

The Toronto Gazette.

"PRINCIPLES, NOT PARTY."

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1875.

No. 2.

MAYORALTY ELECTION, 1875.

Your Vote and Interest are respectfully solicited for

A. T. McCORD,
AS MAYOR.

Election Monday January 4th, '75.

Central Committee Rooms

12 ADELAIDE STREET EAST.

[From the Sun, December 29th.]

The Mayoralty.

The electors will in a few days be called upon to decide who shall occupy the Chief Magistrate's chair during the ensuing year. It is a duty of no small importance, and one which every elector should consider well before casting his vote. We regret extremely that the morning papers have thought fit to introduce politics into the contest, and we believe the good sense of the electors at large will repudiate the advice of those papers in this respect. The candidates are Mr. F. H. Medcalf, the present occupant of the chair, Mr. McCord, late Assistant Treasurer, and Mr. Angus Morrison. We deeply regret that the last named gentleman intends going to the polls because, notwithstanding his great personal popularity, defeat stares him in the face. Mr. Morrison would make an excellent Mayor, but this year he cannot be elected. Twelve months from now we have no doubt that if he offers himself he will be returned, but as matters stand now there is only one course for him to pursue—retire. With Mr. Morrison out of the field, the contest would be between Messrs. Medcalf and McCord. Anyone who has attended the meetings of the Council during the year just closing, must admit that Mr. Medcalf has not been a successful presiding officer. He lacks that firmness of disposition which the Mayor should possess. Advancing years are also telling on the old war horse, and he should not be asked to again perform the onerous duties attached to the Mayor's chair. Honest all believe him to be, but so is Mr. McCord, and the latter gentleman is certainly superior to him in executive ability. For these reasons then we advocate the election of Mr. McCord. His election would be a fitting tribute from the citizens to one who has served them faithfully for nearly forty years. We trust that all who have the interest of the city at heart will unite upon Mr. McCord, and that his election will thus be secured beyond doubt.

Vote for

McCORD

and save the credit of the City.

A strong effort to have the next college regatta at New London, Conn., will be made at the meeting of the College Boating Association in Hartford next Wednesday.

Father Beckx, the general of the Jesuits, has been disputing with the Italian Government in the law courts over a rich prize. A short time back the Marquis Frederico Fagnani died in Turin, and left the whole of his property to the Jesuits for the purpose of building schools and colleges. The State, however, intervened, and claimed the estate under the law for the conversion of the church property. Father Beckx thereupon disputed the right of the Government to interfere, but lost his cause both in the court of first instance and in the court of appeal. He then carried the matter before the Court of Cassation at Turin, which last week decided against him.

A Midnight Visitor.

It isn't very pleasant, says the editor of the *New Orleans Picayune*, when you are writing at your desk alone, about half-past twelve a.m., to look up and find that a large, ragged darkey, with a suspicious bundle and an aggravated club is standing beside you. The sense of suddenly discovering that your imagined solitude has been violated is uncomfortable and startling enough, but to experience that shock by such means as we have described is simply appalling. There wasn't a soul on the ground floor; the editorial rooms were dark and deserted, save where our lonely taper burned; the third story was given up to rats, and in his dizzy perch above the typo wrestled with our latest joke—and conquered, as we found next morning. It struck us that a temporizing policy was our only chance. We didn't know what the sable party wanted in particular. It was plain that he wanted everything in general; his hat looked like a scab, his trousers were a combination of inharmonious elements, joined only by such feeble bonds as strings and wooden pins; his shirt was a hopeless labyrinth; and his shoes the vision of a better world. As he made a sort of bow we heard his toe nail tear a splinter from the floor. But he only wanted hash. Think of it! at that hour, and under those clubby and terrifying circumstances, he only

A Hedge Schoolmaster's Lecture on Turnips.

BY CANDLE(SS) LIGHT.

Now Bhoys, The Lecture to-night will be on Turnips, and it's myself that ought to know all about it, seeing they give me a Leather Medal for finding out the best way to mash them. Now as the great men of haythen times, such as Harrystottle, Juluis Sayer, and the rest of them always gave their lectures in verse, I will do the same, and thin you will always remember me and never forget the Lecture.

