

W. Carriff

THE GLOBE

A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR CANADIAN HOMES

VOL. IV. NO. 10.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, MARCH 7 1873.

WHOLE NO. 88

PURE GOLD
Weekly Journal for Canadian Homes.
Published every Friday, at the office, 40 Church Street, corner of King, Toronto.
PURE GOLD consists of Eight large pages, on a sheet a little larger than the DAILY GLOBE.
TERMS.—\$3 00 a Year; \$1 00 for Six Months; always in advance.
ADVERTISING RATES.—TEN Cents per line first insertion; FIVE Cents each subsequent insertion.
Agents wanted in every part of the Dominion. List of Premiums in advertising columns.
Address
PURE GOLD PUBLISHING COMPANY, TORONTO.

From HEARTH AND HOME.
The Mystery OF METROPOLISVILLE.
BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,
Author of "The Hoosier School-Master," "The End of the World," etc., etc.
CHAPTER XVII.
A COLLISION.

If this were a history of Metropolisville—but it isn't, and that is enough. You do not want to hear, and I do not want to tell you, how Dave Sawney, like another Samson, overthrew the Philistines; how he sauntered into the room where all the county officers did business together, he and his associates, at noon, when most of the officers were gone to dinner; how he seized the records—there were not many at that early day—loaded them into his wagon, and made off. You don't want to hear all that. If you do, call on Dave himself. He has told it over and over to everybody who would listen, from that time to this, and he would cheerfully get out of bed at three in the morning to tell it again, with the utmost circumstantiality, and with such little accretions of fictitious ornament as always gather about a story often and fondly told. Neither do you, gentle reader, who read for your amusement, care to be informed of all the schemes devised by Plausaby for removing the county officers to their offices, nor of the town lots and other perquisites which accrued to said officers. It is sufficient for the purposes of this story that the county-seat was carted off to Metropolisville, and abode there in basswood tabernacles for a while, and that it proved a great advertisement to the town; money was more freely invested in Metropolisville, an "Academy" was actually staked out, and the town grew rapidly. Not alone on account of its temporary political importance did it advance, for about this time Plausaby got himself elected a director of the St. Paul and Big Gun River Valley Land Grant Railroad, and the speculators, who scent a railroad station at once, began to buy lots—on long time, to be sure, and yet to buy them. So much did the fortunes of Plausaby, Esq., prosper that he began to invest also—on time and at high rates of interest—in a variety of speculations. It was the fashion of '56 to invest everything you had in first payments, and then to sell out at an advance before the second became due.

color of her lover's habits of thought and feeling; she expressed herself even more warmly than she felt, so that Albert was happy, and this story was doomed to suffer because of his happiness. I might give zest to this dull love-affair by telling you that Mr. Minorkey opposed the match. Next to a disdainful lady-love, the best thing for a writer and a reader is a furious father. But I must be truthful at all hazards, and I am obliged to say that while Mr. Minorkey would have been delighted to have had for a son-in-law some man whose investments might have multiplied Helen's inheritance, he was yet so completely under the influence of his admired daughter that he gave a consent, tacitly at least, to anything she chose to do. So that Helen became recognized presently as the prospective Mrs. Charlton. Mrs. Plausaby liked her because she wore nice dresses, and Katy loved her because she loved Brother Albert. For that matter, Katy did not need any reason for loving anybody. Even the stified envy she was unwilling to give place to, and declared that Miss Minorkey was smart, and just suited Albert, and supposed that Albert with all his crochets and theories, might make a person like Miss Minorkey happy. It wasn't every woman that could put up with them, you know.

softened in the repetition which Albert gave them at home. Even Mrs. Plausaby forgot her attire enough to express her indignation, and as for Miss Marlay, she combined with Albert in a direct bayonet-charge on Katy.

Plausaby had always made it a rule not to fight a current. Wait till the tide turns, he used to say, and row with the stream when it flows your way. So now he, too, denounced Westcott, and Katy was fairly borne off her feet for a while by the influences about her. In truth, Katy was not without her own private and personal indignation at Westcott. Not because he had spoken of her as a fool. That hurt her feelings, but did not anger her much. He was not in the habit of getting angry on her own account. But when she saw three frightful scratches and a black bruise on the nose of Brother Albert, she could not help thinking that Smith had acted badly. And then to draw a pistol, too! To threaten to kill her own dear, dear, brother! She couldn't ever forgive him, she said. If she had seen the much more serious damage which poor, dear, dear Smith had suffered at the tender hands of her dear, dear brother, I doubt not she would have had an equally strong indignation against Albert.

In the quiet little hamlet, In the crowded, surging city. And the golden sun shines through them, Shines through the falling leaflets, Shines upon the highways, Shines everywhere resplendent. And the leaves are gently falling, like the pattering of the rain-drops, like the dancing of the snowflakes!

The water in many waters, In their never ceasing motion, On their grand and solemn motion, Like the tramping of an army, Like the march of many giants, Like the swelling of some music, Some royal and lordly anthem!

So sings the old St. Lawrence, The smiling old St. Lawrence, In this free and happy Canada, In this great and broad Dominion; Where rolling fertile acres, With their forests and their meadows, With their pine, and oak, and hemlock; With their sugar-bearing maples, Are inviting men of sinew, Men of brain, and men of muscle, To come and raise their Venice, In the heart of the old forest, Within sound of the St. Lawrence.

Are glazed and frozen over. And the highways and the byways Have a mantle white and airy Resting very lightly on them; Pressing down the weary eyelids Of some cold and silent dreamer, Who has been somebody's darling, Now dreaming in God's acre.

Far away a little dwelling, With its high and antique gables, With its red aspiring chimneys, Glisten in the air of morning, In the cutting air of morning, Right beside the old St. Lawrence, That is ever chanting dirges For cold, dead dreamers sleeping Underneath its babbling waters.

And 'tis by the old St. Lawrence, That we build this airy picture. In the cold and chilly winter, In the sweet and balmy spring time, In the blazing, scorching summer, In the golden, hazy autumn, That we build the life of EYRION, In all its beauty and its magic, All its symmetry and manhood. While the snow is softly falling, While the violets are blooming, While the earth is clothed in beauty, While the golden grain is falling Before the ruthless sickle.

PART THE SECOND.

SOMETHING MORE THAN THE INTRODUCTION.

Once more by the old-St. Lawrence, Listening to its magic music, As it flows along unheeding— Never caring, never thinking Of the blue eyes gazing upward To the starry belt above her. Never dreaming of the mourning, Of the sobbing, and the weeping, Of the watching and the praying, For some fair-haired idol sleeping: For some fair-haired idol dreaming Underneath the dashing billows.

Winter—and the snow is falling On the highways and the byways, Like a fleecy mantle falling. Falling on the rushing river, On the chanting old St. Lawrence, Whence they disappear forever.

Let us enter now the cottage, With its high and antique gables, With its red aspiring chimneys, Glistening in the air of morning, Glistening through the falling snow-flakes

With a sharp and brilliant glory. Let us tell you of our hero. Let us paint a faithful picture Of a man of brain and muscle, Of a man of heart and sinew. Did you ever see the monarch, See the royal and lordly monarch Of the forest, in his beauty? When the raging storms were twisting, Bending it in all directions, Leaving it more firmly rooted, Leaving it far more reliant! Just the same it was with EYRION. Tall and stately as a giant; Eyes as dark or even darker Than the eagle's princely plumage, With a wealth of curls to match them, Gathering in graceful clusters O'er a brow high and stately, High and stately as a hero, High and massive as a poet. Thus you have him: have our hero In his beauty and his magic, With a heart as good and noble, And as true as any metal. Heated in a mighty furnace, Welded by gigantic hammers.

CONTINUED.

VARIETIES

"What a wise mother gave to her boy when he went forth into the untried world to seek his fortune, and that boy grew up a poet."

No man stumbles upon success. Good luck may open the way to the front, but he will never reach it without brains. "What do you mix your paints with?" asked a visitor of Opie, the painter. "With brains, sir," was the reply.

Complaining people, people who are in a state of normal dissatisfaction with the universe generally, do not often master the situation. The wrong side of the tapestry of life is never the most beautiful or encouraging one.

Success rides on every hour; grapple it and you may win, but without a grapple it will never go with you. Work is the weapon of honor, and he who lacks the weapon will never triumph.

All great leaders have been inspired with a great belief. In nine cases out of ten, failure is born of unfaith. Tennyson sings, "Faith and unfaith can never be equal powers." To be a great leader, and so always master of the situation, one must of necessity have been a great thinker in action.

The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and in every pursuit is the quality of attention. Genius, vivacity, quickness of penetration, brilliancy in association of ideas, will not always be commanded but attention after due term of submissive service, always will. Like certain plants which the poorest peasant may grow in the poor soil, it may be cultivated by any one, and it is certain in its own good season to bring forth flower and fruit.

Half the misunderstanding of those who can least afford to misunderstand each other at all arise from two joint reasons—first, from want of frankness on the part of those who think they have no need to explain; next, from want of faith on the part of those who can take nothing for granted without an explanation.

