheries in complexity—(applause)—a question that was made up of charter rights and historical researches and local opinions, and conflicting views all heaped one upon another, Pelion upon Ossa, and all this has been quietly and, I think, successfully solved (applause), and I might say solved to the satisfaction of both parties, if I am to judge, or if I can form any judgment by the present price at which the Hudson Bay Company's shares stand (loud applause), and lastly, gentlemen, when the Confederation Act was passed, the great North west was a land of misery and of myth; it is now added to and incorporated in the Dominion, and the Canadian Pacific Railway, stretching like a great bar of iron from sea to sea, traversing that vast continent which is washed by two oceans opens up boundless realms of fertility to the farmer, to the industry, to the happiness of the human race. (Great applause.) I was told the other day that just after the Confederation Act passed the number of letters that were sent, I think it was in a week or fortnight, I forget which, from the Red River Territory, as it then was called, to England, was some fifty or sixty; I am told now that it numbers over ten thousand. (Loud applause.) What does this mean? It means this: that children are writing to their parents, that fresh bonds of affection are growing up between individuals—bonds of affection that will throw out, I trust, good and worthy examples to you, and that will hold you by another tie of loyalty to the Mother Country. (Loud and continued applause.) More than two thousand years ago Plato said, "Time, infinite time, is the maker of cities," but had Plato lived in these days, he would have had to qualify that assertion, if he had seen Winnipeg start into existence in the course of two years. (Applause.) Sir Francis, it has been my good fortune during the last few weeks, all too short for my own pleasure, to see much of old and settled Canada. I have seen Quebec with its picturesque ramparts and its historical associations; I have seen Montreal with its fair palaces; I have seen Hamilton ombosomed in trees, Kingston with its Military College and its Thousand Islands, and Toronto with its English spirit and energy. (Loud applause.) All those I have seen, and while life remains the recollection of it will never fade from my memory; but I have also seen, and with inexpressible pleasure on every side of me, the

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY,

of comfort, of content. (Applause.) I have recognized a land, not of luxuries, but a land where the necessities of life abound and where the life of her citizens is manly, simple, vigorous. (Loud applause.) Oh, gentlemen, may that long last, may that long be your lot, and I trust that none of the corruptions of modern civilization, neither the love of money nor the feverish desire of speculation, may ever tempt you to forfeit that which seems to me to be the crown of glory to you. (Applause.) But I know that it is sometimes said that questions arise and difficulties, and even, perhaps, some little friction in different parts of your constitutional machinery. Well, my answer to that is two-

fold: First of all, I remember the words of a very wise sage of old who said that every well constituted state required a discordant concord. (Applause.)

CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTIONS

From time to time it is needed that waters of your lake should be stirred in order to keep them pure, and in the next place, these difficulties, these slight frictions are incident to all human workmanship. I would venture to say to your statesmen, and if I dare to take upon myself, I would believe that it would be the opinion of the highest tribunals, that that act is not to be construed merely as a municipal act; it is to be viewed as a treaty and as an alliance, (applause), and I would say to the great mass and body of the people that no legislative or constitutional machinery can be maintained in its efficiency unless there be sobriety of judgment and plain common sense on their part. (Applause.) Gentleman, what is it that has created this great prosperity that I admire so much: what magician is it who is waving his hand over your magnificent country? I believe it to be, first of all, that you owe deep obligations to your statesmen, those who originally conceived the design, those again who, whatever their differences of opinion might have been, loyally accepted it when it had become law—(loud applause)—next I believe you owe much to this noble country, so rich in all gifts, and lastly to the free and great people that live within it. Gentleman, the greatest gift that England has bestowed upon you seems to me to be this: that we have given to you absolute, unqualified, unstinted freedom in self government, combined with a union with the monarchy of England. (Loud and long continued applause.) But, gentlemen, no gift, no heritage, if it is to endure, can remain unimproved. Nations, like men, ever rise to a higher conception of their duties or they sink. (Hear, hear.) And I apprehend that the law of all individual and political life is this, that there must be constant progress, but orderly, harmonious progress. (Hear, hear, and applause.) May such be your lot, may you go on from political strength to political strength in the course which you have already adopted. The nations of the older world are passing through a time of difficulties and trials which perplexes many and strains the nerve of many. I am not myself gloomy; I believe in the triumph of right principle, but in our evening sky there are many clouds which may cause at least anxiety. With you on this side of the Atlantic the difficulties are very different; you have great and new problems to work out, problems as important to yourselves as they are important, I believe, to the welfare of the whole human race. (Hear, hear.)

CANADA'S POSITION.

May I express this hope that in working out these questions, they will be worked out on the old lines of a God-fearing and law abiding people. (Loud applause.) One word more. Canada is no ordinary possession of the Crown—(hear, hear and applause)—none may rank entirely beside her, even in the group of noble nationalities which England, the mother of nations, has planted abroad. But your position, gentlemen, is great, so also are your duties and responsibilities great. You have to deal with many of these questions that in ordinary circumstances an independent power would have to deal with; question arising out of your Federal Government, out of your new settlement of new countries; aye, and I would even say, out of our foreign relations. I pray you only so to administer it in an imperial and not merely a colonial spirit, (Loud applause.) We have, thank God, many ties, some visible, some hardly perceptible and these are not the least strong to bind us together.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

One, very important, is the most visible of all, to which you, Sir Francis, alluded a short time since when you gave the health of His Excellency the Governor-General. He is the representative of the sovereign in this country, and if on the eve of the departure of my noble friend, Lord Lorne, I may be permitted to say one word without presumption it would be this:—It has been my fortune to deal with several Governor-Generals of this country, and I may truly say, to the best of my belief, none of them ever administered their great trust in a more single-minded and unselfish spirit; none have ever sought more fully than Lord Lorne to identify himself with Canada and Canadian interests. (Loud and long continued applause.) It will be hard, I think, to find his equal, but though his successor, I believe, will labor to follow in his footsteps in this respect, I cannot view without

regret—for pray believe me, I was before I came here half a Canadian at heart and now I am an entire Canadian (applause)—I cannot as a Canadian view his departure without sincere regret (Hear, hear, and applause). There are yet

SOME OTHER TIES OF CONNECTION

between Canada and the Mother Country which are very powerful; I am sure I would see more Englishmen enjoy the happiness of a welcome in Canadian homes (Loud applause.) I am quite sure that both parties gain somewhat from the accumulated wealth of learning, of literature, of mental activity, in England, from the great heritage which has come down to us in these respects through unbroken centuries of civilization; but England may gain, I am confident, still more largely by contact with the free and simple and natural life of Canada. (Loud applause.) Coming as I do from the artificial and sometimes over heated atmosphere of European life, I welcome the air bath in which I am plunged here in Canada. (Applause.) I would almost venture to bring to mind those exquisite lines of Milton:—As one who long in populous cities spent, Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air, Forth issuing on a summer morn to breathe Among the peasant cottages and farms, Adjoined, from each thing met, concourse delight.