Turnips you Students want to know
The Way to make the minerals grow
You take a spade an axe or hoe
and cut down the weeds,
Then North and South you make a row
and put in the seeds.
You let them be for a month or two

Till the tops are nicely coming through
Then take them up and look all through
to find the Bug
Then put them back upright and true
and cover anng.

Now Students you may bet the drinks
The Turnip bug cut up high Jinks



THE RACE FOR THE MAYORALTY.

MAY THE BEST MAN WIN.

wanted ten cents for hash! He explained that he wasn't a grasping man; things looked a little rocky just then, but he didn't mind. Summer was coming and clothes were no object; all he wanted was a plate of tripe and onions in some quiet place, and he'd wag along very well after that. He said he knew we were a good radical—graceful tribute to a clean shirt and shoe-fly cuff buttons!—and insinuated that two bits would make life very pleasant for him at that particular juncture. We don't take any credit for the act of giving that darkey half a dollar. In the revulsion of feeling, in the joy of finding him disposed to peaceful compromise, we resigned a fifty cents fraction with something very much like eagerness. After all it wasn't such a bad thing to see his hungry eyes light up, and mark the expectant joy with which he struck for Poydras Market.

Vote for

McCORD

and reduced taxation.

The notorious Spanish brigand chief, Diego Paz, who is charged with upwards of thirty assassinations, has been captured at Lamoiciere, in the province of Oran.

Bridget Abroad.

Nothing, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, would more tend to an improvement in the present relations between "mistress and maid" than that the former should learn to "know her place" better than at present. With a view to instructing her in this, we give publicity to the following wholesome rebuke to a mistress who had in an unguarded moment suggested to a newly-engaged housemaid that a railway station at which she would arrive was "only a short walk" from the house, and that a "donkey-cart would be sent for her luggage."

Madam—I received yr letter and the characters quite safe, but when i come to read at the end of your sending a donkey-cart to meet me i feel horror-stricken; it as entirely set me against the place, and what with the restriction on Dress i fear that i shall never be able to abide to your rules, for i have never gone without rings in my ears since i was 4 years old. Difrent other little things i have thought over it seriously since i sent yr letter away, and when i went to Lady—s to live the coachman and groom were both sent to meet me with a splendid spring cart, and when i went to Mrs.—s to live the carriage was sent to the station to meet me and the under-housemaid and a cab was ordered to take our luggage. i never heard anything so poverty-stricken as sending a donkey-cart, i am quite took against the place, and if i come i should never do myself any good, and then it would only be giving Mrs.—s a bad name and putting you to a great expense, and also putting you out of the way to be changing again so, altho i always dress very neat and plain but at the same time i do not like to be under restriction as to what i may be allowed to wear and what i may not and i think much better for me to be candid, I am Madam your Humbly servant

MARY JANE—

Vote for

McCORD

and close up the houses of ill-fame.

Pure Girls and Impure Boys.

Girls, in treating dissipated young men as equals, do a wrong that they can scarcely realize. Such men should be made to feel that until they redeem themselves, until they walk with correctness and honor in the path of right, good people will stand aloof from them. Girls who respect themselves will not be seen with such young men and will decline to receive them on the familiar footing of friendship. It is a mistaken kindness to poultice when caustic is needed, and I am inclined to think that a little sharp decision on the part of the young girls of to-day would go far to correct the general looseness of morality among young men. — *Women's Journal*

Bendigo, formerly a well-known prize fighter, and champion of England, delivered a religious address, on Nov. 29, to a crowded audience, at the London Cabmen's Mission Hall, at King's cross. The reporters state that Bendigo, who is now sixty-three years of age, "stands as straight as a dart," and his address is described as "simple, though coarse." He said he was the youngest of twenty-one children, and his father dying when he was thirteen, he was placed in the workhouse. He began fighting when he was sixteen years of age, and gave it up when he was forty.

The Prussian Cross Gazette publishes a letter from St. Jean de Luz, stating that M. Dupressoir, formerly lessee of the gaming tables at Baden-Baden, is negotiating with the Spanish Government for permission to establish gaming tables in the principal towns of Spain. He offers 25,000,000 francs for the concession, which the correspondent believes he will gain.

Style.

The Toronto Gazette.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 2ND.

THE TORONTO GAZETTE is a Campaign paper, to be published during the present Municipal and Parliamentary elections, strictly independent, belonging to no party and controlled by no candidate.