Promptness is a grand leader! Procrastination limps behind, and is always in difficulty. To-day is master of the situation; To-morrow is an impostor who brings failure with him.

A New York editor is accused of being drunk because he printed a quotation as follows: "And the cock wept thrice, and Peter went out and crew bitterly."

A political orator, speaking of a certain general whom he admired, said he was always on the field of battle where the bullets were the thickest. "Where was that?" "In the ammunition wagon."

TO BE CONTINUED.
REVISED FOR PURE GOLD.
EYRION.—PART I.
A NEW ORIGINAL POEM.
BY WILL HENRY GANE.
PART THE FIRST.—INTRODUCTION.

The last halo of the setting sun—
The last murmur of the busy world;
The first glimmer of the evening star—
The first step of the shadowy host
Of white winged angels!
And I shut away the busy world!
Shut away the cares of life!
And in the twilight halcyon shades,
I take my harp, and strike the cords.
The music brings a shadowy crowd
That gather round me; and I loose
All cares and sorrows and the like,
And I sink away in a purple sea,
Tinged with violet and gold,
Where little boats, and phantom ships,
And cavaliers and ladies fair,
Alternately appear and disappear,
And I am happy, for I dream!

The air is filled with falling leaflets—
Beautiful airy leaflets;
Silver, and gold, and brown,
And brown, and gold, and silver,
A happy mixture of the whole.
Falling on the highways and the meadows,
On the river and the brooklet,
On the brown, high-ridged furrows,
On the mountain, in the valley,

Tales and Sketches

(FOR PURE GOLD.)

BEFORE AND AFTER.

In the mist of the early morning,
While over the east still lay
Gleams where the crimson dawning
Had ushered in the day.
They stood in their brief glory
Like the famed in song or story,
In battles bright away.

And when the misty morn had past,
And the golden noon a halo cast,
From far away we heard the sound—
The cannon's roar that shook the ground,
And some could see from the neighboring
height
The smoke and flame of the battle's
night;
We saw the smoke and heard the roar
From far away and nothing more.

But when the peace of evening fell,
And the cannon ceased its deep death
knell,
When the dust and smoke had cleared
away
In the fading light of the dying day,
Shattered and dim and dead they lay,
Here with the fresh wound gaping wide,
There with the mangled bleeding side,
Calling for drink with pitiful moan,
Or dumb with white lips oozing foam.

Yet, each to some loving heart is dear,
Though they lie like the dust of the hill-
side here,
A mother's lips have pressed that brow,
Ploughed with the ghastly death wound
now;
A sister clasped that bleeding neck,
Or maybe somebody dearer yet;
Some one whose love will ne'er forget,
Though now he lies with his strong face
Darkly settling in death's embrace.

From Appleton's Journal.

"BEEN TO THE MINES, SIR?"

I HAD inscribed my name on the register of the Sun Hotel, at Bethlehem, one of those uncomfortable monuments of the simplicity of the last century (the Sun Hotel was built Anno Domini 1758), and soon radiate a little of its heat into my thoroughly-chilled body, when I was startled by the address of the clerk (the clerk had gone to order some supper for me, of which I stood much in need, after my long, cold ride in the cars). I had thought the gentleman to be soundly sleeping, as he was loudly snoring in a bass key.

"Been to the mines, sir?" remarked "the sleeper awakened," in an interrogative tone of voice.

I made a hasty survey of my personal appearance, and, seeing nothing of the miner about me, came to the conclusion that the gentleman was talking in his sleep.

"Been to the mines, sir?" he repeated.

"Sir?" I exclaimed, with a peculiar emphasis on the word, which was intended to convey to him that I did not understand the purport of his question.

He looked at me and I looked at him. He was a short, stout, pussy little man, with a red face, and an old-fashioned black satin stock, at least four inches too deep for his apoplectically-shaped throat—if throat it might be called, for it was more like a thick seam, where his head and shoulders had been welded together. The color of his face deepened till it almost approached a bright purple (I was half afraid that he was going to have a fit on the spot), as he again repeated his inquiry, with a meaning pause between each word:

"I—asked—you—sir—if—you—have—been—to—the—mines?"

"To what mines do you refer, sir?" I inquired, rather testily.

"Why the mines, of course," he replied.

"Ain't you from these parts?"

"I hail from New York," I told him, as curtly as I could.

"Then why didn't you say so before?" he petulantly exclaimed; and, turning himself round in his chair, he closed his eyes, and straightway proceeded to resume his nap.

"Supper ready, sir?" said the clerk, putting his head in at the door. "This way, sir."

"Been to the mines, sir?" asked the clerk, as we ascended the flight of stairs leading to the dining-room.

"No!" I replied, snappishly.

I took my seat at the table. A bland-looking young man, with washed-out eyes and hair, and an incipient mustache of microscopical dimensions, sat opposite to me. Scarcely had I had time to unfold my dinner-napkin, when he stuttered out:

"B-b-been to to the mi-mi-ines, sir?"

I would have killed that young man with a glance if it had been possible to do so. As it was, I fired of "No, sir!" after such a bombshell fashion, that he blushed crimson, and immediately began to study the very intricate pattern of the red-and-white table-cover.

I ate my supper in high dudgeon. Those cursed mines almost took away my appetite. I felt as perplexed as the countryman when he saw, for the first time, the bright orange and purple-colored *aufs de Pagues* which one sees in the German grocery-stores at Easter-tide, and who exclaimed, as he scratched his head in his bewilderment:

"What the blazes could 'a' been the color of them cocks and hens?"

"There are no coal-mines in this part of Pennsylvania," I mentally exclaimed; "why the deuce, then, does everybody ask me if I have 'been to the mines'?"

Having appeased my hunger, I returned to the apartment which did duty for office and public sitting-room, and, lighting a cigar, ensconced myself, newspaper in hand, in an arm-chair before the fire.

"Mighty cold, sir," remarked a gentleman who sat near me.

"Indeed it is," I replied, quickly, feeling deeply grateful to him for not having asked me if I had "been to the mines."

"Very bad travelling," he rejoined.

"Very bad over these mountain-roads," I replied.

What on earth possessed me to talk about mountain-roads I don't know; I had not traversed any since the snow fell. The words were fatal to me. They were hardly out of my mouth before I saw my error. I read my doom in my neighbor's eyes. It was totally unnecessary for him to pronounce sentence on me; but he did so. Quick as lightning came the hateful words from his lips:

"Been to the mines, sir?"

My heart sank within me. Was Bethlehem suffering from an epidemic of mines on the brain? If so, I will clear out by the first train to-morrow morning, and relinquish the business that has brought me to the place, was my immediately-formed resolution.

"I have not, sir!" I stammered, in questioner, in so rude a way that he almost sprang from his seat.

"I beg your pardon, stranger. No offence, I hope," he meekly remonstrated. Stung almost to madness, I neither accepted nor declined his apology, but glared furiously at him, as though I would eat him alive. I believe he thought I was an escaped lunatic, for he nervously edged his chair away to a safe distance, and then began to whistle—I suppose by way of keeping his courage up. As my anger cooled down, I began to feel ashamed of myself; and, as a peace-offering, I asked him if he would like to look at the *Times*, at the same time handing it to him. He had seen it, and, therefore, politely returned it to me. He, however, ventured on some general remark, by way of rejoinder, and we soon got into conversation on the topics of the day. The evening was then forgotten my *bete noire*, when the landlord seated himself by my side and joined in the conversation. Presently there came a lull—a dangerous lull—in the conversation. In an instant the landlord was there; and, like some gibbing, mocking fiend, he asked, as he turned to me:

"Going over to the mines, sir?"

I shivered with disgust, and then trembled with indignation. After a painful effort I succeeded in controlling myself.

"Say landlord," I asked, in despairing accents, "what time does the sun rise in these parts?"

"About half-past seven, sir," he replied.

"Where are these mines?" I rejoined, doggedly.

"At Friedensville."

"How far from here is Friedensville?"

"About four miles."

"Then for Heaven's sake, have a sleigh at the door for me at sunrise!" I exclaimed in my anguish. "I see that I shall have no peace till I have visited these cursed mines!—What mines are they?"

"Zinc!" replied the landlord, astonished into laconicism by the contemptuous tone in which I spoke of Bethlehem's pride.

"Zinc!" I mused; "well, I have never been in a zinc-mine." And then, fearful that I should again have that hateful enquiry addressed to me, I gave orders that I should be called at six o'clock, and requested to be shown to my room.

What a night I passed! In my dreams I saw imps of darkness sitting cross-legged on the bottom of the bed, and heard them hiss through their red-hot teeth, as they glared at me with their eyes of fire:

"Been down in the mines?"

At one time I was buried alive in a zinc-mine; at another I was being boiled in a caldron of seething zinc, and, again, I was converted into zinc, and was being rolled out into sheets of zinc for house-tops. It was awful. Every now and then I awoke with a start, and shivered till the bed shook as I fancied I saw written in letters of sulphurous fire on the walls:

"Beware of the mines!"

Toward morning I at last fell into a sound sleep, and, when I got up in answer to the porter's summons, I felt as flat and stale as a bottle of badly-corked soda-water.