(Applause.) Such, gentlemen, have been my feelings during the last few weeks I have spent in Canada. (Applause.) Gentleman, I have treasured longer, much longer than I desire, I only wish that I could find words adequately to express the pleasure with which I have seen

THIS GREAT COUNTRY,

to express the overwhining bundles kindness and hospitality which has covered me from the first hour that I set foot on Canadian soil, to the last hour that I am with you; that I could express the sense that during the whole time that I have been here I had been in England, and in the happiest parts of England, and lastly, that I could express my ardent desire that the connection of this great country may strengthen with her strength and grow with her growth. (Loud and long continued applause.) Gentleman, in legislation, in self government, you are free, and may you ever remain free as the winds of heaven, but in loyalty to the Crown, in love to the Mother Country, may you ever be bound in the chains of adamant. (Applause.) Individuals pass swiftly, like the shadows across the mortal scene, but the life of the State is a long one; that which to the individual is so long is to the State a very short affair; party politics cannot divide us. Statesmanship has many forms and voices, but in spite of all these individuals may do much. Let us in our generation teach our children on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean that we in Canada and in England are kith and kin, members of a common family, subjects of a common sovereign, and united to each other by ties of loving affection that time in its course can only strengthen. (Prolonged applause and cheering.)

A Metropolitan Crematory.

Ground has been purchased on the highest and the most picturesque ground on Manhattan Island on which to erect a crematory to reduce dead bodies to ashes. The New York Cremation Society wish to avoid ferries, railroad trains, and crowded thoroughfares when conveying the remains of their relatives and friends to the last resting place. This will be secured by the proposed works on Washington Heights. This cemetery will be more complete than anything of its kind in the world. There are to be no yew or willow trees and no emblems of mourning. A picturesque chapel for memorial services will be erected, and the grounds will be laid out and adorned with plants and flowers suggesting hope and joy instead of the more melancholy emotions. Nor will there be any roasting and burning of the bodies, but the remains will be incinerated by an intensely hot, dry air radiating from furnaces fifteen feet distant, which will reduce the corpse in a short time to a heap of ashes. The crematory is to be in part modelled upon those in Germany and Italy, where they are in much more general use than in this country.—*From Demorest's Monthly for October.*

The Chinese Minister named his little month-old daughter Mi Ja M, which means beautiful, standing for America, who is the first Chinese child in high life born in Washington. He lately gave an elaborate dinner party, in honor of her arrival, at Wornaley's.

A NEW ELECTRIC MOTOR

A Speed of 100 Miles an Hour not Impracticable—Grades 2,030 ft. to the Mile no Obstacle.

The Days of Steam are Numbered.

In the v. Page of Greenville, New Jersey, in a modest brick factory in which are being solved some of the most difficult and momentous problems of the day. It is that of the Daft Electric Light Company, of which, as yet, little has been heard by the public, but whose experiments during the past two years have been regarded with the utmost interest by scientific and practical men. Although its name would seem to limit the objects of the company to the production of a superior illuminating agent, its real interests lie in the direction of the successful and economical application of electricity to motors, stationary or otherwise.

Previous experiment in this direction have been successful only up to a certain point, at which obstacles have been encountered that have hitherto been deemed insurmountable. The transmission of electric power over considerable distances from stationary engines has been successfully accomplished by a number of inventions, several of which only lack the perfecting of the transmitting and receiving machines and of their systems of insulation to become commercially valuable; but the safe transmission of power from a stationary to a moving motor is the problem which has presented most difficulties.

Although short lines of electric railways have been operated within the past year in this and other countries, and though one was recently on exhibition at the great Louisville Fair which, to a casual observer, seems to meet all necessary requirements, the expert electrician knows them all to be lacking in several qualities absolutely essential before they can be adapted to commercial use. Every practical system, including the one under consideration, has made use of the metal rails of the track as conductors of the electric power, and heretofore one serious obstacle to complete success has been the danger to human and animal life from contact with these electrified rails. Running through the yard of the Daft factory at Greenville is a quarter of a mile track, upon which the electric motors built by this company are run and tested. Last week the company gave its first public exhibition, at which were present many prominent railroad men from remote sections of the country. They all appreciated the danger of contact with electrified metals, and, until after witnessing some interesting experiments, carefully avoided the track. They were first shown that these rails were charged with an electric current of sufficient energy to move several street cars loaded with passengers.

Then the opposite rails were connected with copper wires, the other ends of which were placed upon the tongues, first of Mr. Daft himself, and then of several of the visitors who were willing to try the experiment. All who submitted to this test declared themselves unable to detect any trace of the presence of electricity. At the same time, when the exposed ends of the wire brought into contact with each other, a dazzling discharge of electricity followed their separation, and globules of molten copper fell in a fiery rain to the ground. This proved conclusively to those who witnessed the experiment that the current was capable of exerting a tremendous energy through a suitable medium, and its perfect harmlessness when opposed by the high external resistance of an organic body.

The second series of experiments demonstrated the ability of a Daft motor to overcome grades heretofore undreamed of as being among the possibilities of traction railway construction. The experiments consisted in running one of the light 450-pound motors up an inclined section of track representing a grade of

TWO THOUSAND FEET TO THE MILE.

It did this repeatedly with ease and certainty, while bearing no extra weight except that of its engineer or driver. The explanation of this wonderful feat lies in the fact that the great volume of electricity passing from the rails into the driving-wheel of the motor induces an unusual degree of friction between the two surfaces. This is so great that an electric motor of this pattern, having but a third of the weight of one operated by steam, will exert the same active force. The same motor on a level exerts a tractive force of 300 pounds, and will move with ease a weight of seven or eight tons over an ordin-

ary track. When it is considered that the maximum "pull" of a steam locomotive is but one-fifth of its own weight, it will be seen that these results show an extraordinary advance in the direction of mechanical adhesion.

The "low tension" current employed in this system is also found to permit operations, under conditions involving absence of insulation, such as have never before been realized. The Greenville track is ordinary rails, connected by fish-bars, laid upon ordinary cross-ties, and these are bedded in earth as in ordinary railways. There has been no attempt at insulation, and yet the motors were run back and forth over it all last winter through snow and water that often completely submerged the rails.

In economy of fuel and weight the electric motor offers most appreciable advantages over its steam compeer. The ordinary steam locomotive consumes eight pounds of coal per horse-power per hour; while large compound stationary engines, such as furnish the power for this new system, consume but two pounds of coal per horse-power per hour. Thus a large margin is left for loss due to the correlation of force in transferring power to electricity, and electricity back to power, which loss is twenty-five or thirty per cent. of the total energy. The electric motor furthermore

DISPENSES WITH A TENDER

and its great bulk of water and fuel, and, owing to the increased friction already mentioned, will in itself attain the same results as the steam-driven machine of three times its weight.

From the stationary engine the electric fluid is conducted by positive and negative wires to the opposite rails of the track, and from them, through the iron wheels of the motor, to the simple machinery located directly beneath its floor. In front of the engine-driver is a round box from which projects a handle. By turning this handle in one direction the motor is moved forward, while a turn in the opposite direction stops and breaks it with a readiness almost inconceivable. Another crank, which regulates the brakes, completes the list of visible machinery. The brakes are powerful magnets, which, upon the deflection of a small amount of the electric current into them, press closely upon the periphery of the driving-wheels. As the electric power can, even in the present stage of progress, be transmitted twenty-five miles, or twelve miles in each direction from the producing engine, over ordinary lines of railroad, but four stations or relays would be necessary between New York and Philadelphia. The new motor has already attained a speed of seventy miles an hour, and its inventor is confident that a speed of

ONE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR

is within the probabilities of the near future.

It is not necessary by this system that all trains should be run in the same direction on a single track. The motors can be made to move backward and forward at will, and two may be placed so that they touch, and at a signal instantly started in opposite directions, as was shown in last week's experiments.

At the Greenville factory, in addition to motors and electric lights, there is exhibited a saw-mill in which all the power is supplied by electricity, which passes through a mile of coiled wire. All the wood sawing of the company has been done in this mill, and the neat little frame office that stands in their yard is the first house built of lumber sawed by electricity in the world.