It will be published Tri-Weekly: Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and CIRCULATED GRATUITOUSLY.

As we shall carefully circulate 5,000 copies each number, or 15,000 copies per week in every section of the city, besides at all the hotels and public places, merchants and business men can see at a glance that this little paper is decidedly a VALUABLE ADVERTISING MEDIUM. We will receive a limited number of select advertisements at the very moderate charge of 10 cents per line per week.

For advertising space or other business, address the publisher, care of BELL & Co., Printers, 13 Adelaide Street East.

If you want a peep into the future study our cartoon on the first page.

A cure for dyspepsia, cast your vote for McCord, and you will sleep the sleep of the blessed.

Electors! remember Monday, January 4th, is election day, and Toronto expects that day that every man will do his duty. Vote!

On election day the polls will be open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Let every elector, poor or rich, do his duty and vote out old "Square Toes."

Defeat old "Square Toes" and show the whiskey ring that they cannot control the city of Toronto nor dictate laws and conditions to its electors and people.

Mechanics and labouring men of Toronto, do your duty on election day and VOTE. We can roll up a majority of fifteen hundred if you will do your duty.

The autocrats of the whiskey mills have issued their orders to Mr. Angus Morrison. Will he barter his manhood and degrade himself by obeying their behests and becoming a creature of their will? We think not.

Ladies! if you value the privilege of walking the streets of Toronto without being insulted by drunken ruffians use your all powerful influence with your husbands and friends and see to it that they go to the polls and vote for McCord.

Gentlemen electors of Toronto, do not say that you have not the time to attend the polls and vote for a decent city government. Do try and spare ten or fifteen minutes from your business on election day, and do your duty like men and good citizens.

Although there are nearly 14,000 voters in Toronto there are rarely more than 6,000 votes polled at any election. What are the other eight thousand electors doing during election day that they cannot afford to devote ten or fifteen minutes for the good of the city? Awake, gentlemen, awake to your interests and save the credit and prosperity of the city by taking some interest in its municipal affairs. Vote like men and good citizens. Vote! Vote!!

An English clergyman in Calcutta has announced his intention of forming an anti-evil speaking society. He considers that the shameful habit of evil speaking which prevails among the European community ought to be entirely done away with. By way of practicing what he preached, the reverend gentleman, in the course of his sermon, vowed his intention to abstain henceforth from scandalizing his neighbors.

OUR NEXT MAYOR.

The official course which Mr. Medcalf, as Mayor of Toronto, has seen fit to pursue, in defiance of the feelings and wishes of the largest and most interested portion of our citizens is, to say the least, most imprudent and censurable, and his more recent acts and declarations indicate a determination on his part to administer the government of this city after a fashion of his own, and apparently with the sole purpose of catering for and pleasing a certain class, a class who have little or no interest in the welfare, prosperity or progress of our beautiful and enterprising city.

No respectable citizens who listened to Mr. Medcalf's address to the crowd who gathered about the City Hall during the nominations on Monday last, but must have felt pained and grieved, if not actually insulted, at both the language and behaviour of the man who represents this city in the capacity of its Chief Magistrate. His address was nothing but the vainest egotism and defiant unblushing effrontery. He had no excuses to offer for his shortcomings, no apology for outraging the feelings, and insulting the people's representatives in the persons of the delegation who waited upon him some weeks ago. On the contrary, he added insult to injury by sneering at the influence and power of the respectable portion of the community, and defiantly anticipating a triumphant victory over all opposition. This was most evident from the way he pandered to the taste of the "unterrified and unwashed," who had congregated to applaud him while insulting every other gentleman on the platform. Mr. Medcalf's assurance, egotism and insulting defiance can only be compared with that of the once famous, (or infamous), "Boss" Tweed, who, when charged by the citizens' committee of New York with gross corruption, insolently and defiantly replied "well, what are you going to do about it?" But, in spite of his boastful power and influence, his ability to control any election, and his popularity with the whiskey ring and rowdy element, at the very following election the citizens very effectually showed him "what they were going to do about it," by thoroughly and completely routing him at the polls, and finally consigning him to the penitentiary. So much for "Boss" Tweed. And although no one can or would for one moment cast any reflection on Mr. Medcalf's honesty or character as a man, it is patent to all that he has signally failed to do his duty as the Chief Magistrate of this city, and the course which he has seen fit to adopt, must and will merit the same rebuke which an outraged people gave the would-be autocrat of New York.

