



A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

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{ JOHN CHARLES DENT,
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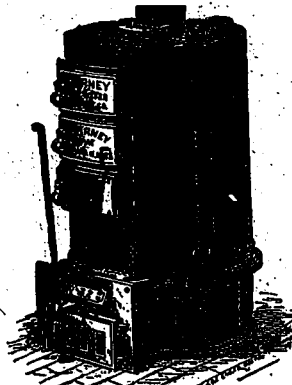
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Editorial Notes.

CANADA'S FUTURE.

So far as may be judged from present indications, our country is on the eve of momentous changes of one kind or another. The signs of the times stand out on the horizon with sufficient clearness to show that they *are* signs, though they are conceived in language not very easy to read, and anybody who attempts to spell them out is likely enough to find himself involved in a labyrinth of mere speculation. Still, it is hard to refrain from making some endeavour towards deciphering the handwriting on the wall. It is hard, at all events, to avoid recognizing certain obvious facts, and speculating upon certain probabilities. One fact which can hardly escape observation is that the public mind is pervaded by a vague, indefinite, yet withal a very general feeling of suspense and unrest—a feeling that our affairs are in a transitory and unsettled condition, and that something of importance is looming before us. This state of things is the nearly inevitable precursor of political change, and that it exists in Canada at the present time is sufficiently obvious to anyone who looks about him with his eyes open.

ANNEXATION TALK.

As to the precise nature of the impending changes, he would be a very bold man who would venture to pronounce a dogmatic opinion. The agitation in favour of commercial union is certainly, as far as it goes, an indication of a desire to bring about closer relations with the United States. The advent of an American economist and an Americanized Canadian, both of whom have given free utterance to their views, and who have borne themselves as though they felt that they had a clearly-defined mission to fulfil, are also not without significance. Then, it is certain that very many Reformers are weary of the perpetual exclusion of their party from power at Ottawa, and that they are ready to

welcome almost any change that the whirligig of time may bring about. This feeling is especially prevalent among the young and enthusiastic spirits of the Reform party, as has been made sufficiently apparent by the speeches of certain young Liberals on several recent occasions. But what may be called "annexation talk" is not by any means confined to the Young Liberals, nor even to members of the Reform party. There is more or less of it among persons of all shades of political opinion, and even among persons of no politics at all. And the significant feature is that this talk is indulged in freely and openly, without any pretence of concealment. It is probable enough that the agitation, such as it is, will probably tide over for the present, after which we shall hear no more of it until a commercial crisis or some other extremity again brings the question to the front.

WHAT NEXT?

BUT it is not only with respect to our relations with the United States that the public mind is more or less exercised just now. Any change in those relations, of course, naturally involves changes in our relations to the mother country, so that the one may be regarded as the concomitant of the other. Imperial Federation does not appear to be making seven-league strides. Independence we have practically at the present time. If we had the appointment of our own Governor-General and the negotiation of our own treaties with foreign nations without reference to any authority but our own, we should be as independent as any nation under the sun; and these privileges, we presume, may be had whenever we deem them of sufficient importance to press for them. The only thing certain is that no thinking man seems to regard our present relations with Great Britain as permanent, or even as likely to see the nineteenth century to its end.

OUR POLITICAL LEADERS.

THEN, there are indications of momentous internal changes. Mr. Blake has grown weary of being in perpetual opposition, and is about to withdraw from public life, leaving the Reform party without a head. This is the opportunity for which Sir Richard Cartwright has waited, and the next few months will probably witness the fruition of his hopes. Such is the opinion of those who profess to know whereof they speak. But there are many Reformers who will refuse to accept the headship of Sir Richard Cartwright, and their defection would cause serious disorganization in the ranks. On the Government side, things are in an equally unsettled condition. That Sir John Macdonald will remain much longer at his post is what nobody believes. It is rumoured that he is to receive a peerage and take up his abode in Eng-

land immediately after the close of the present session of Parliament. Such tales have been current before, but the present version is repeated with great confidence, and may possibly enough be true. His only possible successor as head of the Government would be Sir Charles Tupper, who is as distasteful to many Liberal Conservatives as is Sir Richard Cartwright to many Reformers. In short, the withdrawal of Sir John would probably enough wreck his party, and bring about the very thing most repugnant to Liberal Conservative traditions.

THE COMING MAN.

SUCH are a few of the indications of impending changes external and internal, in the Canadian horizon. All things considered the future is ominous, but there is no reason to anticipate serious calamity, or to fear that the earth will cease to perform its diurnal revolution upon its axis. In the future, as in the past, public events will probably accommodate themselves one to another, and a state of chaos will be avoided. It is certainly hard to see who is to be THE COMING MAN in Canadian politics, but we do not despair of seeing him in the fulness of time.

THE IRISH NATIONALISTS.

ALL true friends of Irish liberty—and there are many to be found on both sides of the Home Rule controversy—will regret the position in which the Nationalist party now find themselves. Mr. Parnell's persistent efforts to bring the struggle within the bounds of constitutional forms seemed for a moment to be on the eve of accomplishing a brilliant victory, when he secured the powerful alliance of Mr. Gladstone. But that success was delayed by the Unionist secession. We say "delayed," because it is quite possible that prudence and moderation would have made Time himself an ally of the Grand Old Man, for all things are possible to him who can wait. But Mr. Gladstone is still as impetuous as in his younger days, and he flung himself into the arms of his new allies without reserve, thereby producing consequences that threaten disaster both to the Liberal party and the Home Rulers. The continuance of obstruction in the House of Commons by a powerful party is a far more serious matter than obstruction by a minority who have no other way of making themselves heard. The countenance lent to it by Mr. Gladstone has seriously injured his influence with the party, and possibly with the electors. The Plan of Campaign, too, was pushed beyond reasonable limits when so excellent a landlord as Lord Lansdowne was attacked and reviled. Mr. O'Brien's mission to Canada has been a disastrous failure, not only in awakening the feeling of loyalty in Canada and arraying it against the Nationalist cause, but in cooling many friends of Home Rule who were not prepared to go too far in its advocacy. Mr. O'Brien has accentuated his egregious failure by refusing to remain in Canada on the Queen's birthday, by making violent speeches to disloyal Irishmen and avowed enemies of Great Britain in his United States campaign, and by absolute falsehoods respecting the state of affairs in Canada. He represents the Governor-General as unpopular here, surrounded by a little knot of Orange sympathizers, and actually countenancing

and encouraging the violent assaults made on the Irish emissary. Our newspapers, including those friendly to Mr. O'Brien, give the most unqualified contradiction to all such statements, and the question will surely be asked: What credence can be given to Mr. O'Brien's statements with regard to affairs in Ireland when he cannot tell the truth about Canada? Mr. Parnell, too, made a grave mistake in refusing to ask legal redress for the injuries inflicted on him by the *Times* newspaper. He professes to doubt the impartiality of an English jury, when a few weeks ago he saw an English court inflict a fine of £500 on the publisher of the Black Pamphlet for making unproved accusations against himself and other Irish leaders. Such tactics as these have produced a most unfavourable impression, both in England and Canada, among persons who are at the same time lovers of justice, friends of Ireland, loyal to their Queen, to law and order, and to the institutions of their country. The Nationalist party had a great chance, but they have already done much to destroy it.

THE QUEEN'S COUNTY ELECTION CASE.

THE division on the Queen's County election case gave the Government the smallest majority of this session; a result scarcely to be wondered at considering the cause of dispute. Injustice, or even the appearance of injustice, is repugnant to every well-constituted mind, and the fact that a man may be allowed to retain his seat in Parliament after polling the minority vote requires a great deal of explanation to make it appear equitable, even to a thorough-going partisan. Mr. Baird made a very clever speech in defence of his position and conduct in the affair, and avowed his willingness to resign his seat if assured of a square vote on a fair and complete voters' list when he might offer himself for re-election. This produced a strong impression in his favour, but the fact remains that he did not get a majority of the votes cast, and that, pending another election, his opponent is entitled to the seat unless legally displaced. Several Conservative members appear to entertain this view. Prominent among these is Mr. Patterson, of Essex, well known to be one of the strongest Conservatives in the House. He is always foremost in opposition to anything savouring of trickery or unfairness, in which respect he is an honour to his party and an example to every man who thinks of his country first and his party next. There are too many bitter partisans on both sides who can only look at questions of right and wrong through party spectacles, and if there were more men like Mr. Patterson the case would have been settled in a manner much more satisfactory to the Government than the present result of a small majority after a bitter and noisy party wrangle which reflects little credit on either side.