At Greenville the cars of the Newark and Bloomfield horse railway are being fitted with the new motor, and will soon exhibit to the public its practical workings. Several steam railroad companies are also negotiating for its employment, and the inventor of this motor declares that the era of steam locomotives, with their smoke and cinders, is rapidly drawing to a close.—*Harper's Weekly.*

One Experience from Many.

I have been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seeming to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, and when I told them what had helped me, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters: long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy."—The Mother.

A SCENE OF CARNAGE.

Charge of a Railway Train Upon a Multitude—Frightful Mutilation of Forty Victims.

Heartrending and appalling are but weak words to describe what must be called a railway "accident," which occurred near Berlin recently and resulted in the immediate death of about 40 persons, comprising 17 men, 13 women, and four children, and the more or less serious wounding of many others. An old soldier who witnessed the catastrophe said that he had been present at six pitched battles and a variety of minor engagements, but that all the scenes of carnage he had ever beheld were surpassed by that upon which he looked yesterday.

The sad story is soon told, Steglitz, at the station of which the accident happened, is a village, or townlet, about three miles from Berlin, on the Potsdam-Magdeburg-Cologne Railway Line; and the fine Sunday weather had tempted to the place, as to all other suburban resorts, crowds of pleasure seekers of the poorer class, including some patriotic societies, to celebrate the anniversary of Sedan. At the close of the day the station was besieged by several hundreds of the excursionists, eager to get home by the first train from Potsdam. The station at Steglitz is furnished with insufficient waiting accommodation, and passengers going to Berlin have to cross the rails in order to enter the up trains. Until the up trains arrive it is usual to detain Berlin bound passengers on the down platform, by means of a moveable barrier, such as is used at most crossings, and behind this barrier towards ten o'clock, an impatient crowd of 200 or 300 people were waiting for the train that was to take them home to Berlin. The train arrived; and eager to secure seats, the excursionists either burst, or jumped, or pushed back the barrier poles, and began to stream across the rails,

LIKE A FLOCK OF SHEEP.

This they did in spite of the shouts, remonstrances, and lantern-waving of the railway officials—of whom, however, it is said there was an altogether insufficient number—who saw, to their horror, that the Cologne express from Berlin was tearing down upon the station at the rate of a kilometre per minute. There was one heart-rending and unanimous shriek which silenced even the thunder of the approaching wheels, the heavy engine dashed in among the wedged and struggling mass, and in another instant the line was strewn with the horribly mutilated bodies of some 40 human beings.

The catastrophe was as appalling as it was unique. Words could not describe the scene of carnage which presented itself after the express, its wheels clogged with ghastly proofs of the ruin it had worked, had passed the fatal spot. Surely never had Juggernaut's car a more ghastly harvest of sacrificial victims. The station-master, a strong man, fainted away at the sight; and the driver of the express was so shaken by the spectacle that he had to leave his engine at Potsdam. Some of the corpses were mangled and mutilated beyond all possible recognition. One poor young mother had both her legs cut off, and gave birth to a child in her dying agonies. The fragments of the dead were gathered together and laid out in one of the waiting-rooms, and a sort of panic-terror spread over the place. Medical help was procured from all sides, but a good many cases were beyond the reach of surgery.

CAUSE OF THE DISASTER.

Towards morning the Potsdam terminus in Berlin was besieged by an eager crowd, such as used to await the arrival of the wounded from the seat of war in 1870. The Emperor sent two of his adjutants this morning to inquire into the nature of the disaster, with the responsibility for which the Prussian Parliament must ultimately be saddled. It is true that the primary blame must fall on the unfortunate excursionists themselves, who rushed across the line before they ought to have done so; but at the same time they never would have been tempted to break the rules had the Prussian Chamber been characterized by a less penny-wise and pound-foolish spirit of biggarity.

The Berlin-Cologne Line is now a State railway, like most others in Prussia, and it was only in April last that Herr Maybach, the Minister of Public Works, asked Parliament for 422,000 marks to build a proper station at Steglitz, where the traffic is active, and to construct a tunnel under the line, so as to obviate the dangerous necessity for crossing over it. But the Chamber refused this most reasonable demand, and the recent horrible catastrophe is the result.

The Terror of the South.

JANPHEI, FLA.—Mr. Boardman W. Wilson traveling for A. G. Alford & Co., dealers in Firearms and Cutlery, Baltimore, was prostrated here, with the "break-bone fever," he asserts that in his own, as well as in the case of others, the only thing found to relieve this painful malady was St. Jacobs Oil. This wonderful pain-cure has the endorsement of such men as Ex-Postmaster General James, Senator Daniel W. Voorhees, and an army of others.

"Why didn't you deliver that message as I gave it to you?" asked a gentleman of his stupid servant. "I did the best I could, sir." "You did the best you could, sir, did you?"—imitating his voice and look. "Pshaw! If I had known that I was sending a donkey I would have gone myself."

Of all the sweets of which mortals can dream, there is naught to excel strawberries and cream.

Neither is there any remedy known to mortals that can excel Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Bowel Complaints. (29)

Lord Chancellor Hadwick's bailiff, having been ordered by his lady to procure a sow of a particular description, one day into the dining-room when full of company proclaiming, with a burst of joy he could not suppress, "I have been at Ruyton Fair, my lady, and have got a sow exactly of your ladyship's size."

Other nations pray for rain as we do. In a season of great drought in Persia, a schoolmaster, at the head of his pupils, marched out of Schiraz in procession to pray for rain. A stranger asked whether they were going. The tutor told him, and added, "He doubted not but God would listen to the prayers of innocent children." "My honest friend," said the traveller, "if that were the case, I fear there would be no schoolmaster left alive."

G. R. GRANT & CO.,

402 Queen St. West, Toronto,

Manufacturers of

SHIRTS

Collars & Cuffs.

Our Paris Patent Shirt made to order, reinforced fronts:

No. 5-3 for	\$2.99
" 4-3 "	3.75
" 3-3 "	4.50
" 2-3 "	5.00
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All our Winter Goods reduced. Bargains in Flannel Shirts and Underclothing. 27 Troy Laundry in connection.

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402 QUEEN STREET, WEST, TORONTO



146 & 148

King St. E.

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TORONTO

WE INVITE YOUR

Confidence and

PATRONAGE.

146

Opening New Ladies

SHOE PARLOR.

Our aim will be to make it a pleasant and profitable place of resort for ladies who value fair dealing and economy.

THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY.

Upon a Subject of Vital Interest, Affecting the Welfare of All.

The following remarkable letter from one of the leading and best known scientific writers of the present day is especially significant, and should be of unusual value to all readers who desire to keep pace with the march of modern discovery and invention:

"A general demand for information is one of the most distinctive characteristics of the nineteenth century. The common people, as well as the more enlightened and refined, cry out with no uncertain voice to be emancipated from the slavery of conservatism and superstition which has held the masses in gross ignorance during a large portion of the world's history, and in the time of the 'Dark Ages' came near obliterating the last glimmer of truth. Dogmatic assertions and blind empiricism are losing caste among all classes of all countries. People are beginning to think for themselves, and to regard authority much less than argument. Men and women are no longer willing that a few individuals should dictate to them what must be their sentiments and opinions. They claim the right to solve for themselves the great questions of the day and demand that the general good of humanity shall be respected. As the result of this general awakening, we see, on every hand, unmistakable evidences of reformatory action. People who, a few years ago, endured suffering the most intense in the name of duty, now realize the utter foolishness of such a course. Men who were under the bondage of bigoted advisers allowed their health to depart; suffered their constitutions to become undermined and finally died as martyrs to a false system of treatment. There are millions of people filling untimely graves who might have lived to a green old age had their original troubles been taken in time or properly treated. There are thousands of people to day, thoughtlessly enduring the first symptoms of some serious malady and without the slightest realization of the danger that is before them. They have occasional headaches; a lack of appetite one day and a ravenous one the next, or an unaccountable feeling of weariness, sometimes accompanied by nausea and attribute all these troubles to the old idea of 'a slight cold' or malaria. It is high time that people awoke to a knowledge of the seriousness of these matters and emancipated themselves from the professional bigotry which controls them. When this is done and when all classes of physicians become liberal enough to exelude all dogmas, save that it is their duty to cure disease as quickly, and as safely as possible; to maintain no other position than that of truth honestly ascertained, and to endorse and recommend any remedy that he has found useful, no matter what its origin, there will be no more quarreling among the doctors, while there will be great rejoicing throughout the world."

