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enable me to carry out orders promptly, and
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Respectfully yours,

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indiscretion, excess or over-
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THE letting of the works at the upper en-
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those at the upper entrance of the RAPIDE
PLAT CANAL, advertised to take place on the
13th day of NOVEMBER next, are unavoidably
postponed to the following dates:—
Tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the
FOURTH day of December next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for
examination at the places previously mention-
ed on and after TUESDAY the TWENTIETH day
of NOVEMBER.

For the works at the head of the Galops Can-
al, tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the
EIGHTEENTH day of DECEMBER next. Specifi-
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mentioned on and after TUESDAY the FOURTH
day of DECEMBER.

By Order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways & Canals,
Ottawa, 20th October, 1883.

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184 YONGE ST., THIRD STORE ABOVE QUEEN.

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See our Silk Pile Velveteen in Blk., and the new Fall Shades.
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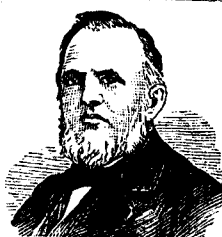
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Price 25 cents. If your druggist does not keep
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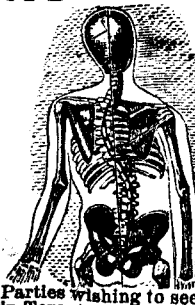
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month.



TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., NOVEMBER 24, 1883.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 164.

OUR PUBLICATIONS.

TRUTH, weekly, 28 pages, issued every Saturday, 5 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates:—10 cents per line, single insertion; one month, 20 cents per line; three months, 40 cents per line; six months, 75 cents per line; twelve months, \$1 per line.

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 20th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

The Auxiliary Publishing Company, printing 135 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates:—60 cents per line single insertion; one month, \$1.88 per line; three months, \$5.25 per line; six months, \$9 per line; twelve months, \$16.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

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PO. NNIPPEG, MAN.—No. 320 Main St. WILSON Bros., Managers.

Business in connection with any of our publications, or the Auxiliary Publishing Company, can be as well transacted with either of our branch establishments as with the head office in Toronto.

The Auxiliary Advertising Agency.

Manufacturers, Wholesale Merchants and other large advertisers will advance their own interests by getting our estimates for any advertising whether for long or short dates.

Advertisements inserted in any paper published in Canada, at publishers' lowest rates. We pay "spot" cash for all orders sent to us, and the class of advertising we handle is all of the best, publishers much prefer dealing with our establishment to any other. Publishers will kindly send their papers for filing regularly.

Do not advertise till you get our quotations.
S. Frank Wilson,
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A Cheap Christmas Present.

Gold and Silver Watches Given Free to Those Sending Correct Answers to Bible Questions.

A Very Liberal Offer for New Subscribers, and of Interest to Present Subscribers to Truth.

Some little interest having been manifested in the Bible Questions offered for solution during the last few weeks, and, as we have no doubt a great deal of satisfaction will be expressed by the recipients of the handsome silver watch and other prizes offered, (the names of the winners will be found subjoined) we want more of our readers, and every one else, to study up the Bible, the best of all books; and in order to encourage this study, we offer the following valuable prizes for correct answers to the subjoined questions:—

1ST PRIZE.—One Gentleman's Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch, genuine American movement, ordinarily retailed at from \$65 to \$90.

2ND PRIZE.—One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch, retailed at about the same figures as above.

3RD PRIZE.—One Gentleman's Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch—a valuable article.

4TH PRIZE.—One Lady's Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch, retailed at \$15.

5TH PRIZE.—One Aluminium Gold Watch, retailed at about \$12.00.

6TH PRIZE.—A handsome Nickle Silver Waterbury Watch, which retails at \$5.

7TH PRIZE.—A handsome Solid Gold Gem Ring, retails at \$5.

The above prizes will be given to the first seven persons giving the correct answer to all of the following five questions:—

1.—The shortest verse in the Old Testament.

2.—The shortest verse in the New Testament.

3.—The number of Books in the Bible.

4.—The number of Chapters in the Bible.

5.—The number of Verses in the Bible.

The Apocrypha is not included in the term "Bible."

The following are the conditions attaching to this competition:—

Each competitor must, with his or her answers, enclose \$2, for which TRUTH will be sent to any desired address for one year. Competition is open to old or new or non-subscribers. In the case of old subscribers, their term of subscription will be advanced one year.

Each question must be answered correctly to secure a prize.

The first seven persons sending correct answers to all the five questions will win the prizes.

The competition will remain open till New Year's day. The names of the winners will appear in TRUTH of January 5th, 1884.

No information beyond what is contained herein, will be supplied to any competitor. Now we want to give these valuable watches to some one. Who will be first?

THE PRIZE WINNERS IN COMPETITION NO. 1.

FIRST PRIZE—Lady's Hunting Case Coin Silver Watch.

MARY MILLIKEN, Leamington, Ont.

SECOND PRIZE—A Solid Gold Gem Ring.

WM. W. SMITH, St. Agnes-de-Dundee, Huntingdon Co., Que.

THIRD PRIZE—An English Neck Chain.

MRS. HUNTINGDON, 514 Yonge St., City.

FOURTH PRIZE—A Silver Plated Butter Knife.

MRS. E. MCGREGOR, Lambton Mills, Ont.

[THE ANSWER.]

The question was, Which is the longest verse in the Bible? The answer is, Esther 8, verse ix.

The Dominion Line of Steamships will make Portland their terminal port on this side the Atlantic, for the winter months. The first steamship starting under the new arrangement will be the Sarnia, which will leave Portland on the 6th December.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

The 24th of November has, of course, one or two saints' and martyrs who are thus honored and remembered as far as possible, but the possible in their cases don't amount to much.

Perhaps the most remarkable man who died on that day was John Knox the great Scotch Reformer. It is three hundred and eleven years since that event took place. No man has put his mark upon the Scottish nation so much as has this strong, bold man. He gave his countrymen the Reformation and parish schools, and to these Scotland owes more than to anything else which could be mentioned. It was well said by the Regent Morton over Knox's grave, "Here lies one who never feared the face of man."

Are these mongrel dangerous curs by which Toronto is so much infested never to be routed out? They are becoming so numerous and so fierce that in a very short time it will scarcely be possible to walk the streets in safety. Let there be a crusade proclaimed against these abominable brutes.

The Sanitary Convention lately held in London has been a great success, and much good is expected to flow from the discussions engaged in and the conclusions come to.

Some of the friends of denominational colleges are at present busy assisting University College in a somewhat covert, round about way. They may spare their pains if they fancy that in this way they will get back the Government Grants to their own pet institutions. University College may not be all it ought to be, but it is, at any rate, under public control, which the denominational colleges are not, and it is too late in the day to expect that any government is going to vote away public money to institutions over which it has no supervising authority. There was an agitation of the same kind about 20 years ago. It came to nothing, and the present will not be in the least degree more successful.

The Washington Territories Legislature has given women the suffrage by deleting male from all election laws. The thing will come all round and sooner than most suspect. It would not by any means make the revolution so great as either expected or feared if it were passed in the Local Legislature of Ontario at its first meeting.

It is said that the only objection to the byres across the Don is the fact of the liquid manure being sent into Ashbridge's Bay. Why not have it kept in large tanks and carted away for manure? or could it not be pumped through gutta percha pipes and be made to irrigate farms in the neighborhood? It would

pay, for of course it is the best manure. Michie, the great agriculturist, had his whole farm irrigated in that way.

The standard time is being everywhere adopted. There was some confusion on Sunday last, but everything now is serene and most of people don't know the difference, except that the mornings are a little longer dark after six o'clock, and the evenings *vice versa*. It will now be in order to have 24 hour clocks and watches.

Things are looking very disturbing in some of the lines of industry, both in the States and Canada. Factories are shutting down or working short time. Pity, but one can't shut his eyes to the fact that the coming winter is likely to be a very hard one to many a poor family both here and elsewhere.

Dr. Stoecker, the great German preacher, is having a very rough time in England. His fame as a hater and baiter of the Jews has preceded him, and seemingly he is likely to get more kicks than coppers from his visit to the English Babylon. Well, as either men or women make their bed they must lie down.

There is nothing against which honorable men should more strenuously contend than the exaction of money by designing women on pain of very compromising revelations. If one is conscious of perfect innocency, he ought to resist at all hazards. Nay, carry the war into the enemy's camp. To be sure there are only too many who are not consciously innocent. What these ought to do, TRUTH will scarcely venture to say.

Some people wonder at an incident which lately took place not a hundred miles from this city at a lecture delivered by a clergyman for the benefit of a Sabbath school and general missions. There was, on that occasion, never the slightest hint of asking the blessing of God either in beginning or closing the exhibition. Every one to his taste.

Even professional lecturers occasionally mistake slang for wit, and folly with its cap and bells are sometimes thought to pass muster for wisdom.

Some rather unfavorable criticisms are now the order of the day in certain English papers on Lord Lorne's Canadian Viceroyship. It is, at any rate, settled on all hands that the Marquis did his best and what more can anybody do? He was handicapped. He had not the blague and blarney of Lord Dufferin. Besides, his wife never well got over her first ball at Rideau. TRUTH is not surprised that she never did. The drunken brutes that on that occasion had the face to call themselves gentlemen! Oh, it was too, too bad. And some of the wretches have still the face to live on. It was altogether too unutterable.

These cyclones are very formidable affairs. One who has not had personal experience can form little conception either of their suddenness or their severity. They have, no doubt, their uses, but it is awfully difficult to discover what their uses are.

Things are prospering. A Bill to secure household suffrage is to be introduced in the British Parliament next session. This Bill is to apply to town and country, to Great Britain and Ireland alike.

It seems the cow byres across the Don are said to be no nuisances at all. Quite the opposite. In fact, rather ornaments, and full of sweet-smelling odors. It will take a good deal of argument and special pleading to make any of the neighbors believe that story. Their own senses strongly point in quite an opposite direction.

People often very unwittingly make great mistakes and do an immense amount of harm. For instance, some Englishman introduced into Canada the English rabbit under the idea that rabbit hunting would be nice. What is the consequence? That the little creature is becoming quite a nuisance and threatens to do an immense amount of injury to fruit trees as well as in other ways. It is very prolific, and once established in a locality it breeds and multiplies with great rapidity. Could a general war not be proclaimed against the evil if it is at all so bad as represented?

It is a fact that a servant girl's life is an awful, silent, solitary one. It is especially so if the mistress won't allow any followers, and is even averse to her seeing female friends. The kitchen is her sitting room, and her sleeping place is the smallest and most uncomfortable place in the house. From 6 in the morning till 9 at night she is expected to be at work. There is a silence about the whole affair enough to drive one mad. No wonder that many are tempted to go to work in factories at very poor wages. They have at any rate some companionship there, though often not very desirable. Upon the whole the state of a domestic servant is not such a paradise as it is sometimes represented.

A great fuss is being made over the Methodists leaving out "obey" from their form of marriage service. What is the use of the ado? The most of women when they promise to obey never mean to do anything of the kind. Why force them to tell a lie? All who intend to obey will do so at any rate, and when a woman won't she won't.

That poor woman Langtry is here about again and threatens to come this way in the course of her travels. Her claims on the public attention and patronage are surely of the slimmest.

Tea drinking, it is now said, is only less injurious than whiskey bibbing. It is destroying the calmness of the nerves and is thereby acting as a dangerous revolutionary force among the people. Tea drinking has created, we are told, a generation of nervous, discontented people,

who are forever complaining of the existing order of the universe, scolding their neighbors and sighing after the impossible. Perhaps tea drinking caused the French revolution. It is clear, apparently, that it has been the fruitful parent of radicalism, levelling and kindred iniquities. It seems that it is chiefly since tea came into general use that people have become discontented with their political constitutions, their sovereigns and their rulers. Look at Gladstone. He is said to be one of the greatest tea drinkers in the county. The leader of the French Radicals as well as he of the Salvation Army are also in the same category. Yes, yes, all that sort of thing has a distressingly alarmist kind of appearance. After all, however, tea is infinitely to be preferred to gin or brandy, and if it has made people dissatisfied with the old order of things, it may be all the more praiseworthy on that account, for there was an awful lot of things about the old order of affairs that badly needed condemnation, and destruction. Upon the whole, it will be just as well to stick to tea with all its dangerous possibilities till a beverage better and more wholesome is found to take its place.

Is there not some truth in the remark that when the public insist upon having decent, fairly habitable houses by refusing to go into any others, the supply would be forthcoming? If nobody would rent those abominable rookeries that are getting far too common, even in Toronto, their owners would be glad to pull them down and build better ones. It is worth trying at any rate.

Criminal assaults upon little girls and unprotected women are becoming alarmingly common. The law will need to be made more severe for such miscreants and administered with undeviating energy and impartiality.

Capt. Delamere, who got himself so much injured on returning from the review on Thanksgiving Day, is understood to be nearly well, and so is the other officer. Pity that such apparently reckless men as caused the accident could not be severely punished.

The way in which the street cars of Toronto have always been managed has been a disgrace to all concerned, and there is not much improvement going. Master and man seem very much alike. They seem to think that they are masters of the situation and can do very much as they please. Perhaps they are right, still it is very bad policy to make people rather disgusted with them and all their belongings.

The present strength of the British army is as follows:—187,851 men and 7,336 officers. There are 96,888 serving in the United Kingdom; 83,629 in Egypt; 61,705 in India, and the rest in the colonies. There had been during the year as many as 14,038 cases of Courts Martial, of which more than 4,000 were for drunkenness off and on duty. The large proportion of the men are English, as many as 708 in every 1,000 and nearly all belong to the churches of England or Rome. One naturally asks whether all

the idleness of such numbers of men in the very vigor of young manhood is necessary. Better, surely, if they were all usefully employed at some kind or other of reproductive industry.

One of the Glasgow professors is in a bad way. He delivers the same lectures every year. Some student has taken them down in shorthand and sold them to a bookseller. This bookseller has printed and published the same slightly disguised. The professor now seeks to restrain publication. Better make new lectures. It would be a change and would baulk the cribber.

The revision of the old Testament is now complete. It is not so much a revision as a new translation. The changes are far greater, more numerous and more important than those in the revised version of the New Testament. The men who have made the new translation are far more competent than those who made the common version of King James. Yet it will be a long time before the new supersedes the old, if indeed it ever do it. Curious how people cling to old use and wont. More people than would be suspected have the persuasion, though they would not confess to it, that King James' Bible is inspired, and that it is something like sacrilege to make the least though the most necessary changes in its readings. The sooner that is got quit of the better. Still, if the English is as cramped schoolboy and baldly literal as that of the New Testament revised version, it would not be surprising if the old should be preferred.

TRUTH has given good wholesome advice to all colored people who are angry because they labor under certain social disabilities. That advice is substantially that they should by quiet industry seek to improve their worldly circumstances, and by every means in their power try to increase their knowledge, and to improve their manners, and no doubt, in time, all their grievances of any consequence will be removed. This advice is substantially repeated by a colored person writing to the *New York Globe* in the following terms:—"Let each man of us resolve to save more money. Without money a man cuts a very poor figure in the world. He is to a certain extent a cipher—a sort of drone in the social hive. Our children should be taught the value of time, the value of intelligence, and the value of money. Now is the time to begin." That is so, and if a good many white people would take the same advice, and follow it out in practice, it would be a good thing for them and their children as well. How can any person expect to rise if he spends just as he earns, and all that he earns? In that case he must be content to remain a drudge all his days. The borrower is a slave to the lender, and so is the poor to the rich. How a poor man, who has scarcely a copper to his name, can spend a cent on tobacco or whiskey is a mystery that no fellow can understand, unless, perhaps, it is to be accounted for on the principle that he is disgusted and despairing because he can save so little, and therefore thinks it is not worth his while to begin. That may be, but he makes himself a slave all

the same, and keeps his own nose more steadily and hardly to the grindstone than any boss could do if he tried. The publicans till is the place for the fool's pence, and no mistake. If every one were to make a point of saving something every week what a change would soon be brought round!

The London *Queen*, it is said, thinks that in America the happiness of the community is decidedly advanced by women being made useful as well as ornamental. TRUTH would just think that it was. The only remarkable thing about the statement is that any one should think it worth while to put on record a truth which has so evidently the character of a truism. It might just as reasonably be said that the sum of human happiness would be increased by women being women, and not mere drawing-room or mantle-piece ornaments. A great number of people have long ago recognized and acted on this. It is to be hoped that the time will come, and that speedily, when no one will act on any other understanding, and when the race of living dolls shall have for ever disappeared from the earth.

The report that the British Cabinet proposes to give the same franchise to the rural constituencies of Ireland as is intended for those of Great Britain is very naturally raising a great commotion, and will likely drive the more moderate of Mr. Gladstone's followers over to the Conservatives. This has always been the way. A certain class of people can go far in the way of what they call reform, but beyond that they cannot think of proceeding. The Lord Stanley in the day of the first Reform Bill went so far with the Reformers of those days, but when it was proposed to lay a hand on the Irish Church he bolted, and became the Tory he ever afterwards was. So it will in all likelihood be now. Beyond a certain point it is not possible either to drive or coax some people. But it does not follow that they are right, and that those whom they desert are either anarchists or madmen. Mr. Chamberlain may very likely wish to make the repression system at present sanctioned and practised even by the Gladstone Government, not quite so severe as it is. Well, even though this may turn out all correct, would it follow that Chamberlain was wrong? No, it doesn't. He may, but he also may not.

The plan of the wholesale deportation of Irishmen from Ireland does not meet with the approbation of the Roman Catholic clergy. It is far better that it should never be brought into operation. If the people of Ireland don't want to, still less do the people of Canada. There is plenty of room in this country, but not room for crowds of paupers or those who are next door to that state. It is never to be forgotten that any one proposing to go on a farm in the North-west ought to have at least £200 when he is on the ground, and ready for a start, so as to have anything like a fair chance. Which of the poor Irish brought over the Atlantic at the public expense is likely to have that or anything like it? If they haven't they will be sent out simply to be killed

with cold or hunger. The best kind of emigrants Canada can have are such as can come on their own hook, and can pay their own way all the time. It might with such take somewhat longer time to fill up the country, but it would be done more surely and more satisfactorily.

It can never be said too often to boys that they should learn a trade. It is only in this way that they can become really independent. The saying among the Jews is a good one that he who did not give his boy a trade brought him up to be a thief. With a good trade and good habits a man has nothing to fear. He will always get something to do. He is next to the farmer the most independent and most to be envied of men. Every where the great difficulty is to get boys with brains who are willing to learn a trade. The professions are ridiculously overstocked even in a young country like this. A clerk in a store or a book-keeper can be got for an old song, and yet from the idiot idea of gentility, the crowd pressing into such occupations is as great as ever. Don't dare to be true to yourselves and strike for independence by having a trade at your finger ends.

Mr. John Hallam, as chairman of the public Library has issued a circular inviting all who may have old newspapers or pamphlets or broadsides of any kind which may give useful hints about the state of things in the bye-gone days of Ontario, to send them into the Chief Librarian, Mr. Bain, for preservation and reference. TRUTH hopes that the appeal will be very successful. Every one who has at heart the success of the coming historians, political economists, and statisticians of this province will do all that is in their power to swell the collection of such pamphlets, newspapers, etc. By all means, friends, send them in. And don't say in any case that what you have would be of no use. You don't know. You may think that useless which better informed people look upon as almost beyond price.

There is something entirely too bad in the way in which poor Irish peasants are being shipped off to this western world. Apparently it is thought all right if they can only be fairly landed, either in the States or in Canada, without a penny, and that at the beginning of a severe and trying northern winter. A considerable sensation has been lately made of some cases of the kind in Toronto here. The whole benevolent denizens of the city have been roused by the details, which were evidently both too strongly drawn and given without any consultation with those who, by actual and long continued contact with the struggling poor, have learned to know pretty well what to believe and what not. Now, in the first place, a good many of these people were taken directly out of Tralee and other workhouses. They were told that when they got to Canada they would get work as soon as they landed, and at excellent wages; that they would get houses to live in without paying any rent, and that provisions were so cheap that a whole sheep could be had for about sixty cents or half a crown English,

and everything else in proportion. With such barefaced, impudent lies to begin with, how were things managed after they started? They had their passages paid. They had no clothes provided for them except those on their backs. They brought not a stick of furniture, not a quilt, not a blanket, not a bed, not an extra pair of stockings, or a great coat. Well, all that was very nice and considerate on the part of those who were shipping the poor wretches off to what they knew to be a somewhat inclement, somewhat hyperborean region in the winter time. And what more was done for them? In the clothes in which they stood, strangers, helpless, in many cases paupers without the knowledge of a word of English, they were turned adrift when they got to Toronto with the gift of a pound each to husband and wife and ten shillings for each of the children. Let it never be forgotten that as a general thing they had not the ghost of a blanket, stove or bed, and sink or swim they got each their pound and were called upon to git. Well, what has been their history since? They have all huddled together in one locality. Injudicious benevolence has, at the promptings of somewhat sensational descriptions, rushed helter skelter without plan and without concert to "rescue the perishing," and the result has been an intensification rather than a removal of the evil with the certain development of the pauper spirit with all its lies, concealments, greed and imposition. These people are, without doubt, horribly poor, dirty, and destitute, and it is infamous to send such people to this new country. But let them be helped in a rational way to help themselves. What is the use of hysterical women and almost equally hysterical men, making a mighty spasmodic ado about the whole matter, and rushing off to relieve their feelings by giving the first poor wretch they meet a couple of dollars or the worth of these in coal or bread? There are gentlemen who have been for years patiently, lovingly and laboriously going from house to house in that very locality trying to help the helpless and raise the fallen. These men have been visiting these very persons. Why not hear what they have got to say? Why not give help through their instrumentality? Why contract their work by rushing broadside on with loaves and coals and sugar, without learning first what these people have already received and what they are receiving? These people can't be allowed to starve, but it is an awful mistake to allow them all to huddle in one locality, and thereby make it a wretched, fever-stricken nest of paupers. When they are here they must be cared for, but let it all be wisely and carefully done, so that a few may not get all by their whining and others none from their self-respecting silence. It is shockingly too bad that lying agents of steamship companies, who are always sure of their percentage for every emigrant returned, should so impose upon such ignorant peasants, and it is worse that benevolence should send them out to starve, if necessary. By another season this kind of jobbing fraud and heartless cruelty should be stopped. In the meantime let everybody not take the matter exclusively in his or her own hand. Let there be con-

sultation, co-operation and a full understanding of what each needs and what each has received. Let blankets, cast off wearing apparel, stoves, beds and what not, be all sent to one place, say to the House of Industry, for storage and assortment, and let distribution be made as every one has need. TRUTH, for instance, would have more faith in the printed report of such a man as the Rev. Charles Darling, who has this Conway locality in his district, than in the planless, hysterical, indiscriminate and gushing gropings and rushings to and fro of half a dozen of amateur and excited philanthropists, who may fancy that nothing had been done till they took the whole in hand. Help by all means with both hands and all your might, good friends, but don't burden with your help as some of you are in danger of doing. Paupers are awfully easily manufactured, and perhaps it is scarcely possible avoiding the manufacture of some. But as few as possible of that most undesirable class will always be the aim of every wise and truly benevolent Canadian.

Sewer gas is making more mischief than many people suspect. One little child actually lost its life from it a little while ago in Petrolia.

It is said that there is a party rising up in the Province of Quebec whose open policy is annexation to France. If this is so, then the French friends in that region may just as well now understand as at a more distant day, that that will only be accomplished after England has fired her last gun and spent her last shilling. It is possible that one after another, the Canadian Provinces may go for annexation to the States, and if it was the general will of the people, England would not say a word in opposition. But re-annexation to France is a very different thing. Not only England, but the U. S. would have a good many things to say, and deeds to do, before that became an accomplished fact. No, gentlemen, that is a something which "cannot be did," "you bet!" Talk about selling Anticosti to France! Pshaw!

The byres to the east of the Don will have to go unless the influence of money and whiskey, together with a flavor of religion, is not too strong for the Toronto sanitarians of the day. Nice customs courtesy to great kings and bad smells and filthy sewerages will sometimes be successfully winked at if influential parties have an interest in their maintenance. Sometimes such things take place, even in the most democratic countries. Money, you see, has such a mighty power on some people.

The women have been going for Mowat in order to rope him in for the female suffrage move. Mr. Mowat is too gallant to need much roping. He says he is prepared to grant it as soon as women indicate that they want it. But dear good Attorney-General that is not the way in which the leader of a great free people ought to proceed. What is right ought to be granted whether it is asked for or not. What a pagan farce to say that children in mines would be protected as soon as they gave the hint that they wanted to be, or that gambling should be suppressed as soon as, &c., or that the election law

should be made more stringent when &c. ! That is not the way for a true leader. He ought, indeed, so far to follow public opinion, but he ought to lead and educate, and guide it as well. It is somewhat difficult to say if women should be members of Parliament and take part in the public service as for instance Prime Ministers. Nobody is asking that at present. It would be a little awkward to be sure if the Finance Minister could not make the budget speech on account of an interesting domestic occurrence, &c.

It seems as if Toronto at any rate were fairly in for Presbyterian marriages in churches as a means for displaying the finery and vulgar manners of those who figure as principals and who wish to be for the time being on exhibition. Marriages in churches are all very well among Roman Catholics and Episcopalians, for the simple reason that with these it is thought that only thus can they be duly celebrated. It is quite different with others, whose proceedings are evidently dictated either by flunky imitateness or an inherent love for vulgar display. One poor girl says she would like to have her marriage in church, but the people she must invite are not able to dress well enough for that, so that she must regretfully forgo the pleasure. Another would rather die than forgo such a sensation. And so it goes on, till every person of any tolerable amount of self respect will flee from the church at such a time, as if it were smitten with the plague. To cap all, some like to have it at night, so that they may have a greater crowd, and so that the paint on the cheeks of the fair ladies may not be seen so distinctly in all its native reality. If a few get their ribs crushed, and all that, so much the better. In short, the whole system is one of stupid, vulgar, upstart snobbery, which ought to be left severely alone by every person who has the smallest particle of self respect.

A girl of the name of Mary Churchill, has been making a sensation on the other side of the lines, by running away from her father's house. One of those homes of comfort and luxury, which are usually thought so much of, and praised so highly. After a few weeks of absence and agony to her parents, Mary has been brought home in triumph, and has been cordially forgiven. After all, the case is not so bad. It seems the cause of Mary's exodus was her being condemned to practice on the piano, for four hours every day. This has usually been thought an affliction which falls exclusively upon the unfortunate neighbors. The case of the poor girls condemned to the frightful drudgery has not been sufficiently considered. Mary would not stand it. Rather than that she would sacrifice all the comforts of home. She accordingly went, and she has returned singing *Io triumphe*, for she has received the solemn promise that the daily four hours of torture should not be insisted upon. Mary has also a peculiar taste for washing and dressing fine linen, and got employment at the same when away on her romancing. A girl that protests against piano practice, and takes to laundry work as a duck to water, must have grit in her. Some young man ought to look after Mary as a wife.

Temperance Department.

The Dead March.

BY MARY T. LATHROP.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, in the drunkard's way
March the feet of a million men;
If none shall pity and none shall stay,
Where will the march they are taking end?

The young, the strong and the old are there
In woeful ranks as they hurry past,
With not a moment to think or care
What is the fate that comes at last.

Tramp, tramp, tramp to a drunkard's doom
Out of a boyhood pure and fair,
Over the thoughts of love and home,
Past the check of a mother's prayer;
Onward swift to a drunkard's crime,
Over the plea of wife and child,
Over the holiest ties of time—
Reason dethroned and soul gone wild.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, till a drunkard's grave,
Covers the broken life of shame,
While the spirit Jesus died to save
Meets a future we dare not name.
God help us all, there's a cross to bear,
And work to do for the mighty throng!
God give us strength, till the toil and prayer
Shall end one day in the victor's song.
—*New Jersey Central Times.*

To Stand or Fall?

Which shall it be—to stand or fall?
"To stand!" cry those who love her, all,
Greed, Irreligion, Ignorance call
"Touch not her shrine!"

"To fall!" cry all who love the right,
Justice, Religion, Virtue, Light,
These in the desperate strife unite,
The strife divine,

Yea, "Let it fall!" cry mothers' tears,
Widows' and orphan' ruined years,
And blighted hopes and wasting fears
For vengeance call.