IMMIGRATION AND EMIGRATION.

THE expenditure on immigration is being gradually reduced by our Provincial and Dominion Governments, and in both cases the opposition are trying to make it still smaller. Meantime the exodus—denied by the Grits in Mr. Mackenzie's time and by the Tories under the present regime—continues, and is an acknowledged fact on the other side of the

boundary line, however it may be disputed here. The Washington Government has issued instructions to admit the horses and agricultural implements of farmers coming from Canada free of duty, a fact which proves that they look upon Canadian immigration as something more than a myth. The strength of the Disallowance agitation in Manitoba points to the same conclusion, that settlers in the North-West have more than sentimental grievances to contend with, and that the C.P.R. is not all that is necessary to the rapid settlement of that great territory. We can only hope that the Government will give proper attention to so serious a question, and that the sacrifices made by Canada for the sake of this magnificent territory will not have been made in vain.

MR. BLAKE.

THE deluge has come, and the Liberal party is without a leader. Mr. Blake has been long prophesying, though not so long as Noah, of the coming misfortune which continued ill-health has rendered inevitable. Mr. Blake's highly nervous organization has broken down under the strain to which he has long subjected it, for his speeches have been works of labour as well as art, and a great effort has more than once laid him up for a day or two in enforced seclusion. Mr. Blake's retirement is a misfortune to the country, for he gave his opponents valuable aid in legislative work, and fulfilled to perfection the duties of a constitutional Opposition. But the loss to his party is an uncertain, perhaps a negative, quantity. True, he led them ably and conscientiously. He was acknowledged their leader, even when they sometimes refused to follow, and he never allowed the tail of the party to wag the body. But on the other hand he disregarded the tail as severely as Mr. Mackenzie had done before him, and those who were not willing to follow him were never conciliated, for Mr. Blake has little diplomacy. As an Irishman totally destitute of *blarney* he is a phenomenon, and his inability to compromise always made him restless in a subordinate position. As a leader, his greatest error was in taking up the Riel question as he did, whereby he weakened his party in Ontario and helped them but little in Quebec. The consequence was a split in the Reform ranks, for many absolutely refused to condone or countenance rebellion in any shape, even though they might have been willing to form an alliance on other questions with the Quebec malcontents, and to arraign the general policy of the Government in the North-West. The accusation that Mr. Blake had no policy did his party much damage, and he lent it countenance by refusing to speak out boldly on such vital questions as the National Policy. He saw clearly that Canada was committed to the principle of a protective policy, and he said so, but in such a half-hearted manner and with so many provisos and reservations that the mass of the electors not only knew him to be a Free Trader on principle, but believed that he would again avow himself one if opportunity offered. His hair-splitting destroyed the hopes of his party in Ontario, and in other cases of less gravity Mr. Blake's too apparent fondness for forensic debate and fine-drawn distinctions has lost him the confidence of many who

were disposed to trust in him. Of his sincerity there can be no doubt, but in the appearance of frankness and enthusiasm that makes a public man magnetic he is totally destitute, and many men of less honesty and sincerity have gained credit for more of these qualities than he possessed. His great abilities and energies have not been wasted in the service of his country, but to his party they have been of little profit.

PARTY LEADERS.

AND after the deluge, what then? Mr. Blake is not a young man at fifty-five, and his constitution does not promise another twenty years of such activity as the green old age of Sir John Macdonald presents. These great chieftains may quit the stage together, and what will then be the condition of the parties they have led? The Liberals have no one fit to succeed Mr. Blake, and the Conservatives would be equally at a loss to find shoulders able to bear the mantle of their present chief. The result will certainly be the same as in England, where a re-arrangement of parties has followed the death of Lord Beaconsfield and the decadence of Mr. Gladstone. The National Policy will cease to be an issue in Canadian politics, for Sir Richard Cartwright is the only leader of note who has nailed his colours to the mast, and who appears likely to sink with the Free Trade pennant flying. The distinctive marks of the old parties are worn out or disused, for Sir John's Franchise Bill is the half-way house to universal suffrage, and the National Policy as daring an innovation as any Radical could have schemed. The old issues being gone, party badges are simply shams, and the sheep who follow the leaders bearing them without any clear notion of the questions now dividing parties are little better than voting machines—counters which politicians use in the great game of Government. With a re-settling of party lines we shall see the names of Prohibition, Provincial Independence, Catholic domination and Commercial Union inscribed on the banners of the political leaders of the future. Which will first press for solution, who can tell?

THE SABBATH OVERDONE.

WE have called attention to the absurdity of allowing the ferry boats to carry over crowds of pleasure seekers to the Island on Sunday, while the street cars and other vehicles are not permitted to be used by the public who may wish to travel rather long distances on very warm days. The consequence is in the latter case that crowds of persons swarm our streets on Sunday all the day in a perfectly aimless manner, wandering along up one street and down another, chattering and gossiping. These crowds are composed chiefly of young artisans and work-girls, who, if they could get into the country, even a few miles out of the city, would be all the better for it. Street cars would afford the requisite facilities at a nominal cost; but the privilege is denied to the poor artisans and working girls, though Dives rolls in his carriage on Sunday to his heart's content, and plumes himself upon escaping the penalties imposed upon Adam's less fortunate descendants. It is such anomalies in our boasted civilization as these which give rise to socialistic and communistic agitation.

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JOHN CHARLES DENT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

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SIR JOHN, SIR HECTOR AND MR. CHAPLEAU.

AND so Mr. Chapleau is to be next Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. The idea is startling when one comes to consider the character of the game that he has been playing during the last year or two. A few months before the elections he held the hand of the desperate gamester. He had staked much on Chambly, and Chambly went dead against him. Langevin and Caron took no such odds. They knew their people better, or perhaps they thought they did, and when Chapleau lost a seat in his district they simply laughed, for there is no love squandered between the rivals for Cartier's mantle. Chapleau gave Sir John a turn last winter, when he threatened to leave his ministry unless certain conditions were fulfilled; and if the chieftain had not acceded to his Secretary of State's wishes at that time, who can say where the ancient statesman would be to-day? We must not forget the overtures which Mercier made to Chapleau. We must not forget the significance of Chapleau's position in the Cabinet, where he was forced to play second fiddle to a man he hates with an inveterate hatred and whose downfall he is ever praying for. Sir John is a jealous chieftain, and Sir Hector's too palpable bids for the Premiership, during those memorable trips through Ontario, spread alarm in his breast. He could not brook a rival so near the throne, and he at once took steps to circumvent his soaring assistant. To that end he sent for Chapleau, translated him from Quebec to Ottawa, and forthwith provided himself with a dual French leadership. Open revolt was out of the question between these two, but the private bickering must have been intense, and what they said about each other to personal friends must have made the gods blush. Sir John, astute observer that he is, knew his men, and no one now talks of Sir Hector as a possible successor to the chief. Tupper is the light of the Tory camp, and to him the faithful will look when the old man dies, or enters the British peerage, which is the same thing. Well, Sir John, when cornered by Chapleau, gave that distinguished supporter all the promises he asked. But in this instance—the first time on record, probably—he has been compelled to keep his word, and the Senecals and the Churches and the brothers of the Minister and the Würteles and the Dansereaus have all been provided for. The Secretary of State, too, complained that his office in the government was not good enough. Sir John promised to

regulate that too, because he understood his man, and he knew, moreover, that Mr. Mercier stood outside, ready to make an alliance with his colleague for defence or offence. Sir John never yields to dictation unless compelled to do so, and this time he found his friendly adversary too many guns for him. Well, the elections came, and were carried by the Conservatives, but while Langevin and Caron failed entirely to carry their divisions against the tactics of Laurier, Langelier and Mercier, Chapleau won all along the line in his part of the country, and knelt for his beloved chieftain's blessing. Then he pressed more friends on Sir John, and the premier, it is said, cried when he had to accept Ouimet, the hero of the North-West Rebellion, for first Commoner. He wept again when another suggestion was made, but gulped down his feelings, and listened to the voice of the siren. But everyone here is asking: What is to become of Montreal when Chapleau goes to Quebec? Montreal is all right. In Chapleau's place there will be Mr. Lacoste or Senecal if Chapleau insists upon it. We have already Abbott leading in the Senate, and if Sir Adolphe Caron is sent to the right about, Ouimet will take the fighting minister's place, and Girouard will take the hat and miraculous robes of the Speaker. It is all planned, and the Quebec district which did so badly for the party must shift for itself.