"I am well aware of the censure that will be meted out to me for writing this letter but I feel that I cannot be true to my honest convictions unless I extend a helping hand and endorse all that I know to be good. The extended publications for the past few years, and graphic descriptions of different diseases of the kidneys and liver have awakened the medical profession to the fact that these diseases are greatly increasing. The treatment of the doctors has been largely experimental and many of their patients have died while they were casting about for a remedy to cure them."

"It is now over two years since my attention was first called to the use of a most wonderful preparation in the treatment of Bright's disease of the kidneys. Patients had frequently asked me about the remedy and I had heard of remarkable cures effected by it, but like many others I hesitated to recommend its use. A personal friend of mine had been in poor health for some time and his application for insurance on his life had been rejected on account of Bright's disease. Chemical and microscopic examinations of his urine revealed the presence of large quantities of albumen and granular tube casts, which confirmed the correctness of the diagnosis. After trying all the usual remedies, I directed him to use this preparation and was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month, and within four months, no tube casts could be discovered. At that time there was present only a trace of albumen, and he felt, as he expressed it, 'perfectly well,' and all through the influence of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy he used."

"After this I prescribed this medicine in full doses in both acute and chronic neph-

ritis, [Bright's disease] and with the most satisfactory results. My observations were neither small in number nor hastily made. They extended over several months and embraced a large number of cases which have proved so satisfactory to my mind, that I would earnestly urge upon my professional brethren the importance of giving a fair and patient trial to Warner's Safe Cure. In a large class of ailments where the blood is obviously in an unhealthy state, especially where glandular engorgements and inflammatory eruptions exist, indeed in many of those forms of chronic indigestion in which there is no evidence of organic mischief, but where the general health is depleted, the face sallow, the urine colored, constituting the condition in which the patient is said to be 'bilious,' the advantage gained by the use of this remedy is remarkable. In Bright's disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen; to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes; to wash out the epithelial debris which blocks up the tubuli uriniferi, and to prevent a destructive metamorphosis of tissue."

"Belonging as I do to a branch of the profession that believes that no one so cool of medicine knows all the truth regarding the treatment of disease, and being independent enough to select any remedy that will relieve my patients, without reference to the source from whence it comes, I am glad to acknowledge and commend the merit of this remedy thus frankly.

Respectfully yours,
R. A. GUNN, M. D.
Dean and Professor of Surgery, United States Medical College of New York; editor of Medical Tribune; Author of Gunn's New and Improved Hand-Book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine, etc., etc.

What is Catarrh?

Catarrh is a mucopurulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are: Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle or tubercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxæmia, from the retention of the effete matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the amoeba are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients, which never fails in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease should, without delay, communicate with the business manager, Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King Street West, Toronto, and get full particulars and treatise free by enclosing stamp.

What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment of Catarrh.

"OAKLAND, ONT., CANADA, March 17, 1883.
"MESSRS. A. H. DIXON & SON,
"DEAR SIRS.—Yours of the 13th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that it is hard for me to realize that I am really better."

"I consider that mine was a very bad case; it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but I feel fully cured by the two you sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you."

"You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers."

"Yours with many thanks,
"E. B. STEVENSON."

C. G. Francklyn, of the Cunard Line has paid \$1,500,000 for a ranch at Green county Texas.

Important.
When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 47 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

No Trouble to Swallow
Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" (the original "little liver pills") and no pain or gripping. Cure sick or bilious headache, sour stomach, and cleanse the system and bowels. 25 cents a vial.

The foot-and-mouth disease is spreading among the cattle in Ireland to an alarming extent.

Hard Lumps in the Breast.
Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I wrote to you some time ago that I thought I had a cancer. There was a large lump in my breast as large as a walnut, and had been there four months. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," "Favorite Prescription" and "Pellets" in June, and the lump is gone.
Yours gratefully, Miss R. R. CLARK,
Irvington, Mich.

The Emperor William, the Crown Prince, King Alfonso, and King Milan have arrived at Hamburg.

"Became Sound and Well."
R. V. PIERCE, M. D.: Dear Sir—My wife who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good.
Yours truly,
THOMAS J. METHVIN,
Hatcher's Station, Ga.

"Pray, don't attempt to darn your cobwebs," was Swift's advice to a gentleman of strong imagination and weak memory, who was laboriously explaining himself.

From MR. WILLIAM MAGARTH
Erindale, Credit P. O., Jan. 8th, 1883.
MY DEAR SUTHERLAND: Some two months since I became so afflicted with Rheumatism of the neck and right shoulder as to render my right arm nearly powerless. I determined to try your "Rheumatine" and the result is that I am now free from pain, and enjoy the full use of my arm. My general health is also much improved by the use of the medicine. The first two bottles relieved me—the third bottle freed me from all pain.
WM. MAGARTH,
J. N. Sutherland, St. Catharines.

"Your language is wholly uncalled for," as the publisher told the author whose works failed to sell.

Mrs. Partington declared the Neuralgia to be worse than the old Rheumatism; but however bad either may be, Burdock Blood Bitters will conquer it. It also makes pure blood, regulating the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, and eradicating serofulous humor from the system. 25,000 bottles sold in the last three months. (25)

In a slander suit in Oregon, the Court held that "an honest man is a man who won't steal firewood on a cold night."

In the summer and the fall, the urchin climbs the garden wall,
For green apples, in his frolic;
He will eat his fill, till, very ill,
He's doubled up with Colic.

The antidote is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—an unfailing remedy for Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Summer Complaints. (30)

"Does poultry pay?" asked a stranger of a city dealer. "Of course," was the reply; "even the little children shall out."

"A. P." 144



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BOILING PAINS AND ACHES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a Bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO. (Incorporated in U.S.A.) Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.



FOR THE Kidneys, Liver, and Urinary Organs. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver, and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.
For Diabetics ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.
For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N.Y., London, Eng.

The Greatest Horse Breeding Establishment of America.

One of the many wonderful enterprises the great West is noted for, and one which none favored with opportunity should miss seeing, is the great breeding establishment of "Oaklawn," owned by M. W. Dunham, at Wayne, Ill., 35 miles from Chicago. His importations of Percheron horses from France, to date, have aggregated the immense sum of \$2,500,000.00, and at the present time at "Oaklawn," 500 head of the choicest specimens of that race can be seen, while on their Colorado ranges are 2,000 mares and 21 imported Percheron stallions in breeding.

Hamburg landlords insure their tenants' furniture for them and add the premium to the rents.

LADY BEAUTIFIERS.—Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.

"I occasionally drop into poetry," as the man said when he fell into the editorial waste basket.