In deepest groan and faintest sigh
The mingled sounds mount up on high;
God and His angels hear the cry,
And it shall fall!

Eternal Justice.

The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time,
For him the hemlock shall distill;
For him the axe be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared;
Him shall the wrath and scorn of man
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite and lies,
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever justice done.

—*Charles Mackay.*

Archdeacon Farrar on Temperance.

At a recent anniversary of the C. E. T. S. at Leeds, England, Archdeacon Farrar made a very able speech. We take the following extracts from the report in the *Alliance News*:

"However tired they might be of speaking on this question, they must not give up the machinery of the public meeting. It had been the machinery which had carried every great moral reform during the last hundred years. It was by public meeting that men passed the Reform Bill, by means of them that the slave trade was abolished and the slave emancipated. It had been by public meetings that the members of every class had first made known their intolerable wrongs, and then achieved their inalienable rights. What was now wanted was an expression of public opinion in unmistakable tones. The popular voice shook the palace, penetrated the grave, it preceded the chariot; and was heard at the judgment seat of God. It was their duty to raise that popular voice in tones so unmistakable that they could no longer

be listened to by the Government with apathy, still less repudiated with disdain. Their object at these meetings was to arouse, to strengthen, and to convince, if they could, the Government, the press, the Church, and the people. Government, and he did not speak of any particular Government, was too timid, too tentative, to slow to move; the press was still too indifferent for even too hostile; it was only recently that the Church had ceased to be too half-hearted; and the people, as a mass, were too acquiscent of a system which, in the very teeth as he believed of their wishes, and certainly to the destruction of their interests, forced upon them a mass of social and moral wrongs. Therefore, they must try to arouse these great forces, and it was only by doing so that they would in time liberate England from the burden of an intolerable temptation, and from the paralysis and misery of an intolerable vice. (Applause.) It was worth while considering who were with them and who were against them. It was the fashion to speak of temperance reformers as a small, crotchety-unmanageable group of fanatics and fools. (Laughter.) The most curious thing about the matter was that great statesmen had again and again used language on this question which, if he had used it, would at once have given cause to the profoundly witty language that temperance reformers used such intemperate language. Mr. Cobden, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Earl Cairns had all spoken out clearly on the subject. They all talked, but temperance people wanted them to act. (Loud Applause.) While they deplored, temperance people wanted them to remedy; they wanted them to legislate; and while they stood watching the signals of distress, they wanted them to man the lifeboat. (Loud applause.) They could not go on forever living upon promises—(renewed applause)—and they could not be sustained forever by the passing of abstract resolutions. Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Carlyle had used language on this subject more severe than even Canon Basil Wilberforce. Even the War Office and the Admiralty were beginning to be touched by the evils of intemperance; and the three learned professions—the medical, the law, and the Church—were adding such strong testimony as to make no doubt whatever as to its general drift. There was scarcely a Judge or a Recorder of a great town who had not again and again declared that it was drink which had filled our prisons, and which was the source of all crime. But it was worse than useless, it was pernicious to bemoan these evils without trying to remedy them. The Church of England had confronted tyranny, and was not going to be cowed by the supremacy of gin. (Loud applause.) The majority of the people were also with them, although the people had not spoken with that supreme finality of utterance which, when legislators once heard, they knew they must obey. They had a right to demand that something should be done, they had waited long and patiently, and if they could not have the hurricane legislation to which Mr. Bright so much objected, they would be quite content with piece-meal legislation.

NEWS AND NOTES.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—At Toronto recently, a young man named George Lloyd, attempted suicide by cutting his throat. He had been on a spree and was suffering of brain fever. He was sent to the hospital at the expense of the city.

TEMPERANCE IN THE UNIVERSITY.—A Temperance League has been recently organized among the graduates and under graduates of University College, Toronto. There are both the total-abstinence and the anti-treating pledges. A similar movement should be organized in every college in Canada.

C. E. TEMPERANCE WORK.—Last week a band of Hope was formed in connec-

tion with St. Philips Church, at the west of the city. There are already 124 children connected with it. A branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, has been started at St. Matthias Church with good prospects of success.

WELL PUT.—Speaking recently of the importance of temperance workers voted for temperance men, Dr. Lees, the eminent English worker, said:—"True temperance men will have at last to come back to this great principle—that our votes make politicians, and that politicians make the laws, and if the laws are not true, and strike at vice and the causes of vice, all our aspirations will come to nothing?"

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.—At a recent court at Topeka, Kansas, a Mr. Zummieman, a saloon keeper, was fined \$700 for seven separate convictions of liquor selling contrary to the law of that State. Several others were fined \$100 each for violations. The total fines imposed that day for liquor selling alone amounted to \$3,700. Prohibition does not seem to be a dead letter in Kansas.

TEMPERANCE AND HEALTH.—Dr. Thos. King Chambers, gives this important testimony:—"There is no more fatal habit to a literary man than that of using alcohol as a stimulant between meals. The vital powers go on getting worn out more and more without their cry for help being perceived, and at the end break down suddenly and often irrevocably. The temptation is greater perhaps to a literary man than to any other in the same social position, especially if he has been induced by avarice or ambition to work wastefully against time, and if he cannot resist it he had better adjure the use of alcohol altogether."

THE VICTIMS.—The *London Weekly Review*, says: "The number of cripples in England and Wales alone is reckoned at not less than 100,000; and the saddest thing of all is that by much the larger number of them owe their infirmities and deformities to drunken parents. There is no doubt that the use of intoxicating drink is the root of this, and a host of other domestic, social, and political evils. Year by year it cripples thousands of innocent infants. Neither Moloch, nor Juggernaut, nor any other heathen idol, was ever worshipped with such cruel and costly sacrifices as this Christian kingdom offers, year by year, to the demon of drink."

SEASONS AND DRINKING.—Dr. W. B. Richardson, of the best known of the leading English physicians, has been taking observations in regard to the effect of the weather and the seasons on the drinking habits of the people. He bases his conclusions from the statistics given of the number of deaths from drinking at various seasons of the year; and he finds that the revenue receipts from spirits rises and falls about the same time as the death rate figures rise and fall. The largest death rate in England from drinking is in July, and after that it declines till December. From that time till February the rate remains stationary, and then it begins to rise again till July.

THEY FOUND THE BEER.—The officers were sure that a certain Portlander sold beer, and they worked a whole day in his cellar, clawing over drains and sewer pipes but found no beer. Finally they went at the wall. A stone dropped out. Other stones came down under the blows, revealing a partition of boards faced with chiprock. Back of this, built in the wall, was a hiding place, but empty. They ripped up the boards at one side, and found a layer of earth where should have been solid stone. Further digging brought out two barrels of beer, from which a line of hose ran to the store above. In another instance they saw a post, to which was nailed a board which seemed at one time a part of a coal bin. They twisted it off, and found that it contained a faucet in the hollow post.

WHAT IS WRON?—Alluding to the fact that the English Government has

not been able to find time and opportunity to deal with the liquor question during the last three or four sessions of the British Parliament, Sir Wilfred Lawson has recently said: "Something must be surely wrong in the Parliament of Great Britain, if that Parliament can devote time to the study and redressing of the wrongs of the Americans, the Montenegrins, and the Egyptians, and yet cannot deal with the great mass of pauperism which surges and swells around us,—cannot deal with a state of things in which one in every fifteen persons of this country dies in a union work house—a state of things which, according to the Prime Minister himself, is bringing on the nation the accumulated evils of war, pestilence and famine." I say that they will come to it if you show that you are in deep and deadly earnest in this question."

FRUITS OF THE TRAFFIC.

ANOTHER VICTIM.—At Tweed, Ont., a man named Thomas Hall, a railway laborer belonging to Peterboro, died of drink and exposure recently.

AN INDIAN VICTIM.—William Johnson, an aged Indian, was found dead, of cold and exposure, in a field on the Indian Reserve, near Onandaga, Brant Co., on the 19th inst. A jug of whiskey was lying beside the dead man, which told well the mystery of the poor man's sad end.

CRAZY OF DRINK.—Ignatius Reardon, an iron moulder in Toronto, became demented of drink recently, and threw himself violently on the ground in the workshop, praying with great energy. He committed a serious assault on a policeman in his frenzy. More burdens on the tax payers.

AN UNNATURAL SON.—Michael Callaghan, a young man, was placed in the dock, recently, charged with drunkenness, and thrashing his old mother during his drunken revelries. In the spree he also attempted to burn down the house in which they both lived. For the protection of the parent, the taxpayers are now supporting the drunken son in the gaol for thirty days.

ANOTHER BARN BURNING.—A barn belonging to Mr. Thomas Mulholland, York township, near Toronto, was burned recently. A tramp giving his name as William Hartley, was seen to emerge from the building and arrested. He confessed that he had been sleeping there and got the hay on fire while indulging in a smoke. The loss was about \$500 to the farmer, and there was no insurance.

DIED OF HIS INJURIES.—Robert Greenless died in the Toronto Hospital on Sunday last, of injuries received by him in October last. He was then under the influence of drink in one of the city bar-rooms, and stumbled over a spittoon and was so much bruised about the head that it became necessary to convey him to the hospital, where he has been nursed and cared for ever since. His death was caused from an abscess of the brain.

SENT TO GAOL.—On Saturday last a man named John Maughan appeared at the Toronto Police Court and asked to be sent to gaol for the winter, for safe keeping, as he had not money to provide for himself. The Magistrate committed him until May next. The papers state that Maughan has been drinking for some time heavily. His money has all been spent that way, and now the taxpayers foot the bill of seeing him cared for.

NEARLY A DOUBLE ACCIDENT.—Recently an inebriated man named John Burk, reeled into the Toronto harbor, off the railway track near the Water Works. Two men who witnessed the accident, went to his help and fished him out after he had become insensible. They laid him on the track and began to resuscitate him. A train came along just then, and in getting Burk off the track hurriedly, one of the men accidentally fell into the water, and was not himself rescued until nearly exhausted.

Good Templars' Departm't.

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

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

Good Templar Prizes.

Don't forget about the following prizes offered to Good Templars obtaining subscribers for TRUTH.

I. To the Sister sending in the largest number of subscribers, a beautiful set of fine gold bracelets, valued at \$8.

II. To the sister obtaining the second largest number, a Templar gold brooch, or locket valued at \$5. These prizes will be given by Bro. James Johnston, of Toronto.

III. To the Brother procuring the largest number of subscribers, a gold Templar's pin or \$4 worth of temperance books, as may be preferred; by the Grand Secretary.

IV. To the Brother obtaining the second largest number, a gold pin, or \$2 worth of temperance books, by Bro. J. B. Nixon, G.W.T.

The names to be procured any time up to February 1st. Send to TRUTH office for any further information needed.

NEWS FROM LODGES.

RUTHVEN, ESSEX CO.—Eric Lodge is reported by Bro. Geo. Wightman as making good progress. There are now 89 members.

MORE ADDITIONS.—The Good Templar ranks continue to increase. On Sunday last the wife of Bro. F. S. Spence, City Deputy of Toronto, and editor of the *Canada Citizen*, presented him with a daughter.

TIVERTON, BRUCE CO.—Bro. A. G. Montgomery writes that in Bruce Lodge there is a larger attendance than usual. They expect, with a united effort and the blessing of God, to accomplish a good work during the coming winter.

ALLISTON, SIMCOE CO.—Alliston Lodge has been reorganized after having been dormant for two or three years. J. Dunham, W.C.T.; Mrs. J. Faithful, W.V.; J. Palmer, W.S.; John Faithful, L.D. It meets on Thursday evenings.

KARS, CARLTON CO.—We hear from Bro. W. Lindsay of Salamander Lodge that their prospects are good for getting a large increase in the membership this quarter. A prize has been offered to the member who will bring in the largest number during the quarter.

BRACEBRIDGE, MUSKOKA.—Bro. E. Wardell writes that Beaver Lodge is in a more healthy condition than he has heretofore known it to be. Among its members are the representatives of forty different families. There are excellent prospects for doing good this winter.

GODFREY, FRONTENAC CO.—Bro. C. Howarth, L.D., writes: "We had a public installation of our officers and an 'open lodge' meeting. There was a good attendance, excellent speeches, readings, and music. I am sorry to say we have a decrease of members, because of some pruning out for non-payment. We are in hopes that, during the quarter, we shall be able to increase our number again."

PARKDALE.—Hope of Parkdale Lodge is meeting with encouraging success. At the last meeting four new candidates were initiated and at a recent one six. On Monday evening the hall was filled, and among the visitors were Bros. Casey, G. W. Secretary; Mr. & Mrs. Jackman, Jordon, Morrison and others of Toronto. Visiting members always welcomed at the meetings on Monday evenings, at the Town Hall building, Parkdale. C. Brooks, W.C.T.; L. L. Hannah, W.S.; J. B. McLaughlin, W.C.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.

Sunday afternoon temperance meetings are held weekly in Toronto as follows. In each case the hour of meeting is 3 o'clock.

At Occident Hall, Queen street, West, corner of Queen and Bathurst.

At Temperance Hall, Temperance street, near Yonge street.

At Temperance Hall, North Toronto, on the Davenport Road.

Visitors are always welcome to any of these meetings, and pledge books are always ready.

A public temperance entertainment of music, readings, recitations and speeches every Saturday evening at Occident Hall, commencing at 8 o'clock. Admission 5 cents. Next Saturday evening there will be a fine exhibition of dissolving views, and the Bolt Company's Brass Band will be in attendance. Be sure and attend, and you will find it a pleasant evening's enjoyment.

Go Forward.

BY J. B. GOUGH.

Men have very strange ideas of God's dealings with us in Providence, and of faith in Him. What is faith? To walk right to the edge of the precipice, and then stop? No! walk in Faith. What, step my feet upon nothing? Yes, upon nothing, if it is in the path of duty: boldly set your feet on nothing; and a solid rock, firm as the everlasting hills, shall rise up beneath your feet every step you take in the path of duty—only do it unwaveringly and in faith. What we have to do, brethren, is to settle the point—are we right?

Now, it is not my duty to show everybody that he is wrong, but it is my duty to see that I myself am right.

You remember when the children of Israel went out of Egypt they were a band of escaped fugitives. Their ranks were encumbered with the presence of many women and children, and their mighty but meek leader was armed only with a rod. Here come the chariots and the horsemen of Pharaoh treading on their very shadow. A pillar of fire went before them by night, and a pillar of cloud by day, and they marched till they came to the shores of the Red Sea: and then—what? Read the magnificent narrative: "And the Lord God said unto Moses from out of the cloud, 'Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward.'" That was the only command. How can they go forward? There is no other command for the children of Israel; but to Moses there come the words, "Stretch forth thy rod," and the way opened. God never yet gave us a duty to do but He opened the way for us when we were ready to do it. He never gave an impossible command yet. So the waters stood in heaps. Tramp, tramp, tramp—went the three millions through the bed of the sea; and their enemies came in after them, and it was in the night time. Now . . . what? "Forward!" "But our enemies are in our rear." "Forward!" "Yes, but before us is we know not what. The waters are on either side." "Forward!" "Yes, but we can almost feel the very breath of the horses upon our necks, and hear the chariot wheels grind in the shingle as they pursue us." "Forward!" And the pillar that went before them passed over and stood in their rear. It was light unto them; it was darkness to their enemies: "and they came not near each other all the night." Those who had obeyed the command, "Forward!" stood on the other side, and then "the Lord God looked out from the pillar of fire, and troubled the Egyptians, and brake their chariot wheels." Those who had obeyed the command, "Forward!" saw the wrecks of chariots and the carcasses of the horses and the bodies of men strewing the strand.

Brethren, settle the matter: "Am I right?" and then forward all with a hope and a prayer, "God speed the right; and use us as instruments in His hands for that grand and glorious purpose!"

Good of the Order.

FOR READINGS & RECITATIONS.

The Factory Chimney.

The busy builders' heavy task was very nearly done,
The new built factory's window panes were glist'ning in the sun;
The only part unfinished was the chimney great and tall,
Which towered high above the rest, and overlooked them all.
The scaffolding had, like a net, enclosed the chimney high;
But, piece by piece, 'twas taken down, till—clear against the sky—
The workmen looked as small as flies the chimney top around,
With just a pully-block and rope to bring them to the ground;
And when their task was ended, and the men were lowered down,
A busy hive where toil could thrive was added to the town.

Loud cheered the lookers-on to see the noble work complete;
Shook hands as men and foreman too came down upon their feet;
Then down they hauled the running-rope, and, as it dropped to ground,
Their "Hip! Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" was heard by all the country round.
But, as the echoes died away, a solitary cry
Came faintly through the evening air! and people wondered why;
A cry as from a lonely man lost in the wilderness—
And whence it came no one could tell—that cry of dire distress;
Till one looked up—then looked again; then cried "Oh! neighbors—stop!
Lord save us! See—Look! can it be—a man left on the top!"

"Where be my men," the foreman cries, "Step here, and let me see
Who is the missing man of us—if missing man there be:
Just nine beside myself went up to finish on that job;
Here's Jake and Sandy, Mike and Ben; long Dick, and Jim and Bob—
Where's the Timmy Brown? Oh, here thee be—thou'rt always backward Tim,
And where is George the mason, lads?—It surely can't be him?
He worked on t'other side from us"—"He did, bedad!" said Mike—
"Hold on a minute while I shout—he's started home belike—
GEORGE! GEORGE, MY LAD! WHERE BE THREE NOW?" he shouted loud and clear.
Down from the height, midst waning light,
A faint voice answered—"Here!"

"God help the man!" "God pity him," the awe-struck people groan,
"A hundred yards above our reach—all helpless and alone;
If we could but send up to him a line of thinnest string;
Then add a cord, and then a rope; aye, that would be the thing,
But there is not enough of wind to raise the smallest kite."
"And is there then no other way by which to reach the height?"
"Aye: we could build right up to him, but that would take so long;
And ev'ry hour must weaken him, although he was so strong.

The chilly night is closing in, and, mayhap, in its gloom,
His heart and brain won't bear the strain and he may meet his doom."

"Hist! Here's the wife—poor George's wife!"—and midst the parting crowd,
A woman swiftly made her way, while many sobbed aloud;
Her eyes were bright and tearless, but her heart was beating wild
For him—the husband of that heart—the father of her child.
They told her how a slender cord might save—if it could reach;
"But now," said they, "there is no wind."
"Thank God," was all her speech,
She waved her hand for silence; and they breathlessly stood still,
While she essayed to speak to him she'd loved through good and ill—
"George! George, my husband! Canst thou hear thy own—thy faithful Bess?"
Down through the shroud of gathering cloud he cried, "God bless thee!—Yes!"

Cried she, "Take off thy stocking, George, that I have knit for thee."
The people asked—"What can she mean—its crazy she must be!"
But when she cried "Unravel it, and let the thread come down!"
A mighty cheer broke from them all, and rang throughout the town.
"Will someone fetch some string and cord!" "Aye!" And with might and main
To house and shop men swiftly ran—then panting back again;
And in their wake came hundreds more, from road, and street, and lane,
One feeling thrilled the multitude—one sympathetic pain:—
Ah! let the cynic sneer about man's selfishness and sin;
But here's that touch of nature such as makes the whole world kin.

As up through gathering darkness there, the waiting crowd had gazed,
They saw a white speck waving, and they murmured "God be praised!"
It was the thread descending, with a something at its end—
A bit of mortar tied to it to help it to descend,
"Lord," prayed the wife, "The winds and waves obey Thy sovereign will—
Do thou rebuke this gentle breeze: Say to it,—'Peace be still!'
My husband's life hangs on that thread. In mercy save it then."
And all around who heard that prayer cried fervently "Amen."
And safely came the little weight, with thread of worsted blue,
To link again the loving twain, whose hearts were tried and true.

They tied to it the slender string. "Pull gently up they cry.
He pulls the thread; "Twill surely break," the doubters whisper nigh;
Up goes the thread; up goes the string—and with it many a prayer—
Until the patient man above shouts that he has it there.
"Now tie this cord to it," They do, and soon he holds the end.
And now he lifts and loops the rope. He's ready to descend.
And tremblingly they lowered him, and, when he reached the sod,
Cried "Hallelujah!" "Praise the Lord!" and "Glory be to God!"
While she, the faithful heroine, who'd braved their weak alarms,
Herself grew weak; she tried to speak—but fainted in their arms.

And so, whilst keen and stalwart men thought how they might begin
To reach their comrade—thus cut off from all his kith and kin—
A woman's love devised a way far readier than their skill,
And made her husband save himself, responsive to her will.
How weak that thread, how strong the faith that made her heart so brave:
The feeblest means, when blessed by God, how powerful to save.
What wonder many bore a bit of worsted thread away
To treasure as memento of that most eventful day;
And George from then wore on his breast a bow of worsted blue:
Which, through his wife, had saved his life to serve his God anew.

* * * * *
Full many a year has passed since then, but while time rolls away
Still history repeats itself: it re appears to-day:
The Scripture saith "The drunkard is as one alone at last,
In peril swaying on the top of some high vessel's mast;
But even such Love's skill can reach—and rescue from the grave;
The Ribbon Blue—divinely blest—will bring the means to save:
'Twill bring to hand the Temperance cause of Faith, Hope Charity;
And then the Gospel rope attached ensures true liberty.
So to the Gospel Temperance cause our hands and hearts we give;
And stand we true and wear the Blue as long as we shall live.

—JOSEPH MALINS.

HUMBERSTONE, WELAND CO.—Humberstone Lodge I. O. G. T., meets Saturday evenings at Templar's Hall. Visiting members always welcome. W. C. T., W. L. SCHOFIELD; W. S., A. M. NEFF; L. D., JAMES KINNEAR, Port Colborne, Ont.

MR. FLINTSHIRE'S MARRIAGE

Mr. Flintshire retired from the Indian civil service at the age of 50, and returned to England with the fixed intention of marrying for money. Being a bachelor, his pension was more than sufficient for his wants, and his savings amounted to a considerable fortune. But he was a very careful man, to say the least, and he had always cherished the idea of finding a rich wife who would keep him. Hitherto he had been unsuccessful, because he had, to a limited extent, allowed sentiment to interfere with his choice. But now that his income had diminished in consequence of his retirement, he resolved to be guided entirely by expediency, and to permit neither age nor any other disqualification to balk his design.

It is hardly surprising that with such broad views as this he had comparatively little difficulty in discovering his opportunity. He was chatting one day with his doctor in rather a despondent mood, in consequence of the unsatisfactory state of his liver, when the medical gentleman, to cheer him, remarked:

"My dear sir, you need not feel uneasy. You will be well in a month, and you will live to be as brisk and lively at 84 as old Mrs. Mumblewood."

"Who is Mrs. Mumblewood?" inquired Mr. Flintshire.

"A patient of mine—a wonderful old lady. As I tell you, she is 84, and yet comes to see me in an omnibus to save a cab fare," said the doctor, laughing. "You will hardly believe it when I tell you she is enormously wealthy."

"Is she a widow?" inquired Mr. Flintshire, pricking up his ears.

"Yes. Her husband was old Mumblewood, the contractor, who died worth, as they say, a quarter of a million. The old fellow came from nothing, but the widow is a shrewd, clever old lady, as brisk as you or I."

"She can't last much longer, I suppose?" remarked Mr. Flintshire, absently.

"Well, that is a professional secret," said the doctor, laughing again. "However, it is safe to predict that she has lived the best part of her life."

"I should like to see her," said Mr. Flintshire, in quite a hearty tone for him. "The sight of her will do one more good than a course of medicine."

"It will be cheaper, at any rate," said the doctor, with unconscious irony. "Let me see—I should like to have a look at you next week. Now, Tuesday morning at 12 o'clock is old Mrs. Mumblewood's hour, and you might arrange your visit accordingly."

Probably the doctor had no other designs in his mind than the wish to secure another fee, and in this he succeeded, for Mr. Flintshire at once undertook to call on the day and at the hour mentioned.

It seems incredible that any man should seriously think of paying court to an old lady of 84. Yet Mr. Flintshire was quite prepared to do so if it turned out that Mrs. Mumblewood was anything like as rich as was supposed, and he made the appointment with the most deliberate intentions.

He had no difficulty in learning all about the old lady, who resided in Sloan street, and was well known in the neighborhood. The result of his inquiries was highly satisfactory, for though the deceased contractor had not left anything like a quarter of a million, the widow had inherited a large fortune, which must have considerably increased in consequence of her penurious habits. She lived in a small house, attended only by two old servants who had been respectively cook and butler to her late husband. She could hardly be spending £500 a year, to judge from the stories that were told about her, and the natural inference was that her saving must alone amount to a fortune.

Under these circumstances Mr. Flintshire did not fail to keep his appointment. He considered the widow an excellent chance, and though her miserly propensities rather interfered with his original design of being supported free of expense, this drawback was counterbalanced by the probability of her speedy demise. Even if he should have to keep her for a few years, her fortune, which would come to him, would only be proportionately increased. He therefore quite made up his mind to marry her, nor did his purpose waver when he found Mrs. Mumblewood an illiterate old lady, with a skin like parchment, a face that might have been carved from a block of wood, and a

tongue that was constantly saying bitter things.

The meeting at the doctor's house, which was their first introduction, soon ripened into intimacy. Mr. Flintshire "made the running"—to use a sporting phrase—with dexterity and determination. He insisted on giving the widow a lift home in a cab, and from that day forward he never failed to send her some little token of regard. Singular as it may appear in an old lady of 84, Mrs. Mumblewood was evidently flattered by these attentions, and, though she soon intimated to him she suspected he had designs on her fortune, she readily accepted his assurance that his politeness arose from pure friendship. Before long Mr. Flintshire got into the habit of calling nearly every day, and though the hospitality he received was of a very meagre kind, he could not help admiring the strict economy which the widow practiced in her domestic arrangements.

It was only natural, however, that the old proverb about the course of true love never running smooth should have been exemplified in Mr. Flintshire's case. If the widow received his attentions with complacent satisfaction, he was much less favorably regarded by another member of the household. He perceived that he had an enemy in the butler from the first moment that ancient retainer opened the door to him. This individual was a surly, not over-clean old man of 60 or thereabouts, whose chief duties appeared to be to keep off intruders from his mistress, since he apparently discharged no other functions. It was perfectly obvious that old Numb was jealous of everyone who entered the house, and, probably, had an eye to his mistress' fortune. He was never polite to Mr. Flintshire, though the latter, from motives of policy, took great pains to make himself agreeable, even going to the length of an occasional gratuity. Unfortunately the man appeared to have considerable influence with the old lady, who was evidently a little afraid of him. Mr. Flintshire, who did not intend to be refused when he made his proposal of marriage, realized that he must not leave Mr. Numb out of his calculations. The consequence was that, after mature deliberation, he one day asked the butler to give him a few words in private, and thus delivered himself:

"Mr. Numb," he said, mysteriously, "has the possibility of your mistress marrying again ever occurred to you?"

"No, it hain't," said the man, shortly.

"Well, Mr. Numb, perhaps not, though you could hardly have imagined that I could see so much of that excellent lady as I have done lately without conceiving a very great regard for her. Now, supposing," said Mr. Flintshire, quite jocosely, "supposing I were to aspire to gain your mistress' hand, what would you say?"

"I should say, don't you wish you may get it?" returned Numb, calmly.

"I am quite serious," said Mr. Flintshire, frowning a little. "Of course, I know it is not usual for a gentleman to consult a lady's butler before proposing marriage to her. Indeed, the idea is ridiculous. But you have lived in your mistress' service so long that she regards you as a friend and adviser, and, under the circumstances, I think it only right to mention the matter to you. A word from you, Mr. Numb, might prove very useful."

"Very likely," said Mr. Numb, in an oracular tone.

"Well, now, come, Mr. Numb. Just consider. I am not a foolish and extravagant man who would play ducks and drakes with your mistress' money. On the contrary, I am a careful man, and not a poor one either. I think we should live a little better, Numb, if I were master here; your wages might be raised; and—and—well, Numb, on my wedding day, I dare say I might give you a five-pound note. What do you say to that?"

Mr. Flintshire spoke in his most earnest and persuasive tone, but failed to move a muscle of Mr. Numb's stolid face.

"Or—or ten. Shall we say ten, Numb?" said Mr. Flintshire, eagerly.

"Make it fifty," said the butler, with a perfectly impassive countenance.

"Fifty! Bless my soul. Ahem! It's a very large sum," gasped Mr. Flintshire. "Can't we split the difference and meet half-way. Say twenty or twenty-five."