If the signs of the times and the opinions of thinking men are any indication of what may be the result of the approaching municipal election there can be but little doubt that Mr. McCord will be our next Chief Magistrate, to which we add a hearty Amen. There seems to be a general uprising of the masses, rich and poor, merchant and mechanic, irrespective of party affiliations or religious belief, who are quite tired of the incompetency of the present Mayor, and who are determined upon securing such an honest and proper administration of the city government as shall reflect credit alike upon its officers and its citizens. It is high time that the rate-payers of Toronto should adopt some means to check the course of crime and immorality which besets our city at the present, and which threatens to seriously impair our credit and prosperity. And our public servants must be taught to understand that they cannot perpetuate this power in defiance of the wants and wishes of the people, and that the people who placed them in power, can likewise remove them by the same means.

Vote for

MCCORD

and secure plenty of good, wholesome water.

Good Intentions.

'Tis said that—well, a certain place is paved with good intentions. That is the reason, we presume, why so many good fellows are getting a roasting down there.

But good intentions never saved a man; nor will it carry an election. Sympathy, kind promises, and enthusiastic resolutions are of little or no avail unless backed up by deeds and earnest work. And unless the multitude of good friends who have promised to support Mr. McCord set to work at once and in earnest, they will neither help the good cause nor do themselves justice.

The time for talking and resolutions has now gone by. There is but a little time between now and election day (Monday next), but much can be done even in that short time, if our friends will only work in earnest. Our only hope now is hard, earnest work. We must work without rest, without cessation—work day and night—work with devotion and earnestness in the good cause. Recollect, good friends, that nothing but VOTES can carry an election: therefore, what we most need are voters and those who can bring voters up to the polls on election day.

If one-half of those good friends who have expressed themselves favorable to the election of Mr. McCord, and are anxious for an improvement in the administration of our Municipal Government, will only use their influence and devote a few hours of their time on Monday next to bring up tardy and apathetic voters to the polls, they would do a real and lasting service to the people, and we could sweep the election like a tidal wave, and give the death-blow to official arrogance, incompetency, corruption, and crime.

Now then—a good pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together!

A teacher who, in a fit of vexation, called her pupils a set of young adders, upon being reproved for her language, apologized by saying that she was speaking to those just commencing arithmetic.

Game of various kinds has been very plentiful in St. Louis this year. Kansas grouse sell for \$1 a dozen; quail at 40 to 50 cents a dozen; rabbits, the same price, and squirrels, 25 to 30 cents. A wild turkey of the largest size costs about 30 cents, and venison sells by the carcass at 3 cents a pound.

Every true American is born in a fever, lives on dyspepsia, and seeks relief in death at every railroad station, ferry, and crowded thoroughfare.

Chicago papers state that their lake tunnel diggers are continually striking sulphur springs. And yet the reckless impiety of the Chicagoans continues unabated.

Vote for

MCCORD

And suppress Crime in this, the Queen City of the West.

"For twenty long years," says a New Jersey paper, "the wolf stood at this poor widow's door." To keep a wolf standing that long is nothing less than cruelty to animals, and the attention of Bergh is called to the circumstance.

There was a desperate fight between two blind men in a Milwaukee asylum the other day, the names of the combatants being Welsh and Feeley. They pounded each other for a long time, their blindness being no hindrance to the effect of the blows, because, although it prevented accurate aim, it also prevented dodging. At length Welsh got Feeley's thumb in his mouth and bit it nearly off. Feeley would not have an amputation, and the wound gangrened, finally killing him.

Franklin on Second Marriage.

From *Biglow's Life of Benjamin Franklin*.