The well-known drug firm of Ormand & Walsh, Peterboro, writes that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is one of their "standard summer medicines, and has a good sale." An unfailing remedy for all forms of Bowel Complaint. (26)

At a curiosity shop—"Oh, the charming little box! Antique, isn't it?" "No madame, it is modern." "What a pity—it was so pretty!"

Mr. W. J. Guppy, of Newbury, informs us that he has used Burdock Blood Bitters in his family with good effect, and adds that the Rev. J. R. Smith has used it and speaks of it in high terms of praise. It is the great system-renewing tonic that cures all diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys, acting harmoniously with Nature's laws. 25,000 bottles sold during the last three months. (28)

The Moncton, N. B., sugar refinery has declared a dividend of 6 per cent.

Do not wear faded clothes when a 10 cent package of the Triangle Dyes will make them look bright as new. All the popular colors. 10 cents.

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Co., 305 King-St. West, Toronto, Canada.

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of all disorders of the stomach and bowels. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

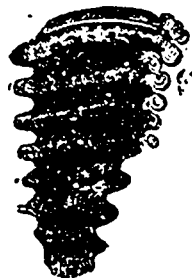
Sold by all Druggists.

PARKER & EVANS' INTERNATIONAL
Boiler Compound eradicates scale from boilers instantly. One fourth the first dose prevents future incrustation. Perfectly safe and saves 25 per cent. in fuel. Send for circular to 509 St. Paul street, Montreal.

DENTAL CARD.

Special attention given to the filling and preservation of the natural organs. Artificial Teeth inserted, so as to appear perfectly natural and life-like. Teeth extracted without pain. Fees moderate. T. H. SEFTON, Dentist, cor. Queen and Yonge Sts., over Rosa's Drug Store, Toronto.

NO SHAM, BUT REAL



WATER WAVES.



Copyright secured. (Copyright applied for 20,000 sold since I first introduced them. No Designs, Fresh Stock, No Old Trash. The only Fashionable Hair Store in Toronto. Wigs, Switches, Coquettes, Bang Nets, Countess Nets, Golden Hair Wash, Novelties in Hair Ornaments, &c. Wholesale and retail at the Paris Hair Works, 105 Yonge Street, between King and Adelaide streets.

A DORNWEND

NEW YORK HAIR WORKS.



Ladies' Head Dressing and Shampooing Parlor. Highest Award Toronto Exhibition for Ladies' and Gents' Hair Goods—1882 and 1883. We also have a large stock of Hair Nets, Silk Nets, and Ladies' Head Jewellery. John & Schwenker 75 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

Bicycle Department.

There has been quite a boom in things bicycular about town for the last two weeks, consequent on the Exhibition. During the first week of the Fair the Torontonians held an evening run to the grounds, which was attended by twenty five riders, and proved so enjoyable that it was repeated last week with about the same turn out.

The races given on the Exhibition grounds on Monday 17th, drew large crowds both of bicyclists and onlookers, and very great disappointment was felt when it was known that the Hunt Club races were to be run off before the bicycle races could take place. The spectators anxiously waited, but it was nearly six o'clock before the first bicycle race was called, and the races were run mostly after dark, by the aid of the electric light. Many people waited till the programme was finished, but most of them, including nearly all the ladies, had to leave before one quarter of the races had been run.

Such treatment of the bicyclists is very unfair, the more so because most of the spectators came expressly to see the bicycle races, which were advertised for two o'clock. Moreover, it was not as if it had been an unforeseen occurrence which could not be helped, for the Exhibition management treated the bicyclists in exactly the same way last year, but promised that no horses would be allowed in the ring at all during the bicyclic races this year. Next year bicyclists will fight shy of the Industrial Exhibition Bicycle Races.

We noticed two exhibits of bicycles at the exhibition, one of Canadian build, the other of English manufacture. The Canadian machine was awarded first prize, but we understand that the exhibitor of the English machine has protested against this. The Canadian machine lacks carefulness of finish and detail, but the general idea of the machine is good, and no doubt with a little experience the Canadian makers will be able to build a machine fully equal to imported ones.

The Toronto Lacrosse Club have at last got their grounds and cinder track finished, and will hold their fall games on them. The track is a quarter of a mile round, twenty feet wide down the west side and fifteen feet on the other three sides. The corners are graded, but not enough in our mind, for the safety of bicyclists in a fast race. With the good level and easy turns of this track, excellent time ought to be made, as it will undoubtedly be one of the finest cinder paths on the Continent.

The Toronto Bicycle Club are talking about getting up a race meeting this fall, but we are afraid that it will be too late in the season to prove a financial success; this, however, will be decided during the present week.

The Wanderers have fitted up a very nice club room at the corner of Yonge and King streets, up stairs, but they are looking out for a room that will suit them better. We paid them a visit a day or two ago, and were very much pleased with the look of the room. It contains, among other things, a piano, and the table is well supplied with cycling literature. This club goes to Port Perry one day this week, to give an exhibition of club drill, etc.

Robinson and Vesey the two noted English amateur riders, are entered for the one and five-mile bicycle races at the championship games on Saturday week of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. The association is also endeavoring to have some of the fastest American riders here. Notwithstanding all the ill-success of W. G. Ross at Springfield, the Montreal bicyclists who were there believe that he can beat anything that can be brought to Montreal, as circumstances were against him throughout at Springfield. In view of this, his performance against Robinson and Vesey, if not others, on his own ground will be waited for with interest. However, both the Englishmen will be riding better by that time than they were at Springfield, and a Springfield form ought to win easily here.

PERSONALITIES.

Interesting Items about Different People.

The Pope proposes to open the Vatican Library freely to historical students.

Mr. Joe Jefferson's sister Cornelia re-appears the coming season on the stage.

Thomas Hughes is visiting the Rugby College, in which he still has confidence.

Instead of having guests led up and presented to her, Queen Margherita goes about the room and greets each one in turn.

The Duchess of Connaught and Princess Christian sang at a concert lately given for the completion of St. Anne's Church, Bagshot.

Miss King, one of the nursing Sisters at Fort Pitt Military Hospital, has received the Royal Red Cross in recognition of her services in Egypt.

Florence Nightingale has been invited to Osborne by the Queen in order to be invested with the new Order of the Red Cross, but was compelled to decline on account of ill health.

The two children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are to be left at Windsor Castle and Osborne during the absence of their parents in India, which looks nice and grandmotherly.

The Comte de Paris, at present heir to the French monarchy (or what is left of it) is rich, tall, slender, in delicate health, and forty-six years old. His wife is ambitious, and an interpid horse-woman.

Canon Farrar, of Westminster Abbey, has become a total abstainer from alcohol. His friends say that his capacity for work is increased thereby. He can now push along without any intermission, except for meals, from morning to night.

Prince Alexander, the young Crown Prince of Serbia, only seven year old, performs the most wonderful arithmetical operations in his head with great quickness, which, altogether with his extreme sensibility, occasions his parents anxiety.

An entertainment given recently by Mrs. Gladstone, in London, was enlivened by the presence of Miss Jenny Young, of New York, who read before a fashionable audience her interesting lecture on Longfellow, and sang several of his poems, instead of reciting them, to illustrate her points.

M. Renan and his family narrowly escaped destruction at Sasamicioli, having engaged rooms at a hotel where nearly all the inmates were destroyed, but having been prevented from taking them by his readiness to oblige the Minister of Public Instruction, who wished him to delay long enough to distribute the school prizes.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie of New York, having presented a free library to the town of Dunfermline, Scotland, a speech in honor of the event was delivered by Lord Roseberry, who said among other things: "We all of us, in whatever position we may be placed, have occasion to find life irksome and almost intolerable. I have always found two aids or assistants to overcome that sense of irksomeness, which are within the reach of the poorest of us, and which are the most efficient for the purpose. The first is sense of humor, and the second the love of books."