"Fifty," repeated Numb, stubbornly.

"Well, well fifty, then," said Mr. Flintshire, with resignation. "It's a large sum, but— However, say fifty."

The butler said fifty, apparently rather

to oblige Mr. Flintshire than from any interest he felt in the discussion—judging, at least, from his tone and manner. Nothing more passed at this remarkable interview, but the next day Mr. Flintshire proposed to Mrs. Mumblewood and was immediately accepted.

After this matters went smoothly enough, and though Mr. Flintshire fretted a good deal about the £50 he had promised to Numb, he did not consider the money thrown away. The alacrity with which Mrs. Mumblewood had accepted him plainly revealed that he owed his success to the butler's interference. When once he was married he flattered himself that Mr. Numb's dominion would soon come to an end. Meanwhile, it was prudent to be polite to him, for since he acted as the old lady's confidential adviser, he might make himself disagreeable by suggesting settlements and other undesirable complications. Mr. Flintshire had previously discovered that the butler was a remarkably shrewd man of business, and had served in his youth as a clerk in a lawyer's office.

Nothing of the kind occurred, however, and the marriage was performed in a neighboring church without fuss or ceremony. Mr. Numb received his £50, together with a promise of a rise in wages, which Mr. Flintshire intended, in his own mind, as a preliminary to dismissing him. The wedding banquet and the auspicious event in no way disturbed the even tenor of the household. The only change that occurred was that from henceforth Mr. Flintshire was promoted to the dignity of paymaster of the establishment, the widow stopping all supplies with promptitude the moment she had changed her name.

Mr. Flintshire did not trouble to announce his wedding in the papers. There was nothing to be gained by doing so, and his wife did not appear to desire it. He settled down readily enough to his new state of life, and devoted himself to ministering to his wife's comfort in a very laudable manner. The chief aim he had in view was to prevent her from making a will. He strongly suspected that she had made one before her marriage, in which the name of Mr. Numb figured conspicuously; but that document was now null and void by operation of law. If his wife, therefore, did not make a fresh one he would, at her death, inherit everything as her husband, and he was, accordingly, quite content to leave matters where they were at present.

If Mr. Flintshire deserved domestic happiness as a reward for his perseverance, he certainly did not attain that desirable consummation. To begin with, his wife was crochety and fractious, as old people generally are, but, in addition to these failings, she possessed a remarkably vigorous temper. Mr. Flintshire, to serve his own purposes, staid by her side from morning till night, and she made a perfect slave of him. Being morbidly fearful of offending her, he dared not venture to retaliate, and never was an unhappy husband more henpecked than he. Another source of annoyance was that the whole household seemed to be in league to plunder him. The simple domestic arrangements which had sufficed when the old lady held the purse were no longer sufficient. His wife was the first to propose a more liberal table, and Mr. Numb manifested a perfectly fiendish ingenuity in suggesting costly little dishes for her. In a word, the housekeeping expenses increased to an enormous extent, and all attempts at introducing economy proved unavailing.

The last, but not the least, of the bridegroom's troubles was the presence in the house of Numb, the butler. So long as this man remained, Mr. Flintshire felt that he was only the nominal head of the establishment. Mr. Numb did precisely as he pleased, and his influence with his mistress showed no signs of diminishing. Yet Mr. Flintshire did not see his way to getting rid of him. If he attempted to exercise his authority his wife might be driven to take some desperate course. He ventured on one occasion to hint that Numb's services might with advantage be dispensed with, but the suggestion called forth such a torrent of reproaches and invectives that Mr. Flintshire trembled at his temerity. Numb staid on and haunted him like a veritable Old Man of the Sea, drawing high wages, increasing the weekly bills, and what was far worse, enjoying the larger share of his wife's confidence.

The one bright spot in the midst of Mr. Flintshire's tribulation was that his wife evinced no desire to make a will. He therefore felt tolerably secure about the future

which was a great consolation to him. Nevertheless, a year of this anxious life so undermined his constitution that, in all probability, another twelvemonth would have either killed him or rendered him hopelessly imbecile. Fortunately for him, these dreadful contingencies were averted by the sudden death of the old lady, who expired in her sleep without having given the slightest indication of her approaching end.

The sad event had much the same effect upon the bereaved husband as a summer shower has upon a parched garden. It revived him instantly and called forth all his former energy and vitality. His first step was to make a minute and careful examination of the deceased lady's effects, without, as he had anticipated, finding a trace of a will. The precaution was hardly necessary, for he was certain she had not made one, but the search satisfied his mind, and he lost no time in venting his revengful feelings against Mr. Numb. He nursed his resentment until the day of the funeral, but immediately upon his return from following his wife to the grave he summoned the butler to his presence. The man shuffled into the room with a hang-dog look, as though he anticipated his fate, but Mr. Flintshire remarked that his expression was insolent and defiant.

"Numb," said his master, sharply; "you will be good enough to leave this house within an hour. I won't stand any more of your insolence, and it was only out of consideration for the poor lady who has gone that I have bone with you so long. I will pay you a month's wages, and I warn you not to attempt to make off with any of my property."

"Two can play at that game," snarled the butler, fumbling in his pocket, and producing a document. "Suppose this house and everything in it was my property, and I was to ask you to clear out; what would you say then?"

"It is a perfectly idle proposition," said Mr. Flintshire, loftily. "What is that paper?"

"It is a copy of the old lady's will. My lawyer has the original."

"Is it dated since my marriage?" inquired Mr. Flintshire, with a shade of anxiety.

"Oh, no!—long before," answered the butler, with a grin.

"Then, it is not worth the paper it is written on," said Mr. Flintshire, waving aside the document. "I don't want to see it. It is of no consequence whatever."

"I shouldn't be too sure if I was you," returned Numb, maliciously, as he put the paper back in his pocket. "I fancy you will laugh the other side of your mouth before the day is out."

"Get out of my sight this instant!" cried Mr. Flintshire, losing his temper. "If you have not left the house within an hour I shall send for the police."

The butler appeared quite unmoved by this threat, and disappeared with perfect self-possession. His confident air troubled Mr. Flintshire a little, though he hardly knew why. It was obvious that the man did not believe that the will he spoke of was void, but that was only his ignorance. Nevertheless, Mr. Flintshire resolved to call immediately upon the firm of solicitors who had been in the habit of acting as his wife's legal advisers, and accordingly he hailed a passing hansom, and drove to Lincoln's inn.

"Are you Mr. Flintshire?" inquired the senior member of the firm in question, upon his new client being ushered in, "the gentleman who recently married our late client, Mrs.—Mrs. Mumblewood?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Flintshire, struck with uneasiness at something strange in the lawyer's tone and manner. "Possibly you were unaware of our marriage."

"I never heard of it till to-day. I regret to say I have to make a most extraordinary and painful communication to you," said the lawyer, speaking as though he could hardly realize what he was about to say. "I have had Mr. Numb here this morning, and it was from him I heard of your—your marriage."

"Good heavens, what is the matter?" gasped Mr. Flintshire, beside himself with nervous apprehension.

"I really hardly like to break the news to you, but the fact is our late client was secretly married to this Mr. Numb some years ago. I had no idea of it till this morning. It is the most extraordinary state of things I ever heard of in my life," said the lawyer, leaning back in his chair.

"It's a lie—a base, infamous conspiracy!" cried Mr. Flintshire, foaming at the mouth.

"I'm afraid it is true. In fact, since seeing Mr. Numb I have inspected the marriage registry at Somerset house," said the lawyer. "The most startling thing is that this old lady, whose meanness amounted to a mania, deliberately committed bigamy, with her husband's concurrence, in order to save money."

"If it is true, he shall hang for it! He shall refund every farthing and pay me damages. I will inform against him before the nearest magistrate," cried Mr. Flintshire, gesticulating wildly, and looking very odd and excited.

He did not carry out any of these threats, however, for the melancholy reason that he went raving mad.—*London Truth.*

EVERYDAY FUN.

They used to say: "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Nowadays it is a well recognized fact that even forty rods make one road.

No wonder Cetewayo, is always at war. He has 400 wives. Even in this civilized country a man with that many wives couldn't expect to have much peace.

It is now generally believed that the celebrated remark of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina was made just after Mr. Evarts had done speaking.

Frederick Douglass wants the negro elevated to the Vice-Presidency. Bless your heart, Frederick, that's no elevation. There is no smaller office in the United States.

"I thought," said the senior Baggles, as he produced a suspicious looking flat bottle from his son's valise, "that there was nothing but your surgical instruments in this bag." "That's what I said, dad." "Then sir, what do you call this?" "That? Oh, that's my eye opener, dad; very useful instrument, very useful; indispensable, I assure you."

He'd been waltzing with his host's ugly elder daughter, and he was in a corner repairing damages. Here he was espied by his would-be papa-in-law.

"She is the flower of my family, sir," said the father.

"So it seems," answered the young man. "Pity she comes off so, ain't it?" he continued, as he essayed another vigorous rub at the white spots on his coat sleeve.

The other day old Dave received a telegram from a man down in the country who wanted him to come down and clean out his well. After some one read the dispatch to the old man he said:—"De Lawd hab mussy on sich a man as I is. Gettin' more 'portant every day. Got a letter yestiday, an' now I see dun got a 'spatch. Uh huh! When da kan't reach me wid a postoffice da stretches airter me wid de tilygraph."

Adverse to a Miscellaneous Crowd.

It was in Chicago, of course, though for that matter it might have been in any city of Connecticut or Massachusetts.

"Will you go to the ball, this eve?" he inquired.

"Not this eve," she replied, certainly in not the most gracious manner possible; and then she added, "S'mother eve, possibly."

"But Mrs. Stockyards Porcine certainly sent you an invitation!"

"Oh, yes, of course; but I felt obliged to present my compliments and regrets."

"Well, if you ain't a funny woman. The soiree will be one of the most fashionable and select given on the west side, this season."

"I suppose so, but still I did not want to go."

"Private reasons, eh?"

"Well, if you must know, all of my divorced husbands have been invited, and I don't wish to mix promiscuously in such a miscellaneous crowd."

A Question of the Age.

The President of the Assizes Court, questioning lady witness—"Your age, madame?"

The lady (in a low voice)—"Twenty-two."

The President—"Thirty-two, you say, madame?"

The lady (quickly)—"No, sir; twenty-seyen."

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Some Curious Facts About the Five Pound Notes—Honorable Dealings.

In the course of five years the paid notes amount to 77,745,000 in number, and they fill 13,400 boxes, which if placed side by side would reach two and one-third miles. If the notes were placed in a pile they would reach to a height of five and two-third miles, or if joined end to end they would form a ribbon 12,445 miles long. Their superficial extent is said to be rather less than that of Hyde park. They weigh over ninety and two-thirds tons, and their original value was over £1,750,626,600. The greatest of rogues might be inclined to find some comfort in the extent and intricacy of such a store of old paper. Of course, however, they are most systematically arranged, and any note of the seventy-seven millions may be pounced upon with the utmost celerity and precision. At the end of five years these old notes are thrown into a furnace specially constructed for the purpose, and are burned. It is a curious fact, however, so firm in texture is the paper of a genuine Bank of England note that burning alone can hardly destroy it. The authorities have in a little glazed frame the remnants of a note which was in the great fire of Chicago. Though completely charred and black, the paper still holds together, and the printing of the note is said to be sufficiently legible to establish its genuineness and to warrant its being cashed.

There are some other notes here which were cashed after having gone down in the Eurydice a few years ago, and reduced to little better than pulp. Indeed, the scraps and fragments which sometimes come into a bank to be cashed have a really ridiculous appearance. On the occasion of a recent visit, for instance, the officials had under examination a number of fragments of discolored paper, none much bigger than a sixpence and when put together presenting to the unskilled eye, not the slightest resemblance of a note. And yet it was pretty confidently asserted that the paper would be cashed. It is beneath the dignity of the Bank of England to take, or even appear to take advantage of accidents to their notes, and if there is any possibility of establishing the identity of one of them, it is sure to be duly honored. Even where a note is entirely destroyed, proper evidence of the fact of destruction will be accepted and payment made. A lost note will in some cases be paid, and there is one occasion recorded upon which the liberal attitude of the directors in a case of this kind involved them in a loss of £30,000. A bank director declared that he had lost a note for that amount, and, upon his giving an indemnity for the sum in the event of the note ever turning up, the money was paid to him. Many years after his death an unknown person presented the missing note. The paper was undeniably good, and the bank had no alternative but to cash it, as it was payable to bearer on demand, and as the heirs of the bank director who had lost it repudiated all liability, the money could not be recovered.

A Rattlesnake Catcher.

John C. Geer, of Long Eddy, a veteran rattlesnake catcher, has just shipped four rattlers, averaging over four feet in length, to a museum in Rochester. Mr. Geer does a lively business in rattlesnakes. He catches them for travelling shows and menageries, and sells them at a good round price. His method of capture is very simple. With his feet encased in a pair of heavy cowhide boots, through which the fangs of the snake can not penetrate, he goes out into the woods only a short distance from his farmhouse. Armed with a heavy cane he walks along until he sees or hears a rattler. If it is coiled up a blow with the cane will straighten it out, and while it is uncoiled it can not strike. Holding it firmly back of the head with the cane, he slips a small hood of thick woollen cloth over its head and ties it fast. The snake can then wriggle and strike as much as it pleases—it is harmless. After two or three are captured they are put into a bag and are carried home. There they are put into a box specially prepared for their reception, having a front of thick plate glass. At first they are furious and writhe and plunge about, striking at the sides of the box in a most extraordinary manner, but they finally quiet down and take kindly to their new quarters. They are fed three times a day regularly. Their food consists of frogs, mice, gophers, and

sometimes small birds. Mr. Greer says August is the most dangerous of all months for capturing the snakes, because they are shedding their skins and can not see; and so do not give the customary three alarm rattles. "Snakes is curious," said Mr. Geer. "Snakes is curious, and no mistake. These varmints never think of biting at any other time of the year without calling out a warning 'cept in August, and then they are fearfully touchy. I suppose it's because, as they can't see, they are afraid of being hurt all the time. More people get bit by rattlesnakes in August than in all the rest of the year put together. You see, the varmints, bein' so blind, don't know where they crawl to, and often they curl themselves up right alongside of the road, and sometimes in the middle of it. They are very sensitive, and the minute they hear any one near them they try to bite. That's why so many of these city folks who come up in the Sullivan county mountains for rest, as they call it, get poisoned, and once in a while die. Most of 'em dies from fright, though, 'cause with proper care they can always be cured. After dark is the meanest time with rattlers in August. You see, generally the rattler goes to sleep at sundown, or if he is awake he is afraid and keeps quiet. But in August his tender hide and his eyes pain him so he can't sleep well, and he is just as apt as not to stretch himself out on one of the footpaths. If he does you can just bet that the man or woman who comes in his way gets bit.

A Child for \$20.

The Columbia, (Neb.) Democrat says: On Monday last a man with four children, claiming to be from Nibrara country, this State, arrived in town, and while here he met another mover, to whom he proposed to sell his little, four years old. As shockingly inhuman as this may seem, the little boy was then and there sold to the stranger for the sum of \$20. The little fellow, when told by his beast of a father what he had done, and that he must go with the stranger, wept bitterly, imploring his father not to take him away from his little brothers and sisters. "No, you can not stay, you must go," was the stern command. The child again kissed his brothers and sisters, and was put in the stranger's waggon and started off, but so grieved and pained was his little heart at being thus ruthlessly torn from those he loved that, after having gone a short distance, he jumped out of the waggon, went back again and begged not to be sent away with strangers. But he was taken back and put into the waggon. So touching was this inhuman circumstance that the wife of the purchaser wept bitterly.

Starters for Stories.

Following the prevailing literary fashion: Slush, slush, slush!—I first saw the light of day—"Push the eglantine aside, Hester."—It was night—night in the great city.—It was night—night on the lonely downs.—A dull sun was rising on a perfect day.—A dull drizzling day on the Cornish coast.—It was Herbert Delany's 21st birthday.—It was a beautiful afternoon toward the close of August.—Geoffrey Marmalade had been a bachelor for many years.—Born of humble parents, John Gray grew up to manhood.—Yes, it was very hard for all of us to part with Lilith Jane; but—Only a gin-miller's daughter!—And yet how fair—how wonderfully fair she was!—On a sultry day toward the close of August, 18—, the heir of Jagshurst lay dying.—The birds were twittering sweetly that morning in leafy June, when Clara Montmorenci—"No!"—The speaker was a fair pale girl of some nineteen summers.—A bright, glowing fire, a cheerful room, books everywhere—what more did Herbert Vane need to be happy?—Puck.

Only a Baby.

This is a baby. It is a girl baby. How sloppy its chin is! How red its eyes! What horrid contortions it makes with its face! See how savagely it kicks! How sour it smells! How like a demon it yells! Yet in a few short years some man will be half crazed with wild suspense, worshipping the very air this being breathes, devoutly kneeling at her feet and frantically begging for one word, one pressure of the hand, even a look, which will give him hope.—*Philadelphia Call.*

MENTALLY AN INFANT.

A Remarkable Case of Arrested Development.

Physicians at Erie, Pa., are considerably interested in a remarkable case of arrested mental development. In the Erie county almshouse there is a girl aged 16, with the mind of a child 2 months old, and who nurses at the breast like a babe. This remarkable girl was admitted to the institution about two years ago, but to spare the feelings of the family no one has been permitted to see her, nor has publicity been given to the case. A few weeks ago the unhappy mother died. The restriction is now removed. The girl's name is Eliza Kerner. She was born in Venango township, her parents being poor but deserving people. When 2 months old the child had an attack of brain fever. It recovered its physical health, but all mental progress was arrested. Eliza grew and developed a splendid girl, but had to be treated as a baby. There is no idiocy, but her mind is precisely the same as a bright 2-months-old girl. Her mother had to carry her in arms until she became too heavy, and since then she has lain in bed. She has never been weaned and has never tasted any food but milk taken from the breast or from the bottle. She has a splendid set of teeth, beautiful, clear-cut features, and a luxuriant growth of hair, but knows not the use or ornament of either. In the almshouse there is generally one or more young nursing mothers, and these have to give her the sustenance she needs. It is a peculiar sight to see this young woman imbibing food from the breast of a girl about her own age. Dr. Lovett, the surgeon in charge, says she may live to be a woman of 80. All the organs are healthy, the skin is beautiful and almost transparent. The superficial veins can be traced through the skin. The reporter jingled a bunch of keys before the young woman's eyes and she evinced the delight of an infant, ending by crying and biting her fingers. A party of physicians went to inspect the case. They agree that it is most remarkable. It will be brought before the Medical association at its next meeting, and will be published in the medical journals.

About Local Newspapers.

An exchange hits the nail on the head in the following:—It is absurd for the residents of rural municipalities to suppose that because they get a large city weekly for the same money that they pay for a good local paper, that they receive more value for their money. This is a mistaken idea. Any man who takes the least interest in the affairs of his township or county, if he can afford only one paper, should take the one published in his own township or county. The local paper furnishes its readers with the news of the district, market reports, agricultural news, council reports, accounts of agricultural societies and shows, and local news generally, none of which the city papers can pretend to do. It will thus be seen that neither the *Mail*, *Globe*, or any other weekly can supply the place of the local paper, glib-tongued agents to the contrary notwithstanding. To which do the people look when there is some local scheme to be advocated? Do they run to the city papers? No, for they know it would be of no use to do so. Then the country press should let those who take a city weekly in preference to a local paper go to the city editors for any favors they may ask. A good live paper is the best institution any town can possess.

Twenty-four O'Clock.

A peculiar clock, which marks the hours from one to twenty-four, has recently been completed by a Wilmington manufacturer. The new timepiece is of the kind soon to be adopted by several of the railroads. The most conspicuous innovations are in the marking upon the dial and in the movement of the wheels which run the hands. The minute hand, instead of making twelve revolutions to every revolution of the hour hand, as in the ordinary clock, makes twenty-four revolutions while the hour hand passes around once.

Only one forest in England belongs to a private owner—Savernake, Lord Ailesbury's, in Wilts, 4,000 acres. It is full of splendid old trees, and what is known as the Grand avenue, four miles long, is lined with beeches, in some places eight or ten deep.

A good deal of discussion is at present going on about the desirableness and practicability of union among the different sections of the Protestant Church. It is to be feared a good deal of work is to be done before Presbyterians and Episcopalians unite, even in the matter of church government. Perhaps both sides may relax a little. They would need to relax not a little. Time will show.

If Ireland were left to itself to settle affairs as it saw best wouldn't there be fun? No mistake about it. The Orangemen of the north and the so-called Nationalists would fight like Kilkenny cats, with something of the same result. Better let well alone, and rub on with England as the arbiter of disputes. The English people want to do justice to the Irish, and are doing so to the very best of their ability.

The rumor goes again that the czar is bent on giving a Liberal Constitution to the Russians. Should this prove true, he will be a wise man and a patriot as well. It is only by doing right, come what may, that the poor man has even the ghost of a chance of getting along with even tolerable comfort. It is not very promising, however, when such a man as Tolstoi is said to be commissioned to draft a constitution. This would be like appointing Tilley to draft a fresh trade tariff, or delegate John Bright to head the fair trade reaction.

There are scandalous stories sometimes told of husbands keeping an awfully tight hand upon their wives, and never allowing them a farthing of their own without their begging for it, as if they were children asking for a copper. It is too bad. The money is as much the property of the wife as of the husband, and for the wife to go to her husband for every copper is simply infamous. It makes her worse than a hired servant. In fact, wives seem nothing in many cases but housekeepers and nurses who get no wages. Come, now, in these days of women's rights let it be understood that if man and wife are one, they have only one purse, and that to that one both have the same right of access.

The Australians are bound to take possession of New Guinea, whether the Colonial Minister approves or the reverse. It is feared that colonists everywhere are getting quite unruly, and have no such respect for the Home Authorities as they ought to have. What does all that mean? It looks awfully like what the Marquis of Salisbury calls armitigation.

It surely does not look nice that two sessions of the Dominion Parliament are likely to be held before it is legally decided who are all the right members. Is it the fault of the Judges, or of whom? Somebody is evidently to blame. Who?

Being prominent as a politician is rather an awkward, risky business in those days. Ordinary people would prefer being obscure with a whole skin and unbroken sleep. The French Premier, Jules Ferry, is the last of these who have been threatened. It was a close call. The young man who made the attempt might very easily have succeeded. The

atmosphere, in short, seems to get very electric. In Canada people are satisfied with very foul names. Mr. Mowat may be a "bull pup" and not a big one at that, but at any rate he can sleep soundly without the fear of dynamite, and can walk quietly down Simcoe street without fear of anybody using against him either a knife or a revolver. So far so well.

The Trades and Labor Council is going to petition the Dominion Government to drop its Immigration Department. Of course this is right. It is merely flooding the country with paupers, and inducing sham boat agents to tell enormous lies in order to protect their per centages.

Things are far from serene in France. The Tonquin business begins to have a very ugly appearance. Instead of humbly trying to keep the peace, China becomes quite cocky and professes to be quite "blue-mouldy for a batin." Instead of being an isolated affair, it may be that that this Tonquin matter turns out as a spark to a great conflagration.

When the Suez Canal was proposed, planned and carried through, a great many supposedly wise men laughed at the idea of its ever being of any practical use. It would, they said, be simply a ditch, and an ugly, useless one at that. But, lo and behold, it has come, in a few years, to be one of the most important and best paying undertakings of modern times. Indeed, so important that it is too small for the traffic that is passing through it, and the necessity of another canal is not only recognized, but the necessary capital for its construction has been already subscribed and ready for use as soon as the preliminaries are settled. It is a go-ahead age, this, and no mistake. Who shall say what will be planned and accomplished in the course of the next hundred year?

That other great inter-oceanic ditch, the Panama Canal, is going forward so prosperously that the engineers hope to have it finished in another five years. After that, who shall say a word about the terrors of doubling Cape Horn?

Mayor Boswell has made an appeal to the charitably disposed for help to the suffering and desolate Irish immigrants now located in Toronto. TRUTH hopes that the response will be a very cordial and general one. The people of Toronto are always ready to help the suffering and the desolate. It is a great shame that these poor families should have been dumped down here like so much shot rubbish. But they have been, and have therefore to be attended to. There is worse than no use in individuals rushing away to the places where these destitute ones live in order to give help indiscriminately and lavishly. Let the whole thing be done on system. Let every one understand what every other person is doing. Let all work together, and let those disposed to give money, or food, or clothes, send it to those who will make the best and most judicious use of their contributions. The following places and persons have been mentioned by the Mayor, to any one of which or whom contributions may be forwarded: The House of Industry, Elm street, The Ladies' Association

Depositories as follows, viz.: 25 Seaton street, 113 Dalhousie street, 23 Breadalbane street, 95 Portland street, 103 Vanuley street, 29 Bellwoods avenue, 73 Scollard street. The Ladies of the St. Vincent De Paul Society: Miss Higgins, 359 Adelaide street W.; Mrs. O'Connor, 106 Portland street. The St. George's Society, No. 7 Louisa street; The St. Andrews Society, Mr. M. Gibbs, 12 Adelaide street W.; The Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, Mr. J. Baillie, 303 Yonge street. Any of these friends will take charge of all that is sent to them, and will take good care that nothing is wasted. Clothes, blankets, bedding, pieces of furniture, etc., will all be acceptable. It is only to be added that they give twice who give quickly.

The new time regulations came into operation on Sunday last and have produced no confusion. With most of people they have not been so much as recognized. The plan is to divide the continent of America into five belts, and to have one uniform standard of time each which extends over fifteen degrees. In this way the whole of Ontario, or nearly so, will have one uniform time. No longer any difference between Kingston, Ottawa, or London time. At the termination of each belt there will be a jump of an hour. From Quebec to Sarnia, there will henceforth be one uniform time. Quebec put her clock back 15 minutes, Montreal 6, while Ottawa puts her's forward 3, Toronto 17½, Hamilton 19, and London 24. Henceforth, twelve o'clock will be twelve o'clock at Quebec and Sarnia in spite of all that the sun may do to the contrary.

Upon the whole the *Century* magazine is rather a sensible publication. Some friend and correspondent lately asked the editor to explain why it was that the more intelligent class of people had quit going to church. The answer given was at once short, intelligent and truthful. It was simply that the more intelligent had done nothing of the kind. This is just about the sum of the whole matter, and just as much so in Canada as in the States. The "more intelligent" have neither given up attendance at church nor have the slightest intention of doing so. A few people, who are haunted with the strange delusion that they are extra intelligent, have done so, but what of that? They are but the three tailors of happy memory.

There is every likelihood of there being fun up in the Northwest at no distant day. TRUTH said a good many months ago, that the authorities up there had better drive cautiously or they would upset the coach, sure. They have driven anything but cautiously, and no sensible onlooker would now be surprised if any day over went the curriole. It is none of TRUTH's funeral, yet it is a pity to observe matters getting into confusion. Ugly rumblings are beginning to be heard, and it requires no prophet's vision to foreshadow the end if there is not an improvement, and speedily.

Oh, by the way, that word *trio* makes TRUTH think of a queer exhibition of scholarship lately given by a more than usually pretentious sheet not a hundred

miles from Toronto. The heading was in capitals, *Trio Juncto in Uno*, a combination not to be found in any language under the sun. Such things will take place in the best ordered families. *Trio* has become quite an English word, fully recognized and used as such. But when what is really a Latin quotation is made use of *trio* has no place whatever, and to make *juncto* agree with that ill-used and misused *trio* is only to add to the *betise*. Best to stick to *E pluribus unum*, though better still to avoid supposedly learned words altogether.

There is more need of a Plimsoll in the regions around these inland seas than ever was in England when coffin shops were most in fashion. The number of rotten, unseaworthy vessels allowed to navigate these lakes is simply appalling, and the loads they often take add indefinitely to the danger. The storms which sweep over these northern lakes would try the steamboat vessels which even cross the Atlantic. How much more the hulks of touchwood that are found navigating them far on in November. Warnings have been had in abundance, but apparently nothing will waken up drowsy or disinterested officials. More's the pity.

Will students never cease to be fools? What is the use of getting up street concerts and shouting like lunatic monkeys so as if possible to provoke a conflict with the police and get some cheap notoriety? If the youngsters would only try to disguise themselves as gentlemen it would something. But possibly such a thing is past trying for. Well, every one to his taste, but the taste of a good many of the students is a very poor one. Of course, the great mass of our "ingenuous youth" must not be confounded with these rude, roystering fools, for these latter know how to behave themselves as gentlemen from the simple fact that they are what they profess to be, and consequently walk the streets like common rationals.