But Langevin will lead. Of course he will. He will be a sort of *locum tenens*, as it were. Chapleau, at Spencer Wood, will do as he has ever been doing since he embarked in politics. He will look after the particular fortunes of Mr. Chapleau, and if, after a while, Mr. Mercier wants an ally badly, he won't have to look far for one. A few months ago he offered Mr. Chapleau the leadership of his countrymen. Circumstances at that time forbade the acceptance of the honour. Langevin never offered to do as much for Chapleau. Mercier is the only rival Chapleau ever feared, and when a man cannot fight an enemy, there have been instances when a combine has been effected. If Chapleau remains at Government House a full term, what is to prevent him coming down to active politics again, and making the best bargain he can with Mr. Blake, or Sir Charles Tupper, or Sir Richard Cartwright, or Mr. Mills, or whoever may be at the time the party of the second part? Chapleau always works for Chapleau. He will pull no wrong strings as governor. The Letellier spectre will keep him straight on that score. Besides, he has in Mercier a man of iron nerve to deal with. This he knows by past experience, and it is a significant fact that the Mercier statesmen are all delighted to hear that Chapleau is coming to them for advice. If Mercier and Chapleau do not really effect a combination before many months have passed away, we shall all be greatly surprised. The translation, it is said, will not take place until July 1st. What a delightful way to celebrate the natal day of the Dominion!

There was a rumour some time ago that the next Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec would be an English Protestant. I think I told you not long since that it was an unwritten law that the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec must be a

Frenchman and a Roman Catholic. In this part of the world we live up to our institutions.

Montreal.

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Sunday Observance.

Editor ARCTURUS:

A LETTER from the Rev. A. H. Munro, of St. Thomas, on the subject of Sunday railway traffic, appears in last Saturday's *Mail*. The clergy seem determined to have the feast day of the ancient pagans observed as a Jewish Sabbath. Mr. Munro threatens Senate and Commons alike with destruction unless they aid in the "removal from our land of the curse and shame of the habitual and defiant violation of divine and human law in the desecration of the *Sabbath* by railway traffic."

The people of Canada may be trusted to see that the law with regard to the day this reverend gentleman is pleased to erroneously designate the "Sabbath" is duly observed. They will assuredly do so in the long run, if it is found conducive to the well-being of the greater portion of the community. It is a question, however, whether most men would not rather earn two or three dollars on Sunday in preference to hearing a long sermon on original sin in the morning, and one on predestination in the evening. Ministers had better close their churches on Sunday and keep them open every other day as an earnest of their good faith in this crusade ostensibly for the workingman's benefit.

If Mr. Munro's knowledge of Divine Law is on a par with his knowledge of human law he is not a safe guide. He says it is the duty of the Legislature to insist upon the Government's enforcing a law already upon the statute book. In this assertion he is clearly wrong. Neither the Government nor the Legislature has anything to do with enforcing the laws. When the Canadian people rise in their majesty at the bidding of the clergy, and ordain the observance of the Sabbath as of old, the 20,000,000 church members, and the 40,000,000 church-goers (which by the by make up the whole population) of the United States are about as likely to endorse the scheme as they are to elect Mr. Munro to the Presidency as a recognition of his great efforts.

"What has been the history of Christianity from the beginning, but the conflict of a few and apparently weak against the many and seemingly strong?" asks Mr. Munro. Surely he knows that this is an absurd question. The history of Christianity, whatever good it has done—and that it has done great good I am free to admit—is, as regards Sabbath observance and kindred questions, the record of a trail of blood which becomes narrower as Science increases and lets into the soul "new light through chinks that time has made." I claim to have as much sympathy with the workingman as has Mr. Munro or any other clergyman or layman, but I assert that cast-iron laws for *Sunday* observance are not in the least calculated to ameliorate his condition. If Mr. Munro would urge Henry George's doctrine of land tenure and taxation, he would prove himself a much truer friend to workingmen and a much more faithful follower of Jesus Christ.

Monday, June 6, 1887.

JOSHUA DAVIDSON.

A new literary weekly will appear in Boston in the autumn called *The Twentieth Century*. The staff includes Messrs. Henry A. Clapp, C. A. Ralph, Bernard Berenson, Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, and Mrs. Louise Guiney.

Book Notice.

We have received from Mr. S. G. Dunlop, 77 Nelson St., Toronto, a copy of the May number of *The Inland Printer*, a monthly periodical published at Chicago, and devoted to, as its name imports, to the interests of the printing profession. It contains some exquisite specimens of letterpress printing, and some of the engravings are brought out with wonderful skill. We are glad to hear that the journeymen printers of Canada are subscribing liberally to this periodical, which cannot fail to teach them much that it is desirable for them to know, and which is consequently well deserving of their support.

Poetry.

A BALLAD OF THE PERIOD.

PART I.

The auld wife sat at her ivied door;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*),
A thing she had frequently done before;
And her knitting reposed on her aproned knees.

The piper he piped on the hill-top high
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*),
Till the cow said, "I die," and the goose asked "Why?"
And the dog said nothing, but searched for fleas.

The farmer he strode through the dim farm-yard
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*);
His last brew of cider had turned out hard—
The connection of which with the plot one sees.

The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*);
She hears the rook caw in the windy skies,
As she sits at her lattice and shells her peas.

The farmer's daughter hath ripe red lips
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*);
If you try to approach her, away she skips
Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*);
And I met with a ballad, I can't tell where,
Which mainly consisted of lines like these.

PART II.

She sat with her hands 'neath her dimpled cheeks
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*);
And spake not a word. While a lady speaks
There is hope—but she didn't even sneeze.

She sat, with her hands 'neath her crimson cheeks
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*);
She gave up mending her father's breeks,
And let the cat roll in her best chemise.

She sat, with her hands 'neath her burning cheeks
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*),
And gazed at the piper for thirteen weeks;
Then she followed him out o'er the misty leas.

Her sheep followed her, as their tails did them
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*);
And this song is considered a perfect gem;
And as to the meaning, it's what you please.

MARIETTA HOLLEY, known in literature as "Josiah Allen's Wife," has sent a card to various New York papers from which it appears that she has a substantial grievance. A book entitled *Miss Jones's Quilting* has her name on the title-page. Of the 206 pages of the book the lady says she wrote only twelve. The opening sketch was written by her for a magazine years ago. As to the remainder of the book, making up over 194 pages, she disclaims all responsibility. She does not know who the author is.

TIDD'S ISLAND MOUND.

You will search in vain on a map of Ontario for Tidd's Island, just as you may for hundreds of other islands, and for hundreds of lakes, any one of which would be reckoned of no small importance in most European countries. The group of which Tidd's is a small member forms what is by general consent the most beautifully picturesque archipelago in America. Of all sizes, from the area of a small garden to that of a township—gently sloping to the water's edge; or rising abruptly with a face of old Laurentian aspect—treeless, partly cleared, or thickly wooded—with here a nestling cot and there the palatial summer residence of some Canadian or American nabob, the ever-changing scenery in the Lake of the Thousand Islands charms the tourist on the river St. Lawrence. Most of the intervening channels are deep, and all are well stocked with pike, muskalonge, sturgeon and other kinds of fish.