After partaking of a hasty breakfast, I jumped into my sleigh, and was soon on my way to what in the night I had come to regard as "the place of the damned"—the Lehigh zinc-mines.

"Jack Frost is ne'er at home; for, without doubt, when he is anywhere—he's always out."

Jack Frost was out with a vengeance as I drove over the mountain to Friedensville;

and, by the time we pulled up at the door of the office of the Lehigh Zinc Company, I had considerable doubts as to whether I had a nose to blow, and whether I had one ear or two ears, or none. I might have dropped them on the road without being aware of it, for all I knew—I might say, cared; for I was utterly reckless from the amount of desperation which had accumulated in my system with all the insidiousness which physicians tell us is characteristic of arsenic. I am not certain that I would have cared much whether it were desperation or arsenic at the moment that I turned the handle of that office door.

But what did I see? A cheery-looking, jovial, bluff, and hearty middle-aged man, smoking his Havana in the most affectionate manner, while he toasted his feet before a right royal good fire.

"How do you do, sir?" he said, rising from his chair as I entered, and offering first his hand and then a vacant chair.

"Come over to see the mines, eh?"

Somehow or other his allusion to the mines did not seem to jar my nerves in the electric-shock fashion which had nearly driven me mad at the hotel; and his "Take a fresh cigar, sir," soon produced a general reaction, both mental and physical, which afterward enabled me to perform acrobatic feats worthy of Blondin, and to come out of those fatal mines without being carried out on a stretcher, or so much as breaking a limb or dislocating one of my stiffened joints.

That man was my good Samaritan, and the captain of the mines.

The recuperating effects of the drive, the delicate fragrance of my cigar, the warmth of the cheerful, bright fire, and a chat with my very genial new acquaintance, thoroughly restored me to myself in the course of half an hour, and I proposed that we should start on our tour of exploration.

"Certainly," said the captain; "but we'll have to rig you out before going into the mine. It's very wet and dirty, and you'll ruin your clothes if you go as you are. We keep a regular wardrobe here, of all sorts and sizes, for the use of visitors."

So saying, he led the way across the yard to a substantial building, which we entered.

"Heavens alive! Captain, what's this?" I exclaimed, as he closed the door.

"Pumping-engine," he replied, "far the largest in the world."

I stood lost in awe and amazement as I contemplated that mammoth engine; the captain jerking out the following commentary on its wonderful powers:

"Engine, three thousand horse power—pumps seven thousand gallons of water a minute—can pump fifteen or twenty thousand feet—ten-inch cylinder—ten-foot stroke—weighs seven hundred tons—cost three hundred and fifty thousand dollars—pumping-rods, hundred and fifty feet long—will be three hundred when shaft is finished—mighty big thing in engines!"

"Mighty big" was no adequately descriptive expression for such gigantic machinery. I doubt if Webster's dictionary furnishes adjectives competent to give an adequate impression of its enormous capacity.

While I stood lost in wonder, and watching those ponderous twenty-four-ton walking-beams, the captain was busy selecting a suit for me from his clothing-store. He brought down one or two, but they were too small; and I accompanied him upstairs to pick out one for myself. He pointed out the ward-robe, a long cupboard, in which some twenty-five or thirty suits were hanging from pegs, a hat over each suit. It looked more like a morgue property-room than anything else; one of those dismal chambers where the clothes of the unrecognized unfortunates, whose last resting-place is the Potter's-field, are preserved for possible future identification. I gauged one suit after another with a critical eye, without coming across one that I thought would fit me; but at last the captain's search was crowned with success.

"Here you are," he exclaimed, unhooking a suit from its peg; "I guess this'll do you."

He had selected the largest suit he could find, and, dropping my overcoat, I proceeded to array myself in as grotesque and unbecoming a costume as I ever put on in my life. Buttoning my jacket, I donned a pair of unbleached canvas overalls, which came up well over the ribs, then a jacket of the same material; tying them firmly round the waist with a piece of stout cord, I looked like a diver, minus his helmet. A soft hat, which looked as though it had done good service to several generations of bricklayers or lime-burners, crowned the whole and completed my costume. I was ready, with a vengeance, for mud and water in unlimited quantities—say *x*, plus infinity.

"Like to go down the pumping-shaft?" asked the captain.

"Oh, yes; I want to see every thing," I replied, little knowing what I was undertaking.

Providing himself with a small oil-lamp, such as are used by coal-miners, and attaching it to his hat, the captain led the way to a small aperture, which looked like the entrance to a dark cellar. He began to descend, and I followed, our means of descent being a series of ordinary ladders, springing from small landing platforms,

and forming a very steep and dangerous staircase. I got down the first flight, by dint of great care, with tolerable ease. The rungs of the ladder were incrustated with ice, and, in addition to being very dangerous footing, soon froze all the blood out of my fingers; but the light from the opening above was sufficient for me to see where to put my feet. But, after we had descended two or three flights, we were in utter darkness—darkness that might be almost felt, for the captain's lamp shed no rays for more than a foot or two around his head. The upper atmosphere, too, had no influence over the temperature at that depth below the surface, and the rungs of the ladder, instead of being crusted with a frozen surface, were covered with a still more slippery wet slime. The situation was embarrassing and distressing. I felt as though I was going "down among the dead men" into some horrible subterranean vault—perhaps the abode of the cursed awaiting the final judgment day.

"Groping blindly in the darkness," I had the greatest difficulty in holding on to the ladder. Coming from the glare of the bright sun, playing on the expanse of snow above, my eyes refused to accustom themselves to the darkness. I saw imaginary shapes and forms, platforms where there were no platforms—rungs of ladders which were not. Two or three times I clutched at a rung, as I thought, and my hand closed on nothing, thereby nearly causing me to lose my hold. I shuddered, made a more successful grab, and held on like grim death for a few seconds till I had recovered myself. And all while there was the unearthly noise of the plungers of the pumps and the rush of water overhead, as they discharged their eight hundred gallons at every stroke. I could hear the grinding of the massive pump-rods as they went up and down. I could hear what seemed to be a roaring, seething cataract of water above me, and which might overwhelm me in its flood at any moment; but I could see absolutely nothing—no more than if I had been born blind. And then, suddenly, without a moment's warning, I was dangling on the ladder, with the sensation that my arms were being torn from the shoulder-sockets, and that the muscles of my shoulders were giving way under the sudden, jarring strain caused by the whole weight of my falling body being instantaneously thrown upon their sustaining power. My foot had slipped, and had I not had a pretty firm hold with both hands nothing would have saved the tax-payers of the county from being put to the totally unnecessary expense of a coroner's inquest—surely there for at least two or three seconds, paralyzed, and almost helpless; but the natural instinct of self-preservation at last led me to put out my foot in search of a rung, and I stood safe, but with trembling knees and palpitating heart, once more on the treacherous ladder. Fortunately, it was the last one, and a few steps brought me to the bottom of the shaft, a depth of one hundred and seventy feet.

CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.

GIBBIE STEVENSON THE MISER.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. STEVENSON was subject to attacks of rheumatism; and the infirmities of a premature old age were fast setting in upon her. She had exercised a calling for twelve years, which exposed her to inclemencies of weather, and irregularity of sleep and diet; and these agencies were beginning to kythe upon her constitution. By hard scraping and saving she had amassed upwards of twenty pounds, which in those days was reckoned quite a fortune. She wisely resolved to confine her professional exertions for the future to the more immediate neighborhood, and occupy herself with her cow and the small pendicle she rented. Gibbie was in consequence hired out to a sheep farmer, near Parishholm. The food of farm servants at that time was of the coarsest description. The only *kitchen* allowed to dinner, which usually consisted of groat broth, made thick with potatoes and vegetables, was occasionally an egg, or a bit of braxy ham. The sharp eye of Gibbie discovered even here a source of gain. He hoarded his eggs and pieces of meat till they amounted to a disposable quantity, and had them sent or taken to Douglas and sold. He went out also in the summer and moonlight nights and gathered stray wool among the hills; and it was said he sometimes cut, or pulled patches of the fleece from the ewes that he found asleep or in the fold. He sat lines in the water too, and snares in every direction; and every trout and hare was converted, if possible, into money; and if not they were kept till they wasted, for he never gave anything away. The reprimand of his master had no other effect than to make him more wary. He was threatened with dismissal, but still he continued. There was one bond which knit his master to him, and that was Gibbie's handiness. He could do anything, and refused to do nothing. He could milk the cows, or wash the dishes, or make the food, or build a dyke or an outhouse, or repair the farming utensils. Whatever was behind, Gibbie brought it up; and his untiring strength,

and even skill, in some things, made him a valuable servant. Before every term Gibbie gave in his resignation, and managed to get an advance of wages. Not a farthing of his fee was spent. The same hodden grey suit was first let down, and then eked, story after story, in the legs and arms, and all the rest was left as it originally came from the hands of his provident mother. The only change in his dress was a cap of sheep-skin, which he had got from his master for doing a piece of extra hard work. Nothing was too mean for Gibbie to undertake, if it offered the slightest recompence. He would help out the huxter-wives with their stalls on a fair-day, or hold a horse, or run an errand, or do anything he was bidden, however menial, if a consideration was given. The gibes of the country lasses, or the taunts of the farm lads, had no more effect upon him, than if they had been addressed to a person with whom he had nothing to do. The whiskey was cheap then, but Gibbie drank none of it except what he got for nothing. A scheme was entered into by some shepherds at a Douglas market to get Gibbie intoxicated, and then inveigle him into as much expense as they could. Gibbie drank their whiskey and eat their buns, but not a farthing would he spend. They laid hands on him to rifle his pockets, but he fought like a tiger and made his escape. "Gibbie the miser," had long been in every child's mouth; but Gibbie heeded it not, or only answered them with his usual grumph.—Sometimes it expressed contempt, sometimes anger, sometimes envy, and sometimes even satisfaction, if not delight.—Those who knew him could readily distinguish the one from the other. He had now been five years in his first place, when an express arrived that his mother was dying. The humph he gave on receiving this intelligence was noted as expressive of joy.