Mr. Hallam has got home from his Old Country trip, and is enthusiastic about the good bargains made in the purchase of books, and also about the great success of free libraries in England. There is no reason why the same success should not be achieved here, though the unrenowned and irrepressible young Canadian, as he appears in the branch reading room at St. Andrew's Market will have to be "sat upon." Why not? A few ill-taught blackguardly boys are not going to wreck a public institution. Not for Joseph! Yes, but are they not citizens? Don't they read, and pay taxes? Have they no rights? You go along!

GEO. ROGERS

calls special attention to his large and varied assortment of Men's

WINTER UNDERWEAR.

—ALSO—

Boys' Shirts and Drawers,

ALL SIZES, AND CHILDREN'S

COMBINATION SUITS,

PRICES LOW:

346 Yonge Street, Cor. Elm.

Our Young Folks.

TOM.

Oh, but it was cold! freezing, biting, bitter cold! and dark too; for the feeble gas lights, leaping and flaming as the gale whistled by, hardly brightened the gloom a dozen paces around them. The wind tore through the streets as if it had gone mad; whirling before it dust and snow, and every movable thing it could lay its clutching hands upon. A poor old battered kite, that some time last autumn had lodged far up in the tallest tree in the neighborhood, and had there rested peacefully ever since, believing its labors at an end, was snatched dragged from its nest, and driven unpitifully before the blast. Some feeble efforts it had made to dodge into corners, lurking behind steps and diving into areas; but not a bit of it! Down would swoop the wind, and off it would go again.

At last, driven round one of a long row of barrels, that stood like wretched sentinels along the sidewalk's edge, it flew into the very arms of a small boy, who, seated on the curbstone, crouched down in a barrel's somewhat questionable shelter. Such a very small boy! He looked like nothing in the world but a little heap of rags; and the rags were very thin and the small boy was very cold. His nose, his ears, his hands, his poor bare feet were blue. He was almost too cold to shiver, certainly too cold to notice the unfortunate kite, which, as its enemy the wind approached with a roar, seemed to cower close to him, as if begging his protection. Round both sides of the barrel at once came the wind, shook hands right through poor little Tom, and howling with delight, rushed off with its miserable victim.

"Tom"—that was all the name he had. Who he was or where he came from no one knew, except perhaps the wretched old woman with whom he lived: which meant that she let him sleep upon a pile of rags on the floor of her miserable room, and sometimes gave him a crust, oftener a blow. When she was drunk—and that was the greater part of the time—Tom took to the streets; and to-night she was very drunk. The boy was perhaps some six years old; but as he cowered down on the cold flagstones, with his worn, pinched face and drooping head, he might have been sixty.

A carriage came rattling through the icy street, and stopped close by him. The door was pushed open, and two children half tumbled out, and, leaving the door swinging, rushed up the steps. Tom watched them stupidly, heard the quick, sharp ring of the bell, caught a glimpse of something that looked very nice and warm, and then it was dark again. He turned his eyes towards the carriage, expecting it to drive off again; but it still stood there. The coachman sat upon the box like a furry monument. One of the horses struck the stones sharply with his iron hoof, and cast an inquiring glance round, but the monument sat unmoved.

Tom's heavy eyes looked through the open door into the carriage. Dark as it was, he could see that it was lined with something thick and warm. He raised his head and glanced around him. If he were inside there the wind could not touch him. Oh, if he only could get away from it one minute! He would slip out again the moment the hinged door was opened. Unbending his stiff little body, he crept nearer, hesitated a moment, and as the wind came round the corner with a roar, slipped swiftly and noiselessly into the carriage. In the further corner of the seat he curled himself into a little round heap, and lay, with beating heart, listening to the wind as it swept by.

It was very quiet in his nest, and the soft velvet was much warmer than the cold flagstones, and he was very tired and very cold, and in half a minute he was fast asleep. He did not know when at last the hinged door opened, and a lady, gathering her cloak closely around her, came down the steps—did not know even when the suddenly animated monument descended from its pedestal and stood solemnly by the open door until the lady had stepped inside. But when it shut with a slam, and the coachman returning to the box drove rapidly away, the boy's eyes opened and fixed their frightened gaze upon the lady's face. Preoccupied with her thoughts, she had not noticed the queer bundle in the dark corner. But now, her attention attracted by some slight movement on his part, she turned her eyes slowly towards him, and then, with a suppressed cry of surprise and alarm, laid her hand

upon the door. The rattle of the wheels and the roar of the wind prevented its reaching the ears of the coachman; and Tom, rapidly unwinding himself, and cowering down in the bottom of the carriage, said, with a frightened sob—

"I didn't mean no harm. Oh, I was awful cold. Please, just open the door, and I'll jump out."

The lady, with her hand still on the door, demanded:

"How did you get here?"

"The door was open, and I clum in," he answered. "It was awful cold."

The lady took her hand from the door. "Come nearer," she said. "Let me see your face."

Tom drew his ragged sleeve across his eyes, and glanced up at her with a scared look over his shoulder. They had turned into a brilliantly lighted street, and she could see that the tangled yellow hair was soft and fine, and that the big, frightened eyes that raised themselves to hers were not a pickpocket's eyes. With a sudden impulse she laid her gloved hand lightly on the yellow head. "Where do you live?" she asked:

Something in the voice and touch gave him courage.

"With Sal," he answered, straightening up—"me and some other fellows. Sometimes we begs, sometimes we earns. When we get a haul it ain't so bad, but when we don't we catch it. She's drunk to-night and she drove us out."

She pushed the heavy hair back from his forehead. "Is she your mother?" the lady asked.

"No!" cried the boy, almost fiercely; and then added sullenly, "I ain't got none."

Slowly the gloved hand passed back and forth over the yellow hair. The lady's eyes were looking far away; the boy's face was like, so strangely like another face.

"Are you hungry?" she asked suddenly. The wide open gray eyes would have answered her without the quick sob and low "Yes'm."

The carriage stopped, and the monument, again accomplishing a detour, opened the door, and stood staring in blank amazement.

"I am not going in, John," said his mistress. "Drive home again." And she added, smiling, "This little boy crept in out of the cold while the carriage was waiting. I am going to take him home. Drive back as quickly as possible."

As the bewildered coachman shut the door and returned to his perch, the boy made a spring forward.

"Lemme out!" he cried. "I don't want to go home. Lemme out."

"Not your home," said the lady, gently—"my home."

Tom stared at her in wonder, and too much overcome by the announcement to resist, let her lift him up on the seat beside her.

"My home," she repeated, "Where you can get very warm, and have a good dinner, and a long, long sleep on a soft bed. Will you like that?"

Tom drew a long, slow breath, but did not answer. It was too wonderful! He—one of Sal's boys—to go to the lady's house where the children lived whom he had seen going in that evening! He looked up suddenly. "We those children yours?" he asked. With a sudden movement she drew him very closely to her and then answered softly—

"No, not mine. I had a little boy once, like you, and he died."

When the carriage stopped again, Tom was fast asleep—so fast asleep that the still bewildered coachman carried him into the house and laid him on a bed without waking him. The next morning, when the boy's eyes opened, he lay looking about him hardly daring to speak or move. I don't believe he had ever heard anything about the fairies or he would certainly have thought himself in fairyland. Best of all, the lady of the night before was standing by the bed smiling at him, and smiling back, he held out his arms to her.

I wish you could have seen him a little later, when, arrayed in jacket and trousers that made him think with disdain of certain articles of the same description which he had but yesterday gazed at lovingly as they dangled before old Isaac's dingy second-hand shop, he sat before a little table at the sunny window, taking a short, a very short, preliminary view of a gigantic beefsteak, still indignantly sputtering to itself, a mountain of smoking potatoes, an imposing array of

snowy rolls and golden butter, and a pitcher of creamy milk. And I wish, too, that you could have seen the same table still later; for the table was about all that was left.

That was the first time I ever saw Tom. Since then I have seen him very often. And now I will tell you, only I am afraid you will hardly believe me, about the last time, and that was not very long ago.

I was riding along one of the prettiest country roads you ever saw, and when I came to a certain gate my horse, without waiting for a sign from me, turned in. As we drew near the house I caught sight of two figures standing among the flowers. One was a handsome old lady with white hair, the other a young man. She was armed with an immense pair of shears, and he held in his hand his hat filled to the brim with flowers. The sunlight, creeping down through the trees, fell full upon his close-cropped hair and yellow beard. As I drew in my horse and sat watching them, it all seemed to me like a fairy story. But it wasn't; for the tall handsome man looking down with such protecting tenderness upon the white-haired old lady was really Tom—poor, little, thin, cold, hungry Tom.—*Averie S. Francis, in Night and Day.*

Imitation Stained Glass.

Among the many uses of the printing press none is more novel than the production of imitation stained glass. Designs for any pattern desired are engraved on wood. The blocks of wood are placed on an old-fashioned hand-press, and then are inked with oil colors compounded with special reference to the use for which they are intended. Then a sheet of very thin hand-made porous paper is laid on, and a prolonged impression given, in order that the color may thoroughly permeate the paper. Each color is, of course, printed at a separate impression. Having completed the printing process the different pieces of paper which compose the design are soaked in warm water half an hour, taken out, the water sponged off and then coated on one side with a thin cement. A similar coat of cement is given the glass to which the paper is to be applied, and then the paper is laid on in place, and varnished over. The plain glass window becomes at once to all appearances, a window of stained glass. The effects of the lead lines, the irregular pieces of colored glass, the heads of saints and soldiers, the antique, or the modern Japanese designs are all to be had as brilliant in color as the genuine glass.

"Will the stuff last?" was asked of a Broadway dealer.

"We have had it in all sorts of places, where it was subject to the action of frost, moisture, the direct rays of the sun, and artificial heat for five years. We warrant it for ten years, if the owner of the glass will varnish it as often as he would a piece of furniture."

"Suppose it gets dirty?"

"Use soap and water as you would on any other varnished surface. Its merits are only now becoming known because of a prejudice against imitations, and a fear among some people that the frost will ruin it. But within a year we have applied over 40,000 square feet of it. Our customers include the best Long Branch and Saratoga hotels, owners of new business blocks on Broadway, fashionable churches in New York and Brooklyn, and apartment houses. When the reporter of a Brooklyn paper wrote up one of the churches there as having magnificent new stained glass windows, when, in fact, the old six by nine glass in the old frames had been covered with our paper, we naturally hopped on the top rail of the fence, flapped our wings and crowed."

"How does the cost compare with genuine glass?"

"It costs about one-tenth as much. We put a large window in a country church for \$11. A real glass window opposite cost \$165. Members of the congregation have assured us that ours is more admired than the other. The cost of decorating a window is 75 cents a foot if we do the work. We will sell the designs, and the parties can put them on at less cost. Any one can do the work."

It is easier to stand up in a crowded horse-car without losing your balance, when you whirl around a corner, and to read a paper without missing the place, than for a young lady to appear calm at the moment when she gets a big blot on the letter she is just finishing.

A Mexican Post Office.

The post office on the opposite side of the same plaza is an institution of the most aggravating character, conducted strictly on Mexican *manana* principles. Although Monterey has now many foreign residents, there is not a clerk in the office who understands a word of any language but Spanish, or can read other than Mexican names. As the Spanish alphabet does not contain all the English letters (for instance it has now, its t's are f's and its l's are y's), the mistakes they perpetually make are enough to make an angel weep. Of course Mexican ladies never go to the postoffice, and if an "Americana" ventures to do so bold a thing—perhaps she will be waited upon, after having been severely stared at, and all the men about the premises are first served. There is no drop letter system and no city delivery. If you desire to communicate by letter with a person in the same town, no amount of persuasion or number of postage-stamps will induce the powers that be to put your missive into his box. While postage to the United States, Canada, and Europe is only 6 cents per half ounce, it is 25 cents to any part of Mexico, if only across the line from one state to another, and very particular they are in weighing to get another 25 cents if possible. Mexican postal-cards are 3 cents each, good for any part of the world except in Mexico, but may not be sent from one town to another within their own borders. In Monterey they will sometimes sell you one or two postage-stamps to carry away with you (if you look particularly honest), but never more than two; while in other Mexican postoffices they will not sell any,—why, heaven only knows, except that it is one of the many "rules of the government." The office is frequently closed four hours at a time, while the postmaster and all his clerks are enjoying a long siesta. As there is no outside box for depositing letters, even if one had stamps to put on them, I am afraid that this institution is responsible for considerable profanity, especially on the part of those who have been accustomed to better treatment in the "Estados Unidos del Norte," as they insist on calling our United States, in contradistinction to theirs *del sur*.—*Monterey Cor. Springfield Republican.*

How to Train a Boy.

The modern prejudice against corporal punishment does not seem to have penetrated to India. A magistrate of the cantonment of Secunderabad recently received the following petition from a parent: "I most humbly and respectfully beg to bring to your Honor's kind notice that my son, aged about 15 years, instead of going to school, joins bad company, goes to the tank to catch fish, and loses his time vainly wandering here and there. The schoolmaster warned him and flogged him several times; he never cares to. I request your Honor to permit me to have a chain for one of his legs, with a log of wood attached to the same, in order that he may feel ashamed, and leave his bad actions, for which act of grace he shall every pray."

Elder sister—Geraldine, why did you take so much trouble to snub that handsome, manly young fellow we just met? Geraldine—Oh, that's Harry Hardlines. He hasn't a cent to his name, and he's got a mother to support; and that sort of thing isn't good form, you know."

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PRETTY MISS BROADLANDS.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

Some people seemed to think that it was almost a pity Miss Broadlands should be so liberally endowed. "She is so pretty, and she is so rich," they said, a little sadly, and they appeared to owe her a grudge for having so much. If she had been simply pretty, or simply rich, it would not have been so hard to bear, and they could have forgiven her more easily. Lovers? Of course they were always about her. Sending flowers and sonnets, writing verses, and dedicating symphonies to her charms.

"Quite natural that a girl with a fortune should not lack suitors," a friend said to her one day. "How many do you think you would keep, dear, if you were as poor as my girls?"

"Few, no doubt," she answered, gayly; but the shaft went home.

She became more indifferent than before; but this very indifference piqued and pleased her admirers. Every one of them believed himself able to overcome it; they wanted all the more what was out of their reach; it surrounded her with an atmosphere of mystery; they could not understand her. Constant Stanley, however, flattered himself that he had penetrated her fine reserve, and perhaps this was merely because Miss Broadlands was nearer being in love with him than with any one she had ever met; since she half suspected that her personality attracted him, and not her purse; that her money was but dress in his eyes; because she was more receptive to his flatteries, did not laugh at his half-tender nonsense, and toss it back to him with pretty sarcasm and raillery.

"If I am ever obliged to earn my living," she said on one occasion, when the subject of woman's wages and work was under discussion, "I shall become a nurse."

"Heaven grant that I may be an invalid at that time!" said Constant.

"And I," put in another admirer, "will be the attending physician."

"You could do something better than that," Constant added, aside; "you could keep house for me."

"If everybody were only sincere," she thought, regarding him, "and never flirted or talked to pass the time merely; if money were not the root of evil!"

Miss Broadlands was all alone in the world, with her beauty and her money, but she filled her splendid house with company, or she passed the time at some gay summer resort with friends; sometimes she made a pilgrimage to her mar of business, Mr. Stanhope, living in a neighboring city, in order to know how she stood, she said. After her return from one of these visits at one time it was observed by a few of the sharp-sighted that she no longer entertained as freely as before; presently she had sold her saddle-horse. "I am going to try walking," she exclaimed. "The doctors think it is healthier for me."

"But you are the picture of health," said Constant, with a tender glance.

"Yes; but an ounce of prevention, you know, is worth a pound of cure."

Presently it leaked out that she had sold a lot from her ample garden, and one day the town was electrified to find the Broadlands estate under the hammer. Miss Broadlands had gone away some months before, and it was rumored that she was in a training school for nurses—a rumor which was confirmed when she returned to enter a hospital of the city in the capacity of a nurse. Those who had grudged her her good fortune now said: "She is so pretty that pity is thrown away upon her; beauty is dower enough. No doubt it is hard to lose money, but it is harder still never to have had any to lose." And her lovers? "She is so busy," they said, "we can not see her unless we fall ill or go mad." However, there were no more flowers heaped upon her, verses and symphonies were no longer inscribed to her name. She had passed out of fashion. But Miss Broadlands was not discomfited. It was a new world, this world of patients, where she was a shining light. She had wearied of that other world of sham lovers and fashion. Here she was secure; nobody could be tempted to make love to her ever again, unless his heart were in it. Constant Stanley had been called abroad, by the serious illness of his father at a German spa, before the final sale of Broadlands, which place, however, remained untenanted by the purchaser, whoever he was. Her other

lovers had been weighed in the balance and found wanting; how would it be with him? Was he true enough to love her whether her circumstances were splendid or mean? But he was scarcely ashore before he sought her out; when she had a spare hour he claimed and filled it. Her room now was never without the flowers she loved best; sunshine seemed to have entered into the shady places of her life all at once. Heaven, after all her misgivings, had reserved this happiness for her—Constant loved her. "What a thing love is, world without end!"

When she walked in the Park for recreation, strangers turned and looked after her, and people whispered, "Pretty Miss Broadlands; poverty agrees with her wonderfully." There was an air of romance about her which stimulated the imagination at this time, as if she were keeping some delicious secret in reserve. Constant Stanley had been painting her as Guinevers, in his picture intended for the approaching exhibition.

"I will make that smile immortal," he said, at one of the sittings; "the light of those eyes shall shine for ages on my canvas; that perfect bloom shall bless the earth when you and I, dear, are disembodied. Come"—changing his key—"when will you have done with this hateful task of yours? I am jealous of your patients. I shall go mad myself presently, in order to receive your ministrations."

"Hush!" she said, smiling; "you talk like a madman already."

"Bewitched by your charms, I shall need but two more sittings—only two. I wish it were a million; I wish we might sit here together for eons, you and I—I painting, you posing. I have half a mind to rub the whole thing out and begin again, just for the love of painting it over, of keeping you here before me. Do you know that you are more beautiful than ever?" And he drew his brush across the canvas as he spoke, obliterating the immortal smile, the light in the wide-open eyes, the bloom upon the oval cheek.

"Foolish boy!" she said, "you will turn my head. If I am beautiful, remember that it can not last. Look at old Mrs. Bangs—she was a beauty in her day; look at her parchment skin, at her dim, cavernous eyes, at her shrunken tissues and muscles. Beauty is only a morning mist—it disappears."

Shall I change my allegiance for rancor
Because fortune changes her side?
Or shall I, like a vessel at anchor,
Veer with the veering tide?

he sang. "You will be always beautiful to me."

Miss Broadlands remembered that when, some weeks later, after an insane patient had thrown a vial of corrosive stuff into her face, she had courage to tie her veil across her bonnet and walk out into the Park again. Strangers no longer turned to look after her. "Poor Miss Broadlands," others murmured as she passed; never "Pretty Miss Broadlands." There was no longer such a person as pretty Miss Broadlands. She sat down on a rustic seat in a secluded part of the Park, and reflected upon the fact. Nurses with children in tow passed and repassed, the swans swam lazily about the pond, the swallows dipped low for insects, the sunset burned brightly in the west; now and then a pair of lovers sauntered by, and she shivered. Was it not her own fault, after all, that she was no longer pretty Miss Broadlands? Had she not taken her fortunes in her own hands? Had she any right to play the part she had chosen, even in a good cause? and was this the punishment? Had she lost everything but what she had pretended to lose? Everything that she cared to possess? Just then a shadow fell across her path, and Constant Stanley asked,

"May I sit here with you for a little while?"

"Yes," she answered, and she lifted the heavy folds of her veil and confronted him. "You will not care to sit long. You will never make my smile, my glance, my bloom, immortal on your canvas. You would not care to paint me through the eons now. Do you remember the night you told me I was more beautiful than ever?"

"I remember," he cried. "Shall I change my allegiance because fortune changes her side?"

"You can't help it. I don't blame you. You love beauty."

"I love you," and he kissed the scarred cheek.

Miss Broadlands had found her true-lover at last—a love who valued neither wealth

nor beauty, and whom she had tested more heroically than she had meant to do. Had fate taken the affair out of her hands?

"A thousand congratulations, my dear Stanley," said Mr. Stanhope one day, meeting the artist. "Ah, you are doing a fine thing for yourself, my boy. Hist! not a word—I'll tell you a secret. You fancy you are marrying a beggar, eh! Nothing of the kind. On your wedding day I shall transfer Miss Broadlands's fortune into your hands intact! It is all a ruse, this poverty of hers. Has she ever said she was poor? No. You've all taken it for granted, and it's frightened her lovers away. You—you've stood the test."

"No jokes, Stanhope?" gasped Constant.

"Jokes! This is a solemn truth, thank your stars!"

As for Stanley, he felt as if a cold wind had blown them apart. The woman whom he believed all truth and sincerity practising a deep-laid scheme of deception! Since neither her beauty nor her money had won him, what was it he loved but the loftiness of her nature, and was there any loftiness, any nobility, in playing a part, even to test a lover? This is not the woman with whom he could spend a happy lifetime in glad confidence; this was not the woman he had loved. And so it happened that he left only a few lines of explanation for Miss Broadlands when he set out for the ends of the earth alone.

As for Miss Broadlands, she returned to the old homestead again. "She has recovered her money," people said, "but she will never be pretty Miss Broadlands again." It was years afterward that the picture of "Delilah," by an unknown artist, made a great stir in fashionable art circles. Miss Broadlands went to see it among others. There was the perfect smile, the liquid eyes, the flower-like bloom, the exquisite features immortalized.

"He remembers, after all," she thought. "He remembers."

Nobody else remarked that it was a portrait of pretty Miss Broadlands.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Modern Architecture in London.

We have been using this "breathing time" of the year, remarks the *London Builder*, in making a tour of the metropolis in order to see what is doing, and how it is being done. And our rambles have been, on the whole, attended with the highest gratification. At no time within our memory has there been more original or refined work going on than at present. It would really seem as if we were at last on our way to the evolution of a new style or series of styles adapted to our age and wants; at any rate, it is becoming increasingly difficult to answer the layman's question: "What is the style of that building?" Our works are beginning to show "style" in its proper sense. We can point to façades in business thoroughfares marked by Greek feeling and refinement, without a single ancient feature or a single borrowed detail; and to others which have all the play and fancy of the best Renaissance work, with yet a distinctively home flavor; and again to others which preserve all the picturequeness and variety of Flemish originals without any of the original irrational puerility. And in all this we see a stern regard to the demands of business. It is also quite apparent that the works alluded to are really the productions of the architects whose names are publicly associated thereon. We can trace their hands in each example, and see in each the idiosyncrasies of its author. Just as a painter can assign an author to every picture in an exhibition, so can anyone who is conversant with contemporary architecture assign with perfect certainty an author for each of the more noteworthy of the buildings he encounters. And this still can be done, notwithstanding the bare-faced imitation and purloining of characteristics to which all such work is subjected by followers more flattering than honest. But, side by side with such excellent work, there are structures marked by every fault to which architecture is amenable; ill-proportioned, ill-designed, ill-constructed; they meet us at every turn, "blasting their wholesome brothers." These are the works of mediocrity, and they abound.

A colored girl was heard the other day to remark confidentially to a friend. "Ye'm, I done write to my gemman fren' dat de next time I set de day fur de ceremony it'll have to come off; an' he knows I's in earnest, for I put it in parathesis."

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

How a Man Escaped from the Gallows to Die on His Release from Jail.

A telegram from Lackawaxen, Pa., to the *New York Times* says: Thirty-six years ago this month two young Irishmen emigrated to this country together. Their names were Andrew Callaghan and Hugh Gilfillan. In 1848 they were both members of a gang of laborers employed in the construction of the New York and Erie Railroad, and were working at this place. Late in the fall of that year Gilfillan gave up his situation and went to Ohio, where he intended to engage in farming. Callaghan remained in the employ of the railroad company. The aqueduct which carries the Delaware and Hudson canal across the river at this place was then building, under the direction of John A. Roebling. Among the men employed on this work were several English carpenters, and there was such a strong enmity between them and the Irish railroad laborers that serious brawls and fights were of almost daily occurrence. On a point of land formed by the junction of the Delaware and Lackawaxen rivers there stood at the time an ancient raftman's tavern, kept by a man named Dutcher. The carpenters boarded at that tavern, the railroad laborers being quartered at a railroad boarding shanty. The appearance of any of the latter at the tavern, or of the former at the shanty, was certain to be followed by a fight.

On the 13th of December, 1848, two weeks after Gilfillan left for the west, Callaghan and a number of other laborers went to the tavern during noon hour. The carpenters had just come for their dinner. The Irishmen were in the bar-room in the basement. A young Englishman named George Keys made the remark, as he went up stairs to the dining room, that if the Irishmen were not out of the bar room when he came down from his dinner he would throw them out. When he returned the laborers were still there, and he proceeded forthwith to carry out his threat. Callaghan drew a knife and killed Keys by stabbing him to the heart. Callaghan was arrested and lodged in jail at Milford. He was tried at the February term of the Pike county court in 1849, found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hanged. A motion for a new trial was overruled. The year 1849 was the last one of the term of the governor then occupying the chair in Pennsylvania, and it expired without the incumbent having signed Callaghan's death warrant. His successor declined to sign the warrant. Callaghan lay in jail, in daily expectation of hearing his doom announced, from February, 1849, until November, 1852, without his case being settled. Those now living who visited him in his cell describe the effect which the great suspense to which he was subjected had upon him as having been terrible. When he was placed in prison he was a strong, robust man but the daily watch that he maintained for nearly four years for some news of what his fate was to be wore him almost to a shadow. He would frequently beg to be taken out and hanged, or for some one to kill him and put him out of his misery. In November, 1852, application was made to the supreme court, of which Jeremiah S. Black was the chief justice, for a writ of error, in order that Callaghan's case might be reviewed. The writ was issued, and argument on it resulted in Callaghan's discharge from custody. He was a dying man when he stepped from the prison, and lived but a short time, dying in Orange County, New York.

This extraordinary chapter in the criminal records of Pike county was entirely unknown to the present generation, and had almost been forgotten by the older inhabitants, and it is now recalled, and for the first time given publicity, by the appearance here a few days since of Hugh Gilfillan, the companion of Callaghan nearly forty years ago, in search of intelligence of his friend. He had not heard a word from him since he went to Ohio, in 1848. Gilfillan had remained in Ohio but a year or so, and then emigrated to California. There he made money as a contractor, and returned east with a large fortune, intending to hunt up Callaghan if possible, and return to Ireland. His inquiries resulted in recalling the above sad story of his friend's career. The story being substantiated by the records of the county, Gilfillan declared that he could not return to his native land and carry such tidings of Callaghan's melancholy end to his friends, but that he would return to the west and there spend the rest of his days.

SCIENTIFIC CRUELTY.

A Sunday Among Some Parisian Medical Students—Shocking Experiments in Vivisection—Tortures of the Victims.

A Paris letter to the *Cincinnati Enquirer* says: I was standing under one of the trees on the Boulevard Montmartre, between 8 and 9 o'clock last Sunday evening, smoking a cigarette, undecided whether to step in for an hour at the Varieties, close by, or to stroll down the Boulevard des Italiens to the Theatre Cleverman, where Robert Houdin used to perform his mysteries. The two boulevards are really part of one long street, extending from the Bastille to Rue Madeline; but according to local custom the street is arbitrarily divided into half a dozen divisions, and a name given each division. Thus, the Boulevard de la Madeline, des Capucins, des Italiens, Montmartre, Poissoniere, etc., all form one long avenue—perhaps the most brilliant in Paris.

Certainly the cafes in this neighborhood are unrivaled. The boulevard was one blaze of light streaming from open doors and windows, and the walk was almost blocked by the spider-legged tables, about which were clustered well-dressed men and women, drinking coffee, wine, or absinthe, smoking cigarettes, and all talking at once. White-aproned garçons took unintelligible orders, and their shining slippers helped to increase the noise made by the hum of conversation and the clinking of glasses.

"Hello!" cried somebody, coming up behind me suddenly and clapping me on the shoulder. "Are you waiting for a fille?"