Situated as these islands are, they must have formed admirable hunting grounds for the aborigines, besides affording convenient resting-places to canoe-parties crossing from side to side. Gananoque valley offered a convenient trail to the northern *habitat* of the large game, and no doubt the site of the present pretty and industrious town at the mouth of the river, whence it derives its name, was the scene of many a landing and departure of the ancient people, on their way to and from the Algonkin and Iroquois countries.

Every child in Gananoque knows the situation of Tidd's Island, and herein the Gananoque child has the advantage over millions of outsiders. Indeed, Tidd's Island requires but a bridge three-fourths of a mile in length to connect it with the mainland. It takes its name from a Teutonic settler who pitched his tent, or rather built his log shanty, here about seventy years ago. At present it is owned by several persons, and as it is fully half a mile long, and from an eighth to a fourth of a mile wide, it affords plenty of room for residences and gardens. The western end is the property of Mr. C. A. See, who has built a commodious hotel on an eminence facing Gananoque. The grounds are a favourite summer resort, known as Tremont Park, and on what is almost the highest point of the property Mr. See accidentally discovered a mound which examination has proved to be a place of sepulture, and to contain some specimens of aboriginal workmanship that are remarkable for the hugeness of their proportions, if not for the elegance of their outline.

Acting for the Canadian Institute, the writer had the pleasure of completing the examination of the Tremont Park Mound, and succeeded in finding even a larger number of stone and copper relics than had been taken out by Mr. See. That gentleman having very generously added his "find" to the writer's, and the Canadian Institute is now in possession of all that the mound contained. Valuable as this is it does not form the only interesting feature of the discovery. Other points may be enumerated thus:—1st, The structure was a real mound; 2nd, It is probably the most easterly example of its kind in this Province; and 3rd The evidences favour the view that the Mound Builders (in this case, at all events) were Indians. Unfortunately, the contents had been considerably disturbed before the Institute was privileged to make an examination, but from the observations of Mr. See and those of the writer it may be noted that the mound was almost perfectly circular, about forty feet in diameter at the base, and rising to a height of four and a half feet at the crown. In the centre, and on a level with the base, a quantity of charcoal and ashes told their own tale, and at a distance of five feet south-east of this fire-place was a structure about four

feet in length composed of stones set on edge in two rows, from ten to twelve inches between the rows, and covered with other stones, so as to give the whole a drain-like appearance. The presence of human remains indicated the purpose of the mound, although these were so much decayed as not to warrant any statement being made regarding the exact number interred. Perhaps fifteen would not be far astray, and the bodies appeared to have been placed in a circle, the heads about six feet from the base of the mound, and the feet pointing to the centre. Large stones were placed above and around the heads, close to which were found the various relics now in the Archaeological museum.

Messieurs Louis Bedard and L. O'Neil, who own property on the same island, kindly gave the Institute permission to open what appeared to be a similar structure further to the east, and to claim all it might contain; but a section made from the edge to the centre proved its sedimentary origin, although the outside deposit exhibited traces of Indian occupation.

In the report which the Institute purposes to issue at the close of the season, full descriptions, with diagrams, will be given of the principal objects from Tidd's Island and elsewhere. Meanwhile, correspondence is solicited from all persons who can in any way contribute to the stock of information now being gleaned by the Institute relative to places connected with early Indian life, habits and occupation.

Toronto.

DAVID BOYLE.

A PLUCKY GIRL.—A story is told in the Washington correspondence of the *Baltimore Sun* of a young lady, the orphan daughter of an army officer, who, to assist in supporting her mother and sister, applied for an appointment in the Treasury Department. John Sherman was then Secretary. The courageous little girl called upon the Secretary and stated her case. She said she was willing to do almost anything that would enable her to provide for her mother. The Secretary said he had nothing for her to do, but assured her that he would cheerfully assist her whenever an opportunity presented itself. The little girl insisted that there was plenty of work around the Department which ought to be done, and she expressed herself willing to turn her hand to any grade of employment. She became so persistent that the Secretary was at a loss for a pretext to get rid of her. She surveyed him from head to foot, and, observing that his boots were not well shined, remarked with much earnestness: "Mr. Sherman, I think there is something I can do for you if you will permit me, and that is to give your boots a first-class shine. My case is more desperate than you imagine, and I will accept a position as department bootblack." The Secretary was so astonished that it was several seconds before he recovered sufficiently to direct his clerk to have the young lady appointed to a \$900 clerkship. She has since married and is doing well.

COLD BATHING.—*The Lancet* says the use of cold water as a bath for ordinary health purposes is only useful, or even safe, when it produces a rapid return of blood to the surface immediately after the first impression made, whether by immersion or affusion. The surface must quickly redden, and there must be a glow of heat. If these effects are not rapidly apparent, cold bathing is bad; and no such effects are likely to be produced unless the circulation be vigorous, and both the heart and blood vessels are healthy. Great mistakes are made, and serious risks are often incurred, by the unintelligent use of the cold bath by the weakly or unsound. Moreover, it is necessary to bear in mind that there is seldom too much energy to spare after middle age, and it is seldom expedient for persons much over forty to risk cold bathing. We would go so far as to say that no one above that age should use the tub quite cold unless under medical advice.

THE MONEY DIGGERS AND OLD NICK.

ON the rough and rocky coast of Maine, about ten miles to the eastward of Portland harbour, lies Jewell's Island. It is a bright and beautiful gem on the ocean's breast, full of various and romantic scenery. It has its green pastures, its cultivated fields, and its dark shaggy forests. Its seaward shore is a high and precipitous mass of rock, rough, and ragged, and projecting in a thousand shapes into the chafing ocean, whose broken waves dash and roll into its deep fissures, and roar and growl like distant thunder. On the inland side of the island, there is a grassy slope down to the water's edge, and here is a little, round, quiet harbour, where boats can ride at anchor, or rest on the sandy beach in perfect security. The island has been inhabited by a few fishermen, probably for a century, and recently works have been erected upon it for the manufacture of coppers and alum, the mineral from which these articles are produced having been found there in great abundance.

This island has been renowned as a place for money-digging ever since the first settlements were planted along the coast; and wild and romantic are the legends related by the old dames, in the cottages of the fishermen, when some wind-bound passenger, who has left his vessel to spend the evening on shore, happens to make any inquiry about the money-diggers. But of all these wild legendary narratives, probably there is none more authentic, or supported by stronger or more undoubted testimony, than the veritable history herein recorded and preserved.

Soon after the close of the revolutionary war, when the country began to breathe somewhat freely again, after its long deathlike struggle, and the industry of the inhabitants was settling down into its accustomed channels, a sailor, who had wandered from Portland harbour some forty or fifty miles back into the country, called at the house of Jonathan Rider, and asked for some dinner. "But shiver my timbers," he added, "if I've got a stiver of money to pay for it with. The last shot I had in the locker went to pay for my breakfast."

"Well, never mind that," said Jonathan, "I never lets a fellow creetur go away hungry as long as I've got anything to eat myself. Come, haul up to the table here, and take a little of such pot-luck as we've got. Patty, hand on another plate, and dip up a little more soup."

The sailor threw his tarpaulin cap upon the floor, gave a hitch at his waistband, and took a seat at the table with the family, who had already nearly finished their repast.

"What may I call your name, sir, if I may be so bold?" said Jonathan, at the same time handing a bowl of soup to the sailor.

"My name is Bill Stanwood, the world over, fair weather or foul; I was born and brought up in old Marblehead, and followed fishing till I was twenty years old, and for the last ten years I've been foreign viges all over the world."

"And how happens you to get away so far from the sea now, jest as the times is growing better, and trade is increasing?"