Who would have thought the following from the pen of Dr. Franklin, and at the age of seventy-four? It is to Mme. Helvetius:

"Mortified at the barbarous resolution pronounced by you so positively yesterday evening that you would remain single the rest of your life, as a compliment due to the memory of your husband, I retired to my chamber. Throwing myself upon my bed I dreamt that I was dead, and was transported to the Elysian fields, I was asked whether I wished to see any person in particular; to which I replied that I wished to see the philosophers. "There are two who live here at hand in this garden; they are good neighbours and very friendly one towards another." "Who are they?" "Socrates and Helvetius." "I esteem them both highly, but let me see Helvetius first, because I understand a little French but not a word of Greek." I was conducted to him; he received me with much courtesy, having known me, he said, by character, some time past. He asked me a thousand questions relative to the war, the present state of religion, of liberty, of the government of France. "You do not inquire, then," said I, "after your dear friend, Mme Helvetius; yet she loves you exceedingly. I was in her company not more than an hour ago." "Ah," said he, "you make me recur to my past happiness, which ought to be forgotten in order to be happy here. For many years I could think of nothing but her, though at length I am consoled. I have taken another wife, the most like her that I could find. She is not, indeed, altogether so handsome, but she has a great fund of wit and good sense, and her whole study is to please me. She is at this moment gone to fetch the best nectar and ambrosia to regale me. Stay here a while and you will see her." "I perceive," said I, "that your former friend is more faithful to you than you are for her. She has had several good offers, but refused them all. I will confess to you that I loved her extremely, but she was cruel to me, and rejected me peremptorily for your sake." "I pity you sincerely," said he, "for she is an excellent woman, handsome and amiable. But do not the Abbe de la Roche and the Abbe Morellet visit her?" "Certainly they do; not one of your friends has dropped her acquaintance." "If you had gained the Abbe Morellet with a bribe of good coffee and cream, perhaps you would have succeeded for he is as deep a reasoner as Duns Scotus or St. Thomas; he arranges and he methodizes his arguments in such a manner that they are almost irresistible. Or if, by a fine edition of some old classic, you had gained the Abbe de la Roche to speak against you, that would have been still better, as I always observed that when he recommended anything to her she had a great inclination to do directly contrary." As he finished these words the new Mme. Helvetius entered with nectar, and I recognized her immediately as my former American friend, Mrs. Franklin! I reclaimed her, but she answered me coldly: "I was a good wife to you for forty-nine years and four months, nearly half a century; let that content you. I have formed a new connection here, which will last to eternity."

Indignant at this refusal of my Eurydice I immediately resolved to quit those ungrateful shades and return to this good world again to behold the sun and you? Here I am. Let us avenge ourselves!

A Neapolitan Musician has invented a piano attachment whereby the notes of extemporised music are registered on paper.

Among the luxuries of a new hotel in San Francisco will be a band of twenty performers who are to be regularly attached to the house.

The Arab chiefs of Algeria have subscribed 200,000 francs for a jewelled decoration for the tomb of Louis Napoleon, to show their devotion to his memory.

Some of the leading theatres in Germany propose to put a stop to the system of recalls, and of throwing bouquets and wreaths on the stage during the progress of an opera or a play.

A man from the States opened a drinking saloon in Victoria, Vancouver's Island, and his very first hour's experience was lively. Six Indians filed in, with great gravity. One of them took a position at the right of the proprietor, behind the bar, with an uplifted scalping-knife, and another stood at his left, with a musket. A third poured six tumblers full of whiskey, and the fluid was silently run down six throats. Then the solemn patrons fled out.

Behind the Curtain.

Everything is not lovely on all occasions in the theatre, even when a performance is a success. Discords will often arise that require both time and diplomacy to harmonize. A glimpse at something like such a scene will be found in

THE MANAGER'S OFFICE.

Patter go the footsteps
Up and down his stair.
Scraps of conversation
Float along the air.
"Play it? Never will I
So degrade my art!"
"Then you leave to-night, sir!"
"Then I'll play the part!"

Telegrams and letters—
Hark, we hear him speak.
"Quibble's Combination
Booked 'em for a week."
Ballets all complaining
"Shoes were made too small"—
"Have the dresses shortened;"
"Not the thing at all!"

Gay and truthful critic,
Smiling and serene,
"Writing up" a drama
That he hasn't seen;
Fascinating fairies,
Leaders of the dance—
Gloomy-looking actors
Seeking an advance!

Gayly-colored posters,
Wonderful to see;
Calm but chronic deadhead,
Wanting "seats for three."
So, from morn till midnight,
Busy is the brain
Of our worthy magnate,
With his Thespian train.