"Come away, Gibbie," said his mother, as he entered, "and come near me; for I want to speak to you."

"What are you wanting, mither?" spoke the unfeeling son; "d'ye think ye're dying?"

"Yes, Gibbie; the grips o' death are on me. Lord haec mercy on my soul."

"Where did ye put the siller, mither?" returned the miser, without noticing her statement, or her exclamation.

"Oh! Gibbie, Gibbie, my son, what's siller when death comes—the grave?"

"Where is't?" interrupted the heartless lad.

"It's where it's safe—but what is't now? Though it were twenty times mair, wad death gang by for't?"

"He's no get the offer," retorted the son.

"Oh Gibbie, Gibbie! dinna break my heart," exclaimed Mrs. Stevenson. "Oh, man, think less o' the world, and mair o' your Maker. It's grieved me lang to see you. Wad ye try and pray wi' me, Gibbie? I think it wad do my heart good if I heard ye pray."

"I'll pray name; where's the siller?"

"I'll tell ye if ye pray."

"Where is't first?"

"The minister has't. O pray now."

"How muckle's o't?"

"But will ye no pray?"

"Is there thretty pound o't?"

"O pray wi' me, Gibbie, and I'll tell ye, my dear."

"There should be thretty-three, if ye've done right."

"Whatever's o't ye'll get it; but pray wi' me."

"Did John Park pay the cheese?"

"No, hinny; but—"

"There'll be nae butts about it; he maun pay."

"I forgie'd him't; he's poor, and a sma' family."

"A sma' devil! he maun pay."

"O Gibbie, Gibbie, will ye gie o'er and no break—"

"What wad I gie o'er for? Isnt it but right that folk should get their ain? What business had he eating cheese if he couldna pay for't?"

"I'm to blame," cried the agonized woman, in a passion of tears, "O God! I'm to blame, for bringing him up the way I did,—I nurtured him for the world, and not for Thee,—I sowed the wind, and I've reaped the whirlwind. O my God! my God!"

The only reply on the part of her son was a sullen humph, which was instantly followed up by a demand how much money there was.

"There's twenty-five pound ten," replied his mother, at last, with a deep groan that came from the bottom of her heart. The son ran over his fingers as if counting something, and then exclaimed—

"There's eight pound wanting o' what I was making o't. What have ye done wi't?"

"It's there as it is," said the afflicted and now irritated woman. "It was my ain making, and neabody has ony business what's o't, or what I did wi't."

The effort, and the conflicting emotion within her, brought on a suspension of life; and it was sometime ere she came out of it. As nature rallied, and consciousness returned, she asked, in an anxious voice, and feeling all about her,—

"Where's my son? Are ye there, Gibbie?" she heard his humph; and desired to have his hand. He gave it, with some reluctance.

"Its the last time," said she, "your mother's hand 'll be in yours. I aence thought as ye think, but a death-bed's opened my een." O Gibbie, Gibbie, my son, my son! Will ye promise to mind death, will ye promise to pray night and morning,—and read your Bible, and get claes and gang to the kirk? will ye promise that, and let me die in peace,—will ye, Gibbie, will ye?"

He answered the appeal by withdrawing his hand and uttering a dogged humph.

"Ye'll no promise then?" said the dying woman, clasping her hands. "O God, will ye count the blame mine; and soften his heart by the hammer and the fire o' thy spirit, that he may see what the world is, and grip by the Cross,—wilt thou, God! wilt thou?"

Her strength failed, and her heart filled, and she stopped, and sunk into a swoon. A neighbor applied some gruel to her lips, and bathed her temples, and she gradually recovered again. She seemed as if she wished to speak once more to her son, but utterance was denied; and in a short time she drew up her feet and went the way of all the earth. Scarcely was the breath out when Gibbie set off to the minister and lifted the money. To save expenses he made a coffin with his own hands, and blackened it with soot. Funeral services were then universal, and dredgies very common: but Gibbie had neither.

"It was a flinging away o' siller," he said, "for nae end; and if folk didna like to come to the burial, they might stay away."

On the day of the interment the chief mourner was in his customary dress, with a stripe of linen blackened with ink about his sheep-skin cap. Some of the neighbors gathered out for decency sake, and a few joined the procession in the town; but never had such a funeral been seen in the parish.

It wanted two months of the term, but Gibbie made it out, and went during the night and did what was necessary about the pendicle. He then took possession of it, and hired himself out for all kinds of work. His reputation was established as a good worker, and he got plenty to do. In the spring and harvest seasons it was no uncommon sight to see the miser sowing or reaping his ground in the night-time. He would often work during successive nights at home, to keep his day's wages entire.—Nothing that would sell, he eat or drank; and it was a mystery to many how he lived at all.

He was now a fully formed man of five-and-twenty, with muscles like ropes in his face and all over his body. The expression of his countenance was proverbially repulsive, with a hungry craving look in it. The neck stretched forward whether he walked or sat, and the eyes were continually seeking about in the socket, and now and then made a dead stand for a moment, and then quivered and glistened, and began their usual motion again.

I remember the first time I saw a hyena in his cage, that Gibbie's eyes occurred to me vividly. He was never known to shave but gave a sort of pruning occasionally to his beard and whiskers with a pair of scissors. His hair and skin were nearly of the same color; and it was said that his head at a little distance resembled a lump of dried pipe-clay. He was of that ambiguous look also, that strangers could not tell whether he was old or comparatively young. When he stood erect, he was fully six feet but the stoop in his shoulders gave him the appearance of a man of five feet nine. Many were the tales that were circulated about him, some false and some true, but few indeed in his favor. He fought once for a man who was ill-used at a market, and risked his own life to save a boy from drowning.

It was said his mother's ghost haunted him; and it was alleged he had bargained with the devil about his soul. My grandfather believed some of these extravagancies, and entered into these details with deep interest and awe. He had the times and places, and the witnesses' names at his finger ends; and used to make our flesh creep by their recital.

There was one circumstance, however, which illustrated Gibbie's character, of which there was no doubt. A heavy spate came down the water one Sabbath morning in autumn, which flooded and was carrying off a hay rick which belonged to the miser. It was his custom to lie long on that day; and when he arose about his usual time, he saw his hay moving slowly off. Out he ran, with only his trousers on, and plunged in after it. The water had reached his neck ere he reached the rick. He thrust in and twisted his hands about it as far up as he could reach, and made several desperate struggles to pull it towards the bank; but the river got the mastery, and bore them both down before it.

The alarm was soon given, and dozens of persons came running in all directions to see the strange spectacle. A few pitied, but most laughed, at the perilous situation of the miser.

"Let him drown," cried some. "His siller'll do somebody guid!" cried others. "It's a judgment on him," cried a third party. "Let Providence get it's will, and

the de'il his ain!" shouted a fourth. "He'll be bleezing down by in five minutes, and the hay'll help," exclaimed a drunken tailor from the town.

But a better spirit was manifested by others, who ran for ropes and flung them in to Gibbie; but some were too short and others missed their aim. Every one declared, however, that the infatuated man seemed more anxious to save his hay than himself.

"We'll maybe wile her into the holm," cried the miser, shivering with the cold; "for God's sake, help to get her into the holm."

By a strenuous effort on Gibbie's part and a favorable turn of the stream, into the holm, on the north side of the village, the rick went rolling about and its proprietor with it. He was soon in shallow water and came, pushing the hay before him, to the dry ground.

"Ye've had a narrow escape man," said James Paterson, the elder, "and I hope it'll do ye good."

"I'm cauld, ye now at ony rate," replied Gibbie, "but if I had been a minute langer, she was lost."

"It's neither your hay nor your body, man, I'm speaking about," interposed James; "it's your soul—your immortal soul, man; ye live like a brute!"

The miser gave a surly humph, and continued to push at the rick till it was fairly out of water. An incredibly small portion had been lost, for it was firmly thatched, and roped above, and the portion taken away by the current was wholly from beneath.

"It's safe enough, now," said a number of voices; "the water's going back—let it stand till morn."

"Let it stand till morn!" echoed Gibbie, with a look of utter astonishment; "the present is only ours—it's a work o' necessity. Will ony o' ye tak' up a backfu' and I'll gi' ye—I'll be obliged to ye?"