What He was in.

"Mr. White," said a Harriburg lawyer to a witness in the box, "at the time these papers were executed you were speculating, were you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were in oil?"

"I was."

"And what are you in now?"

"Bankruptcy and the poor-house!" was the solemn reply.—*Wall Street News.*

Mrs. S— remarked to a friend that she intended going to Niagara for a few days during the summer, and had decided to take her little son with her.

"I was there for three weeks, with all my children, last summer," said the lady addressed.

Mrs. S— expressed surprise that Mrs. — should take her children to so dangerous a place. "Weren't you afraid they would get into the falls?" she questioned.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. —, with evident satisfaction. "My children are all well trained."

At which Mrs. S—'s boy, who was present, cried out, bitterly, "Well, I guess I've been trained if anybody ever has."

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ANOTHER DOSE FOR THE WANZER

agent, and enlightenment for the public.

The following appeared in *The Telegram*:—

"Miss Seguen, dressmaker, bought a White, and after using it a short time, traded it off with G. C. Elliott, Wanzer's manager, for a Wanzer F machine, stating to him that the White would not do her work." After much trouble I have at last discovered in whose possession this White machine now is. The lady has given me the following statement, signed by herself:—"In January last I took a White machine from the Wanzer agent at \$35, on lease. I am well pleased with it. They have endeavoured to persuade me to send it back, and offered to give me a \$65 Wanzer C for \$50 if I would do so. But I would not change even; I would not have a Wanzer at all. Signed, Mrs. Cooney, 64 Sydenham street." Miss Seguen used this same White machine four years on wholesale tailoring work. The Wanzer agent must have a high opinion of the White when he will charge \$35 for a second-hand White, and sell a new \$60 Wanzer C for \$31, as he did at 69 Wolseley street. The White is much superior, and the Wanzer agent knows it. D. S. ADAMS, 108 King street, West, Branch offices, 332 and 528 Yonge street.

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Ladies' Department.

The Modern Coquette.

A recently published story contains the following striking paragraph:—The mere suffering white man enlarges at the hands of a coquette is not in its first efforts so greatly to be depreciated. It is in the consequences that lies the deepest wrong which the insincere woman does to the man who loves her. For the distrust of her whole sex which grows up in him, and the conviction that neither she nor her kind are worthy of the best that is in his nature. She is responsible. The disdain which he may feel toward her can not greatly injure him. But the spirit in which he regards the tendency in his nature which looks to woman for the truest support of his life, and the systematic hardening of those qualities in him which reach out instinctively to the feminine side of humanity, are soul hurts, which are not healed when the pain of the deceived love has passed. His judgment of the whole sex can not fail to be biased by his experience of the woman who has most deeply interested him. Thus it is that the coquette, by lowering the whole standard of womanhood in the eyes of man, injures her own sex as well as the other.

The forms of coquetry are infinitely varied and some of them are much more reprehensible than others. The woman who undertakes conquests simply for the glory of displaying at the wheels of her chariot the captive she holds by the rosy bonds of love, is the commonest type. As her coquetry is of the most patient kind, its wounds are rarely severe or lasting, and yet there is a certain vulgarity about this spirit of conquest which makes this type of woman dangerous to both men and women.

A more subtle and disastrous influence is wielded by the woman who is bent on the scientific analysis of the various effects produced by the tender passion of men of different character and nature. She has little pigeon-holes marked with different characteristic names, and into these she classifies every new specimen. She is apt soon to discover that the pigeon-holes may be very few, and that nearly all the men she meets will fit exactly into one or another of them. When she has arrived at this conclusion she is satisfied: two or three good specimens of every sort having been coolly analyzed and properly pigeon-holed. It is variety and not quality she desires, and having already become quite familiar with the manner in which a certain species of the genus homo is affected by the greatest of passions, she allows many possible victims to pass by without an effort or desire to add them to her collection; but if a specimen hitherto unclassified crosses her path, she is ready with her little dissecting knife to pierce into the labyrinths of a new phase of human nature.

Another class, perhaps the most dangerous one, into which we are dividing coquettes, include those women who fancy themselves in love with each fresh lover. These are emotional and sympathetic women, who, being incapable of strong feeling themselves, are hence along by the force of a passion which fascinates them, and which they would gladly reciprocate. In their often-renewed disappointment at finding that the new lover can not make them forget themselves they feel a sense of injustice, and never dream that they are not the injured ones.

Woman as a Guide.

There has always been a dim consciousness in man that his relations to the divine, that is, to the ideal side of life, were most fitly represented by the parity and single-heartedness of woman, and that she is in a manner a mediator and interpreter between him and heaven, reversing the position, and so to speak, political ideas expressed in Milton's line, "He for God only, she for God in him." Of this dim consciousness the Pythia and Delphi and the vestal virgins at Rome were testimony. But woman as a representative of the ideal can hardly be said to have been consciously recognized until Christianity had consecrated the adoration of the Virgin Mother. Since then, although the influence of women as wives and mothers must always be immeasurably the most important and precious, it is impossible to deny that the influence has existed in other forms which have affected the history of mankind. It is enough to name Jeanne d'Arc and St. Catharine, as types of a class that has proved *juvens quid ferunt possit* when her frenzy is of that rare celestial kind which can work itself out in

ordered action, and leave its mark in the weighty affairs of men, as the lightning on the river rock. Nor yet is it as wife or mother that Beatrice is the mystic guide of Dante's spiritual life. The middle ages, with their sense of the nearness of the supernatural, were of course a period far more apt for such manifestations. The paritan and reforming religious enthusiasms of the seventeenth century were associated with mysticism of a different kind, and as to the eighteenth, a Jansen or a St. Catharine could hardly, under any modification, have co-existed with Frederick II. and Voltaire. Yet the paths of perfection in which good women have walked unsupported by man's arm have not been less through it since then because they have been more hidden from the light. Not from deserts, and hermitages or mystic oak forests have they gone forth to sway battles on the fields or councils in the palace, but from inconspicuous homes into hospitals and prisons and haunts of squalid misery and vice.

Ladies' Humor

Young men, bear in mind that no matter how cold a girl may be, she will never decline ice-cream. And no matter how sick she may be, she will never refuse tickets for a matinee.

"Yes," said the gilded youth, "I want a wife to make home pleasant." "But," objected his friend, "you'd be howling round town nights, all the same." "Yes; but nobody cares, and it would be just a comfort to feel that somebody was at home mad about it."

Miss Darlington: "Yes, he plays tennis well because he plays it all day as a distraction. He is very unhappy, poor fellow! He was engaged, and he found his income growing less every day, so he broke the engagement." Mr. Horace Templeton Snider: "Why, that's the reason I married!"

Uncle Reuben: "Now, Venus, yo' know de argyment. Yo' cawnt go ter dat disreputable sakkus an' hab dat new gown, too. So tek yo' money an' hab yo' choice. I 'vices de gown." Aunt Venus: "Wall, Rebe, I guess dis yer ole gown 'll hev ter draggle a while longer. Now, dat's economy, haint hit?"

"Are you to take astronomy next term, Elise?" inquired a classmate of her young friend. "Hardly. But Augustus is giving me splendid astronomical lessons during the vacation." "Isn't that nice? Has he textbooks and an atlas?" "O Louise, my dear! He says I'm all the world to him, and when I lean my head on his boulder he is my Atlas."