Vote for

MCCORD

and suppress the gambling hells.

Our Pat's Mistake.

Dr. Wellborn, a physician, a couple of years ago engaged a rather "green" Irishman to serve as coachman, and Pat was his name. After Pat had been in Dr. Wellborn's service about three months, he had no fault to find with him; in fact, Pat proved thoroughly trustworthy and diligent. Now, Dr. Wellborn had what some might consider a queer, perhaps vulgar—if it is really possible that anything in the eating line can be justly called vulgar—penchant: he was extremely fond of pickled pig's feet. It was probably the one thing that he cared about eating at any time and at all hours; so Mrs. Wellborn generally kept a jar of pig's feet in the doctor's study, that he might partake of them whenever he felt inclined. One night Dr. Wellborn was restless and feverish, so he rose from his bed and went below stairs to his study to read. It was a winter night, and a bright fire was still burning in the grate as he entered his cosy apartment; and by the light it gave out he beheld, to his great astonishment, Pat reclining, sound asleep, upon the lounge. He roused him. "Pat, what are you doing here at this time of night?" "Shure, sir, I beg your honor's pardon fur the liberty I took; but I wuz out, an' I wuz so cold whin I came in that I came in here ter warmin meself before goin' ter bed, an' I fell asleep unbeknown ter meself." The doctor was not a harsh master, so he excused the liberty Pat took of entering his study, and sent him off to bed. The next morning the doctor sent out to the stable, which was connected with the house, for Pat. When he entered, the doctor, with a queer smile on his face, said: "Pat, weren't you slightly drunk when you came home last night? I thought your breath smelt as if you'd been drinking. Tell the truth, Pat." Pat hung his head sheepishly, and said: "Yer know I always spake ther truth, sir, an' I'll spake it now. I wuz at a wake at me cousin's house last night, an' I think I did take a wee drop too much." "Well, Pat, when you came in here, before going to sleep last night, did you eat anything of mine—anything that you found in a jar on my desk?" Pat hung his head, but didn't answer. "Tell me the truth, Pat, else you leave my service at once," said the doctor,

scarcely able to suppress his laughter. "Yis, sir, I did ate the pig's feet," he at last replied; "but I wuz so hungry whin I got home that I couldn't resist ating them. I saw them in the jar, and they looked so timptin'." The doctor could restrain his merriment no longer, and he gave it full vent before (for he was determined to cure Pat of all disposition to steal pig's feet) he laughingly said: "You have been sufficiently punished for your misconduct, Pat: you did not eat, as you thought you did, a couple of pig's feet, but a couple of human hands while you were drunk, mistaking them for pig's feet. I kept them in a glass jar as a medical curiosity." "O the devil!" cried Pat, with an expression of horror. "Shure it's joking yer are, docthor, jist ter frighten me." The doctor was determined to carry out his jest to the further end this time, and soon made Pat believe that he had devoured a pair of hands. "Och Moses, but I've got, then, a part of a corpse inside o' me," exclaimed Pat. "Och! murther, an' it'll kill me, fur I feel the pain creepin' over me," trembling with a terror born of fear and disgust. Though he really pitied him, the doctor could not help laughing at Pat's language, and the figure he cut. At last, yielding to the poor fellow's entreaties, he gave him an emetic; but Pat's imaginative powers were so great that, dwelling upon the horrible part of his supposed mistake, he actually became ill. Nothing could ever induce him to enter Dr. Wellborn's study again.

Can't Rub it Out.

"Don't write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on his window. "Why not?" "Because you can't rub it out." Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing what you can't rub out. You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day. It wrote itself on her loving heart and gave her great pain. It is there now and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out. You wished a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind and led him to a wicked act. It is there now. You can't rub it out. All your thoughts, all your words, are written in the Book of God. Be careful. The record is everlasting. You can't rub it out.

Vote for

MCCORD

and honest administration of the City government.

The Paris police has forbidden the use of certain streets to people with velocipedes, and commanded that in all others they must carry bells by day, like sleighs, and a lantern at night.