"Oh, I had a bit of a notion," said Bill, "to take a land tack a few days up round in these parts."

"Maybe you've got some relations up this way," said Jonathan, "that you are going to visit?"

"Oh no," said Bill, "I haint got a relation on the face of the arth, as I know on. I never had any father, nor mother, nor brother, nor sister. An old-aunt, that I lived with when I was a little boy, was all the mother that ever I had; and she died when I was on my last fishing cruise; and there wasn't nobody left that I cared a stiver for, so I thought I might as well haul up line and be off. So I took

to foreign viges at once, and since that I have been all round the West Indies, and to England, and France, and Russia, and South America, and up the Mediterranean, and clear round the Cape of Good Hope to China, and the deuce knows where."

"But, you say you haint got no relations up this way?"

"No."

"Nor acquaintances nother?"

"No."

"Then, if I may be so bold, what sent you on a cruise so fur back in the country, afoot and alone, as the gal went to be married?"

"Oh, no boldness at all," said Bill; "ask again, if you like. Howsomever," he added, giving a knowing wink with one eye, "I come on a piece of business of a very particular kind, that I don't tell to everybody."

"I want to know!" said Jonathan, his eyes and mouth beginning to dilate a little. "Maybe, if you should tell me what 'tis, I might give you a lift about it."

"By the great hocus pocus!" said Bill, looking his host full in the face, "If I thought you could, I'd be your servant the longest day I live."

"You don't say so?" said Jonathan, with increasing interest; "it must be something pretty particular then. I should like mighty well to know what 'tis. Maybe I might help you about it."

"Well, then," said Bill, "I'll jest ask you one question. Do you know anything of an old school-master, about in these parts, by the name of Solomon Bradman?"

"No—why?"

"Never heard anything of him?" said Bill, with earnestness.

"Not a word," said Jonathan; "why, what about him?"

"It is deuced strange," said Bill, "that I never can hear a word of that man. I'd work like a slave a whole year for the sake of finding him only one hour. I was told, the last he was heard on, he was in some of these towns round here; keeping school."

"Well, I never heard of him before," said Jonathan; "but what makes you so mighty anxious to find him? Did you go to school to him once, and have you owed him a licking ever since? Or does he owe you some money?"

"No, I never set eyes on him in my life," said Bill; "but there's nobody in the world I'd give half so much to see. And now we've got along so fur, jest between you and me I'll ask you one more question; but I wouldn't have you name it to anybody for nothing."

"No, by jings," said Jonathan, "if you're a mind to tell me, I'll be as whist about it as a mouse."

"Well, then," said Bill, "I want to know, if you know of anybody, that knows how to work *brandy-way*?"

"Brandy-way? what's that?" said Jonathan. "If you mean anybody that can *drink* brandy-way, I guess I can show you one," he continued, turning to a stout, red-faced, blowzy-looking man, who sat at his right hand at table. "Here's my neighbour, Asa Sampson, I guess can do that as sort of business as fast as anybody you can find. Don't you think you can, Asa?"

Asa Sampson was a hard one. He was helping Mr. Rider do his haying. He had been swinging the scythe, through a field of stout clover, all the forenoon, during which time he had taken a full pint of strong brandy, and now had just finished a hearty hot dinner. Mr. Sampson's face, therefore, it may well be supposed, was already in rather a high glow. But at this sudden sally of Mr. Rider, the red in Asa's visage grew darker and deeper, till it seemed almost ready to burst out into a blue flame. He choked and stammered, and tried to speak. And at last he did speak; and says he:—

"Why, yes, Mr. Rider, I guess so; and if you'll jest bring your brandy bottle on, I'll try to show you how well I can do that are sort of business."

Mr. Rider, thinking his joke upon Asa was rather a hard one, as the most ready means of atoning for it, called upon Mrs. Rider to bring forward the bottle at once.

"Come," said Mr. Rider, "let's take a drop," turning out a glass himself, and then passing the bottle to the sailor and Mr. Sampson.

"I can drink brandy all weathers," said Bill Stanwood, filling up a good stiff glass; "but if I could only jest find somebody that could show me how to work brandy-way, I should rather have it than all the brandy that ever was made in the world."

"But what do you mean by this brandy-way you talk about?" said Jonathan. "Seems to me that's a new kind of a wrinkle; I don't understand it."

"Why, I mean," said Bill, "I want to know how to measure brandy-way; that is, how to measure off so many rods on the ground brandy-way. I never heard of but one man that fully understood it and that was Master Bradman; and I've been told that he knew it as well as he did the multiplication table. I've been hunting for that man a fortnight all round in these towns about here, and it's plaguey strange I can't hear nothing of him."

"Well, I don't know anything about your measuring brandy-way," said Jonathan, "and as for Master Bradman, I'm sure there haint nobody by that name kept school in this town these twenty years. For I've lived here twenty years, and know every schoolmaster that's kept school here since I came into the town. But, if I may be so bold, what makes you so anxious to learn about this brandy-way business?"

"Why, I've reasons enough," said Bill; "I'll tell you what 'tis, shipmate," he added, giving Jonathan a familiar slap on the shoulder, "if I could only learn how to measure fifteen rods brandy-way, I wouldn't thank King George to be my grandfather. I should have as much money as I should want, if I should live to be as old as Methusaleh."

"You don't say so?" said Jonathan, his eyes evidently growing larger at the recital. "I should like mighty well to know how that's done."

"Well, I should a good deal rather see the money than hear about it," said Asa Sampson, whose ideas were somewhat *waked up* by the effects of the brandy.

"Then you don't believe it, do you?" said Bill. "I could convince you of it in five minutes, if I'd a mind to; for I've got the evidence of it in my pocket. If I could only measure brandy-way, I know where I could go and dig up lots and lots of money, that have been buried in the earth by pirates."

"Are you in earnest?" said Jonathan.

"To be sure I am; I never was more in earnest in my life."

"Well, now do tell us all about it, for if it's true, and you'll give me a share of it, I wouldn't valley taking my old horse and wagon, and going round a few days with you to help hunt up Master Bradman. And if we can't find him, perhaps we can find somebody else that knows how to do it. But do you know pretty near where the money is?"

"Yes, I know within fifteen rods of the very spot."

"And you are sure there's money buried there?"

"Yes, I'm sure of it. I've got the documents here in my pocket that tells all about it. I'm most tired of hunting alone for it, and if you're a mind to take hold and follow it up with me, I've a good mind to let you into the secret, and let you go snacks with me; for, somehow or other, I kind of take a liking to you, and don't believe I shall find a cleverer fellow if I sail the world over."

"That's what you won't," said Mrs. Rider, who began to feel a strong interest in the conversation of the sailor. I've summered and wintered Mr. Rider, and know just what he is; and I don't think you'll find anybody that would help you more in looking for the money, or any cleverer man to have a share of it after you've found it."

"Well, that's jest what I want," said Bill; "so, if you say so, it's a bargain."

"Well, I say so," said Jonathan; "now let's see your documents."

Bill Stanwood deliberately drew from his pocket an old rusty pocket-book, carefully tied together with a piece of twine. He opened it, and took from its inmost fold a paper much worn and soiled.

"There," said he, "that's the secret charm. That's worth more than King George's crown; if 'twasn't for that plaguey little botheration about measuring fifteen rods brandy-way. New I'll tell you how I come by this ere paper. About three years ago, we was on a vige round the Cape of Good Hope, and we had an old Spanish sailor with us that was a real dark-faced old bruiser. He was full of odd ways. It seemed as if he'd got tired of the world and everybody in it, and didn't care for nobody nor nothin'. And every soul on board almost hated him, he was so crabbed-like. At last he was took sick, and grew very bad. Day after day he lay in his berth, and only grew worse. The captain used to send him some medicine every day, but never would go near him, and none of the hands didn't go nigh him, only jest to hand him the medicine when the captain sent it. And he would take the medicine without saying a word, and then lay down again, and you wouldn't know but what he was dead all day, if it wasn't once in a while you would hear him fetch a hard breath, or a groan. I began to pity him, and I went and stood, and looked on him. The cold sweat stood in drops on his forehead, he was in so much distress. And says I, 'Diego, can't I do something for you?' And I s'pose I looked kind of pitiful on him, for he opened his eyes and stared in my face a minute, as if he heard some strange sound, and then the tears come into his eyes, and his chin quivered, and says he,

"Bill, if you'll only jest get me a drink of cold water, for I'm all burning up inside."