"Not any," said I, recognizing the voice as belonging to a young American friend who goes by the name of Georges among his companions, and who is finishing his medical studies here under a famous *docteur*, and, at the same time, taking more expensive lessons in worldly knowledge from the citizens at large.

"Not any. In fact, I scarcely know what I am waiting for."

"Do you want a sensation?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think I can put you onto one. It is an old story to me, but the public in general will no doubt be interested in it. But, see here, I don't propose to let you

GIVE US AWAY ALTOGETHER.

If you recognize the locality to which I take you, I want you to keep mum about it."

"All right."

He whistled for an approaching cab, and when I had stepped inside he had a short confab with the driver. Then he seated himself beside me, and the door was slammed shut, and we rolled away at a fair rate of speed.

We went out the Boulevard Poissoniere to the Rue du Faubourg; thence along the Rue Lafayette to the Boulevard de Magenta, when, seeing that I was taking an interest in the route, Georges pulled down the curtains, and we were in total darkness. The general route had been in an easterly direction, tending slightly to the north, and when we alighted, about twenty minutes later, a hasty glance around convinced me that we were not far from Les Buttes Chaumont, a new and beautiful park, situated in the suburb Belleville.

By the light of a neighboring lamp my watch gave the time as five minutes to 10, showing that our drive had been continued for perhaps an hour and a half.

We walked rapidly through a number of crooked and dismal alleys, dimly lighted and almost deserted, when, after passing under an old wooden gateway and through a paved court, Georges finally paused, and gave two quick jerks at a porcelain bell handle. Then he rapped four times, and a two-inch wicket in the door flew open, the light from within streaming through it and illuminating the court wherein we were waiting. A few words—probably the passport—were whispered through the wicket, when finally the door was unlocked and we went in.

"All this mummy is not necessary," Georges told me, "but now and then the boys are engaged in experiments which would make things rather awkward for us, if we were surprised by the sergents de ville."

The room was long, with a low ceiling, dimly lighted, and reeking with tobacco smoke. About a dozen students were gathered around a heavy table in the centre of the room, and not one of them looked up on our entrance. All the lamps in the room were suspended over the table. Half a

dozen sparrows were chirping in a cage near the door, and directly under them was a box, perhaps six feet long by two feet high, with a wire front. Two rabbits and a bunch of Guinea pigs, huddled together so closely as to make counting impossible, occupied the box.

A full-grown Newfoundland dog was chained to a ring in the wall about ten feet from the doorway, and was lying on his side, with his feet extended rigidly from him, in such an unnatural position that he seemed to be dead.

"Aha!" cried Georges, "he is gone at last?" He hurried over towards the dog, but had not reached him by five paces when the animal raised his head a few inches from the floor, held it up for a minute, and then dropped it again suddenly. The movement was just enough to show that it was not dead, and to attract attention to a muslin bandage which was bound tightly about its muzzle.

"That is to prevent his howling," George explained, "and if you will look closely you will see that his claws have been cut off, so that he can not tear the bandages with his feet."

"But why should he howl?"

"He is starving to death, man. He has HAD NO FOOD FOR TWO WEEKS, and I thought that at last he was dead when I came in a moment ago."

"Several of us want to see how starvation affects the various organs, and as soon as he is dead we mean to dissect him and satisfy ourselves. Cruel? Oh, yes, of course it seems cruel to you, but wait until the night is over before you talk about cruelty."

"Most of the experiments that we perform here have been previously performed at the colleges by the professors in the presence of the classes. But a man can not satisfy himself on all the points at one demonstration, and so we meet here to perform an operation over and over again until every one of us is satisfied."

The table about which the students were gathered had a depression in the centre, from which a narrow trough led downward to a bucket on the floor. A tall young man with a pair of blonde mustaches and an imperial was holding a little black terrier over the depression, while a companion neatly slit its throat lengthwise from chin to chest. In spite of the fact that this dog's muzzle was bound like the others it gave vent to several inarticulate cries that made me sick. But not a student banched. They pressed around, while the manipulator bared the little creature's vein and stretched it out upon a sheet of smooth edged glass. He next produced a small bottle, and with the utmost care slowly dropped from it a liquid upon the bared vein.

"That is a deadly poison," Georges explained. "The experiment is an old one, designed to illustrate the absorptive qualities of the venal walls."

The muscles of the terrier began to twitch violently when the poison made its way through the walls of the vein into the blood, and after a couple of minutes his whole body was convulsed with a spasm that made it almost impossible to hold him in position. The convulsion continued for another minute, and his cries become louder and more continuous. In six minutes after we approached the table the dog was dead.

Three of the students seized the body and carried it away for dissection.

A bell glass, which contained rather less than a cubic foot of air, was next pushed into sight, showing that a sparrow was imprisoned under it. The bird hopped feebly about, and made no demonstration when a companion was put in to share its captivity.

"The first bird has been imprisoned under the glass for exactly one hour," came the explanation, "and yet there is no doubt that the bird which has just been placed with it will be the first to succumb to the influence of the vitriated air, showing conclusively that one who is gradually inured to breathing bad air can endure it much better than one suddenly thrust into the foul atmosphere."

In four minutes the second bird was dead, while the other, which had been imprisoned sixteen times as long, was able to fly up to its perch when it was placed in the cage with the others.

A squealing guinea pig was tortured by the insertion of a flexible needle in each of its ears, for the purpose of destroying the ear-drums, preliminary to proving that total deafness does not follow their destruction.

Several live pigeons and a rabbit were carved for various reasons, and then a young black and white bull-pup, which had been worrying an old shoe and chasing his tail about the room all evening, was secured in the trough.

An emetic was administered to him, but before it could take effect an incision was made in his abdomen, and with the aid of a pair of forceps

HIS STOMACH WAS DRAWN OUT through the aperture. He struggled violently and made spasmodic efforts to vomit, but, to the delight of the demonstrator, his efforts were in vain.

"This experiment," explained the young man conducting it, "has been tried before many times; but it is so laudible that it will be tried many times in the future. It proves conclusively that the ability to vomit does not rest in the stomach, but in the muscles of the abdomen and in the diaphragm. See." He pressed the exposed stomach between his hand as a child presses a hollow rubber ball, and immediately vomiting was produced.

"Do you never use ether, chloroform, or some anesthetic before operating on your victims?" I asked.

"We can not afford it. Besides the professors in the college use none."

"Bah!" cried a student near us. "Why should we use anything of that kind? We do not care for any human consideration that will stand between us and knowledge, and the suffering of a dog or cat does not weigh with us the value of one pin."

After a little scuffling the remaining rabbit was captured and brought to the operating table, where the skin was neatly cut away from the top of his head and turned over his eyes in the shape of two bleeding flaps. A circular piece was then delicately sawed out of his skull, a portion of the brain scooped out with a spoon-like instrument, the bit of skull replaced, the flaps sewed in their normal position and the rabbit released. It reeled about the table in a dazed manner, to the great delight of the students, who began to twit each other with walking in that manner over-come by Mother Chupin's vin ordinaire.

Altogether, it was a very edifying Sunday evening, such as can be spent in no other city but Paris. No doubt Cincinnati has its vivisectioners. Philadelphia and New York medical colleges give public exhibitions in vivisection, I am positive; but I doubt that even in those cities the students hack and carve living flesh and bone with one-tenth the carelessness witnessed by me last night.

Sunday in London.

Talk about the Sunday law and its enforcement in Baltimore. It does not compare to the observance of that day in this great city. One hardly knows London today, after the bustle and whirl of yesterday. The stores are closed, the waggons have disappeared, the cabs seem to run more quietly, and the people seem almost afraid to speak aloud. What a contrast after a continental Sabbath! I was hungry this morning, and thought I would go to the Criterion to get a lunch. Imagine my surprise when I arrived at that great restaurant and found it closed, the Gaiety and St. James likewise. All down the Strand, up in the West end, and even in "the city," the restaurants were closed tighter than the proverbial clam. Not a place to eat on Sunday save the dining room of a hotel. The chop-houses, the "grill-rooms," and the "buffets" are all closed until 6 o'clock in the evening, and even the drinking-bars or ale-houses—as far as exteriors are concerned—are dark and inviting. Unless you know the proprietor, and can enter by the "family" or "wholesale liquor" entrance, there is no use trying to get in before 1 o'clock. There are plenty of churches to visit, and good sermons are preached, and the people seem to take advantage of this and go to church. At Spurgeon's tabernacle the crowd is always great, and every stranger pays it one visit at least. When you approach the entrance you are met by a verger or official, who gives you an envelope. This envelope requests you to give a contribution—a penny or more—and drop it in the box provided. The far-seeing, as well as the charitable, do this, and to them the side gate or door is open. The sexton places you in a back seat, and requests you to wait until 10.50 o'clock. The rule is, pew-holders must be in their seats by that time or lose their places. When the hour arrives the sexton tells you to go up the aisle and take any seat vacant. When those who have contributed are seated the great doors are opened and the crowd is admitted. Then the services begin.—*Cor. Baltimore American.*

Women have tact always, and frequently a talent for making themselves agreeable to new acquaintances. A lady sojourning at a certain New England resort this summer was introduced to another lady who had registered from Cleveland. "So you are from Ohio," graciously commenced the former; "what is your husband a candidate for?"

WALKER'S MANTLE ROOM

Is so Crowded Daily that it is LIKE A FAIR

The demand for our Superb Fitting Tailor-Made Jackets is UNPARALLELED.

Our handsome Brocaded Coats and Mantles, selling at Wholesale Rates, attract GREAT ATTENTION.

Mantle Cloths of every description sold by the yard. Patterns gratis.

SPECIAL AUTUMN SALE

—OF—

Dress Goods & Colored Dress Silks,

NEW GOODS,

EXTRAORDINARY VALUE!



AN IRISHMAN'S TOAST.

Composed by T. H. SPIERS.

1. Don't call me weak-mind-ed be - cause I may sing, Of the dear-est old spot on the earth,..... And
 2. I oft - times re - mem-ber the old cab - in home, As it stood by the mur-mur-ing rill, There to-

don't think me fool-ish should mem-o-ry bring, To my mind the dear land of my birth..... With its hills and its
 geth - er my play-mates and I oft would roam thro' the cas-tle that stood on the hill..... But the strong hand of

val - leys, Its moun - tains and vales, Of which our fore-fa - thers did boast,..... Of a dear lit-tle
 time has de-stroyed the old -spot, And the farm now is bar - ren and bare,..... A - round the old

2

Is - land all cov - er'd with green, Oh! list! and I'll sing you an I - rish - man's toast.
 porch there is i - vy en - twined, Still the birds seem to war - ble this toast in my ear;

CHORUS.

Then "Here's to the land of the Sham-rock so green, Here's to each

boy and his dar - ling col - leen, Here's to the ones we love

rall.
 dear - est and most, May God speed old Ire - land!" That's an I - rish - man's toast.
D. S.

3.

The church and the school-house have both been replaced
 In the Harp Hotel lives a new host,
 The gray haired old veteran has long gone to rest,
 And his wife has deserted her post
 For Death the stern reaper has called them away
 And their children have gone o'er the sea,
 Oh! there's nothing but strangers around the old home,
 Still the birds seem to warble this toast in my ear: *Chorus.*

EATON'S NEW STORE

The right place to buy all kinds of Dry Goods at the lowest Cash Prices.

Linens.

You can buy at Eaton's store pure white tablings, 54 inches wide, 25c. a yd. White table linen, 56 inches wide, 35c. a yard, splendid value.

Mantles.

Our Mantle room is well worth a visit. Children's ulsters and tourists, in all sizes and styles, in Melton, Beaver, and Plaids; prices from \$1.90, \$2, \$3, \$4, \$5 to \$10.

A special clearing line of Ladies' and Children's Beaver and Diagonal cloth jackets, much below the regular prices, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3, \$3.50, \$4, \$5, to \$8.

Ladies' Melton and Tweed Ulsters, coachman style, newest colors, the new four-in-hand, \$1.90 up.

Ladies' Dolman Ulsters, new goods, \$8, \$10, \$12.

Ladies' Diagonal Cloth Jackets, newest German styles, from \$8, \$8.50, \$9, \$9.50, \$10, up.

A large assortment of stylish Dolmans, beautifully trimmed, from \$7.50, \$8, \$9, \$10, \$11, \$12, up.

Ladies' Matallasse Jackets, quite new, perfect fitting, from \$10, \$12, up.

Eaton's Mantle Department is well worth a visit. Take the elevator at west end of store.

Furs.

Passenger elevator for fur department. Fur Muffs 75c. to \$12.

Fur Caps, large sizes, 75c. to \$6.

Ladies' and Children's Fur Capes, retail at lowest wholesale prices.

Underwear.

You can buy at Eaton's Ladies' Merino Underwear, very fine, soft goods, 65c., 85c., \$1.

Ladies' Night Dresses from 50c., up.

Ladies' Shetland Lamb's Wool Underwear, \$1.15, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.00, \$1.75, up.

Ladies' Night Dresses from 50c. up.

Ladies' White Cashmere Underwear, \$2.50 and \$3.25.

Knitted Wool Goods, and all Children's Underwear, in great variety, at wholesale prices.

Ladies' and Misses' Combination suits.

Corsets.

We keep all the leading makes of Corsets in stock. Every size in white, grey, and fancy colors, from 50c., 75c., 90c., \$1, 1.25, \$1.50 up.

English True Fit, German wove, with 750 bones. French modelled and American corsets in great variety.

Ball's Health Corsets, in ladies' and misses' sizes. Dr. Ball's Nursing Corset, in sizes 19 to 36 in. Dr. Ball's Corset took the silver medal at the Exhibition over all others.

Black Silks.

We are making a special clearing sale of black silk, and can offer big inducements to purchasers.

Black silks, good quality, 50 cts. a yd.

Black silks, heavy, 59c.

Black silks, splendid colors, 64c.

Black silks, good value, 74c.

Black silks, very rich, 90c.

Black silks, superior, 99c., \$1.15,

\$1 25, \$1 45, and up. Come and see them.

Elevator.

Take the passenger elevator for our Millinery and Mantle rooms, where some special bargains can be shown in ladies' four-in-hand Dolmans, Ulsters, &c., in beaver cloth, matallasse silk and ottoman cords, fur caps, fur capes, fur mantles, hats, bonnets, flowers and feathers, at greatly reduced prices.

Blankets.

Eaton's great blanket sale still continues. We can always show the goods advertised. 4 lb. blankets, \$2.20 a pair, 5 lb. blankets, \$2.75 a pair, 6 lb. blankets, \$3 30 a pair, 7 lb. blankets, \$3 85 a pair, 8 lb. blankets, \$4 40 a pair, 9 lb. blankets, \$4 95 a pair, 10 lb. blankets, \$5 50 a pair. These blankets are warranted pure wool and 16 ounces to the pound. You can buy an inferior quality at 50c. a lb.

Gents' Furnishings.

Men's all-wool Undershirts, full size, 69c. in grey and buff.

Men's all-wool Drawers, full size, 69c.

Men's Wincey Shirts, only 50c. and 65c. each.

Navy blue flannel shirts, collar attached, \$1 50 each.

Grey flannel shirts, all-wool, \$1, \$1 25, \$1 40, up.

White shirts, linen fronts, 75c., \$1, \$1 25.

Men's all-wool, full-sized socks, 20c. a pair.

Braces, collars, cuffs, ties, scarfs, &c., in great variety—cheap.

Flannels.

Grey all-wool Canadian flannel, 25, 30, 35, 38, 40c per yard.

White flannels, all-wool, 25, 28, 30, 35, 40, 45c. a yard, up.

Navy blue all-wool flannels, 25, 30, 35, 40c.

Scarlet all-wool flannels, 15, 18, 20, 25, 30, 40c. a yard, up.

Fancy check all-wool flannels, 35, 38, 40c. a yard, up.

Self color opera flannels, in navy, garnet, crimson, pink, brown, light blue, 25, 30, 38, 40, 45c. up.

Life in Utah.

If one wishes to see Mormon life in all its primitiveness and simplicity, he must not look for it in Salt Lake City, for there it is overshadowed by much of the outside world. No; if you wish to see the purer inner life of Mormonism you must strike out into the country districts.

A few evenings ago I had the pleasure of attending a genuine dancing party of the Latter Day Saints (they don't like to be called Mormons). This was at a small town nestled away in the Wasatch Mountains, about 150 miles south of the metropolis of Utah. The dance was held in what is called the Ward Meeting House, is plain stone building used for general public purposes.

The hour for opening was 7 p.m. I was there on time. What first attracted my attention on entering was that the ladies and gentlemen sat separately—the men on the right and the ladies on the left. At the end of the hall was a raised platform, upon which sat the orchestra, which consisted of a first and second violin and organ. The nationality of those present was very distinct and easily detected. The Scandinavian element predominated, but there was a sprinkling of English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and Swiss, while the Ohio twang and the Missourian's *idee* could also be heard. All had a happy contented look, there being no attempt at formality, but each appeared to feel as if he or she was at home with members of their own family.

When I arrived the dancing had not commenced, and there was quite a buzz of conversation. Presently the floor manager called out, "Please to come to order! Brother Brown, will you open?" immediately all was silence, and every head bowed in reverence. Brother Brown responded by walking to the platform and offering a brief but earnest extemporaneous prayer, in which he asked the Lord to be with them during the time of their amusement and to keep all harm and wrongdoing from these present.

The floor manager then gave a number to each man who wished to dance and when all had numbers given to them he called out "Numbers one to eight, take your partners for a cotillon!" There was only space for two sets. Up started the eight numbers and rushed across the room and secured partners. There was no waiting for introductions, and now they stood in readiness on the floor, falling into conversation with their ladies. The music struck up, the caller shouted the figure, and the dancers started off as if their very lives were at stake.

The Danes were remarkably graceful in their movements, and, of course, there was the usual quantum of verdant youths who didn't know what to do with their legs. There were many pretty, yes, handsome, faces among the fair sex. All were neat and clean, but no attempt was made at show in dress, plain cotton and woollen fabrics being the rule. Some few of the girls made a faint attempt with simple ribbons and laces. Many of the men did not appear to have made any special evening toilet, with the exception of a very liberal use of soap and water. Others, again, were dressed in well-made, serviceable broadcloth of home manufacture.

I could not help but notice many of the young men born and raised in this mountain region. They are perfect giants—hale, hearty, vigorous. Don't ever impute to polygamy the cause of muscular decline in man, for here I had ocular proof to the contrary.

When the first dance was concluded the gentlemen escorted their partners to their seats, and then retired to their own. Then another batch was immediately called for, and the fun was repeated. The polka or waltz, round dancing, as it is called, is not, by strict rules, allowed, although a few on this occasion were permitted during the evening.

After several dances had been gone through, some young Scandinavian sisters sang a charming song. This was followed by an Englishman singing a comic song and an American reciting from Shakespeare. Then more dancing, with occasional singing, till 12 o'clock, when "Come to order" was called, and the assembly was dismissed with prayer. All seemed happy and contented with the evening's entertainment, and hied at once home, every lady having an escort of father, brother, husband or beau.

During the whole of the evening the only refreshments that I saw or heard of was pure water, although I was told that upon special occasions a light beer with cake is

handed around. Intoxicating drinks are strictly prohibited. There is no saloon within thirty miles of the town, and even if a man smells of liquor he is reprimanded.

These dances are not open for any who may choose to attend, but all who wish to partake give their names into the Bishop of the ward. He has power to blackball, and he uses that power, especially with outsiders and apostates.

By 1 o'clock all lights were out in the town, and the only sounds to be heard were the occasional baying of the watch dogs and the lullaby of the canon breeze.

A Russian Victim.

The return from Siberia of the Russian writer Tchernischefski, who has been in exile since 1862, is announced. He is now turned 60, and it can well be believed that, apart from the effect of years, he has greatly aged. He was until the time of his arrest the editor of one of the leading Russian reviews, the *Sovremennik*, or *Contemporary*. But although the tone of the periodical was under Tchernischefski's direction liberal and even radical, it was not to his connection with the *Sovremennik* that his deportation was due. He was accused of editing one of the secret revolutionary prints which in 1862 first made their appearance in Russia; and, charged with high treason, was found guilty and sentenced to capital punishment. The sentence was afterward commuted to deportation for life. He was exposed in one of the public squares in St. Petersburg, a sword was broken over his head in token of loss of nobility, and he was carried away to the gloomy region from which he has just come back.—*St. James Gazette*.

The Fifth avenue society woman who was driven into a frenzy because a young manservant refused to say to a caller that she was not at home when she was at home, afterwards remarked: "Ah, these things are not so in Europe, where I was educated, but being raised in this country really seems to put oil on the young people. They won't lie for anything—not even a lady!"

MOTHERS DON'T KNOW—How many children are punished for being uncouth, wilful, and indifferent to instructions or rewards, simply because they are out of health! An intelligent lady said of a child of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would give the little ones moderate doses of Hoj Buters for two or three weeks, the children would be all a parent could desire."

TOURISTS should call on W. J. REX 25 Queen St. West, opposite Shaftesbury Hall. Rare Old China, Antique Bronzes, Old Coins and Oil Paintings. Specialty, very Old Books.

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FASHION NOTES.

The style of a certain waist worn half a century ago is now copied and admired by ultra fashionable young ladies. The waist is sharply pointed front and back, while over the front is laid a shirred piece which reaches from the throat to the extreme point, where it ends in a bow and ends of satin ribbon. The sleeves are puffed and shirred, and are exceedingly high on the shoulder.

Tailor-made costumes of dark blue, green, or brown velvet, with toque and muff to match, will be in great fashion this winter. The furor for velvet is greater than ever, but it is positively necessary that it be of the best quality only. Some very attractive costumes are being sent over by leading modistes of London, Paris, and Vienna, of a combination of soft woollen fluffs and velvet, and also of velvet and Ottoman cloths in monochrome.

Many ladies are now wearing half capes and mouchoir muffs made of dark velvet bordered with brilliant feather trimming. Muffs and collars made wholly of fine feathers are conspicuously fashionable, and usually match the bonnet or turban. As a rule, golden brown feathers are in great request. Brown is undoubtedly one of the colors par excellence, and it is wonderful how innumerable are the tints discoverable in a color that would seem to admit of so few variations.

Some of the new French polonaises of velvet are shaped in front to form a waistcoat. The sides lengthen into long panels, which reach nearly to the foot of the dress skirt. The trimming borders these panels, and is carried up each side of the bodice portion framing the waistcoat. Handsome medallions and pendants of pasemerie are placed in the centre of the panels, and on the richer models these are very often nearly covered with a magnificent silk embroidery tufted with raised chenille work.

Indian shawls are still altered into various-shaped garments. Those most in use are the scarfs, with long square ends, trimmed with fringe or fur. The visite garment is pressed into service for this purpose. The skirt of the visite is raised in a small puffing. Against this puffing is a piece of shaded silk embroidery, worked with many-colored beads. The fringe does not trim the lower part of the garment, and the bordering is reserved for the fronts. Beaded brautourgs, with long pendants, trim the front of the visite. Striped shawls are also altered, but only in visite shape, when the stripes should run lengthwise.

The winter confections are most of them admirable as to style and the fabrics employed—rich velvets brocades or rather large design on Ottoman silk or satin grounds being among the most fashionable. The Ottoman silk foundations are the newest. In fact, this beautiful fabric combines advantageously with almost every known material. Plain Lyons velvet is again much worn for both large and small confections, and many redingotes, visites, and Newmarkets are being made of it by the principal modistes. The trimmings are either bands of fur or lace, chenille fringes, handsome ornaments of chenille or silk cord elaborately beaded appliques.

For early winter wear are shown some very fine fleeced-lined fancy cloths, thick yet supple. These do not require extra lining, and are generally trimmed with fur. Extra thick stockinettes are now in great use. These are cut to set without a wrinkle on the figure, and make very serviceable surtouts and long coats of every kind, as well as the wraps and jackets of shorter cut. There are also a great number of plain fancy cloths, ribbed, checked, matelasse, and pointille used for paletots. These are generally lined with quilted sacks, either surah or shot "Levantine." The shades known as pigeon, Parma violet, shot with gold, Venetian red, and wood brown are those preferred for linings. It is possible to give great style to these paletots by allowing the lining to show a trifle below all the edges; sleeves, pockets, directoire collar, and revers. One single row of close stitching edges the whole garment, and serves to keep the lining in place and show only a fine line of color.



RECEPTION TOILETS.

FIG. 1.—An elegant reception or dinner dress of woven broche and plain "Nonpareil" velvet in a rich shade of garnet. The toilet is modelled after the "Gervaise" basque, and "Gwendoline" walking skirt with adjustable train. The basque, sharply pointed front and back, and sloping away over the hips, is of plain garnet velvet trimmed with ecru linen guipure lace arranged en revers on the bottom and sleeves, and has a pointed plastron with bodice effect of the broche, while the shirred guimpe is of fine silk mull fastened at the throat with a vel-

vet dog-collar and gold slide. The front of the skirt is of the broche velvet, cut in Norman points at the bottom, falling over three garnet Ottoman plaitings, and the draperies and train are of the plain velvet, the latter bordered with a full box-plaiting over a balayuse of white lace. The train can be removed at will, thus converting the toilet into a street costume at once. Pine-tinted gloves. Price of basque-patterns, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt patterns, thirty cents.

the "Gervaise" basque, and "Gwendoline" walking skirt with adjustable train, made up in olive bronze broche "Nonpareil" velvet and Ottoman silk of the same color. The same combination of the plain and figured stuffs is employed as in Fig. 1, and the basque is finished with a shirred guimpe of red Ottoman silk instead of mull. A cluster of olive and crimson velvet ribbons is fastened on the right side. For prices of patterns, see previous description.

FIG. 2.—This illustrates a back view of

Our Engravings.

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

Mr. Royal M. Bassett, of Birmingham, Connecticut, is now said to be engaged to Clara Louise Kellogg.

"I see you are growing a mustache, George," said she, as she caressed the lappel of his coat. "Ye-es," stammered George, blushing furiously, "I—I am trying to cultivate one, Arabella." "Don't it feel funny on your lip," she asked. "Well, no," he laughed, regaining his composure, "it seems to be quite natural." "I wonder how a mustache would feel on my lip," she said, with a far-away, absent look in her eyes. "You needn't wonder long, then," said George, as he bent down. "Oh, you forward thing!" she exclaimed: "I've a good mind to make you take that back again." And he did.

Amc: new evening corsages is the "Beau Brummel" bodice, cut away sharply in front, revealing a waistcoat made either of silk or satin, but almost concealed by rich embroideries. One model—a Parisian inspiration—shows a bodice of pale primrose satin matching the trained skirt. This bodice opens over a gilet of dark plum-colored velvet embroidered in fine arabesques of gold. The petticoat is of plum-colored velvet also gold-embroidered. A second dress, made by Hontenear, has a bodice of white satin brocaded with clusters of silver flowers. The waistcoat is of palest silver satin, with tiny roses and buds closely embroidered in white silk.

MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The Dominion Mutual Benefit Society of Canada, (Incorporated) provides a benefit of \$500, \$1,000, or \$2,000 for families of deceased members; also an endowment of \$250, \$500 or \$1,000 in ten years, and \$500 to \$1,000 in case of permanent disability or sickness or accident. A number of the leading business and professional men in the country are members. All claims will be promptly adjusted on maturity. Ladies admitted on equal terms with gentlemen. Agents wanted. Greatest inducements ever offered. Call or send for terms and by-laws. Home Office 30 Adelaide Street East Toronto.

Health Department.

Work and Hurry.

Mr. Herbert Spencer thought that the most valuable piece of advice he could leave us in departing from our shores was to be less restless—to work less and play more. Overwork was the besetting sin of Americans, according to the English philosopher, who spoke with more feeling and the stronger emphasis on the subject because he himself was a victim of the very excess against which he warned us. He had come to the United States, in truth, with the hope of restoring tone to his nervous system, so shattered by indiscreet application to study that he was unable to sleep sound.

Sensible people here, however, knew very well that working too hard was not an American vice. The men who complain most of overwork are usually those who are unfitting themselves for exertion by bad habits of self-indulgence. They could do their work without undue strain if they did not otherwise overtax their nerves.

But there is another very frequent cause of nervous prostration. It is hasty and unmethodical labor, the habit of hurrying. But that cause, it seems, is commonly active in London no less than in New York.