In London five families have been trying the experiment of a confederated home. A large house in the Bloomsbury region was taken, and arrangements for the regulation of the household were made with perfection. There was a common dining-room, and each family had a set of rooms which it furnished at its own convenience. One cook prepared the meals, and a couple of servants did the other work. For two days affairs went well enough. Then trouble began. The dinner was a standing subject of dispute, the unfortunate cook being as unable to please five families as the two servants were to answer five bells, all ringing at the same time. The children of the different families quarrelled, and before the fortnight had elapsed the confederated home was broken up.

An insane young lady was being taken by her brother and husband from Texas to an asylum in St. Louis. In the cars sleeping berths were taken, and the men by turns watched her. Once both fell asleep together, and the lunatic chose to tell the conductor that she had been kidnapped. He at the next station telegraphed to St. Louis for officers to be on hand, noticed the watchfulness of the kidnappers, and proudly felt that a gross outrage would be prevented. When the husband and brother were about to hustle their charge into a carriage, they were arrested. So cunning was the lunatic that two days elapsed before her story could be disproved.

Jumping the Gap.

Tom Potts, a well-known locomotive engineer in England and the States, is the self-accredited hero of the following wonderful story of successful daring. I will narrate it as nearly as I can in his own words. I have heard him tell it often:

"Well, gentlemen, I'll say you'll think it's a lie, but I can't help that; you have asked me to tell it; and all I can say is, if you'd been in my place you'd have seen it. I had been driving the "Witch" for about seven months, and a sweet thing she was. I never was half as fond of an engine as I was of her. She was the kind of machine a man only gets once in a lifetime. She made her steam quick, was easy on fuel, started off lively, and went like a deer. Her cylinders were sixteen-inch, her stroke twenty-two; and her drivers seven feet six, and she was as kind to handle as a baby. To see her run off with a heavy load, light and gay, was enough to shame the "Juno," "Venus" and "Heleni," and other eighteen-inch machines. She never wanted fixing up, "Venus" was always going in and out of the shop to be titivated, and if there's anything I don't like, it's an engine that all the time wants to be titivated. She was always ready and willing for work. Why, bless you! she was only washed out for the sake of cleanliness—she didn't need it a bit. She was the tidiest thing I ever seen—seemed as though dirt wouldn't stick to her. Well, what I am going to tell came off years ago, before I left the old country, and it was one of the best railroads—single track then, three now, and four in some spots. Well, the "Witch" and I were put on the mail—one of the fastest trains, and they went like sixty in them days. The engineer was fined a shilling for every minute he lost. He durst not go slow for fog, unless he wanted to lose a day's pay. He had to keep going right along, and see things before he got in sight of 'em. We were running north one darkish, wintry, day, and were making out best streaks. I should reckon we were going fifty miles an hour, I was saying to myself, "She's going her prettiest," when we suddenly shot ahead, as if we had been fired out of a cannon. I knew what that meant: we had broke loose, we hadn't a car behind us. The coupling had broken between tender and first coach. How we flew to be sure! I whistled the guard to brake up the train. How we bounded along! I could make out no objects alongside—we seemed to get faster and faster; we must have got as fast as one hundred miles an hour! It was a straight piece of track for some miles. I did not shut off steam directly we broke, for I didn't want the train to run into us, which might happen if they did not hear my whistle for brakes. It was lucky I kept her going, for just as I had about enough of such flying, a man started out about six hundred yards before us holding a red flag. There was nothing in the way, so I knew something must be wrong with the track. You might as well try to stop a whirlwind as the "Witch" in that distance. Her speed was frightful. There wasn't much time to think, and as we could not stop, the faster we went the better; so I gave her what more steam there was. She seemed to have some 'go' in reserve, for we shot past the red flag like a flash. I saw men standing horror-struck. "Bill! I said, 'quick! Get on the coke, and see what's ahead.' He looked, and went deadly pale, tottered, and fell back in a faint. By this time I could see plain enough what was wrong. There was a gap in the track where a bridge had gone down. You can't fancy my feelings just then—going to death—death, swift and terrible—at about two miles a minute—getting nearer, nearer! An instant more—the gap! 'God have mercy!' I shrieked. Well, would you believe it? That engine just cleared that gap! It was fifteen feet across and about sixty feet deep. She jumped that gap like a stag, and what's more, she struck the rails all right on the other side, and kept right along, just as if she had not noticed the gap! I stirred Bill up, and with both of us at the break, we managed to stop the "Witch." She was on a tear that day, but I never dreamed she'd jump the gap—that's a fact."—Taylor's "Fast Life on the Modern Highway."