"Put your hand out at your peril man!" cried elder Paterson, in a tone of indignation and authority; "will ye break the Lord's day afore our very een? Gang down on your knees, man, and thank your maker for what he's done."

"There's a time for a' things," responded Gibbie, in a surly, resolute tone; "and the time just now is to save and not to destroy."

While he spoke he began to untie the thatch ropes, amidst the grumbling and rebukes of many around him. He made no further answer to their remonstrances, but set off with a burden which might have served any two men in the parish. On the dismissal of the church in the afternoon, the feeling rose so high that several stones were flung at him, and one of them hit him smartly on the cheek. His bent shoulders stood erect in a moment, his teeth sawed in his mouth, and the veins in his forehead became fearfully distinct. The crowd fell back, for they knew the strength and resoluteness of the man. No one had the hardihood to repeat the offence. James Paterson, however, began a new system of attack by reading aloud the law of Moses respecting the Sabbath; and the fate of the man who gathered sticks on that day, and many other appropriate passages in the prophets and the apostles. Gibbie humphed to them all, and wrought on.

"What can we expect from a sow but a grumph," said James at last, and angrily closed the book; "and wherefore should I cast pearls before swine! But I'll tell ye what, man, this day'll rise up against ye in judgment—the very hay 'll be a witness, and the water that's away to the sea'll come back to the judgment seat."

Shaking with emotion, the old elder left the spot, and a number followed him; and Gibbie proceeded with his labor as if nothing had happened. Back and back he came and went, and by nightfall he completed his task, in spite of every counsel or threat that was offered him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY DR. D. CLARKE, PRINCETON, ONT.

"AULD LANG SYNE."

I USED to watch, with great interest an "auld Auntie Kate," in an old arm chair, smoking a short clay pipe, black and strong. Its receptacle when not in use, was a worn-out cavity in the wall of the chimney. She would put her right elbow on the arm of the chair, and seize, daintily, the "nib" of the bowl between the forefinger and thumb. I see her yet, in memory, as the eyes are dreamily gazing as if they gazed not, into the fiery embers. Puff, puff, mechanically goes the white curling smoke over her clean and well-starched "mutch" in fantastic columns, pyramids, and canopies; but other scenes, other days, and other figures, than those I conjured up, were in her day dreams. Nothing but a fireside could be appropriate background to the picture, which would have but a Wilkie or a Hogarth, full of thought of domestic and street scenes, into ecstasy. The walls were adorned with the trophies of the chase, and with well-burnished implements of culinary use. The bedsteads knew not the turners' nor carver's art. The wind, in dancing weird down the yawning mouth of the chimney,

made as doleful music as the wizards' dying song. But no happy days could be seen in lordly halls or courtly palaces than in the cabin, and its blazing ruddy light of home. Uncle John never could argue on points of theology unless he had the giant tongs in his hand, wheeling them in the ashes, first on one leg and then on another; and as each section made its circle, you would almost see the arguments laid down one by one, in the furrow; but when he nailed his antagonist with some potent argument, down came the biped instrument with a thud on the forestick, which made the sparks fly in all directions like routed enemies. Women (forgive the good old English word) may show off their figures and graceful steps in the mazes of the giddy dance; but the good old fireplace was an excellent training school for those of "thirty years ago."

How nice the foot and ankle were set of near it, say, cooking a dinner! (Of course, that is now-a-days the work of *ladies*.) What ingenuity was necessary to take from the pendant chain, or swinging crane, the boiling potatoes, laughing all over, or the bubbling soup, with savory smell, or the singing and sputtering mush or porridge! What dexterity was needed in handling the rotund "spider" or the long stemmed frying-pan, with its striated sections of pork lying in military order, or when venison, which some juvenile Nimrod had shot in the woods, as the fruits of such future exploits, and which filled "but and ben" with its inviting perfume—almost wrote aroma! now deftly was the knife wielded to turn the browned morsels, and not even a slight of hand actor could turn such a complete somersault of pancakes, by edging them skillfully upon the rim of the pan; and then by a throw—a forward jerk and a backward catch—presto! the feat is done. It looked so easily accomplished, I challenged a trial—realt; a flabby, sticky pancake, seeking a north-west passage in an angle of the chimney, and by sheer gravitation burying itself in the hot ashes, a sad warning to confident amateurs. The stove has economic advantages, but cheerfulness and health are not ingredients in the sum total. No one, unless running over with music feels full of song over a stove. We may have exuberance from a reservoir of joy filled elsewhere. Go from its sable sides, in an autumn morning, and sniff the fresh air, and listen to the song of universal nature, and you feel intuitively like joining the chorus. Go from a hot and sickening room where no firelight is seen, and where the air is surcharged with thrice-heated air, into the cheering presence of a roaring fire, and no thermometer could rise quicker than do your spirits under its genial influence. These veteran houses never were cursed with modern bedrooms. They might be small, but that was compensated for by their breezy character. A stray snowflake might court destruction by sailing through a chink, or the spray from the rain-drop might dash upon the unturned faces of sleepers, but no pent up "dust and disease" could loiter along with "malice aforethought" in such an atmosphere. In well settled parts of Canada what a contrast! Septimus Jinks, Esq., is wealthy, and rejoices in a fine mansion. It is full of bedrooms of the seven feet by eight feet style. The bed is in one corner, the wash-stand occupies another, and a solitary chair is perched in another of the angles, with a dressing-table in the residue nook. The light is blown out, and you creep round the foot of the bed, lest the half-opened door slyly edges itself between you outstretched arms and impinges unceremoniously on the end of your nose. You make a flank movement by the side of the bed, but if you are out of Scylla you are stranded high on Charybdis, with abraded shins or bruised toes, or cracked knuckles. A beautiful dungeon it is. The window—a solitary sentinel of light—is, in the first place, covered with paper blinds adorned with paintings of a high style of art, in the centre. One may be some lonely castle about to fall to pieces into a placid lake, covered with monstrous fowls, second cousins to those which left the imprint of mammoth feet upon the petrified sands of time, and surrounded by rocks of approved pattern. Another is often a lonely milkmaid and a tender lamb; the former not all fashionable in dress, and seems to be seeking a lover, or a "babbling brook." Often she appears as one

"Who sits her pitcher underneath the spring, Musing on him that used to fill it for her. Hears and hears not, and lets it overflow."

These, and sundries like these, seemed to my youthful fancy wonderful works of art. After the paper blinds, those models of perspective skill, come the cloth ones then damask on the one side and lace on the other, or both in duplicate. On the outside are green Venetian blinds, and all to ornament or keep the blessed light out and the dampness in. The bed is unique so high, so new, so white, so soft, so clean, so downy, so mountainous, so needle-worked, and so musty. It may be the best furnished room in the house, but the doors of this miniature Bastille are kept constantly closed, except on state occasions. Then bonnets, and gloves, and muffs, and spare babies are deposited *pro tem* on this decayed and decaying mountain of feathers. It may have had no other occupant for weeks. The walls ooze moisture. The windows condense watery tears. The bedclothes imbibe the general contagion—