The London *Lancet* warns the "city men," that is, the business men, that they are wearing themselves out with unnecessary hurry and bustle. It also tells physicians that they could do far more to prevent the spread of nervous disease if they undertook to cure this vicious mental habit, then they can hope to do by dealing only with the particular ills which come from it.

One of the chief characteristics of business life, the *Lancet* says, is to be always in a hurry. The moment a lad enters a business house "he begins to make believe to others, and so quickly to himself, that he is overwhelmed with work. The result is the formation of a 'mental habit' of hurrying, which before long becomes the keynote and motive of the whole life. It is the custom to write and speak as though commercial men were really as much pressed for time as they pretend to be. Now, the simple fact is that all their haste and turmoil, prejudicial and often ruinous as it is, is artificial.

The bustling, hurrying man, as a matter of fact, is a poor worker, and accomplishes comparatively little in a day. Too much of his steam power is expended in kicking up a dust. The habit of hurrying and of feeding in a hurry is fatal to good work, and diminishes the amount of work a man can get through with. The friction is too great. So little of practical value is accomplished, despite all the superfluous expenditure of energy, that he cannot go home at night with the sweet consciousness of duty done, of a day's work completed. He has left too many stitches to be taken up.

The men who accomplish the most never seem in a hurry, no matter how much they have to do. Everybody must have observed that. They are not troubled for lack of time, for they make the most of the minutes by working in a cool, clear, orderly, and methodical fashion, finishing each job properly, and not wasting their nervous force on trifles or expending it in bustle. They are more likely to be hunting up new work to do, in order to give their faculties more varied employment and to exercise some which are not sufficiently used.

Too much to do! The highest pleasure and greatest satisfaction are found in work only, and the more work a man has to do, if it is work to which he is adapted, the better he likes it. The men to pity are those who can get nothing to do, and those whose only business is to hunt for pleasure for itself—the fellows who have no other occupation than that of killing time. But we are also sorry for

the men whose manner, as described by the *Lancet*, suggests a boiler worked up to the highest pressure and only saved from bursting by frequent letting off steam.

What to Drink.

The *British Medical Journal*, in an interesting article on breakfast beverages, observes:—

"Each of our commoner breakfast beverages, namely, tea, coffee, and cocoa, present sundry relative advantages and disadvantages, which have been well established by scientific experiments and general experience, and which are qualities that sometimes assume a special importance in certain conditions of health, habit, occupation, climate, and disease. Warm infusion of tea has been proved to have a marked stimulative and restorative action upon the brain and nervous system, and this effect is not followed by any secondary depression. It further increases the action of the skin, and raises the number of the pulse, while it has little effect upon urination, excepting simply as a watery diuretic. It tends to lessen the action of the bowels. Dr. Parks found that tea is most useful article of diet for soldiers. The hot infusion is a patent protective against extremes both of heat and cold; and Sir Ronald Martin proved it to be particularly valuable in great fatigue, especially in hot climates. Coffee, like tea, when used as an article of diet, especially affects the nervous system. It is a brain-and-nerve stimulant; in very large doses it produces tremors. It increases the action of the skin, and it appears to have a special power in augmenting the urinary water. It increases both the force and frequency of the pulse. Unlike tea, it tends to increase the action of the bowels. Coffee has been proved to be an important article in a soldier's dietary as a stimulant and restorative. Like tea, it acts as a nerve excitant, without producing subsequent depression. It is serviceable against excessive variations of cold and heat, and its efficacy in these respects has been established in antarctic expeditions, as well as in India and other hot climates. Dr. Parkes pointed out that coffee has a special recommendation in its protective influence against malaria. While admitting that the evidence on this point was not strong, he held it to be sufficient to authorize the large use of coffee in malarious districts. Coffee should be used as an infusion. If coffee be boiled, its delicate aroma is dissipated. The theobromin of cocoa is, chemically, identical with the thein of tea and the caffeine of coffee. While tea and coffee are comparatively valueless as true foods, cocoa, by reason of the large quantity of fatty and albuminoid substances it contains, is very nourishing, and is of high dietetic value as a tissue-forming food. Compared with tea and coffee, it is a food rather than a stimulant, being akin to milk in its composition and place in the diet scale. It is useful to sustain the weakly, and to support the strong in great exertion, as a really assimilable and general form of nourishment.

Healthy Women.

A writer, in urging the necessity for more attention to physical culture, notes as a favorable sign the fact that the pale, interesting type of beauty is fast losing its popularity, and that men of position and influence are declaring for the healthy standard of womanly beauty, such as was ever recognized by Greece and Rome. This is certainly an important and happy change in public taste, and already the effects of it are to be detected in an improved condition of feminine health; for it will hardly be denied that on an average women of to-day are physically superior to what they were a few years ago, when tight lacing and similar destroying customs prevailed.

Young women take more exercise than they formerly did. They ride and walk more and more in the open air. They have not the insane dread of the sun's rays which they once had. But there is much room for improvement yet. Many homes are still presided over by invalid wives and mothers, who furnish a constant spectacle of sadness and misery to their families and friends, and are a subject of unlimited expense to their husbands. In such homes the greatest of all blessings that could be hoped for would be the health of the mistress restored; but too often it is the one blessing which never comes.

American homes, more than any other perhaps in the world, have been saddened by sickly women. And the remedy is simple. American men are as strong and healthy as those of other nations; there is no good reason why American women should not be. All that is needed is proper attention to dress and exercise. Let women dress as men do, so that their bodies shall not be squeezed and pressed together, but have free room for motion, and them go out into the air and sunshine as men do and exercise their bodies, and the race of American women will not become extinct, as it once threatened to.

On the contrary it will be improved, built up, and beautified, and a time will shortly come when a healthy man will not have to hunt a whole country over to find a healthy wife. We are on the right track now; all that is needed is to go ahead, and the result will soon be manifest. Women will die to be in fashion; therefore let the fashion of female beauty be vigor and strength, and all the ladies in the land will be swinging dumb-bells, practising archery, riding on horseback, and walking as for a wager, but they will be in style.

How Medicine is Taken.

It is to be feared that to most people medicine is not an erudite science or learned art, but is little more than the common administration of physic. They cannot understand medicines without drugs, and its virtue and power are popularly measured by the violence of its operations. Its very name is, in ordinary parlance, synonymous with physic. Take from it its pills and potions, and for them you take away its whole art and mystery. They do not believe in a scheme of treatment, however deep-laid and skillful, which does not include a certain statutory dosage. So that, as a rule, medical men are practically compelled to give their patients a visible object of faith in some form of physic, which may be at most designed to effect some very subordinate purpose. And it is remarkable how strongly even among the educated classes, this feeling prevails. Cures by the administration of mixtures and boluses is so fixed and ancient a tradition that it is only very slowly that the world will give it up. The anxiety of the friends of the patients wants to do more than follow the simple directions of "nursing," which have been so carefully indicated, and possess apparently so little remedial power. There is nothing of the unknown about them in which a fluttering hope of great advantage can nestle. Thus it is necessary to educate the world into a belief in medicine apart from drugs, which finds its power in curing in adaptation of the common conditions of life and applications of physiological facts—a medicine which takes into its hands the whole life, and orders and fashions its every detail with scientific definiteness. It is found in everyday practice that this popular understanding of the modern spirit of medicine constantly checks the little tentative advances of a more scientific treatment, and it is necessary that it should be generally understood how powerfully the various processes of the economy may be affected by the manipulation of the condition of common life.—*British Quarterly Review*.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mason—Dr. M. Souveille & Co. Gentlemen.—Yours of last week to hand, and in reply to your enquiry I have much pleasure in stating that from the first time of using the spirometer and the medicine I have improved very much. The bronchitis has entirely left me. I sleep well and have a good appetite. I must also add, that coming to you as I did as a last resort, the cure effected has been wonderful.

Gratefully yours, MRS. E. MASON,
Jarvis, Ont.

Nov. 10, 1883.

Call personally at the Institute and be examined, if possible, if not write for list of questions and copy of *International News* published monthly, to International Throat and Lung Institute, 173 Church st., Toronto, or 13 Philip square, Montreal, P. Q.

On a steamer lately arrived from abroad during the prevailing high seas a traveller exclaimed to his very stylish, but just then pale and distressed-looking daughter: "What, Grace, you seasick!" Looking around at the rest of the company hugging the rails, she faltered out: "Y-y-you don't s-s-suppose, papa, I'd be out of f-f-fashion, do you?"

The Freest Man on Earth.

"Bill Arp," says in the *Atlanta Constitution*, that farming is a slow way to make money; but then there is a law of compensation about everything in this life, and farming has its blessings that other pursuits do not have. The farmer belongs to nobody. He is the freest man on earth, and the most independent. He has latitude and longitude. He has a house in the country, with plenty of pure and good water. If he makes but little in the field he has occasion to spend but little. He can raise his own hogs, and sheep and cattle, and chickens. His wool costs nothing, and the luxury of big backlogs and blazing fires in open fire-places all winter long is something that city people long for, but cannot afford. My own farm cost me \$7,000. I have 110 acres of open land in good condition, and it yields me on an average \$5 an acre over all expenses. Say 9 per cent. upon the investment. Well, that is mighty little, considering my own labor and supervision. I've seen the time when I made five times as much without any capital except my head. But then we have to keep a pair of horses to ride around, and they have to be fed from the farm. There are little leaks all around, but still we are happier on the farm than we were in the town, and feel more secure from the troubles of life. We fear no pestilence or disease, nor burglars nor thieves. We lock no doors, and Mrs. Arp has quit looking under the bed for a man. I love to hear the churn-dasher splashing in the buttermilk. I love to hear the roosters crow and the peacock holler, and see the martins sailing round the martin gourds. I love to hear a neighbor stop and talk about the growing crops. I love to take the children with me to the water-mill, and fish below the dam amid the roar of falling waters, or paddle around the pond in an old leaky bateau. I love to wander through the woods and glades, and wear old clothes that can't get any older or dirtier, and get caught in a shower of rain if I want to. Old man Horace remarked about 2,000 years ago that the town was the best place for a rich man to live in, and the country was the best place for the poor man to die in, and inasmuch as riches were uncertain and death was sure, it becomes a prudent man to move to the country as soon as he can get there. Farmers have their ups and downs, of course, but they don't collapse and burst up like tradesmen. They don't go down under a panic.

Don't Be Too Credulous.

Don't believe all you read. Don't believe too quickly half you read. Don't believe anything as regards thought, opinion or assertion till you've run it through the mill of your own judgment and see if it emerges without a flaw. Remember that a book is generally one man's talk on paper. Remember that his conclusions and deductions are often based on other men's statements which in time may prove, partly or wholly wrong. Remember that it is as easy to err with the pen as with the tongue. Remember that for two men to give the same account of the event of which both are witnesses is extremely rare. Remember that no conscientious scribe can read what he wrote twenty-five years ago without finding many opinions and assertions which will make him squirm and feel like hunting for a hole to hide his head in. Remember that the man, be he writer or not, who all his days sticks to one opinion, ceases to grow intellectually and imprisons himself in his own dogmatism. Remember that the man who is searching for the truth must give up his mistaken convictions, no matter how dear they may be to him or how sorely it may hurt his pride to own up that he has been mistaken. Remember to apply all the forgoing remarks to this article after you have read it.

Escaping from the Jaws of a Lioness.

A French journal, hailing from Cote d'Or, reports that a M. Planet nearly fell a victim to his business temerity on Sunday last (Oct. 14). At the moment when the tamer, inside the cage, placed his head in the mouth of a lioness, the beast shut her jaws and inflicted a wound near the temple, from which blood streamed plentifully. M. Planet, however, screamed so loudly that the lioness, astonished, no doubt, re-opened her mouth and let the tamer go. Everybody will remember the fable of the effect produced on the lion by the bray of the ass. M. Planet was not seriously injured.

Music and the Drama.

Mlle. Rhea.

After a somewhat nauseating dose of melodrama, burlesque and variety, good, bad, and indifferent, it was a pleasant relief to turn to such a fine old play as the "School for Scandal" played as it was by Mlle Rhea and her company Monday last. Despite the fact that it is a brilliant conglomeration of scenes and incidents thrown together in a sort of patch work style, this play has always been regarded as one of the standard English comedies, and is always sure to be popular with lovers of the "legitimate." The part of *Lady Teazle*, however, is not one calculated to exhibit Mlle Rhea to advantage, and the impersonation was, therefore, one of the least satisfactory in which she appeared here; and those who witnessed her in that part alone could have no idea of her powers as an actress. It is in such characters as *Adrienne Lecouvreur* that Mlle. Rhea's great powers as an artist and actress have full scope. To her *Adrienne*, however, it is unnecessary to allude. It is a part she has made peculiarly her own, and she is without a rival in the impersonation. Of her *Gilberte* in "Frou-Frou," it is not quite so easy to speak. The play is essentially unpleasant, and the character of *Gilberte* repulsive. There is not a redeeming feature in it; not the slightest palliation or excuse for her heartless abandonment of her husband and the child which, above all things, should have kept her pure; and yet Mlle. Rhea invests the character with such a charm, and throws about it so attractive a glamour, that the wrongs of the husband and the child are forgotten, and our sympathies are entirely enlisted on behalf of the reckless, faithless wife and mother, who goes to her fate with her eyes open and knowing what the end would be.

The I. P. B. Society's concert last week was a highly successful one, the programme provided being an excellent one. The principal attraction was the singing of Mlle. Espe and Miss Dickerson, both of whom were new to Toronto. Mlle. Espe is a vocalist of much excellence, possessing a very sweet and pure soprano voice which she uses very effectively. Her forte is evidently dramatic scenes rather than ballad singing. Miss Dickerson, on the contrary, is more at home in ballad singing, and her rendering of "Kathleen Mavourneen" won a most enthusiastic encore. She possesses a very rich contralto voice which was specially effective in the duets and quartettes, where it blended exquisitely with the other voices. Of Messrs. Fried and Warrington it is unnecessary to speak. They are too well-known here to need any special word of praise, and the same may be said of Herr Jacobsen, the violinist. Mrs. H. M. Blight accompanied in her usual satisfactory manner.

The attraction at the Grand during the first part of next week will be the popular operatic success "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," with Miss Louise Manfred, Miss Helene Cooper, Miss Louise Searle, and others in the cast. It will be followed for balance of the week by the famous "Romany Rye," which has proved so successful wherever presented.

Of the New York Philharmonic Club, which gives a concert at the Horticultural Pavilion Monday next the *New York Times* says:—"The artistic performance of the Philharmonic Club needs no special commendation. The members, from continual association, have acquired the habit of playing together, and the result is a unity which is essential to good concerted music." Of Mlle. Ilonka de Ravasz, the famous Hun-

garian pianist, who comes with them the *Boston Times* says:—"She is unsurpassed in technique. Madame Essipoff has not the wonderful execution of Ravasz. She has extraordinary precision and dashing fire, and a most astonishing memory. And N. Y. *Music and Drama* has this to say of her:—"This fair Hungarian is an artist of great merit, playing with an amount of enthusiasm and earnestness that is unusual in these prosaic days, when mere technique is too often accepted in lieu of mental qualifications. She is a little lady and can scarcely span an octave; therefore the vigorous and accurate manner in which she executed involved passages embodying constant "extensives," both with force of tone and breadth of effect, was little short of marvellous. She also possesses a vein of tender and poetic feeling, and when the opportunity was afforded her, charmed the audience by her sympathetic expression and delicate manipulation." Mlle. Juliette D'Ervioux, mezzo soprano, who also makes her first appearance with this club, will, if report speaks truly, create no little sensation.

It was rather unfortunate that the bad weather, and the strong counter attraction elsewhere, should have combined to make the attendance at the Mapleson concert rather slim; and still more unfortunate that Mlle. Pattini—the strong drawing card—should have proved too indisposed to appear. The audience, however, put up with the disappointment as well as could be expected, and the artists who appeared did their very best to please, in which they succeeded to no small extent. Mlle. Vianelli has a very attractive and pleasing contralto voice of much flexibility and power; and in the "Faust" aria was very fine. Signor Bettini, the tenor, has a splendid voice and method, and proved the most artistic singer of the quartette. Signor Ricci, the basso, made a strong impression, though his rendering of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" was not all that could be desired. Signor Sivori, the baritone, has a very powerful voice, and sang his numbers effectively. Should the company come this way again it is to be hoped both artists and audience will have better luck.

Active preparations are being made by Father Laurent, of St. Michael's, and Mr. Campbell, choir leader, for a musical festival to be held at the Cathedral shortly. Two hundred voices and a full orchestra are expected to take part, the chorus comprising all the Catholic choirs, and volunteers. The programme will include some of the grand choruses in English, such as "The Hallelujah," from the Messiah, "The Heavens are Telling," from the "Creation," and "Unfold, Ye Portals," from the "Redemption." Mr. Torrington will have charge of the music, assisted by Mr. Lemaitre, the talented organist of the cathedral.

The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* has this advice to give to Mrs. Langtry:—"Mrs. Langtry says she will probably make a farewell tour of the United States next season. If it's all the same to Mrs. L., we think the people who witnessed her performances last year will be glad to regard them in the light of a farewell, and will excuse her from further effort. Her acting is in no danger of being forgotten by the public—or imitated by others."

Mlle. Ilonka Ravasz, who appears with the New York Quintette Club Monday next, will play the G. minor piano concerto of Saint-Saens, considered a magnificent work by European critics. She will be accompanied on a second piano by Mr. W. W. Lauder. She will appear in her Hungarian costume, being the costume worn at court and by the nobility in her native land.

The old Zion Church at the corner of Adelaide and Bay street is being converted into a variety theatre. A stage is being erected, and the scenery lately used in the Adelaide street rink is being placed in position. Mr. H. L. Montford is the manager, and he will shortly open it with a variety entertainment and ghost show.

Clara Louise Kellogg has been singing "Home, Sweet Home," to the convicts in the Auburn, N. Y., prison. This takes the cake away from its recent possessor, the organist in a church who played "I am a Pirate King" while the deacon was taking up a collection.

Miss Juliette D'Ervioux, who sings at the Gardens Monday next, with the New York Philharmonic Club, is said to have a most beautiful and sweet mezzo soprano voice.

Scenes and Incidents in Sitka.

The misty rain did not prevent us from further exploration of the queer old town. The lower part is built of block houses, formerly occupied by soldiers, but now given over entirely to Indians. The beach is strewn with canoes just in from fishing, and women are busy cleaning the fish to dry and keeping an eye on the babies. Said babies, from six years down to infancy, are out on the Sound paddling around by themselves in canoes. On the common a crowd of Indian boys were playing base ball. Though all their talk was in native tongue, they cried in English, "out," "foul," "one strike," as they had learned from seeing sailors play. Their actions were very amusing, and their ball looked and felt like a potato tied up in a rag. A lot of girls sitting on a pile of high boulders overlooked the scene, and busied themselves in nursing rag dolls, whose wooden heads showed skill in carving that seems wonderful from these untaught people. These Indians are so superior in many ways to tribes of the plains that any progressive person would naturally become interested in their advancement. The Presbyterian Mission established a school here five years ago that, after a hard struggle, has at last come to a firm footing, and, with those at Wrangell and other ports, has done much to suppress witchcraft cruelties, and to teach Indian girls industry and virtue.

The chief is generally appointed special policeman for Indiantown. The present chief is "Captain Tom," a good officer, having great influence with his tribe. He has acquired \$8,000 by trading, owns a good house, bought from a departing Russian, and sports a brass-buttoned blue suit. Quite as conspicuous as himself is his fat squaw, who gives her name as "Mary Tom," and is also a great trader, having \$5,000 to her own account, profits as "middleman" between her own people and the whites. She has the wabbling walk characteristic of her people, caused by their all being pigeon-toed from continual squatting, instead of sitting, to rest. All the Indians wear American-made shoes and stockings, and one is rarely seen barefooted. Their complexions are fair as light Japanese, the babies being almost white. The humid atmosphere and lack of sunshine cause this effect, but also cause another that is less agreeable, inflammatory rheumatism. We have seen several persons drawn all out of shape with it, and several dwarf children. This last speaks well for their humanity, as it is the custom of Indians to put dwarfs to death.

There is no agriculture at Sitka except gardening, to which the Indians have lately taken on their own account, with success as to hardy vegetables. These, with abundance of cod, halibut, salmon, deer, grouse, and numerous berries to be had with little labor, enable them to run better boarding houses than the usual summer resorts. There are no cattle or sheep in Alaska, and except game, no meat unless the steamers furnish occasional supplies to a favored few. There are four cows who do duty at Sitka, and three mules who do nothing except on rare intervals. Before reaching there the tourists discussed quite warmly whether it would be wiser to go on horseback or in hacks to see the town. On arrival we found a liveryman who does an extensive business at other ports, a party named Shank, who furnished us with the only horses known in Sitka.

The most enjoyable feature of our stay was furnished by the Custom House officer's wife, Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, who collected the best people of the town and officers of the naval vessel *Adams* to meet the wit, wisdom, and beauty of the Idaho's passengers. Such an evening's entertainment in New England would be called a "tea party," in New York city a "kettledrum," in San Francisco a "surprise evening," in Portland a "bun-racket," and in Sitka, Russian days, a "obi-peat."—*Northwest News.*

Scarfs, panels, either plain or kilted, sashes, waistcoats, and Watteau tunics, made of Roman striped or plaided merveilles, are again worn as accessories to dresses of a dark monochrome.

It was very crowded on the elevated cars about 6 o'clock last evening, when three or four bright girls came bounding on the platform of a car already quite full. "Oh, dear!" exclaimed one, "I don't want to be mashed!" "Nor I!" shouted the others. And so, taking the hint, all the mashers stood aside.

GENERAL WITTICISMS.

It is said that the Prince of Wales plays the banjo. We do not wonder at it. He is so deeply in debt that he must always be after notes.

"I've heard it said," remarked Fenderson, "that a man shouldn't laugh at his own jokes; I never do." "Does anybody else?" asked Fogg.

Simperton—You've heard that Browne has married again? Chittergale—No. Has he? What a fool? He didn't deserve to lose his first wife. (They take comfort at the buffet).

A Texas man has been sentenced to ninety-nine years in the penitentiary. The Judge would have made it an even hundred, but didn't want to be hard on the poor fellow for his first offense.

A New Jersey school-teacher has gone insane. It is supposed he was trying to make the children understand that in travelling across the continent the different states could not be distinguished by their colors, as they can on the maps.

I have heard folks say, mused Uncle Josh, dat da could tell a smart man by lookin' in his eye, but dis is a mistake. Der mule ain't got no eye ter speak ob, but dinged if he ain't got more sense den the toad what can look at yer ten minutes widout winkin'.

Describing a lady's dress, and the collar on her neck especially, the fashion editor wrote, "on which was a large bengol leaf." The careless compositor rendered it, "on which was a large bug on a leaf." The proof reader skipped the error, but the society lady's keen eye caught the bug and—"stop my paper!" was the result.

"There is one thing that I can say," remarked the tramp, after he had finished the gratuitous refection, "I have always been true to myself. Yes, ma'am, I have lived a consistent life, and I'm proud of it. I was born dependent—man at birth is the most dependent of animals, you know—and I've been dependent ever since."

A pious old gentleman was expatiating to a class of Sunday school boys on the superiority of moral excellence over mere mental capacity, but as it was near lunch time and the lads were feeling pretty hungry, there was a notable lack of interest in the discourse. Presently he turned to a little fellow who was looking out of the window and said:

"My son, which would you rather have, a big heart or a big brain?" The lad answered promptly

"A big doughnut."

"Well, what do you want?" said the barkeeper to Bullamy Jim Jam, the other morning. "I want to ask you a conundrum," was the rejoinder. "Forge ahead," answered the man of drinks, as he looked through a tumbler he had just been wiping with a soiled napkin. "Here goes then, but mind you stand treat. Why am I like certain brands of champagne?" "Because you're extra dry," shouted the barkeeper, as he mixed a cocktail for a paying customer. Bullamy Jim Jam went out of the saloon as thirsty as he came, cursing the common school that made the welder of the toddy-stick so intelligent.

Katie's Kisses.

To me Katie I said, "It's a taste
Uv thim lips that I'd have, an' indade
They belong to me now wid yerself,
An' so purty for kissin' were made."

But she answered an' tould me, wid eyes
That no star in the sky could outspise,
"An' it's throe they belong to yerself,
Sure how 'ud ye kiss yer own lips?"

"Jist as aisy," I cried, "as to spake,
An' swate nor honey. The sun
Is cowlder by far." But she vowed
The likes uv it couldn't be done.

Thin I offered the same to restore
Wid a seal jist as throe as the day;
But she said, "I 'ud never take back
What once I had given away."

"An' I'll lind ye the loan uv 'em, dear,"
I replied; but wid infinite scorn
She axed, did I think that her lips
Were made fur to rint or to pawn?

Thin I sat jist as mute as a stone,
An' niver a word did I say,
Till Kate, onaisy like, pouted her lips,
(Och, the rogue!) in a ravishin' way.

An' wid dimples to timplt all the saints,
An' wid' blushes way up to her brow,
As soft as an angel she spake, "Ud ye ilka
To be lindin' the loan uv 'em now?"

—C. H. THAYER, in *Harper's Magazine* for December.

CRIME IN PARIS.

A Remarkable Increase—Habits of the Criminal Classes.

Crime of the most hideous description is on the increase in Paris. The greatest safety seems to lie in a continuance of the dense fogs wherewith we have been blessed for the last six days. The malefactors themselves are apparently frightened. At any rate, a careful perusal of the police reports shows a decrease since last week. The supposition was confirmed by the commissary of police of one of the most dangerous quarters of Paris. This gentleman accounted quite logically for the diminution observable. The Parisian foot-pad and crib cracker is an epicurian in his way. He said: "He objects to inclement weather, first, because he feels uncomfortable; secondly, because it interferes with business. The reason is not far to seek. So long as the weather is in any way bearable, the Parisians of any and every class turn out. Many of them get belated, attacked in the streets, or, if they escape that danger, find their premises rifled at their return. Servants are of little use. If of doubtful character, they are probably in league with the criminals themselves. If honest, they turn out also, or else go to bed or to a carouse with their fellows at the top of the house, where their rooms are invariably situated. The *concierge* is of no use to prevent crime. Though she is generally above suspicion as regards honesty, she is lazy, indifferent, and impertinent, and sometimes all three. A male *concierge* who concerns himself with the affairs of the house is a rarity, except in the better class dwelling. In nine cases out of ten the *concierge* is a woman, widow, or married. If the former, she is frightened at her own shadow; if the latter, the husband is generally absent when he is most wanted. He works the whole day. At 9 o'clock, or thereabout, he goes to the wine shop. The outer door is closed or open, as the case may be. The intruder has but to ring the bell, call out the name of one of the inmates, and obtain the run of the house. He can make his choice. He begins ringing on the first floor. If the door is opened, he has simply to inquire for no matter whom, seeing that the occupant of the first floor does not know his next-door neighbor on the same landing, let alone the family above his head. He shuts the door in the inquirer's face. The latter has the coast free, and repeats his manoeuvre at every door until his summons meets with no response. The rest is a matter of plain sailing. It is needless to say that bad weather reduces his chances to a minimum; he must be hard-pushed indeed to go in search of business. If he has any money at all he goes to one of the theatres, but only to a certain class of them. The Gymnases, the Vaudeville, the Comedie Francaise, and the Odeon never see him within their doors. If he be of a refined turn of mind at all, he visits the Palais Royal now and then, but as a rule the Ambigu and the Porte St. Martin are his favorite haunts. Of course not now, while Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is playing at the latter house. His invariable preference is for music. But for seats at the opera being too dear, he would crowd its gallery whenever his means permitted. As it is, he takes to the opera-bouffe. He very often forms part of the claque. I have known two or three that would whistle the 'Masoot,' or 'La Belle Helene,' from the first note to the last."—*London Globe*.

Exploring a New River.

The expedition of Lieutenant Schwatka for exploring the Yukon River, in Alaska, seems to have been fraught with more adventures than valuable discoveries. The Indians, sixty five in number, carried the provisions of the expedition across the Dabadee Mountains and through Perra Pass to the headwaters of the Yukon. Perra Pass is covered with perpetual snow, and although it was the middle of June it was with great difficulty that the white men travelled through it. As they wended their way along the steep sides of the mountains one false step would have sent the one making it 800 to 1,200 feet into the canyons below. Much to the admiration of the whites, the Indians, with from fifty to one hundred pounds bound to their heads by a band around their foreheads, walked with the greatest ease in the most slippery and perilous places. Their packs in the narrowest passages scraped along the sides of the mountains, the rocks rubbing off the pictorial labels on the canned goods and the

boxes of prepared food, but the Indians never halted, faltered nor shifted their loads.