Mrs. Gwendolyn Van Style: And, Griffin, always remember to offer the salver for the gentleman's card. Griffin (pleating himself to tiptoe): Yes'm. Mrs. G. Van S.: And, under no circumstances, Griffin, remain waiting in the drawing-room until I come down, as you did yesterday. Griffin (lets himself softly down to his heels again): But suppose, mem, as I takes him to be a gent, mein, what'll bear watchin', mem?

Ten thousand dollars a year has been offered Miss Emma Thursby to sing in the choir of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, on Sundays.

It is related that at the banquet which was recently given to Mr. Irving at Glasgow, one of the guests, a clergyman, was so overcome by the presence of the great tragedian, the good fare, and, possibly other things, that he offered his services as honorary chaplain during Mr. Irving's American tour.

During the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him—"Which way did the stairs run?" The witness, a noted wag, replied—"One way they ran up stairs, but the other way they ran down stairs." The learned counsel winked his eyes, and then took a look at the ceiling.

When M. Roland was presented to Louis XVI., on his appointment as minister for one of the departments of State, the simplicity of his apparel excited the surprise and indignation of the Court satellites, who, deriving from etiquette their sole importance, believed the State depended on its preservation. "Oh, dear sir!" said the master of the ceremony, with a countenance of alarm, whispering to Dumourier, and glancing at Roland, "he has no buckles on his shoes!" "Oh, shocking!" roared Dumourier, with comic gravity, "we shall be ruined and undone."

AN ALASKA VILLAGE.

The Settlement of Kaigau and Its Distinguished Russian Residents.

On a wet and gloomy evening we anchor off Kaigau, an ancient settlement of the Hydah Indians, and a place of note in the archipelago, writes a correspondent of the St. Louis *Jobs-Democrat* from Alaska. The Hydahs are a superior race, skilled in the arts of war and the crafts of peace, and Hydah carvers have wrought matchless *totems*, canoes, bowls, spoons, halibut clubs, and hooks from time immemorial. A sullen reef lies as a barrier before their town, and the trading company has sound the desolation of the old site by building the store houses on the shores of the opposite islands, where the recently-named American bay offers safe shelter and anchorage. Meanwhile Kaigau has two little curving beaches built round with native houses and guarded by tall and moss-grown totem poles, rich with all quaint and heraldic carvings. A semicircle of more ancient totems stand about the shore of the smaller beach, and back in the dense undergrowth rise the carved beasts that stand in emblem over the graves of dead and gone Hydahs. At Kaigau the missionary's wife and sister have lived for two years and soon about one white woman until our boat-load of them went ashore from the Idaho and embarrassed them with a superfluity. The other white residents of Kaigau are the Russian Count Zuboff and his pretty, black-haired countess, a couple interesting in themselves and their history, and more extraordinary in their being found in this remote end of the world. The Count Zuboff is a man of fascinating address and appearance, polished manners and cultivated tastes, and being exiled for Nihilistic tendencies, he chose Alaska to Siberia, and made his way across the friendly chain of mountains to "the home of the tree and the land of the brave." He married a charming Russian lady at Sitka, and with the calm of a philosophic mind and the patience of a patriotic heart, he waits the time when amusee or anarchy shall permit his return to holy Russia. Adversity and years in the savage wilderness have not robbed these people of their ease and grace of manner, and the handsome Count had all the charm and spirit that must have distinguished him in the gay world of his native capital. The little countess was unfiguedly glad to see a fellow creature and in the dusk of that dreary, wet night welcomed us to her simple home, and showed us her treasures, from the big blue-eyed baby to a wonderfully painted dance blanket. When we expressed curiosity at the latter, the pretty Russian seized the great piece of fringed and painted deer-skin, and wrapping it about her shoulders, throw her head back with fine pose, and stood as an animated tableau in the dusk and firelight of her Alaska chalet. "This was a cultus pot-latch," she said, with a dainty accent, as she explained the way it came into her possession, and we laughed not a little that that dilute word cultus means "worthless" in the Chinook jargon. Setting aside all traditions of his rank, this Nihilist count talked business with our captain in a most American manner, and but for the inherent accent and air a listener might have taken him for the most practical of business men, whose whole life had been spent in commercial marts, or as agent for a great trading company.

Plain Truths!

The blood is the foundation of life, it circulates through every part of the body and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible, if disease has entered the system the only sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood.

These simple facts are well known and the highest medical authorities agree that nothing but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the Iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious.

SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it; and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will not blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation and is perfectly non-injurious.

St. Johnsbury, Vermont, Oct. 21st 1882. For six years I have been a great sufferer from blood disease, dyspepsia and constipation, and the only relief I could get was from a medicine on my stomach, in fact I had almost become a lunatic, on the 10th of Sept. I bought a bottle of Sulphur and Iron Bitters, and I can now say that I feel better than I have not felt so well in six years as I do at present.

SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS effectually cures dyspepsia, indigestion and weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such diseases as kidney and liver complaints, dyspepsia, indigestion etc. Sold by all Druggists and at Depot 150 St. James St. West, Montreal, Price 50c.

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Advertisement for Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, Ayer's Sarsaparilla will dislodge it and expel it from your system. For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the CATARRH true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin. Hutto, Tex., Sept. 23, 1882. ULCEROUS "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. Physicians told us that a powerful irritative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results. Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON." PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists, \$1, six bottles for \$5.

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In Hunting Case, Key Winders, at following prices: \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$22.00, \$25.00, \$28.00, \$30.00, \$35.00, \$40.00, \$45.00, \$50.00, \$55.00, \$60.00, \$65.00, \$70.00, \$75.00, \$80.00, \$85.00, \$90.00, \$95.00, \$100.00, \$105.00, \$110.00, \$115.00, \$120.00, \$125.00, \$130.00, \$135.00, \$140.00, \$145.00, \$150.00, \$155.00, \$160.00, \$165.00, \$170.00, \$175.00, \$180.00, \$185.00, \$190.00, \$195.00, \$200.00, \$205.00, \$210.00, \$215.00, \$220.00, \$225.00, \$230.00, \$235.00, \$240.00, \$245.00, \$250.00, \$255.00, \$260.00, \$265.00, \$270.00, \$275.00, \$280.00, \$285.00, \$290.00, \$295.00, \$300.00, \$305.00, \$310.00, \$315.00, \$320.00, \$325.00, \$330.00, \$335.00, \$340.00, \$345.00, \$350.00, \$355.00, \$360.00, \$365.00, \$370.00, \$375.00, \$380.00, \$385.00, \$390.00, \$395.00, \$400.00, \$405.00, \$410.00, \$415.00, \$420.00, \$425.00, \$430.00, \$435.00, \$440.00, \$445.00, \$450.00, \$455.00, \$460.00, \$465.00, \$470.00, \$475.00, \$480.00, 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BOB BURDETTE.

The Philosophy of an Idler who Takes the World as it Comes.

One of my most difficult tasks in my useful and busy life is to find things to worry and fret about. Not that I enjoy worry or love to fret, but I want to keep as close to humanity as possible. I do not wish people to become unhappy and envious at beholding me a creature far superior to all the ordinary ills of mortal man. I want to suffer just enough annoyance to identify me with the race of man. And sometimes I am dismayed, on waking in the morning, to discover that there isn't a thing in the world to trouble me—not a care, not an uncertainty, not one solitary little bother.

Perhaps the manager may suggest that I might trouble myself a little to get up or find a subject for my letter.