dampness. No such pest room could be found in the cabins and log-houses of the first settlers, but advancing civilization continues to keep in fine houses deadly miasma, and keep out the air, heat, and light of heaven. Can the elderly reader think of an old-fashioned log-house, and by the law of association, not conjure up in the imagination the two oxen, Buck and Bright also pioneers, in the dense wilderness; they were a queer representative couple, and seemed to appreciate each other's good qualities, and are well acquainted with each other's habits. Buck was of a metaphysical turn of mind. In chewing his cud, with his nose over the gate, he was always in a contemplative mood, and the dreamy eye showed a reverie, if not consecrated, at least profound. He had not a "crumbled horn," but in a Waterloo of former days, he had been disarmed of part of the left one, and the other had been twisted in a fantastic way, on the field of Mars, until its point was in closer proximity to an eye always watery, and seemingly in deep grief because of some bereavement. The other eye was bright in comparison, and had a roguish wink and twinkle about it, as if it had in its counterpart—its mind—eye—some practical joke in store. He was no believer in the conduct of an historic namesake, who was said to have starved to death between two bundles of hay of equal size and appearance, because, being guided solely by motives, and these being equally and exactly powerful, he could not move towards either, and heroically died. Buck, under such circumstances, would have showed a creditable spontaneity of will, and could have made decisions at once. It was only on such occasions he showed unusual activity. About noon, or evening, he seemed to cast a leer up the watery eye to "old Sol," as if taking the sun, and wondering at the tardiness of his chariot wheels. When the dinner-horn blew, he was impatient, and shook his ears and huge wooden yoke fitfully and savagely, and at the word of command what the "double quick" for home dragging his comrade almost at his heels, an equally willing, but less swift capture. A knowing ox was he. Bright was not so phlegmatic and stubborn. Such, when once aroused, perform prodigies of valor. He was nervous and irritable;—always on the *qui vive*. The least thing tickled his side—from a dragon-fly to a thistle down; and the least thing seemed to excite his fancy—from a tuft of grass in Bob's hand to a pinch of salt, in prospect, half a mile away. How similar in all these respects are man and beast! Bright had method in in all he did. He knew how to open the rustic garden-gate, and the exact spot between the bars to introduce his horn. No fence could withstand his attacks. The philosophic Buck would go at the fence with genius but not with tact, and *vi et armis* attempt its overthrow, and find it as difficult to storm as did the "red coats" at Badajos—sometimes being caught by the crooked horn, and sometimes by a sudden recoil, finding himself, to his amazement, on his haunches, contemplating the stars, with one from the blow, in his eye. Bright knew better than use "brute force." He would commence systematically, at the first, and send it flying over his back, then away went the stakes in utter discomfiture, and these followed by each rail, in succession, to the ground. He knew the salient angles of the fence, and never advanced upon them. He had strategy enough in his mind to know that the concavity was much easier to drive in than a convexity, and always "went for" the retiring recesses, coming out on the other side victorious. For him there was no "pent up Utica," if left to his own devices. His comrades soon learned this, and became a spectator of the various assaults, until a breach had been made, and in he came for a share of the plunder, without a struggle. He did not seem to have in his code of ethics the rule that "to the victors belong the spoils." The sly rogue might be four hundred yards away from his comrade, but no-sooner did the noise of falling rails reach his ears, than he rushed to the spot as if his motto was, "Deil tak' the hindmost." In the days we "went a gipsying," horses were not as plentiful as now. These bovine gentry were oft times "hitched up" to a sleigh to take a jolly load of jolly youths to a singing-school. The sleigh was none of your tricky bob-sleighs, which seem to seek out, in finnish glee, all the irregularities of the road, and dive nose first into all the valleys, and snappishly ride over the mainature mountains, as if bent on producing a catastrophe. Not so the old-fashioned long sleighs. There is grace in their movements. When they mount a hillock, they seem, at the top, to hesitate for a moment whether to retreat or advance, and then, with a parabolic curve forward, like a gallant ship over a mountain wave, they plunge bow first into the yielding snow. Their movements are not done by halves; nor is there a needless bracing of the riders to prepare for plunges leeway and forward, which never come; for with them "coming events cast their shadows before." See that old sleigh, which has almost "braved a thousand years" the battles of snow and storms drawn by oxen friends, loaded with a merry group of juveniles, on the rampage. Clean straw is on the bottom for seats. No box is there to keep the fidgetty cargo from spilling out. The four iron-wood stakes rise up above the heads of the pas-

sengers like jury-masts on a cast-away raft over the bleak sea; but no ship wrecked crew are they, for young and old, male and female, poor and rich, are making hills and valleys, woods and fields, vocal with melody and song. They seem to grin with satisfaction at the prospect. The road has a sharp turn in it, and, as it with common consent, and by one impulse, they "take to their heels," and crowding into one track, run the sleigh on a stump, and deposit the merry load in a mixed condition in the snow. After the debris has been collected, and an "omnium gatherum" has taken place, there were beautiful casts of limbs, arms, and bodies in the snow. The imprint of John's gignantic paws yonder—thumbs, fingers and wrists. Ned's outline from occiput to heels—not in bold relief, but in concave beauty, true as life. Joe's impression was a sort of melody: it was evident he fell in a heap, and then gathered up his legs, as if giving up the ghost. Women were there, with expansive hoops, the centres of great circles, and left no foot-prints, or any other prints, upon the snows of time (forgive the parody), except a good mother's scoopshovelled bonnet had, in its posterior part, left an indentation like that of a quart bowl in the snow. Abrasions of the cuticle, from noses, shins and elbows, by too close contact with somebody's heels—all forgiven trespasses—made the sum total of casualties; and none were put *hors de combat* in those blessed days of yore, when "telescoping," explosions, and such like evidences of progress, were for the coming race. Thus I wander on with these retrospects, and find an echo of approval in some reader's breast. He and I passed the spot, only the other day, where the log house stood; and it was a ploughed field, with not a vestige of it remaining. The crooked primitive woodside road has been obliterated, and Buck and Bright, by Darwin's law of selection, have given way to the noble horse. The joyous group is scattered "far and wide," from the quiet graveyard to the unknown sepulture of the distant battlefield—from the billowy winding sheet to the monumental tomb—and from the haunts of infamy to the pinnacles of fame.

"The days which are past, they come before me with all their deeds."

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

CADBURY'S COCOA.
CADBURY'S CHOCOLATE.
CADBURY'S COCOA ESB
These celebrated goods obtained First Class at the Exhibition of 1871, and are for all respectable Grocers and Druggists. A sample of Cocoa Essence sent free on application.
E. LUSHER, Montreal.
Sole Agent for the Dominion.

IF you want a FIRST-CLASS MEDICINE and one that "never fails" to cure DIARRHEEA, DYSENTRY, CHOLERA, MORBUS, and SUMMER COMPLAINTS, USE DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY. The success this medicine has had in curing the above complaints during the past few years have not been equalled by any other medicine.

Warranted not to fail. Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

APOTHECARY'S HALL.
J. F. HOLDEN,
PRACTICAL DRUGGIST & CHEMIST
Prescriptions carefully prepared.
Oct. 7th, ALTON.

W. B. HARTILL,
211 Yonge Street,
CABINET-MAKER
AND UPHOLSTERER.

ALL KINDS OF BEDROOM SETS FOR \$1
DRAWING ROOM SETS IN EVERY STYLE
Bureaus, Sofas, Lounges, Mattresses, Fancy Tables, Extensions, etc.

Furniture repaired and varnished, Sofas re-stuffed, Mattresses re-made.

NEEDLE WORK MOUNTED
FURNITURE MADE TO ORDER.

R. C. BOTHWELL,
Importer, and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
FANCY GOODS.
JEWELLERY, CUTLERY, COMBS, BERLIN WOOL, SMALL WARES, ETC.
Wholesale Manufacturers of India Rubber Jewellery, India Rubber and Horn Combs.
No. 110 & 112 YONGE STREET,
Two Doors below Adelaide Street,
TORONTO.
December 29th.

WM CRAIG,
GENERAL WOOD TURNER
Manufacturer of
Blind and Map Rollers, Scroll and Band Sawing.
Factory in the rear of Rilly and May's Billiard Factory, 75 Adelaide-st., West.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1.—Who takes a paper regularly from the post-office whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for payment.

2.—If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publishers may continue to send it until payment is made and then collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3.—The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is "prima fraud."

TERMS FOR "PURE GOLD."

1 Year.....\$2.00
6 Months.....\$1.00
(strictly in advance.)

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received through the postmaster or otherwise to discontinue, and until payment of all arrears required by law is made.

THE RECEIPT of the paper is a sufficient receipt for the first subscription. Receipts for other months will be hereafter acknowledged per postal cards. Address,

Pure Gold Publishing Co.,
40 Church St., Toronto.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

The oldest established house in Canada.

We are the sole and exclusive agents for the following celebrated Pianos:—

CHICKERING & SONS.
STEINWAY & SONS.
DUNHAM & SONS.
HAINES BROS.

And for Organs:—

MASON & HAMLIN Organ Co., Boston.
GEO. A. PRINCE & Co., of Buffalo, N. Y.

We also keep in stock a large assortment of Pianos by their well-known makers, which we offer at lower rates than any other house in the Dominion.

Second hand Pianos from Fifty Dollars upwards.
Send for circulars, price-list, terms, etc., before purchasing elsewhere.

A. & S. NORDHEIMER,
15 King Street, East, Toronto

PURE GOLD

TORONTO, MAR. 7, 1873.

DISAGREEABLE TRAVELLERS.

THERE is no means whereby one desiring to obtain an experimental knowledge of human nature can have his desire gratified so readily as by travel. He need not travel far nor fast. Let him take an ordinary five hundred mile commercial trip, and supposing him to be a literate, let him deftly use his eyes, his ears and his note book, and nearly every prominent phase of human character will soon be recorded. Of course to add variety and spice to his sketches he must not desire smooth journeying. Let him select trains that fail to make connections, or are notorious for the unevenness of their ways, or better still, those that make occasional deviations from the beaten path, and the foibles or better parts of human nature will present themselves to his observant view. Neither should he confine himself solely to the highways of travel, on the contrary, let him strike out boldly under the guidance of the Jehu of the stage coach into the small villages of the interior and he will see there subjects worthy of his pen. Jehu himself who cannot brook delays in his desire to reach the neighboring hotel, and make up for the time lost in the one just left, and who with all the dignity of a government official warns the occupants of some loaded sleighs ahead to "stop Her Majesty's mails on their peril," is a potentate that would be no mean subject for his pen. But to make a complete sketch at one sitting, let him pray to be snowed up in some country hamlet.—Parodying Tennyson to suit his particular views, let him have

"Snow to the right of him,
Snow to the left of him,
Snow in front of him."

and no immediate hope of extrication from the falling or the fallen flakes. He need not necessarily select a first class hotel for the scene of his reflections, on the contrary let him choose at random. We have the very spot in our mind's eye now as our thoughts fly back to recent experiences of a day surrounded by such associations. A delicate ridge of snow stretching along the extent of the parlor with bolder, and more irregular ridges in the bar-room beyond. Each attempt to destroy the forming strata by the unclassic broom are as manytimes unsuccessful, for slowly, yet surely, in a few minutes structures of similar dimensions rise to

view. Beds here are limited, and the landlady views with a look somewhat akin to distrust, the countenances of those who but for the storm would have been in their homes, and her heart sinks when on a calculation she finds that the arrival of another will make, just one too many for her store of blankets. We remember well the arrival of the odd guest, whose countenance bore the impress of the disagreeable. Were we to do him justice we would hardly term him the "odd guest" as in actual fact he had put in an appearance two hours previously, the intervening time having been spent—on account of the lack of room in the hotel stables for his horses—in manfully tunnelling a road into a farmers barn some distance up the street. He came in a hungry man. As he entered our pen and ink friend might have observed that the countenance of a certain party in the room fell. After looking at his wife—for such we conceived the party to be, and walking along the whole length of the snow bank, he calls vigorously for supper, in tones that could be heard distinctly, above the hum of those who were now "hugging" the stove. The landlady's expostulations on the lateness of the hour were quickly smothered by the declaration that a man can't starve, which proposition judging from her future movements, she did not feel inclined to discuss. His wife next attracts his attention, why hadn't she ordered the supper. The poor thing seeing the eyes of the crowd directed towards her, endeavored to turn the drift of his remarks to some more congenial subject.