"And I went and got him some water, and he drank it, and it seemed to revive him a little. And says he to me, 'Bill, I'm jest going off upon my last long vige.' And then he put his hand in his pocket, and took out this very paper, and handed it to me; and says he,

"I meant to have kept this in my pocket, and let it be throwed with my old carcase into the sea; but you have been kind to me, and you may have it; and if ever you go into that part of the world again, it will show you where you can get as much money as you want."

"That night poor Diego died, and we took and wrapped him in his blanket, and put a stone to his feet, and threw him overboard; and that was the end of poor Diego."

"Poor soul," said Mrs. Rider, brushing a tear from her eye, "how could you bear to throw him overboard?"

"Oh, we couldn't do nothin' else with him, away off there to sea. When a poor fellow dies a thousand miles from land, there's no other way but to souse him over, and let him go. I pitied the creetur at the last, but no doubt he'd been a wicked wretch, and I suppose had lived among pirates. He had scars on his face and arms, that showed he'd been in some terrible battles."

"Well, what was in the paper?" said Jonathan, beginning to grow a little impatient for the documents.

"I'll read it to you," said Bill.

So saying, he opened the paper, which was so much worn

at the folds as to drop into several pieces, and read from it as follows:—

In the name of Captain Kidd, Amen.—On Jewell's Island, near the harbour of Falmouth, in the District of Maine, is buried a large iron pot full of gold, with an iron cover over it, and also two large iron pots full of silver dollars and half dollars, with iron covers over them; and also one other large iron pot, with an iron cover over it, full of rich jewels, and gold rings and necklaces, and gold watches of great value. In this last pot is the paper containing the agreement of the four persons who buried these treasures, and the name of each one is signed to it with his own blood. In that agreement it is stated that this property belongs equally to the four persons who buried it, and is not to be dug up or disturbed while the whole four are living, except they be all present. And in case it shall not be reclaimed during the lifetime of the four, it shall belong equally to the survivors, who shall be bound to each other in the same manner as the four were bound. And in case this property shall never be dug up by the four, or any of them, the last survivor shall have a right to reveal the place where it is hid, and to make such disposition of it as he may think proper. And in that same paper the evil spirit of darkness is invoked to keep watch over this money, and to visit with sudden destruction any one of the four who may violate his agreement. This property was buried at the hour of midnight, and only at the hour of midnight can it ever be reclaimed. And it can be obtained only in the most profound silence on the part of those who are digging for it. Not a word or syllable must be uttered from the time the first spade is struck in the ground, till a handful of the money is taken out of one of the pots. This arrangement was entered into with the spirit of darkness, in order to prevent any unauthorized persons from obtaining the money. I am the last survivor of the four. If I shall dispose of this paper to any one before my death, or leave it to any one after I am gone, he may obtain possession of this great treasure by observing the following directions. Go to the north side of the island, where there is a little cove, or harbour, and a good landing on a sandy beach. Take your compass and run by it due south a half a mile, measuring from high-water mark. Then run fifty rods east by compass, and there you will find a blue stone, about two feet long, set endwise into the ground. From this stone, measure fifteen rods brandy-way, and there, at the depth of five feet from the surface of the ground, you will find the pots of money.

(Signed) DIEGO ZEVOLO.

When Bill Stanwood had finished reading his "document," there was silence in the room for the space of two minutes. Jonathan's eyes were fixed in a sort of bewildered amazement upon the sailor, and Mrs. Rider's were riveted intently upon her husband; while Asa Sampson's were rolling about with a strange wildness, and his mouth was stretched open wide enough to swallow the brandy bottle whole. At last, says Bill,

"There you have it in black and white, and there's no mistake about it. It's all as true as the book of Genesis. I've been on to the ground, and I've measured off the half a mile south, and I've measured the fifty rods east, and I've found the blue stone, but how to measure the fifteen rods brandy-way, I'll die if I can tell."

"Well, that's a tremendous great story," said Asa Sampson; "but according to my way of thinking, I should rather have it in black and white, than to have it in red and white. Somehow or other, I never should want to have anything to do with papers that are signed with men's blood. I

shouldn't like to be handling that paper that's buried up in one of them pots."

"Poh, that paper's nothing to us," said Bill; "we didn't write it. I should as lives take that paper up and read it, as to read the prayer-book."

"Mercy on us," said Mrs. Rider; "read a paper that's writ with men's blood, and when Old Nick is set to watch it too? I wouldn't do it for all the world, and husband shan't do it neither."

"But does it say we must have anything to do with the paper, in order to get the money?" said Jonathan.

"Not a word," said Bill. "I tell you that paper has no more to do with us, than it has with the man in the moon."

"But," said Mrs. Rider. "It does say the old evil one is set there to watch the money. And do you think I'd have my husband go and dig for money right in the face and eyes of Old Nick himself? I should rather be as poor as Job's cat all the days of my life."

"There's no trouble about that," said Bill; "all we've got to do is to hold our tongues, while we're digging, and the old feller will keep his distance, and won't say a word us. At any rate, I'm determined to have the money, if I can find it, devil or no devil."

"But that confounded brandy-way I don't know how to get over that. That's worse than forty Old Nicks to get along with."

"Well, I'll tell you what 'tis," said Jonathan, "if you can get within fifteen rods of the money, I can find it without any help of your brandy-way, that you tell about."

"You can?" said Bill, eagerly.

"Yes; if you'll carry me within fifteen rods of where the money is, I'll engage to find the very spot where it is buried in less than one hour."

"You will?" said Bill, springing on his feet, and giving Jonathan a slap on his shoulder, "Can you do it? Do tell us how."

"Yes, I can find it with a mineral rod."

"What's a mineral rod?" said Bill. "Now none of your humbugs; but if you can do it, tell us how."

"There's no humbug about it," said Jonathan, tartly. "I know how to work a mineral rod, and I believe I can find the money."

"But what is a mineral rod?" said Bill.

"Why, don't you know? It's a green crooked branch of witch-hazel, cut off about a foot and a half or two foot long. And them that has the power to work 'em, takes the ends of the branches in each hand, and holds the other end, where the branches are joined together, pointing up to the sky. And when they come near where there's minerals, or gold, or silver, buried in the ground, the rod will bend that way; and when they get right over the spot, the rod will bend right down and point towards the ground."

"Now, is that true?" said Bill.

"True? yes, every word of it. I've seen it done many a time, and I've done it myself. The mineral rod won't work in everybody's hands, but it'll work in mine, and once I found a broad-axe by it that was lost in the meadow."

"Well, then," said Bill, "let us be off forthwith, and not let that money lie rusting in the ground any longer. Why not start off to-night?"

"Well, I don't know but we could start towards night," said Jonathan; "but I shall have to go out first and hunt up a witch-hazel tree to get some mineral rods."

"It's my opinion," said Asa Sampson, "you had better wait a day or two, and finish getting in your hay before you go; for if you should come back with your wagon filled with money, you'll be too confounded lazy ever to get it in afterwards."

"No, you shan't stir one step," said Mrs. Rider, "till that hay is all got in. There's two loads out that's made enough to get in now, and you know there's as much as one load to mow yet."

Mrs. Rider's will was all the law or gospel there was about the house. Of course her husband did not undertake to gainsay her dictum, but told Bill they could not possibly get ready to start before the next night, as that hay would have to be taken care of first.

"Well, then," said Bill, "call all hands, and let's go at it. Come, where's your scythe? I'll go and finish mowing that grass down in the first place."