Ah yes; but there, you see, the manager falls into the common error of my fellowmen. This is no trouble to me. It worries him sometimes (don't you see?) to have a long letter about nothing come straggling in; but it doesn't worry me a bit.

Another friend tells me my debts ought to worry me enough to keep me awake; but they don't. They worry my creditors. Oh, shades of the bankrupt! how they do worry my unhappy creditors. But I don't fret about that. Sometimes I am a little annoyed because I can't get into debt any deeper. Such is the base ingratitude of a tradesman upon whom one has lavished one's custom without ever asking the price of anything; but the debt that I have already incurred is so much clear gain. Don't I never intend to pay my debts? By the hands of Midas, I do. I am a villain else. But when? When I get rich, good creditor; when I get rich. Therefore, doth it much behoove thee to fly around and find me an excellent publisher, who spends his time in writing cheques and paying royalties.

And I can not feel solicitous because the country is going to the dogs. Not I. I am very fond of dogs, and had much rather go to them than have them come to me. And how jolly for us all to go there together? Besides, no sooner has a man convinced me that the country is going to the dogs than another man tells me that it is going right straight to glory and prosperity, and that it was never in such excellent hands.

I am not distressed because Ananias Shapiro has sold the wise men with a case of old leather containing specimens of Horace Greeley's manuscript. Because I am not a wise man. I do not know Sanskrit from English. If I had found the Moabite stone, in all probability I would have thrown it at a dog. If it was too big to throw at a dog I would have made a well curb of it. That's the kind of an Orientalist I am. In fact it rather pleases me to see an eminent wise man caught up with once in a while. It serves to keep him in sight, and keeps him from soaring far away into the illimitable realms of viewless etherality and intangible aerostatics of the Concord summer school of philosophy.

I do not grieve very much because Paddy Ryan was shot. Had he lived he would have fought Sullivan again. How much better it is for a man to be shot clear full of holes than to become a human sandbag for the amusement of the eminent Boston Professor of Biopital Forces and External Craniology.

I am not cast down because Oscar Wilde's new play has been cut up by the critics. I have been chipped up, and knifed and clubbed by the critics myself, and I assure you it made me mad as thunder, and I am well pleased to see Mario Prescott take an incautious hand in the fight. As for me and my boys, I will stand afar off and witness the skirmish. Every time the critics get Oscar over the ropes I will yell, "Fib him! Hammer him in the eye! Maul his ribs!" And oft as Oscar knocks a critic down, I will throw my hat in the air and shriek, "Fally! Now jump on him! Dance on his coxcomb! Walk all over him!" Secure under my own vine and fig-tree I will view the battle without anguish and with no anxiety about the result. I will joyously crown the victor with triumphant rays (with a record of 315) whoever he is, and pour the balsam of consolation into the wounds of the vanquished, whichever it may happen to be.

But there are some unsolved mysteries in the great problem of life that give me cause for reflection and anxiety. If I were rich I believe I would build me a lonely cell somewhere in the desert, or some place like that, with about \$10,000, with a store room like a wholesale grocery, where I might have

plenty of help in studying these intricate problems in our daily economy, or extravagance, as the case may be. For often and often I wonder:

Why you always put teaspoons into the vase upside down?

Why the pantaloons of a godless atheist who never said a prayer in his life hang at the knees just as quickly and decidedly as the breeks of the saint who spends half his days on his knees?

Why it is wrong to eat pie with a knife? What Washington said to General Lee at the Battle of Moamouth?

How the directors of a railroad company can get rich, while the stockholders gradually starve to death?

How a receiver prospers and grows fat on a business that ruined the merchant?

Why the man who "has gone out of politics" never misses a convention and always keeps "in the hands (and also the pockets) of his friends"?

What the State would do for penitentiaries if all the rascals should suddenly step up and confess?

Why a woman falls like a flash not two inches from the banana skin she steps on, while a man falls like a cyclone half way round the block howling like a demon at every plunge, and at last climaxes with a crash under a peanut stand on the other side of the street?

Why "puro bear's oil" is always cheaper when pork is away down, and booms up like a balloon in the cholera years?

Why, when spring chickens are so small you have to eat them by the dozen to taste one, the price is so high you have to buy them by the chicken?

Why a man frequently tries to make himself necessary when he would serve humanity much better by making himself scarce?

Why it is so much easier to lose half a dozen bets than it is to win one?

Why Tom Thumb was always billed as "twenty-three years old" until the day he died, when he made a jump of more than his lifetime?

Why some people "remember the Sabbath day" as though it was only a parlour-car porter, and give it a quarter in full for all demands?

Whatever became of the "blue-glass remedy"?

And what went with all the archery clubs? I don't believe in philosophy wasting its time on trifles. If the wise men want something useful and practical to ponder over, here are their problems.

A Homo Testimonial.

That both Truth and its Waterbury watch premium are appreciated by subscribers is evident from the following letter, one of many similar received from time to time: SHEFFIELD, Sept. 24, 1883.

S. FRANK WILSON, Sir,—I sent for a Waterbury Watch some time ago for my brother, along with Truth, and he has it in constant wear. It does not change color in the least, and keeps good time. He is well pleased with it, and I am well pleased with the paper, and would like to know your terms to agents. Those who see the paper are well pleased with it, and many speak of getting the watch.

EMILY BARCOCK.

You may publish this. A home testimonial may be of some use.

Chats with Correspondents.

Mrs. H. PERKINS' little poem "Old Time," will appear in our next issue, being received too late for this week.

George H. Willett, in goal at Cardwell, N. Y., made a beautiful miniature church and sent it to Warren county fair for exhibition. The managers of that great moral show would not permit it to be shown, however, on the ground that it might create sympathy. Willett is supposed to be a murderer.

The population of New York city is estimated at \$1,250,000. There are 10,075 drinking saloons, a proportion of one to 125 of the population (juvenile and adult). Estimating a family of five persons, every twenty-five families maintain the twenty-sixth to supply them with liquor. The butchers, bakera, and grocers' shops of the city number 7,107, the shops for the sale of liquor number 2,878 more than those for the sale of food. Of the twenty-four members of the Board of Aldermen ten are liquor sellers and two ex-liquor sellers (all saloon or dram-shop men).

Bismarck's Wonderful Career.

The Post, of Berlin, says that Bismarck's wonderful political career grew from a very trifling circumstance. It was in August of 1851 that he was interested with the legation at Frankfurt. Prince Guillaume, then crown prince of Prussia, halted there, and took him among his escort when going from Frankfurt to Mayence, where a grand review was to be held. Military etiquette is exceedingly strict in Germany. However, it was so hot in the royal car that every officer and the prince himself loosened their uniforms. On arriving in Mayence the distinguished party were to be met at the railroad station by troops under arms. The crown prince buttoned up again his uniform, but he forgot one button. Fortunately, as he was about to leave the car, Bismarck, always on the alert, saw the awful infringement of soldierly etiquette, and, rushing to Guillaume—"Oh! Prince," he said, "what were you going to do?" and forgetting that no one is allowed to touch a royal personage, he forced the refractory button into its proper place. The prince thanked the diplomatic young man who had been so rigorous, and whose name and features were now fixed in his memory. Hence the brilliant fortune of the "Iron Chancellor." Why not? Did not poor Jacques Laflite, son of a carpenter, pick up a pin in the yard of Perregaux, the rich banker, and made out of it a fortune more than \$15,000,000?

William Horace Lingard and Luscombe Scarello, the actors, had a fight in the American Exchange, London. Neither is much more than five-feet in height, and the encounter was comical in its tury.

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