"John, a gentleman here knows Jones, the shoemaker that used to live near us on the sixth."

"The shoemaker! Jones, the shoemaker," (with emphasis). "He's not a shoemaker, he's a tailor."

"No, my dear; he's a shoemaker."

"I tell you he's a tailor, don't you suppose I know him?"

This settled the matter, and the wife closed with the assertion that "perhaps he is a tailor, John, when I come to think."

This was an opportunity not to be lost by the head of the family. With a look of disdain at those around the stove, who had found matter for merriment in the little controversy, and with an emphasis that vied with the noise of the storm outside, he exclaimed, "of course he's a tailor."

His satisfaction would have been intense only for the entrance of the gentleman who had been the cause of the conversation, who had the temerity to state "he was a shoemaker."

The stove became suddenly too hot for those, who would spare a laugh for the sake of the unfortunate female, thrown by cruel fate into such companionship.

Then there was, in full prominence, with his legs embracing the most coveted portion of the stove, that ever-present representative of the extensive and seemingly growing firm of Grumbler & Co.—this time in the person of an American.

Americans are not generally grumblers, but when a man is snow-bound, with but little expectation of immediate extrication from the mountains of snow, and the prospect of a growing board-bill at hand, it is difficult to "make the best of it." This was Jonathan's first visit to the country, and would be his last. We assured him that Canada was not "snowed up" all the year round, and referred him to a district of his own country which had lost more inhabitants during the storms of a week previous, than Canada had from the same cause in a decade.

Again Grumbler and Co. had a sterling representative in the person of what might be termed "Blawsted Country." Everybody has seen this despicable character. He is of the "Wish-he-hadn't-come-out style." Doing well in the old country you know, and possibly, in fact generally is a relation to a nobleman. This same individual you will meet year after year, grumbling about the country and still remaining in it as if his so doing were a compliment to the community at large. In fifty cases out of a hundred he is too lazy to work, and is not worth notice.

Then there was the repiner, an off-shoot of the Grumbler class, and the "Knowing One," and the Metaphysician. Our readers have often seen representatives of all these, but if not, and he desire to obtain a knowledge of these characters, let him travel, and if he can conveniently arrange it with the clerk of the weather, let him be snowed up in some country village.

UNJUST CONDEMNATION.

THERE is a class of individuals to be found, we suppose, in every community, who, in their own opinions, being a deal more farseeing than the most of mankind, take a particular delight in enquiring into the conduct of professedly Christian men to obtain, if possible, some flaw in their conduct, whereby they may condemn the religion or morality such men profess. To them the Credit Mobilier exposure, in which men of the moral and religious standing of vice-president Colfax, Senator Wilson, Daves, Pomeroy and others, who have ever been regarded as models of virtue and holiness, have been found as susceptible to the allurements and temptations of the world as those who make it a business to subsist by robbery, forgery and kindred means; to them this exposure will prove "joyful news." They have all along been picking and harping at Christianity, but downfalls such as have here taken place will be items of interest to be remembered by them, and employed as weapons against christianity for years to come.

That hypocrisy such as is here shown to exist, cannot be too severely condemned, we readily admit, but why Christianity itself should suffer because of the misdeeds of its professors is a problem we cannot comprehend. It may lead men to be sceptical of those who boast or make a pretense of their religion, but this is all it should do. Every truly conscientious man regrets that anyone will so far traduce himself, and heap contempt and reproach upon his Christian brethren as to bring their good name with his into question; but then, this is nothing whatever against the men themselves. Are those fighting in the interests of temperance to abandon their calling because a few are inconsistent to their obligation? This is an opinion no thorough temperance man would entertain for a moment. The society cannot be responsible for the conduct of its members in these particulars. The men who prove traitors to any cause cannot be too severely condemned; for hypocrisy is, in our eyes, one of the worst of sins. Condemn the men, we say, but do not condemn the cause, or hold the society the keeper of what it cannot control.

There is a very great deal of misconception, we think, on this point, and for the cause of Christianity it seems a pity it cannot be removed. This confounding individuals with the "cause," and throwing reproach upon the latter, when 'tis the former that merits it, is a custom which it surprises us intelligent men will countenance. So far as Christianity, or any other movement is concerned, where its advocates have proven recreant to its interests, it is just as the N. Y. "Tribune" expresses it in commenting on the conduct of the men referred to above, who were everywhere recognized as examples of Christian Statesmen:

"The Christian Church is not responsible for these men or their acts. Were they never so pure and upright, they could not add lustre to the name it takes from its divine founder; be they never so base, the baseness is only their own, and cannot attain the cause of truth or the Church of Christ. They stand or fall by themselves, and whoever supposes for a moment that their conduct brings the Church or Christianity into disrepute makes a very great mistake. Christianity does not depend upon the good conduct of its votaries, and the sensitive souls who shrink from censuring these men through fear of injuring the cause, take altogether too narrow a view of the subject."

In the future it will be well for us all, no doubt, to scan most closely the conduct of one another, and be watchful of those whose political positions may lead them to adopt religion as a cloak to hide their intrigues and dishonesty, and in this case no harm can arise. But do not let us, even though the whole world should prove traitors to their professions, relax our hold of what we are convinced and resolved is true. Firmness and steadfastness to personal convictions of right, are exemplary traits in any one's character.

HO! FOR MANITOBA!

APPEARANCES indicate that with the approaching spring, many from the Province of Ontario will shift their stakes to this new and fertile portion of our Dominion. The Dominion Government, with a view to facilitate this movement, have recently lowered the carrying fee from twenty-five to fifteen dollars, and

agree, moreover, to furnish provisions to the intending emigrant at cost price. To parties able and willing to labor, no county under the sun offers greater inducements than does Manitoba. Every adult can here obtain one hundred and sixty acres of free grant land by occupying it for the space of three years.

Considering the natural fertility of the soil, and the fact that the Government are pledged to build a road to the country in a short time, a comfortable home is thus opened to all for the very asking.

The mode of conveyance furnished by the Government is as follows:—

96 miles by railroad from Toronto to Collingwood.

532 miles by steamer from Collingwood to Fort William.

45 miles by wagon from Fort William to Shebandown Lake.

810 miles broken navigation in open boats from Shebandown Lake to the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods.

95 miles by cart or wagon from north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods to Fort Garry.

In this connection we might mention that there is being prepared for our columns, by F. B. Marshall, Esq., a series of articles concerning the nature of the country, the best manner of reaching it, and the outfit required. The information given will be extremely valuable to all intending to emigrate. We understand that Mr. Marshall is forming a party who will set out in the spring for this newly opened Province.

Temperance.

I. O. G. T.

COMMUNICATIONS for this department to be addressed: J. S. R., Box 308, Toronto, P. O.)

We would remind our readers of the Union Good Templar Soiree, which takes place next Tuesday evening, March 11th, in the Temperance Hall. The object of this entertainment is to bring together the members of our different temples, so that they may become better acquainted with each other, and be enabled to extend to one another the hand of brotherly fellowship. Tea will be served from 7 to 8 o'clock, after which, at intervals, the meeting will be enlivened with appropriate readings and songs. Let every Templar turn out, and make it a good augury of the Banquet that is to come.

We may say to the correspondent from Gormly, who wrote to us last week regarding the instituting of a new temple in his district, that the matter has been placed in the hands of Bro. Nasmith, G. W. T., who will give it his early attention. After the temple is opened, we should like to hear occasionally from the brother who has been pleased to write to us, so that we may know how the work progresses.

A new temple has been instituted in Stratford, Name, Golden Rule, No. 271, night of meeting Thursday.

The Rescue Temple of Meaford is still increasing.