The Yukon, from its head for 800 miles down, is a tumultuous river, expanding frequently into lakes, some small, some large, breaking into rapids, and shooting through canyons. Near the headwaters the explorers built a raft and, dismissing the Indians, embarked on their unknown voyage. They plunged through rapids which threatened to their craft to pieces; they waded waist-deep to push it off the sand bars on which it was thrown; at one time they approached a canyon through which they could see the water tossing and foaming, and they sent a log through to test its dangers. The rough treatment which the log received frightened them. They debarked their provisions and carried them around the canyon, which proved four miles long. Here the absence of timber prevented their building another raft, and two of them volunteered to ride the one they had abandoned through the gorge. It was strong enough to resist the current and the party emerged unharmed.

Near Fort Yukon the raft shot out from a canyon and came near being wrecked upon the beach where a miner stood at work. "Good God!" he cried in amazement, "where did you come from?" "From above," they answered, and he turned his eyes towards the sky as if it might rain rafts and voyagers.

They seem to have been disappointed in the resources of the country. There were no signs of mineral wealth. The rivers are devoid of all fish, except the grayling, and no game was started. The party fed on government provisions throughout the whole journey. Beyond naming the various lakes into which the river occasionally widens, after Lindermann, Marsh and other professors of science, making the longest raft journey yet accomplished, and discovering that for 1,500 of its 3,000 miles the Yukon is navigable, it is hard to say what the expedition has yielded. If there is nothing to live on, and nothing to produce, and nothing to get, it will not tempt much navigation up even its 1,500 navigable miles.

Street Scenes in Lisbon.

Among the street scenes in Lisbon may be noted two men carrying a bedstead and mattress slung upon a pole, a la Chinatown; a man driving a flock of turkeys; places at the public fountains divided by classes—this side for gentlemen, this for menials, etc.; the Praca do Comercio, or, as the English call it, "Black-Horse square," after the equestrian statue of Joseph I., which stands in the middle; the Passeio Publico, with its marble basins, its trees, flowers and pretty girls; the cathedral, rebuilt since the great earthquake of 1755; the palace Ajuda, where the royal family (the population of Portugal is scarcely more than one-half that of the state of New York) usually dwells; and the theatre San Carlos. The male peasant wears a woollen night cap for a head-dress, the female, nothing. The male of the genteel class wears a shiny silk hat with a very narrow brim; the female, whatever may be the fashion in Paris. The gentry wear French costumes; the peasants black homespun woollen jackets and trousers. You meet English people at every turn. Most of the few industries which flourish in Portugal are in their hands; the wine trade, the fruit trade, the shipping, the mining, and even the sardine fishery—in fact, since the Methuen treaty Portugal has become little more than a British province. It has nominally a protective tariff, but really enjoys free trade, the entire coast and the frontiers being in possession of smugglers. What with the small population of the country, its almost ruined condition, and its utter dependence upon England, its crown becomes a mockery, and both its "ancient" and "modern" nobility a caricature.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle*.

A young man who had been assisted away from the home of a girl whose society he yearned for, wrote next day to the cruel parent as follows; "I did not mind what you said to me, though your language was pretty rough, but when you kicked me with that No. 11 boot you hurt my feelings. I shall make no further effort to win your daughter. If she inherits your style of feet and any of your versatility in the use of them, I feel that I could not be entirely happy with her."

Ambitious to be an Author.

In 1869, a young girl from a Southern State came to one of the large Eastern cities to seek her fortune at authorship. She had a few hundred dollars; was pretty, quick witted, and had absolute faith in her own genius.

She would write a novel, she said, or a poem that would astonish the world and bring her fortune. After this had been done then she intended to go home crowned with fame, to become the queen of her little village.

The novel and the poem was written, and went the rounds of the publishing-houses seeking in vain a publisher. She wrote other novels to no better purpose. She wrote essays, newspaper articles, and carried them herself to every editor, using her pretty face and girlish wiles to force a sale.

After a few months her money was gone. Her clothes grew shabby. Her face, a little sharp now and pinched, had become familiar in every newspaper office. Her eyes had lost their dewy softness, and shone hard and defiant. Often she was hungry.

The end of the story is easily guessed. She was sent home at last, ruined in health and in reputation. This is a true story in every detail.

The girl had ability enough to earn her living in a half dozen ordinary ways; but she had not the ability to express herself in writing, and here is the fatal mistake which she and so many other young people make.

They are blind and indifferent to all kinds of success but that of authorship. Yet many a man and woman who can hardly write a well-expressed letter have more sound practical sense, executive talent and refinement of feeling, than the versified or story-teller who hold the public breathless for a time.

But the ambition to succeed as an author is harmless enough, provided disappointment does not disable the mind for other work. It is a career which requires no capital or "plant" of any kind. Neither is influence needed to secure a new aspirant a hearing, although there is a wide-spread belief among unsuccessful writers that there is a ring composed of editors and a few well-known writers, whose object is to crush unknown genius and forbid it a hearing.

On the contrary, there is not an editor in the country who would not hail with absolute delight a new writer of power, who could bring fresh strength to his columns.

Send your manuscript, therefore, boys, and girls, to the magazine you prefer. You may be assured that it will be fairly read and judged. If you do not succeed, it will be because you have not the especial talent for writing. Give it up. You have other ability; use that. Turn to any profession or trade rather than hang around newspaper offices in the unhonored ranks of the hangers-on of literature.—*Youth's Companion*.

Doing her Duty Nobly.

It was the act of an honest, fearless little woman that brought Ellery H. Andrews to justice. She was his wife, and when he confided to her the secret that he had robbed the bank by which he had been employed she turned on him and said: "Harry, you must go back to the bank and confess what you have done."

He hesitated and seemed to wish to avoid a confession.

"If you do not, I will. It is right," was all the plucky woman said.

Saturday noon Mr. George Sturges, President of the Northwestern National Bank of Chicago, was surprised to receive a little tear-stained note from Mrs. Andrews. It informed him that Ellery H. Andrews was a thief. That evening Mr. Sturges went to Andrews' home, a little cottage in the village of Downer's Grove. The heart-broken wife met him at the door and ushered him into the presence of the defaulting husband. He said nothing, but waited for the sentence of the man whom he had robbed. There was a scene in that little cottage, but at the conclusion of the interview Sturges left with a written confession from Andrews. The wife, although expressing the utmost devotion to her husband, did not ask that he be forgiven, but rather wished that he be dealt with as his crime merited.

In the confession Andrews admitted having stolen about \$10,000. He did not know where the money had gone, he said. For five years he held the position of correspondent of the bank, and was a trusted employe. One year and a half ago he was married to the woman who gave him up to righteous judgment.

The testimony of the case was submitted to the grand jury of Cook County, and an indictment was found. Andrews was arrested, and taken to the County Jail. Judge Gary fixed the bonds at \$10,000, which he was unable to furnish.

Mr. Sturges was seen, and said: "Last Friday I saw Harry entering a saloon. Now, that is enough to cause the discharge of any man in our employ. I liked the young man, but I decided to dismiss him. He admitted the charge was true, and I told him our contract was at an end. He probably went home, and in a fit of despondency he confessed to his wife. She is the noblest woman I ever saw. She did what she did because she thought it was right. He came to me recommended by the Bank of Commerce. The stealings cover a period of six months. Mr. Maynard said to me at the time: 'Sturges, you have got a treasure in Andrews. There is not a crooked hair in his head.' I have since heard that he gambled. Experts have examined the books, and report that the deficit does not exceed what he admitted. I am very sorry for the poor wife. She is a noble woman, one in a thousand."

When Women are Sea Sick.

"Are women more subject to sea sickness than men?"

"Yes, but, on the other hand, they stand it better. A woman struggles right up to the point of despair against the thing. I might call the impropriety of the thing. She isn't so much tortured by the pangs as she is worried by the prospects of becoming dishevelled, haggard and dragged. She fights against it to the last and keeps up appearances as long as she can hold up her head. Then she becomes maudlin and pathetic. She takes to her room and invariably asks three questions. First, whether people die frequently of sea sickness, then how many miles we are from shore, and lastly, when we get there. She also often asks how deep the water is, and if I think it possible for any one to go seven days without food. The doctor is always talked over. I am asked time and again if I think he is capable and efficient, and if I have confidence in him. When the patient gets so ill that she loses interest in the doctor, she usually lies on her side and cries by the hour. Luckily the more violent attacks only last a short time.

"How is it with the men?"
Oh, men give it up at once. They make a great rumpus until they are compelled to take to their berths. Then they grumble and swear until they are well enough to go on deck again. A great many passengers come aboard loaded with medicines and schemes for the prevention of seasickness. I never knew a preventive yet, except careful dieting."

Turkish Brigands.

A new and very successful way of dealing with brigands has been adopted by the inhabitants of the village of Kossovo, in Turkey. For some time past the numerous bands of brigands in the district have rendered life almost intolerable. They not only infested the roads, rendering locomotion impossible, but also made raids into the neighboring villages. The whole of the villages in the district of Dike at last hit upon a novel expedient for restoring peace. Whenever the prolonged absence of any villager gave rise to suspicion that he was doing a little bit of "brigandism," his house was immediately set fire to and burned to the ground; and when the missing man returned, besides finding his house reduced to ashes, he was subjected to the additional annoyance of being at once handed over to the authorities. This system has been carried to such an extent that several persons suspected of brigandage have been actually compelled by their neighbors to set fire to their houses. It is to be regretted that the same plan can not be adopted with burglars in the metropolitan district, several of whom are supposed to occupy suburban villas, and who would be ineffably disgusted on returning home after a successful venture to find their dwellings in ruins.—*St James's Gazette*.

It is a reasonable bit of information to state positively that we needn't go to the sea shore after beechnuts.

The *Saw-Mill Gazette* is a new paper which has hope of being considered worthy to be filed.

HIS OWN EXECUTOR.

A Well-known Gentleman's Philanthropy and the Commotion Caused by one of His Letters.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

We published in our local columns yesterday morning a significant letter from a gentleman known personally or by reputation to nearly every person in the land. We have received a number of letters protesting against the use of our columns for such "palpable frauds and misrepresentations," therefore, to confirm beyond a doubt the authenticity of a letter, and the genuineness of its sentiments, a reporter of this paper was commissioned to ascertain all the possible facts in the matter. Accordingly he visited Clifton Springs, saw the author of the letter, and with the following result:—

Dr. Henry Foster, the gentleman in question, is 63 or 64 years of age and has an extremely cordial manner. He presides as superintendent over the celebrated sanitarium which accommodates over 500 guests and is unquestionably the leading health resort of the country. Several years ago this benevolent man wisely determined to be his own executor; and, therefore turned over this magnificent property worth \$300,000, as a free gift to a board of trustees, representing the principal evangelical denominations. Among the trustees are Bishop A. C. Coxe, Protestant Episcopal, Buffalo; Bishop Matthew Simpson, Philadelphia, Methodist Episcopal; President M. B. Anderson, of the University of Rochester; Rev. Dr. Clark, secretary of the A. B. C. F. M., Boston. The benevolent purpose of the institution is the care:—1st. Of evangelical missionaries and their families whose health has been broken in their work. 2nd. Of ministers, of any denomination, in good standing. 3rd. Of members of any church; who otherwise would be unable to secure such care and treatment. The current expenses of the institution are met by the receipt from the hundreds of distinguished and wealthy people who every year crowd its utmost capacity. Here come men and women who were once in perfect health, but neglected the first symptoms of disease. The uncertainty pains they felt at first were overlooked until their health became impaired. They little realized the danger before them, nor how alarming even trifling ailments might prove. They constitute all classes, including ministers and bishops, lawyers, judges, statesmen, millionaires, journalists, college professors and officials from all parts of the land.

Drawing the morning *Democrat and Chronicle* from his pocket, the reporter remarked, "Doctor, that letter of yours has created a good deal of talk, and many of our readers have questioned its authenticity."

"To what do you refer?" remarked the doctor.

"Have you not seen the paper?"

"Yes, but I have not had time to read it yet."

The reporter thereupon showed him the letter, which was as follows:

CLIFTON SPRINGS SANITARIUM Co.,
CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1883.

DEAR SIR: I am using Warner's Safe Cure, and I regard it as the best remedy for some forms of kidney disease that we have. I am watching with great care some cases I am now treating with it, and I hope for favorable results.

I wish you might come down yourself, as I would like very much to talk with you about your sterling remedy and show you over our institution.

Yours truly,
HENRY FOSTER, M. D.

"I do not see why anybody should be skeptical concerning that letter," remarked the doctor.

"Isn't it unusual for a physician of your standing and influence to commend a proprietary preparation?"

"I don't know how it may be with others, but in this institution we allow no person to dictate to us what we shall use. Our purpose is to cure the sick, and for that work we use anything we know to be valuable. Because I know Warner's Safe Cure is a very valuable preparation, I commend it. As its power is manifested under my use, so shall I add to the completeness of my commendation."

"Have you ever analyzed it, doctor?"

"We always analyze before we try any preparation of which we do not know the constituents. But analysis, you know, only

gives the elements: it does not give the all important proportions. The remarkable power of Warner's Safe Cure undoubtedly consists in the proportions according to which its elements are mixed. While there may be a thousand remedies made of the same elements, unless they are put together in proper proportions, they are worthless as kidney and liver preparations.

"I hope some day to meet Mr. Warner personally, and extend fuller congratulations to him on the excellence of his preparations. I have heard much of him as the founder of the Warner Observatory, and as a man of large benevolence. The reputed high character of the man himself gave assurance to me in the first place that he would not put a remedy upon the market that was not trustworthy; and it was a source of a good deal of gratification to me to find out by actual experiment that the remedy itself sustained my impressions."

The conclusion reached by Dr. Foster is precisely the same found by Dr. Dio Lewis, Dr. Robert A. Gunn, Ex Surgeon-General Gallagher and others, and proves beyond a doubt the great efficacy of the remedy which has awakened so much attention in the land and rescued so many men, women and children from disease and death.

Slavery in Sarawak.

Rajah Brooke, of Sarawak, who is now on a visit to this country, before leaving his country appointed a committee of administration, and issued an "order to residents," which is published in the last number of the *Sarawak Gazette*, together with the measures taken to abolish slavery throughout this territory, which is sixty thousand square miles in extent, and possessing 200,000 inhabitants. Addressing the general council, the rajah said he knew that in wishing to extinguish slavery, he was touching an old custom which had come to them from their forefathers, and he was well aware that there was nothing wrong or irregular in keeping slaves. He would trust to them to carry out the plan of freedom, and would only suggest a course for their consideration, a copy of which each member should receive written out in Malay character. On his (the rajah's) return from England he would again assemble the council and hear their decision. If they thought that freedom would injure the prosperity of the country, they had but to look around and see where the greatest prosperity showed itself, and this was not only to be found in European and Christian countries, but in many Mohammedan countries also, that had done away with the practice of slavery altogether. What he proposed was this: That every slave owner should put a debt of fifty reals (\$36) on each slave, and at the end of five years from that day that every slave should be free, as well as all the children, and that during the five years the law regarding slaves freeing themselves in the courts should be held in force, as was now done.—*London Standard.*

A Disproved Theory.

"What's the matter, Slocum?" asked one Brooklyn, E. D., young man of another, who wore a bicycle cap, and looked as though he ought to be in B. E. D.

"I was going across a vacant lot last night after I left my summer girl's house, in Bushwick, when a big beast of a dog chased me."

"Catch you?"

"Ya-as, rather."

"Why didn't you shoot him?"

"Well, you see I had no gun, and besides I'd been reading a story that's going the rounds of the papers now about the Hon. Phil Hoynes, of Chicago, wherein he says that he frightens dogs by taking his hat off. His theory is that the dog reflects, and thinks the human apparition is tearing himself to pieces."

"Well, did you try the honorable gentleman's racket?"

"Umph, umph, I guess he thought I wasn't tearing myself to pieces fast enough, and he took a bolt to help. The (his language was such) brute has my new Fedora hat yet, unless he's through with it."—*New York Truth.*

It is said that the name of the Bag o' Nails Inn, in London, was a puzzle to everybody till an antiquary renovated one of the old signs, and discovered that Bag o' Nails was a corruption of Bacchanals.

Strength of China.

Some very important statistics are given regarding the strength of the Chinese army and navy by the *St. Petersburg Gazette*:—"China has two separate armies. The imperial army proper is known under the name of the Army of the Eight Banners. It is divided into eight corps, each being distinguished by a peculiar banner. This army almost forms a military caste, for it is composed exclusively of the descendants of the Manchus, Mongolians, and Chinese rebels who in 1601 invaded China and dethroned the old Imperial family. During peace the men of this caste are allowed to conduct any common business, being forbidden only to leave their city without a permit from the commanding officer. The officers excel their men only in gymnastics. According to the Chinese notions no man is fit to be an officer unless he is an athlete. This army numbers 210,000 men. Of these over one-half are stationed in Peking and the rest in a few large Provincial cities. This military caste can by no means be regarded as a regular army. The second or provincial army is called the army of the Great Banner. Each of the eighteen provinces of the Empire is obliged by law to keep a certain number of soldiers, and their aggregate, according to the official statistics, is 650,000 men. There are 80 generals and over 7,000 officers. The provincial army is composed chiefly of mercenaries, while the majority of the officers are of the military estate. These two armies amounting to 760,000 men, are all the force the Celestial Empire has to rely on in case of war.

"The Imperial Guard, about 18,000 strong is the flower of the army. Of the Guard infantry 5,200 men are provided with muzzle-loaders presented by the Czar of Russia; the rest are armed with flint guns, lances and shields. Half of the cavalry, about 2,000 men, are armed with Chassepot rifles. The artillery has 32 bronze guns, bought in Russia, and a few mortars. There are 1,750 educated artillerymen. The army of the Governor of Chijly, about 80,000 strong, is also reorganized. The men are instructed by English and French officers. The army has breech-loading rifles and Krupp steel cannons. According to German writers, up to 1879 Krupp had sent to China 150 heavy guns and 275 field guns. The army of the Governor of Khan-Zu and Shan-Zee, 40,000 strong, is said to be supplied with all the modern arms and to be drilled according to the principles of Moltke and Manteuffel. This army fought successively against Yakoob Beg, and, indeed, proved itself the best disciplined army in China. It is obvious, then, that in China, there are only about 120,000 men properly armed and drilled, while the rest of the soldiers can be regarded only as undisciplined and unarmed reserves.

"As to gunpowder and arms the Chinamen apparently have an abundant supply of their own. There are eight excellent arsenals, directed chiefly by Englishmen. The arsenal of Jian-Zin, for instance, turns out daily 3,600 pounds of powder. At the arsenals of Nankin, and Shanghai the American guns of Remington and Spencer are manufactured. At the Fu tcheu-iu arsenal submarine mines are prepared. At the Lantchue-su arsenal cartridges and arms are manufactured. The forts are found at the mouths of the great rivers Si-kiangt, Min and Yang-tse-Kiang, to protect the great cities, Canton, Fu-tceu, and Shanghai. In the interior of the country all the large cities are also defended by forts. The capital city of Peking is, of course, the most strongly protected. It is defended by Fort Daku, amply provided with Krupp cannons, and is surrounded by stone walls from forty to seventy feet thick and about forty feet high. Nine gates lead to the city, and these are defended by cannons mounted in the numerous towers.

"China has three separate fleets. The Canton fleet comprises twelve gunboats, of which nine were made in England and are in charge of English officers. The Fu-kiang transport vessels; these were made at Futeheu under the supervision of Frenchmen. This fleet is in excellent order, and it is in charge of Chinamen. The Shanghai fleet is composed of nine gunboats, two frigates and several transport vessels. All of these were made by the Chinamen themselves and are rather insignificant. Recently China has got from England eight iron-clads, armed with guns of the largest calibre. The strongest and most effective part of the Chinese fleet is made up of thirteen small gunboats, named after the letters of

the Greek alphabet, of 1 350 tons displacement. They are built of steel, and are propelled by twin screws driven by compound engines of, together, 2,600 indicated horse power. They each carry two twenty-six ton ten-inch breech-loading guns, mounted upon centre pivots, one forward and one aft. Each of these heavy guns commands a nearly all around fire. The charge of the gun is 180 pounds of powder, the weight of projectile 400 pounds, and the penetrative power equal to piercing eighteen inches of solid, unhardened iron plate. They carry besides in each four forty-pounder breech-loading guns, two Nordenfeldts and four Gatlings, and, furthermore, two steam cutters fitted with spar torpedoes. The vessels are also armed with a formidable steel knife edge spur or ram. Without claiming too much for these vessels, says the *London Times*, it should be remarked of them that the penetrative power and range of their guns measured by the accepted official standard, exceed those of any gun yet afloat, except those of the English "Inflexible" and the Italian "Dulio." No unarmored ship that carries guns can be compared for a moment with them, and no armored ship equals them in speed."

Men should be too broad, liberal, and sensible to entertain intense hatred, says a Kansas paper, "for they always result in misery—and occasionally in shooting."



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King St. E.

Cor. Jarvis

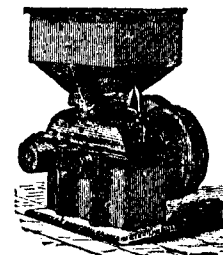
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WE INVITE YOUR
Confidence and
PATRONAGE.

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Opening New Ladies
SHOE PARLOR.

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

The Newell Patent Universal Grinder.



Award of Gold and Silver Medals.

NEWELL & CHAPIN
Proprietors,
85 St. James-st. west
Montreal.

These Mills save time, grind any kind of grain very fast and without heating. Larger Size Mills working on same principle

with different style of cutter, grinding phosphates, gold and silver ores, quartz, plaster, clay, bones, fish-scrap, bark, &c. Please call or write for particulars.

MAGNETIC MEDICINE.



Positively cures Nervousness in all its stages. Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Night Sweats, Barrenness, Weakness and General Loss of Power. It repairs Nervous Waste, rejuvenates the Jaded Intellect, strengthens the Enfeebled Brain and restores surprising tone and vigor to the Exhausted Generative Organs in either sex. With each order for Twelve packages, accompanied with five dollars, we will send our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. It is the Cheapest and Best Medicine in the market. Pamphlet sent free by mail to any address.

Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by druggists at 50 cents per box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, or will be mailed free of postage, on receipt of money, by addressing Mack's Magnetic Medicine Co., Windsor, Ont., Canada. Sold by all druggists in Canada.

Bicycle Department.

It must be granted that, viewed merely as a sport, 'cycling is incomparably superior to all others. For success in its pursuit it demands temperance of life. Betting in connection with races has never been encouraged, and the rewards offered are of the simplest kind; very rarely of money. Racing, moreover, is undoubtedly a test of machines as well as of riders, and manufacturers have been spurred up by contests in speed and skill to the use of the best mechanical genius and the choicest workmanship in the construction of instruments.

But the art has higher relations; and besides developing physical strength, skill, courage, and endurance in the 'cyclist, it should call forth and employ powers and abilities of a different order. Indeed, it must do so, unless it be allowed to become a mere racing amusement, and, consequently, to fall into disfavor amongst the sedate and intellectual classes of society, whose views and opinions always ultimately rule the majority.—*The Wh. eman.*

Edward Burnham, of the Newton Bicycle Club, recently ran 106 miles on the road against a heavy wind and other disadvantages in 9 hrs. 50 min. The machine used was a 52-inch (53 lbs.) D. H. F. Premier, with one of the new Victor saddles. A Thompson cyclometer was used.

It is said that the bicycle track at New Haven on which Hendee recently broke the one-mile and five mile records, has been found to be short. If so, the new times will not stand, and Corey's 2 51½, made at Springfield, still constitutes the mile record.

F. U. Westervelt and C. Whipple, two members of the Springfield Bicycle Club, concluded at Boston on Saturday night a ride of 101 miles, made in twelve and a half hours, the fastest double ride on record.

While waiting at "The Bull and Butcher" for my coach, I realized for the first time what a wonderful hold 'cycling had, of late years, obtained on the affections of the British public. Within an hour, there passed along this country road, thirty-nine bicycles, sixty-seven tricycles, and fifteen double, or "sociable" machines, the latter being almost invariably ridden by men, in company with their sisters, wives, or sweethearts. There has been no decline in the popularity of the bicycle, but, appealing as it does to an enormously larger class of persons, the three-wheeled machine has entirely outstripped its older rival, until at the present time, so a well-known maker assures me, three tricycles are sold for every bicycle,

and the disproportion is increasing daily.—*London Letter.*

The Wanderers' Bicycle Club have settled in their new rooms on the north-west corner of King and Jarvis streets. The place is thoroughly comfortable. The room is large, and the furniture and general equipments all that can be desired. Musical instruments of all kinds are to be found there. The round tables in the room are suggestive of rubbers of whist, and the centre table is littered with periodicals and papers of the best kind. The room is well lighted and heated, and is a model of comfort. On the walls are the trophies of the club, and the pictures of the illustrious few and groups of the members give an air of completeness to the whole place. The Wanderers, seem to have the knack of making themselves and feeling at home.

The Chicago Bicycle Club being unable to secure the Exposition Building for their races Thanksgiving Day, have launched off in another direction and propose to give their friends a treat and a novelty at the same time in the shape of a hare-and-hounds chase on bicycles. This is the first attempt at anything of the kind, and the boys and their friends are looking forward with great interest to the experiment.

The *Chicago Tribune* says:—W. J. Morgan, champion bicyclist of Canada, announces that he "will race any man or woman in the world a six days' race of 6, 12, or 144 hours, for any reasonable amount, said race to be run in any building in any part of Europe or America." After alluding to Louise Armaindo as "a plucky little lady and a wonderful bicycle rider," Mr. Morgan says he will allow her to name time and place for the race. He says he is particularly anxious to meet J. S. Prince, H. W. Higham, W. M. Woodside, Louis Armaindo, and G. W. Waller, of Newcastle, England.

An autograph in a certain album runs: "Dr. Sir,—The safest prediction I can make respecting Christmas is that it will occur before New Year's, and in immediate proximity to the 25th of December. To such a prediction I may safely append my signature. Your sincerely, Henry G. Vennor."

At the recent wedding of Mr. James Knowles and Miss Maggie Brennon, at Geneva, Wisconsin, a dove flew into the church, alighting first on the head of the bride's sister, and then on that of her mother, and at length settled on the bride's shoulder, and remained there during the ceremony.

How He Married Two Women.

"Did you hear of that man down town who married two women in one day?" asked Fogg at the tea table the other evening. "Isn't it awful!" exclaimed the landlady. "Do tell us all about it, Mr. Fogg." "Oh, there isn't much to tell," replied Fogg; "you know him well." "I know him! the villain!" shrieked the landlady. "Don't say that, ma'am," said Fogg, soothingly; "don't say that. It was the Rev. Mr. Textual, your beloved pastor, and he wouldn't like to hear you talk so about him. And, by the way, he married the women to two as likely young fellows as there are in town." The landlady says she never could bear that Fogg.

A Native Indian Club has been started a little way out of London for native East Indians training in England for the learned professions and the civil service. It is to have Brahmin cooks, dairy, cows, and kitchen-garden conducted by Hindoos, so that the student may visit England and return without loss of caste.

We take pleasure in recommending Hall's Hair Renewer to our readers. It restores gray hair to its youthful color, prevents baldness, makes the hair soft and glossy, does not stain the skin, and is altogether the best known remedy for all hair and scalp diseases.

One thousand letters were lately sent by Mrs. Livermore, President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Massachusetts, to leading physicians, asking if they proscribe alcoholic liquors in their practice, why, or why not, to what benefit if they did, and what substitute they used if they did not. Her replies showed that many had abandoned the practice for twenty or thirty years.

Mrs. D. Morrison, Farnham Centre, P. Q., writing about Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, says: George Bell used it on his son, and it cured him of rheumatism with only a few applications. The balance of the bottle was used by an old gentleman for Asthma, with the best results. It acts like a charm."

DOANE'S
Livery and Boarding Stables,
633 to 637 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
Coupes, Hacks, Landaus, Rockaways for Hire,
with driver in Livery
Telephone to all parts of the City.