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MONTHLY REVIEW AND CIRCULAR.

NOVEMBER has been marked by an active demand for most classes of Goods, and sales have been considerably in advance of same period of last year.

REMITTANCES have also been in advance of corresponding month of 1873.

DECEMBER so far exhibits an equally large increase on sales and receipts, and there is no reason why this should not be maintained to the close of the year.

The demand for Woollen Goods might possibly have been larger had the weather been colder; yet a season which from its unusual mildness has been a benefit to so many, cannot be without its advantages to the merchant.

COUNTRY DEALERS complain that farmers are holding their Fall grain for higher prices.

There can be no doubt that the farmer who sells when he has a market will do better (taking an average of years) than the one who takes all the risks and holds for higher prices; but, whether he sells his Fall wheat or not, there ought to be no difficulty about his paying the country merchant.

Everything else which he holds is in good demand at high prices, while the quantity gathered is vastly in excess of last year.

There should be no reason, therefore, why farmers should delay for one hour paying up the COUNTRY MERCHANT, for in no season have they been in a better position to pay off their entire indebtedness.

Others complain of being OVERSTOCKED in certain lines of goods. This is an OLD EVIL, and one which is never wanting in business communities.

Men allow themselves to be talked into buying goods MONTHS BEFORE THEY REQUIRE THEM, being often told that they are going to be SCARCE AND DEAR.

And although they find when the season opens that they can buy just the quantity they require, and not infrequently at LOWER PRICES, yet they next season allow themselves to be talked again into the SAME FOLLY—to experience again the same results.

MERCHANTS MAY RELY THAT

There will always be more goods imported than they want to buy or can sell.

There will be no fear but that every good man will get all the goods he requires and when he needs them.

There is no need of his buying goods for months before they are wanted.

It is more profitable to him to have surplus stock in the hands of the Wholesale Merchant than in his own.

And it is well that men should begin to realize that this system of buying—by fostering on the one hand over-production, and on the other over-importation—is the surest means of depriving the retail dealer of his profits.

A little snow would now be very timely, and would doubtless bring out large quantities of produce, and create an increased demand for many classes of Goods, and have the effect of improving business generally.

Holiday Goods,

Special, bought in the markets of GERMANY, FRANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN, with all the novelties suitable for

XMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS,

worthy the attention of every buyer.

1,520 SHAWLS, embracing Reversible, Fancy Striped Honeycomb, Long Shawls in Embroidered Melton, Plain Centres, in Grey, Drab, Brown, Black, Clan Tartans; full range of Shoulder Shawls.

100 BEAVER TRIMMED MANTLES, &c.

LADIES' SKIRTS, in Felt Melton, Wincey, Balmoral, Quilted Alpaca and Eider Down.

FANCY WOOL GOODS.

Nubias, Canadian, German, British Breakfast Shawls, German Wool Squares, Wool Capes, Boas, Ties, Vests, Sontags, Bodices, White and Scarlet Drawers, Petticoats, Infants' Hats, Bootees, Cuffs, Mitts, &c.

Very full stock of

MUSLINS, LACES, FLOWERS,

LADIES' LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS AND SETS, SEWED MUSLINS.

IN WOOLLENS.

218 pieces Overcoating in Elysians, Whitneys, Naps, Presidents, Pilots, Beavers, Irish Frieze, Meltons.

Extra value in Worsted Coatings and Venetians.

98 pieces All Wool and Union Broads.

81 pieces Carriage Cloths, all the leading colors.

81 pieces Doeskins and Bedford Cords.

52 pieces English and Canadian Tweeds.

70 pieces Filled Cloth.

69 pieces Scotch Cheviot.

92 pieces Velveteens and Corduroy.

55 pieces Vestings, 15 hair cloth.

15 pieces Collar Velvets, 5 Black Silk Serges.

485 pieces Italian Cloths, Casbans, Selicias and Pocketings.

176 Rubber Coats.

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TAPESTRY CARPETS, 2 ply Unions and Supers.

HEMP CARPETS, Stair Carpets.

MATINGS in Cocoa and Manilla.

COLOURED DAMASKS in Union and Wool.

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MOREENS in all Colors.

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