"But can you mow?" said Jonathan, doubtingly.

"Mow? I guess you'd think so, if you should see me at it. I worked on a farm six weeks once, when I was a boy, and learnt to pull every rope in the ship."

All hands repaired to the field. Bill Stanwood took a scythe and went to thrashing about as though he were killing rattlesnakes. He soon battered up one scythe against the rocks, and presently broke another by sticking it into a stump. It was then agreed that he should change works with Asa Sampson, and help get the hay into the barn, while Asa mowed. The business then went on briskly. The boys and girls were out spreading and raking hay, and Mrs. Rider herself went on to the mow in the barn to help stow it away. The next day the haying was finished, and all things were in preparation to start for Jewell's Island. Mrs. Rider, however, whose imagination had been excited by the idea of Old Nick being set to guard the money, was still unwilling her husband should go; and it was not till he had solemnly promised to bring her home a new silk gown, and a new pair of morocco shoes, and some stuff to make her a new silk bonnet, that she finally gave her consent. When the matter was finished, she took a large firkin and filled it with bread and cheese, and boiled beef, and doughnuts, for them to eat on their way; and Bill said there was a great plenty to last till they got down to the pots of money, and after that they could buy what they wanted.

Asa Sampson, who was at work for Mr. Rider, agreed to go with them for his regular daily pay, with this proviso: if they got the money, they were to make him a present outright of a hundred dollars, which he said would be as much money as he should ever know what to do with.

As a parting caution, Mrs. Rider charged them to remember and not speak while they were digging, and told them, lest some word might slip out before they thought of it, they had better each of them tie a handkerchief over their mouths when they begun to dig, and not take it off till they got down to the money. They all agreed that it would be an excellent plan, and they would certainly do it.

Mr. Rider's old horse was tackled into the wagon, the baggage was put on board, and the three fortune hunters jumped in and drove off for Falmouth. It was a long and lonesome road, but the bright visions of the future, that were dancing before their eyes, made it seem to them like a journey to Paradise.

"Now, Mr. Rider," said Bill, "what do you mean to do with your half of the money, when we get it?"

"Well, I think I shall take two thousand dollars of it," said Jonathan, and buy Squire Dickinson's farm, that lives next neighbour to me. He's always looked down upon me with a kind of contempt, because I wasn't so well off in the world as he was; and I should like mighty well to get him out of the neighbourhood. And I guess he's drove for money too, and would be glad to sell out. And now, neighbour Stanwood, I'll tell you what I think you better do. You better buy a good farm right up there alongside of

me, and we'll build each of us a large nice house, just alike, and get each of us a first rate horse, and we'll live together there, and ride about and take comfort."

"By the hocus pocus!" said Bill, "I hope you don't call that taking comfort. No, none of your land-lubber vices for me. I'll tell you what I mean to do. As soon as I get my money I mean to go right to Boston and buy the prettiest ship I can find—one that will sail like the wind—and I'll have three mates so I shan't have to stand no watch, but go below just when I like; and I'll go cap'n of her, and go away up the Mediterranean, and up the Baltic. And then I'll make a vige straight round the world, and if I don't beat Captain Cook all to nothin', I think it's a pity. And now you better sell out your old farm up there among the bushes, and go with me. I'll tell you what 'tis, shipmate, you'd take more comfort in one month aboard a good vessel, than you could on a farm in a whole year. What comfort is there to be found on a farm, where you never see anything new, but have the same thing over and over forever? No variety, no change, but everything always the same—I should get as tired as death in a month."

"Well, now, neighbour," said Jonathan, "you are as much mistaken, as if you had burnt your shirt. There's no business in the world that has so much variety and so many new things all the time, as farming. In the first place, in the spring comes ploughing time, and then comes planting time, and after that hoeing and weeding; and then comes haying time; and then reaping time; and then getting in the corn and potatoes. And then, to fill up with a little fun once in a while, we have sheep washing in the spring, and huskings in the fall, and breaking out the roads after a snow storm in the winter; and something or other new most all the time. When your crops are growing, even your fields look new every morning; while at sea you have nothing new, but the same things over and over, every day from morning till night. Yo do nothing but sail, sail, all the time; and have nothing to look at but water from one week's end to another."

Here Bill Stanwood burst into a broad loud laugh, and says he:—

"Well done, shipmate. I must say you are the greenest horn I've met with this long time. No variety and nothing new to be seen in going to sea! If that ain't a good one! The very place, too, to see everything new and to learn everything that there is in the world. Why, only jest in working the ship there's more variety and more to be seen than there is in working a whole farm, to say nothing about going all over the world, and seeing everything else. Even in a dead calm you can see the whales spouting and the porpoises rolling about. And when the wind is slack, you have enough to do to stick on your canvas. You run up your topgallan-sels, and your rials, and out with your studden-sels, and trim your sheets, and make all the sails draw. And then you walk the deck and watch the changes of the wind; and if a vessel heaves in sight what a pleasure there is in taking your spy-glass and watching her motions till she's out of sight again; or, if she comes near enough, how delightful 'tis to hail her and learn where she's from, and where she's bound, and what her captain's name is! And when it comes on a blow what a stirring time there is! All hands are out to take in the light sails; down goes the topgallan' yards; and if the wind increases you begin to reef; and if it comes on to blow a real snorter, you furl all sails and scud away under bare poles. And sometimes, when the storm is over, you come across some poor fellows on a wreck, half starved or half froze to death, and then you out with your boat and go and take 'em off, and nurse 'em up and bring 'em to. Now here's some life in all this business,

some variety, and something interesting, compared with what there is on a farm. You better pull up stakes when we get our money, sell your old farm and go to sea along with me."

"Well," said Jonathan, "I'll tell you what 'tis neighbour, I'll leave it out to Mr. Sampson here to say which is the best and pleasantest business, farming or going to sea. If he says farming, you shall pay the toddy at the next tavern, and if he says going to sea, I'll pay it."

"Done," said Bill. "Now, Asa, give us your opinion."

"Well," said Asa, "all I can say is, if going to sea isn't pleasanter business than farming there isn't much pleasure in it, that's all."

"But that ain't deciding anything at all," said Bill; "you must tell us right up and down which is the best business."

"Well, if I must say," said Asa, "I should say going to sea was the best and the pleasantest."

"There, I told you so," said Bill. "Now how fur is it to the next tavern? I want that toddy."

"It's jest to the top of this hill," said Jonathan; "and bein' the hill's pretty steep, we'll jump out and walk up, and give the old horse a chance to breathe."

So out they jumped, and Jonathan drove the horse up the hill, while Bill and Asa loitered along a little behind.

"How upon arth," said Bill, "come you to decide in favour of going to sea? Did you ever go to sea?"

"I? No I never set foot aboard a vessel in all my life."

"Then how come you to know so much about going to sea?"

"Poh!" said Asa, "all I knew about it was, I knew Mr. Rider had some money, and I knew you hadn't, and I wanted the toddy. How *could* I decide any other way?"

"True enough," said Bill, "you was exactly right."

When they reached the tavern, Mr. Rider paid the toddy, and, after giving the old horse a little provender and a little time to breathe, the trio pursued their journey with renewed spirits and livelier hopes. When they reached the sea-shore at Falmouth, the sun was about an hour high. They immediately hired a small row boat for two or three days, leaving their horse and wagon in pawn for it, and prepared to embark for Jewell's Island, which was about ten miles distant. Jonathan was a little fearful about being out upon the water in the night, and was for waiting till next morning and taking the day before them for the voyage to the island. But Bill said no, "they could go half the distance before sunset, and as there was a good moon, there would be no difficulty in going the other half after sunset; and he was determined to be on the island that night, let the consequence be what 'twould."