Dubuff, the last representative of the school of David, died last summer at Versailles.

FROM THE PRESIDENT

OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

Gentlemen:

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

- 1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
- 2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
- 3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,
WM. CAREY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S

IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR

A NEW DISCOVERY.

For several years we have furnished the Dairy-men of America with an excellent artificial color for butter; so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.

But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as the best in the world. It will Not Color the Buttermilk. It will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.

And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.

BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.

If you cannot get the "Improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense. (40)

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.



MANTLES. MANTLES.

MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF

ELEGANT MANTLES AND DOLMANS!

IN OUR NEW SHOW ROOM.

Ladies' Cloth Mantles, handsomely trimmed, at \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.50 \$5, \$6, \$8, \$10, \$12, \$15, and up.

Ladies' Cloth Dolmans, handsomely trimmed, at \$3, \$4, \$5, \$6, \$8, \$10, \$12, \$15, \$18, and up.

Ladies' Ulsters in Tweeds, Beavers, and Astrakhan Cloths, at \$1.25, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$6, \$7.50, \$9, \$10, \$12, \$13, and up. The largest and choicest stock of Ladies' Ulsters in the city.

Ladies will find it to their interest to visit our showrooms, which are the handsomest and best lighted in Canada.

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128 to 132 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

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Merchant Tailor,

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Gents' Furnishings!

Winter Stock Complete. All the Latest Novelties.

INSPECTION INVITED.

PRICES RIGHT.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT AN application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario, at its next sessions, for an act to incorporate a company by the name of the Toronto Tenement Building Association, with powers to purchase, sell, mortgage, lease and let lands and houses; and to take and receive mortgages, assignments thereof, and to deal in, and transact business in lands for the purpose of building houses thereon, and to convey lands and houses, and to make contracts or agreements for the purchase and sale of lands and houses, and for the erection and construction of houses, and other improvements thereon or connected therewith, and with powers to reappropriate lands and houses for the purposes of this Company, on equitable terms, and in the public interest, and with a view to the health of citizens, and improvement of the conditions of the industrial classes, and with all necessary and incidental powers to carry out the said purposes. Capital \$1,000,000.

BEATY, HAMILTON, & CASSELS,
Solicitors for Applicants.
Toronto, Nov. 16, 1883.

Too Much Timber.

"Well, what's the matter now?" asked Simpkins' wife as he staggered in about 3 o'clock in the morning.
 "Well (hic) an' 'e said: 'Putsh stick in 'm so (hic) soda.' So I saysh: 'Putsh stick in mine.' Then I gesh—
 "Well, I guess," remarked Mrs. Simpkins, laying considerable stress upon the personal pronoun, "that he put a whole cord of wood in your soda, and that it all went to your head." And when Simpkins woke up the next morning he thought so too.

CHAPTER II.

"Maiden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache, Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.
 "The first bottle Nearly cured me;"
 The second made me as well and strong as when a child.
 "And I have been so to this day."
 My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious
 "Kidney, liver and urinary complaint,
 "Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—
 "Incurable!"
 Seven bottles of your bitters cured him and I know of the
 "Lives of eight persons"
 In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters,
 And many more are using them with great benefit
 "They almost Do miracles?" —Mrs. E. D. Slack.

"Papa, what do you expect to give me for a birthday present?" asked a young girl of her father, a well-known police court justice. "Give you," said the justice, whose mind was evidently upon something else—"give you—I'll give you six months."

YELLOW AS A GUINEA—The complexion, in a case of unchecked liver complaint, culminating in jaundice, is literally "as yellow as a guinea." It has this appearance because the bile, which enables the bowels to act, is directed from its proper course into the blood. In connection with this symptom there is nausea, coating of the tongue, sick headache, impurity of the breath, pains through the right side and shoulder blade, dyspepsia and constipation. These and other concomitants of liver complaint are completely removed by the use of **NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY AND DYSPEPTIC CURE**, which is also an eradicator of scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, ulcers, cancers, humours, female weakness, jaundice, and lumbago. It tones the stomach, rouses the liver, and after relieving them, causes the bowels thereafter to become regular. High professional sanction has been accorded to it, and its claims to public confidence are justified by ample evidence. Ask for **NORTHROP & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure**. The wrapper bears a *fac simile* of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.

Of the fifty ship-masters formerly employed by Captain Peabody, of Salem, Massachusetts, Captain Oliver Thayer and Captain Charles Roundy are the only survivors.

WHAT THE CONSUMPTIVE NEEDS is a medicine which not only relieves irritation of the lungs, but makes up those losses of strength always entailed by lung disease. Recovery can never be hoped for so long as the vital current remains watery and impoverished, the nervous system weak and unquiet. It is the union of invigorating elements with a pulmonic of acknowledged potency that gives Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda such a decided pre-eminence over the generality of preparations designed to overcome lung, throat, and bronchial affections. The hypophosphites furnish the system with the most important constituents of blood, muscle and nervous tissue, and the highly prepared oil derived from the cod's liver acts as a subjugator of throat and lung irritation. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by **NORTHROP & LYMAN**, Toronto.

The widow of the late Nathaniel Greene, who resides at Greendale, Middletown, Rhode Island, reaches her hundredth birthday in November, while retaining all her faculties. General Washington was the friend of her husband's father.

BELFAST LINEN WAREHOUSE

McKEE BROS.,

391 Queen Street West,

Importers of Irish Linen from Belfast; Double Damask, Table Cloths and Napkins to match; Sheetings, Hollands, Shirtings, Towels, and everything else belonging to the trade, wholesale and retail.

General Repairing

of Satchels and Trunks of every description.

All Kinds of Leather and Canvas Cases made to order.

C. SCHMIDLIN,

351 BAY STREET TORONTO, (Near Queen.)

THE GRANDEST OFFER OF THE SEASON!

—: GOOD UNTIL JANUARY 10th, 1884. (:—

THE GRAPHIC, PUNCH & CHAMBERS' JOURNAL FOR ONE YEAR FREE!

MESSRS. J. S. ROBERTSON & BROS., the Well-Known Booksellers and Stationers of Toronto, Ont., make this grand offer to every reader of TRUTH. To any one telling them which is the Middle Chapter of the *Ho'y Bible*, and also the Shortest Chapter, by 10th of January, 1884, will receive the *London Illustrated Graphic* (or any other \$10.00 paper or magazine) for one year. Should more than one correct answer be received, the second in order will get the *London Punch*, (or any other \$5.00 paper or magazine) for one year. Should more than two correct answers be given, the third in order will receive *Chambers' Journal* (or any other \$2.50 paper or magazine), for one year. Remember we only offer three prizes, so do not delay in sending in your answers. The conditions attached to this liberal offer are that every competitor must send *Seventy-Five Cents* (75c.) along with this advertisement, for which they will receive by return of mail, postage prepaid, a large life-like portrait of *Sir John A. Macdonald, K. C. B.*, and one beautiful portrait of the *Marquis of Lansdowne, Governor General of Canada*. The portraits alone are worth double the price asked, to say nothing of the chance you have of winning one of the prizes. *Don't delay a moment.* Remember this offer is good until Jan. 10th, 1884. The first three correct answers receive the prizes.

On the 10th of January, 1884, a circular will be sent to every competitor, giving the names and addresses of the winners.

J. S. ROBERTSON & BROS.,

Publishers and Booksellers, Toronto, Ont. (BOX 1207.)

A THRILLING STORY

RUTH BRANDON

THE AGENT'S DAUGHTER

Or, Science Against Savage Force

HIGHLY ILLUSTRATED

THIS WONDERFULLY ENTERTAINING TALE OF

LIFE ON THE FRONTIER

Among the Wild Indians of the Plains; delineates

A NEW PHASE OF WILD LIFE

In vivid portraits, in which alternating with

Terrible and Pathetic Incidents

Of Border Existence, are the most

◀SIDE-SPLITTING SCENES▶

—AND—

ASTOUNDING SURPRISES

The Heroine, Ruth Brandon, is a beautifully drawn character, having all the soft feminine graces with some of the self-reliance engendered by the residence on the Border.

The first chapters of this story will appear in **THE WEEKLY MAIL** of December 6th, and be continued in large instalments until concluded.

BE SURE TO SUBSCRIBE BEFORE THAT DATE SO AS TO SECURE THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

THE WEEKLY MAIL

WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS IN CANADA, THE UNITED STATES OR GREAT BRITAIN FOR

ONE DOLLAR

FROM NOW TO THE END OF 1884.

Address **THE MAIL, TORONTO**

New York's Evacuation Day.

The one hundredth anniversary of the final evacuation of the city of New York by the British on Nov. 25th, 1783 falling on Sunday, necessitates the postponement of the centennial ceremonies in honor of that memorable event to Monday Nov. 26th. In 1786, three years after the event cited, the inhabitants of our present metropolis numbered 26,614. According to the U. S. Census of 1880, its population had increased to 1,206,299 thus six times doubling its populated area within a century. One hundred years ago the city of New York was comparatively a village, to day it is one of the largest and most wealthy commercial centres in the world. Keeping pace with its growth and unequalled prosperity, the manager of the Grand Union Hotel opposite the Grand Central Depot hopes on this historic occasion to throw open to the travelling public 152 new rooms, which, with its present 450, will give the world famed establishment over 600 elegant apartments at \$1.00 and upwards per day for the accommodation of those seeking strictly first class entertainment at moderate prices, on Evacuation Day, or at any future time.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla thoroughly cleanses the blood, stimulates the vital functions, and restores the health and strength. No one whose blood is impure can feel well. There is a weary, languid feeling, and often a sense of discouragement and despondency. Persons having this feeling should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify and vitalize the blood.

White kid bonnets are imported, trimmed with a flat garniture of pearl and crystal bead-work or hand-painted around the edges in small, delicately-colored flowers and buds.

A TRINITY OF EVILS. Biliousness, constipation and dyspepsia usually exist together. By disciplining the liver and toning the stomach simultaneously, they can be eradicated. The promptitude and thoroughness with which Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great blood purifier removes this trinity of physical evils is a fact widely appreciated throughout Canada.

The new General of the Jesuits, Antonius Anderledy, once spent several years in America, becoming a priest at Green Bay.

C. C. Jacobs, Buffalo, N. Y., says: Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured him of a bad case of piles of 8 years' standing, having tried almost every known remedy, "besides two Buffalo Physicians," without relief; but the oil cured him; he thinks it cannot be recommended too highly."

Princess Dolgorouki has bought a splendid residence in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, the climate of Paris exactly suiting her.

Feathers, ribbons, velvet, can all be colored to match that new hat by using the **Diamond Dye**, 10 cents for any color.

Baron Rothschild lent a magnificent quantity of gold plate for the state banquet given to the German Emperor at the Palm Garden, Frankfurt.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Jan. 31, 1879.

GENTLEMEN—Having been afflicted for a number of years with indigestion and general debility, by the advice of my doctor I used Hop Bitters, and must say they afforded me almost instant relief. I am glad to be able to testify in their behalf.

THOS. G. KNOX.

Judge Black could not tell one tune from another, but whenever his daughter Becky, formerly Mrs. James Shunk, and now Mrs. Isham Hornby, sang, he declared that tune his favorite.

GET IT, SURE!

Wells' "Rush on Rats" Almanac, at druggists, or mailed for 2c, stamp. E. S. WELLS, Jersey, City.

Miss Ellen Terry is in delicate health, and it is hoped the voyage to America will improve her condition.

DECLINE OF MAN.

Nervous weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1.

Money will buy more social distinction in England than in America, says Mr. Archibald Forbes.

MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP. Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.

Plain Truths!

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

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

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

St. Johnsbury, Vermont Oct. 21st 1882.

For six years I have been a great sufferer from blood disease, dyspepsia and constipation, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach, in fact life had almost become a burden, and when hope had almost left me, I was induced to give SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS a trial I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at present.

MRS. S. L. MOORE.

SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS effectually cures dyspepsia, indigestion and weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such diseases as kidney and liver complaints, dyspepsia, indigestion etc.

Sold by all Druggists and at Depot 150 St. James St. West, Montreal, Price 50c.

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS, River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882."

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

The Suez Canal Schemes.

The announcement that the delegates of the English ship-owners are to be again received by Lord Granville, and that the question of the second canal across the isthmus is to form the subject of their interview, is viewed with some disfavor here, says a Paris telegram to the London Standard. The reasons are numerous. Of late an active correspondence has been carried on between the English government and the Suez Canal company, and the spirit in which this correspondence has been conducted proves that, as far as M. de Lesseps is concerned, he is resolved not to allow the Suez Canal question to interfere with the cordial relations which should exist permanently between France and England. Under present circumstances it is feared that Lord Granville's reply to the ship owners may be couched in rather vague terms, and thus lead to the conception of hopes that are not justified by the present position of the question. It can, moreover, be easily comprehended that it would be difficult for the directors of the Suez Canal company and for all those interested in that undertaking, to reconcile in their minds the fact that the English representatives have just laid in M. de Lesseps' hand an official letter, expressing the satisfaction of her majesty's government with a renewal of the undecided attitude that Lord Granville assumed at a certain moment last year, and which led to the agitation of the Suez question. Of course, though it would certainly not be in accord with the pending negotiations, Lord Granville may openly encourage the British ship owners, and tell them that he will aid them in every way in ousting the present Suez company from what they regard as their indisputable rights. If he did so, it is needless to describe the effect it would produce on the administration of the canal.

Besides the political side of the question there is the practical question, which is of great importance. Since the beginning of the parliamentary recess in England, M. de Lesseps has shown that he is prepared not only to keep his promise to carry out all the stipulations contained in the convention he signed with the English government, but that he will do more. It was, indeed, for this loyal attitude assumed by the president of the Suez Canal company that her majesty's ministers have just officially conveyed their thanks to M. de Lesseps. In a recent message I stated that the company's engineers were at work studying the various methods by which the canal could be improved. I now learn that these plans are almost complete. The first of them consists in the creation of a second canal entirely independent of the existing maritime way. I should remind you that this project was conceived and studied in conformity with the expressed wish of the ship owners, and before the beginning of the late agitation. This is the plan which would seem most advantageous for the traffic, and it is more than probable that if there had been no agitation the construction of the parallel canal would have been already begun. There was, however, a minority that even last year pronounced in favor of widening the existing canal in proportion to the growth of traffic, and though the idea of a parallel line is in no way abandoned, the company's engineers have prepared a project for the widening of the present canal, as that operation cannot raise any question of right. When in the company's office the other day a very important personage said to me, when speaking of the various plans for facilitating the traffic: "If the canal is only widened and if later on, the ship owners regret that a parallel canal was not constructed, they will be reminded that the blame cannot be laid on the Suez Canal company, but must rest with the agitators who succeeded in baffling the wishes of the company to make the canal perfect." In addition to these two projects there is, however, a third, which is a compromise between the two; it consists in the cutting of a parallel canal, where that is possible, on the land now possessed by the company, and in widening the existing canal where that cannot be done. This plan would, perhaps, be better than the simple widening of the Suez canal, but it is evident that it would not facilitate traffic to the same degree as an entirely independent parallel waterway across the isthmus. It, however, appears that this project, by which the new work would be entirely on the company's ground, would involve no question of principle. There is another point to which I am anxious to draw attention. Mr. de Lesseps has always declared

that when the dividends of his shareholders had reached a certain figure he would share the profits of the canal with the ship owners either by improvements or by the diminution of the dues. Since the time when the dues were calculated on the gross tonnage down to the advantages just granted, M. de Lesseps has undoubtedly made numerous concessions, but, as the dividend promised his shareholders is now reached, the time for the really important concessions to international commerce has arrived. The company, I understand, is prepared to make them, and to spend 200,000,000 or even 300,000,000 francs, if necessary, in facilitating in the manner which it may be judged best or possible the transit through the canal.

French Newspapers and Theatres.

A daily English paper has been lately started in Paris called *The Morning News*, and in the matter of news it is giving a lesson to the French journals, for it contains the latest information from all parts of the world, whereas the French newspapers only favor their readers with the meagre telegrams of the Agence Havas, which are generally two or three days behind any other telegraphic source of information. There are two things that I never have understood—viz., why the French, who pass half their day reading newspapers, and another considerable portion of it in theatres, do not rise up and periodically hang a newspaper editor and theatrical manager. The newspapers generally contain an article upon the state of political parties, puffing that which the particular journal represents; a city article recommending the purchase of some particular security in which those connected with the journal are interested; about half a dozen bad jokes; the same number of *faits divers*; a dozen or two extracts from contemporaries, generally beginning: "Our talented and sympathetic confrere— writes:" and a considerable number of paragraphs which are paid for, urging all to buy their washes, soap, and other such articles.

The theatres—I am not speaking of the acting—are perhaps a shade worse than the newspapers. They are invariably filthy, and so ill ventilated that when it is warm one is almost stifled. The seats are narrow, too close together, and generally ill-constructed. Unless a premium be paid, it is difficult to get one from whence the stage can be seen. The corridors are pervaded by hideous old hags, called *ouvreuses*, and these ancient haridans almost tear the cloaks off the backs of the ladies in order to obtain a fee for keeping them. Their idea of restoring them is to hurl them at the owners while the last act is proceeding. But *la petit banc* nuisance is even still worse. The hags thrust little wooden stools under the feet of ladies, whether they want them or not, and then, before the play is over, come round and demand payment for them. Why, therefore, I ask, should this newspaper reading and theatre-going nation be perpetually running amuck at its rulers, and not rise up against the tyranny of its newspaper editors and its theatrical managers?—*London Truth*.

Jean Trotter's Heroic Life.

A man who, by dint of sheer courage and energy overcame almost insuperable difficulties and showed that life, even when it seemed almost a curse, may be well worth living, died recently at Arare, in the canton of Geneva. Jean Trotter, the man in question, was born in 1834 without hands and without feet. His short arms were pointed, and his legs, such as they were, not being available for progression, he was able to move only by twisting his body from side to side. His case greatly interested the surgeons of the neighborhood, and local Barnums made the parents, well-to-do peasants, many tempting offers to turn their child's misfortune to account by exhibiting him about the country. But these offers were invariably declined, and when Jean was old enough he was sent to school. In writing he had his pen at the bend of the elbow, and as he grew older he took great interest in husbandry, became an active hay maker, used the reins with dexterity, and was so good a shot that he often carried off the first prize at the village fairs. He enjoyed, too, some reputation for sagacity, was consulted by his neighbors on matters of importance, and has left behind him a widow and four children amply provided for.—*Geneva Cor. London Times*.

Utilizing the Sun.

News of a curious invention comes from the south of France. A Frenchman, who has patented a machine for the use of concentrated solar rays as a general motive power, has set up three of his machines in Algeria for the French Government. He is now carrying on experiments at the Island of Porquerolles near Hyeres, where he is threshing Indian corn and raising water by the action of the sun's rays. Sir Charles Dilke has also lent him part of his land at Cape Brun, near Toulon, for his experiments, and he proposes to utilize the sun in boring the holes for blasting, for tree planting in the hard rocks, as well as in pumping water from the winter wells into the summer cistern.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

(From the Boston Globe.)



Messrs. Editors—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. P. Ham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits. It is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhoea, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only \$1. per bottle or six for \$5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of either sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are the best in the world for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity."

All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others.

Philadelphia, Pa. (2) Mrs. A. M. D.

THE KING OF ALL THE LIGHT-RUNNING "NEW HOME" Sewing Machine.

It surpasses all others for Simplicity, Durability, Reliability, and Beauty. And is unequalled for Ease of Management and Capacity for Wide Range of Work. The Light-Running "New Home" uses a straight, self-setting needle, and makes the double thread "Lockstitch." It is adapted to every variety of sewing, from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloths or leather, and will do a greater range of work than any other machine. The Light-running "New Home" never gets out of order and will last a lifetime.

Every Machine warranted for 5 years.

FOR SALE BY

C. GENTLEMAN,
545 QUEEN ST., WEST.

Smoking in Mexico.

While waiting for coffee, and afterward during pauses in the conversation, the gentlemen of the family—and not infrequently the ladies also—settle gracefully back in their chairs and enjoy a cigarette or two. I learned a lesson at my very first dinner in Mexico. It was at a hotel table, and a stranger Mexican seated beside me, who happened to finish his dinner first, innocently lighted his cigar for the usual table smoke, which I, in the depth of my ignorance, regarded as a personal insult, and indignantly left the table. Since that day I have become "learned in the ways of the Egyptians," and cannot only tolerate the national custom with equanimity, but (be not horrified, oh, fastidious friends) occasionally take a dinner cigarette myself. When one is in Rome it is well to do as Romans do. These tiny Mexican cigarettes, rolled up in corn husks or tissue paper, are not at all like the strong smelling things we have in the United States. These are not much larger than straws, the husk is sweet to the taste, and they have a delicate fragrance which is very pleasant. In Mexico everybody smokes at all times and in all places—at the theatre, in the ball-room, everywhere. In making formal calls or more extended visits, politeness demands an immediate and frequent exchange of cigarettes and "light"—with many courteous words, as "after you, senora" (referring to the match)—precisely as our ancestors were wont to proffer and accept the civilities of the snuff-box. Every Mexican lady's pocket is supplied with snuff-box and cigarette-holder of more or less elegance, and the dainty fingers of many a fair young senorita are discolored like polished bronze at the tips from much cigarette rolling.

A Lucky Fisherman.

In the vast amount of business transacted at the Baltimore, Md., Post Office, Mr. M. V. Bailey, Superintendent of the Mails, is kept exceedingly busy, but somehow he finds a spare hour or day to go fishing, and from his experience he gives his testimony, that St. Jacobs Oil is the best remedy in the world for rheumatism, sprains, sore feet and joints, bruises, etc. It is the remedy for fishermen and gunners, who should always keep a bottle on hand.

Every subscriber for a paper can do much for the paper by becoming a reporter for it. That would greatly help the editor in getting out a readable sheet. The trouble with the average subscriber is that he is not content with being a reporter. He wants to write the editorials.

Mr. R. A. Harrison, Druggist, Dunnville, Ont., writes that the Triangle Dyes, give the best satisfaction of any Dyes ever sold in that section, 30 colors. All perfect, 10 cents.

Darwinian theory: There is a boy in Norristown who "sprang from a monkey." The monkey belonged to an organ-grinder and attempted to bite the boy.

Mrs. J. McPhee, Appin, writes:—During the last eight years I have used almost every medicine recommended for Biliousness, but found nothing equal to Carson's Bitters. If you suffer try it. Price 50 cents,

"Yes," he said, "I have taken particular care to keep the matter a secret. I have employed a Connecticut detective to ferret it out."

Testimonial from MR. E. C. LUNDY, of Niagara Falls, Ont., a highly respected citizen, having lived near Drummondville and at the Falls for the past 50 years.

Niagara Falls, Ont., Oct. 20th, 1883, J. N. SUTHERLAND: Dear Sir,—For the past year my brother, Wm. Lundy, of Lundy's Lane, has been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. By my advice he procured and used 6 bottles of your preparation "Rheumatine" with this result—that he is now quite free from all rheumatic pain, and able to attend to his business.

Your medicine "Rheumatine" has also been of great benefit to myself. Some weeks ago I was taken with a most severe attack of Sciatica. I suffered such pain that I could not move or leave the house. I purchased and used two bottles of "Rheumatine." In my case also the medicine was a success, for I am completely cured and as well as ever. I have every confidence in "Rheumatine" as a cure for rheumatic complaints, and heartily recommend it to others. Yours truly, (Signed) B. C. LUNDY.

GREATEST DISCOVERY SINCE 1492.

For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, laryngitis, and consumption in the early stages, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is also a great blood-purifier and strength-restorer or tonic, and for liver complaint and costive condition of the bowels it has no equal. Sold by druggists.

A million bats are said to live in the dome of the Court House at Braham, Ga. "What a bonanza for a base ball club!"

Young, middle-aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with two stamps, for large treatise, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Dayton, O., man put a pistol ball in his stomach. As his digestion is good he may not digest yet.

WHAT'S SAVED IS GAINED.

Workmen will economize by employing Dr. Pierce's Medicines. His "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" and "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanse the blood and system thus preventing fevers and other serious diseases, and curing all scrofulous and other humors. Sold by druggists.

A Clark County liar has been awarded the surcingle. He tells of a winter so severe that the springs in men's watches were all frozen.

FIFTEEN MILLIONS OF HORSES are now owned in America, and more than a million a year must be bred to keep up the supply. The largest portion of these are used for agricultural and heavy draft purposes, and such horses bring from \$175 to \$250 each. It would be impossible to breed them if it were not for the great breeding establishment of M. W. Dunham, Wayne, Ill., from which goes out to all parts of America more than half a million dollars worth of Percheron-Norman stallions annually.

A Knight Templar in a San Francisco parlor described the beauties of the Eastern coast. A San Francisco man smiled contemptuously and said:—"I've been East myself, and don't think much of it." "Where were you?" "Why, East, in Omaha. East ain't as big as Frisco."

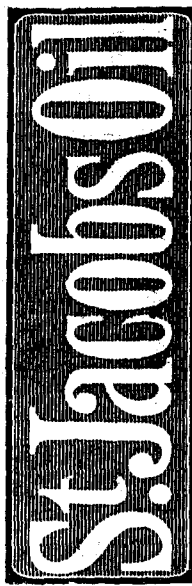
They all tell the same story. Mr. W. Thompson, Jeweller, Delhi, suffered for years from Dyspepsia, got no relief until he used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. He says "it was just the medicine I needed. It has cured me."

"Do you believe in an omen? was once asked Ned Sothorn. "Only when it has a 'w' before it," was the prompt reply.

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"A. P." 152



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Possesses tonic, aperient and Digestive properties, and a principle that soothes the inflamed membranes, opens up the absorbing vessels of the stomach and Liver, cures Dyspepsia, Catarrh of the Stomach, Liver Complaint, Constipation, &c.
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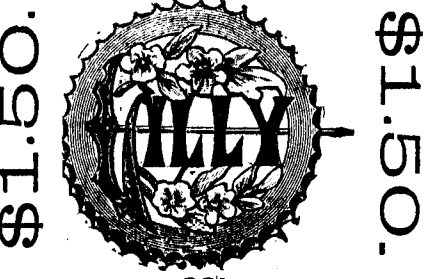
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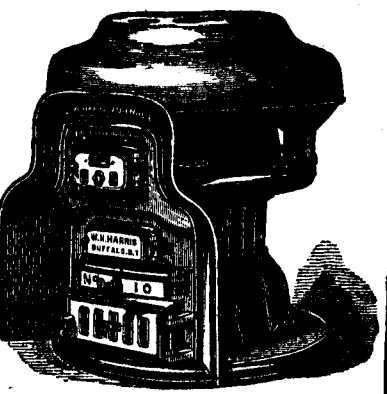
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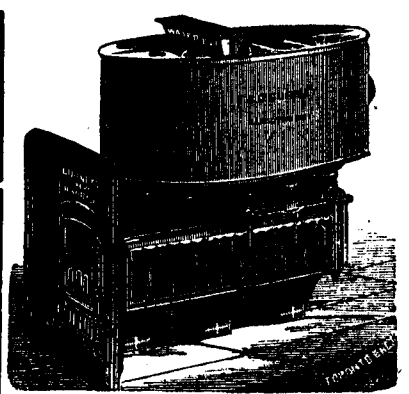
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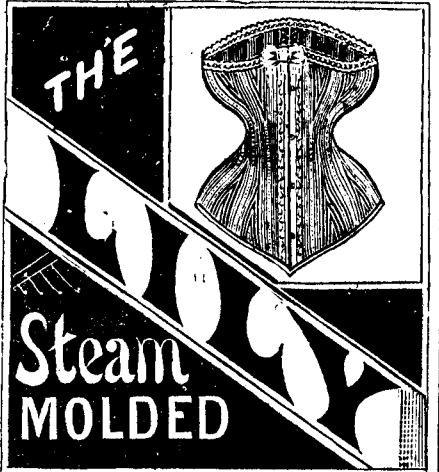
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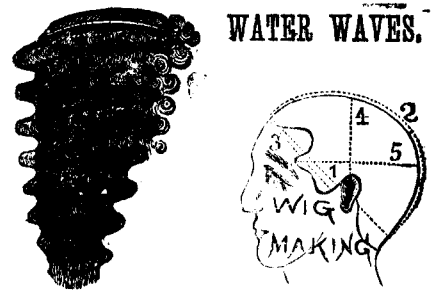
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