They accordingly put their baggage on board, and jumped in, and rowed off. Bill first took the helm, and Jonathan and Asa sat down to the oars. But being totally unaccustomed to a boat, they made sad work of rowing, and in spite of all of Bill's teaching and preaching, scolding, and swearing, their oars splashed up and down alternately in the water, resembling more in their operation two flails upon the barn floor than two oars upon the ocean. Their little bark made but slow headway, and Bill soon got out of patience, and told Jonathan to take the helm and he would row himself. Jonathan, however, succeeded no better at the helm than at the oar; for the boat was soon heading in all directions, and making as crooked a track as was ever made by the veritable sea-serpent himself. So that Bill was obliged to call Jonathan from the helm, and manage to keep the boat as straight as he could by rowing. The slow progress they made under all these disadvantages brought it to midnight before they reached the island. They however succeeded at last in gaining the little harbour,

and it being about high water they drew their boat upon the beach, and walked up on the island towards a fisherman's hut, which Bill had frequented upon his former visit to the place. The moon had set, and the night was now somewhat dark. As they wound their way along through the bushes and under the tall trees, not a sound was to be heard, save the low sullen roar of the ocean, which came like delicious music to the ears of Bill Stanwood, while to Jonathan and Asa it added a still deeper gloom to the silence and darkness of the night.

They had walked but a short distance when a dim light glittered through the trees, and told them that the fisherman's hut was near.

"Ah," said Bill, "old Mother Newbegin is up. I believe she never goes to bed; for go there what time of night you will, you will always find her paddling about the room with an old black night-cap on, putting dishes to rights in the closet, or sweeping up the floor, or sitting down and mending her husband's clothes. She looks more like a witch than she does like a human creature, and sometimes I've almost thought she had something to do about guarding the money that's buried on the island."

"Well, ain't there some other house about here," said Asa, "that we can go to? Somehow, it seems to me I shouldn't like to get quite so near that old hag, if there's any witchcraft about her."

"There's no other house very near," said Bill; "and, besides, I think it's best to go in and see old Mother Newbegin. For if she is a witch, it's no use to try to keep out of the way of her; and if we keep the right side of her and don't get her mad, maybe she may help us a little about finding the money."

They approached the house, and as they passed the little low window, they saw by the red light of a pitch knot, that was burning on the hearth, the old woman sitting and roasting coffee, which she was stirring with a stout iron spoon. They stopped a little and reconnoitered. The glare of the light fell full on the old woman's face, showing her features sharp and wrinkled, her skin brown, and her eyes black and fiery. Her chin was leaning on one hand, and the other was busily employed in stirring the coffee, while she was talking to herself with a solemn air, and apparently with much earnestness. Her black night-cap was on, and fastened with a piece of twine under her chin, and the tight sleeves of her frock sat close to her long bony arms, while her bare feet and bird-claw toes projected out in full view below the bottom of her dress.

"I swow," said Asa, "I believe she has got a cloven foot. Let's be off; I should rather go back and sleep in the boat than to go in here to-night."

"Poh!" said Bill, "that's only the shadow of her foot you see on the floor; she hasn't got any more of a cloven foot than you have. Come, I'm going in whether or no."

With that he gave a loud rap at the door.

"Who's there?" screamed the old woman.

"A friend," said Bill.

"Well, who be ye? What's your name? I shan't open the door till I know who you be."

"Bill Stanwood," said the sailor.

"Oh, is it you, Bill? Come in then," said the old woman, unfastening the door, and throwing it open.

"So you're after money again, aint ye?" said the old woman, as they entered the house; "and you've brought these two men with you to help you, and that's what you are here for this time of night."

"I swow," said Asa, whispering to Bill Stanwood, "let's be off, she knows all about it."

(To be concluded next week.)

The Cost of Smoking.

To preach to a smoker about the hurtfulness of using tobacco, is like trying to dip water with a sieve; but I have always noticed that, when all other arguments have failed, there is one which will tell on the most obdurate. Begin to talk money, and if the hearer's purse is likely to be affected, you will see his mouth open and his eyes begin to sparkle with excitement, and for this reason I will show the cost of smoking for five years, from which the cost for a lifetime may be easily reckoned. We will say that a young man begins to smoke when he is sixteen, and on an average smokes two cigars per day (which is a very low estimate), and continues until he is twenty-one. Now let us reckon the cost. For the first year he smokes two per day, at a cost of ten cents each, making for a year the sum of \$73. Now, if instead of spending this money he had put it at interest at the end of the first year, during the next year at six per cent. it would have gained \$4.38, which, together with the \$73, which he would smoke up, would give him at the end of the second year \$150.38—which again put at interest, together with the \$73 for this year, would amount to the neat little sum of \$232.40 at the end of the third year. Again getting the amount and adding \$73 for another year, the whole amount is swelled to \$319.34, which he puts at interest at the beginning of the fifth year. By reckoning up his bank account at the expiration of the five years, he is astonished to find his cigars have cost him the round sum of \$411.50—and this is not all. Smoking as well as chewing creates a thirst which must be satiated. For a time water may do, but the smoker will soon find that the terrible craving for drink cannot be satisfied with water, and therefore to "set himself to rights" he must have a glass or two of cider and perhaps something stronger. No less than two glasses for each cigar will answer, for which he will pay five cents each, making another twenty cents per day which he will drink, which at the end of the five years will amount to another \$411.50—making in all \$823—a nice little capital for a young man just starting out in life. I suppose that all I can say about the filthiness and other inconveniences of their habit will be words thrown away, but after considering this subject, I feel as though I could not lay down the pen without saying a few more words to those who have fallen victims to it. Having occasion to go down to the village store on a stormy day, as I entered, my nose, mouth, throat and lungs were filled with a cloud of tobacco-smoke. The shock which it gave me was so great that I came near being sick, and could not relish my food for several days afterwards, while the sickening scent of rank tobacco clung about my clothes for a long time. Now if, besides losing their time, these men could be made to understand what beasts they were making of themselves, and how they were clouding their brains and darkening their intellects with every puff they took, while every particle of air which

they inhale was mingled with the poisonous fumes of poor tobacco, and every cent of money they paid out for the weed was just so much paid out to insure a shortening of the number of their days, they would throw aside the pipe and hasten home, and there set themselves about their business.—*Country Gentleman.*

Queen Victoria.

THE sovereign with whom Queen Victoria is naturally contrasted is Elizabeth, who reigned like a king by virtue of her imperious will, inflexible purpose and unflinching self-reliance. One was an essentially masculine character with few signs of the sensibility and innate gentleness characteristic of her sex. The other has never been unsexed in her long and triumphant reign. She has been a womanly Queen. While she has made a serious business of reigning and has devoted herself with much patience and toil to the arduous political functions of her office, she has exercised a personal influence over the English people that has been as essentially feminine as her rival's was masculine. As wife, mother and widow she has exhaled the purest and tenderest relations of English home life; and the innate womanliness of her character has left a permanent impression upon the social life of English-speaking races the world over. As a sovereign her great merits have been the readiness with which she has adapted herself to the political condition of constitutional monarchy and the influence which she has always powerfully exerted in favour of peace, purity and public morality.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Gospel of Pain.

THE power which rules the universe uses pain as a signal of danger. Just, generous, beautiful Nature never strikes a foul blow; never attacks us behind our backs; never digs pitfalls, or lays ambuscades; never wears a smile upon her face, when there is vengeance in her heart. Patiently she teaches us her laws, plainly she writes her warnings, tenderly she graduates her force. Long before the fierce red danger light of pain is flashed, she pleads with us, as though for her own sake, not ours—to be merciful to ourselves and to each other.—*Temple Bar.*

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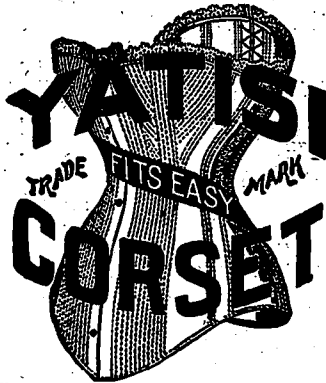
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The Rev. G. M. Milligan, pastor of Jarvis Street Presbyterian Church, writes,

884 Sherbourne St., Toronto,
July 26th, 1883.

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