The following item of interest which a correspondent has favoured us with, was omitted from last week's issue:

At the weekly meeting of the the Lisgar Temple, No. 98, held at their lodge-room, New Edinburgh, on the 3rd inst., the following officers were installed by Bro. Dr. W. R. Bell, P. D. G., W. C. T., and T. D. of the Temple. Sister Mrs. Bell, W. C. T.; Bro. D. Mathieson, W. V. T.; Bro. W. Mathieson, W. S.; Sister Mrs. Osgood, W. A. S.; Bro. A. Griesback, W. F. S.; Sister Mrs. Mathieson, W. T.; Bro. J. Grant, W. M.; Sister Miss Henderson, W. D. M.; Sister Miss J. Robinson, W. I. G.; Bro. J. McTaggart, W. O. G.; Bro. W. Lett, W. C.; Bro. John Robertson, W. R. H. S.; Bro. W. Surtees, W. L. H. S. Bro. W. R. Bell, P. W. C. T. and T. D.

The above Temple held the first of a fortnightly series of readings in their new hall, on the evening of the 5th inst. Hon. Malcolm Cameron in the chair. The readings were well selected combining both instructive and humorous pieces. The music and singing were deservedly

applauded. For the first attempt to combine the special object of the institution and intersperse temperance addresses, readings, music and songs, so as to form an attractive and pleasant night's entertainment for young and old seems to be a step in the right direction, and one that will become popular.

To make or sell ardent spirits for common use is as wicked as to make and sell poisons for the same purpose. The blood of murdered souls will be required at their hands.—Judge Dagget.

The time will come when reflecting men will no more think of making and vending ardent spirits, or of erecting and renting grogshops as a means of gain, than they would now think of poisoning a well from which a neighbor obtains water for his family, or of arming a maniac to destroy his own life.—Chancellor Walworth.

All who sell liquors in the common way, to any that will buy, are poisoners in general. They murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their groves—a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there! The foundation, the floors, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood.—John Wesley.

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

(Sons of Temperance and others desirous of Communicating with the Editor of this column, will please, in future, address their letters, G. M. R., drawer 923, P. O., Toronto, prepaid.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHRISTINA, Toronto.—We do think that, when a woman begins to say "what a dreadful set of creatures men are, and that she wouldn't be bothered with one for the world," this is a sign of maidenly celibacy.

ENQUIRER, Chatham.—You are right. The name of a brother or sister who has been initiated into the Order cannot be erased from the charter.

STRANGER, Toronto.—We have six subordinate Divisions in the city of Toronto. The "Ontario," the "Crystal Fountain," the "Mayflower," the "Cold Stream," the "Eureka," and the "Eastern Star."

A. B. C., Ottawa.—If possible we will reply to your question next week.

MOUNT FOREST Division, No. 297, Mount Forest P. O., Co. of Wellington, reports ten members admitted last quarter, the whole number being thirty-three, and four public meetings held. Bro. Dr. Yeomans is D. G. W. P.; Bro. John Rodgers, W. P.; Bro. R. J. Kennedy, R. S.

A VERY successful entertainment took place last Wednesday evening in the Masonic Hall, Shannonville, under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance. The programme consisted of readings, recitations, &c., interspersed with music, all of which were well rendered by the different performers, and from the attention and applause paid by the meeting, were also well received. These entertainments have been held at intervals of three or four weeks since the commencement of winter, and the interest taken in them is very great; indeed, the last meeting was the largest ever held, there being about 400 people present. Another of these readings will begin in three weeks.

TRUE LOVE Division, Purpleville, Co. of York, now numbers 52 members, and reports one public meeting held during the last quarter. Bro. H. Diceman is D. G. W. P. This Bro. is well known in the Order as an earnest and zealous advocate of our cause. His efforts in organizing divisions have proved successful, and shows that his work is not confined to the Division Room. As President of the South York Convention, his labors have been highly appreciated. Bro. Thomas Moore is W. P., and Bro. J. Jamieson, R. S. With a faithful band of co-workers, the division is doing a good work in our glorious cause.

As an indication of progress of the Sons of Temperance in Nova Scotia, at the present time, we give the number of members admitted by a few divisions during the past quarter, viz: Micmac, Halifax—24; Olive Branch, Bridgetown—22; Lake, Billtown—13; Albion Mines, Stellarton—16; Atheneum, Halifax—31; Rechab, South Rawdon—14; Ray of Hope, Port Medway—11; Pleasant Valley,

South Branch Stewiske-12; Springside, Eastville, Upper Stewiske-26; Crystal, Middle Stewiske-13; Cornwallis, Canard-14; Princess Louise, Loeway Mines-18; Lady of the Lake, Lochabar-40; Flower of the Glen, Antigonish County-41; St. Andrews, Antigonish-12; a total of 307 in fifteen divisions, which we consider very good. Other Divisions admitted new members varying from one to ten each. In addition the G. W. P. has re-organized two old Divisions; and one in Bermuda has resumed work. Three new Divisions have been instituted since the Annual Session—one in Antigonish, and two in Hants Counties.

HALDIMAND CENTRAL Division, No. 393 Centreton P. O., Co. of Northumberland, has a membership of 38. It admitted four new members last quarter, and held one public meeting. Bro. E. Massey is D. G. W. P. Bro. C. Jones, W. P., and Bro. J. McMahon, R. S.

FROM the Orillia *Expoter* of last week we learn that the first monthly open meeting of the Orillia Division of the Sons of Temperance held on Friday evening previous was a great success.

There were nearly two hundred people present. Mr. P. Murray, W. P., occupied the chair. After the opening ode, Rev. H. Parrish led in prayer. A song, "The Truth will Prevail," was well rendered by several members of the Order. Rev. John Gray gave a capital Temperance address, pointing out the evils of intemperance upon the individual, the community, and the nation, the danger of moderation, and urging that all, especially professing Christians, should become total abstinents, both for their own safety and for the good influence their example would have upon others. Next came a song and chorus, "The Little Brown Church," in which the solo was sung by Miss Sanderson. Rev. H. Parrish stated that he was not much acquainted with the Temperance movement in this country, but as the evil effects of the traffic are seen in Britain as well as here, he was not unacquainted with the merits of the question of drinking vs. total abstinence. He forcibly urged that we strike at the root of the evil by prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors. This he said would be a test question at the next Parliamentary election in England. Both he and the previous speaker advocated the education of the young in principles of total abstinence, because if the custom of moderate drinking could be stopped, the army of drunkards would soon become extinct, and Britons throughout the world a sober people. Rev. Mr. Parrish went further than many other teetotalers, including in his pledge intoxicating liquors, tobacco and snuff. Miss Newton sang "Ring, Ring the Bell," which was loudly applauded. Mr. McFedris gave a witty speech, replete with good sound argument. He announced that the Good Templars are about to follow their example, and will hold similar public meetings, which will make them fortnightly instead of monthly. The hour for closing being past, the Rev. J. Gray pronounced the benediction. The members of the Order remained, and nine new members were admitted, which, with eleven the previous week, and six prior to that, made an addition of 26 this quarter. About 25 members of the Rugby Division paid a fraternal visit to their co-workers in Orillia, and remained during the private meeting. Those who took part, and all concerned, have good reason to feel gratified with the success which has attended their effort to furnish innocent and profitable amusement.

FAKLAND Division, No. 228, Falkland P. O., Co. of Brant reports 34 members; 10 admitted the past quarter. The D. G. W. P., Bro. George T. Simpson, is W. P.; Bro. Wm. Lewis, R. S.

Correspondence,

[We have been recently favored with a communication, which we insert below, from a fair correspondent, who signs herself "Maud Merton." We expect further communications from her pen, and have pleasure in placing her on the list of our contributors.—ED.]

FOR PURE GOLD.

A FEW NOTES.

MR. EDITOR.—Have you "Mrs. Pipsey Pott's" address? If you have please convey to her my sincere thanks for her invaluable hints on household matters.

She may well pride herself on being sharp for she has an eye to business, that's evident. Only one thing I was unable to understand: how she could, after exhausting her energies by two extra journeys down cellar (so that she might have been cross all day, but was amiable instead) so far recover herself as to take down and carry out stoves. Now this puzzles me no: a little, and if she will be good enough to explain I will tell her how, by means of levers and fulcrums I can move stoves and other heavy articles, when I wish to remove or put down a carpet, without lifting a particle, for I'm a bit of a philosopher, you see.

I shall remember her hint with reference to the "potatoes," if I am not too tired next washing day. It would be very nice indeed to have potatoes enough washed for the whole week, but ours do take such a deal of seraping that I'm thinking it would require all the afternoon, and then I should get no time for my "washing day nap." I wonder if Mrs. Potts ever indulges in such a thing—probably not, unless after taking down stoves, in the deacon's absence.

Then as to the "chickens." I'm sure we'll all act upon her suggestion to "take them off the roast," instead of "running them down," but don't you think it looks a little cruel to break in upon their slumbers so unceremoniously? Perhaps chickens mind such things; however, I think I'll leave that job for the deacon.

By the way, we have never owned a live chicken yet, but I look forward to such possession with a good degree of assurance.

Last fall George set four stakes in the ground, and when I enquired the reason, he said that some time in the future this enclosure would be the scene of our first experiment in the poultry line. Afterwards he secured a quantity of feed, and still more recently engaged a few dozen eggs of some rare species, but whether he will add to his stock a hen, or resort to the Yankee method of hatching eggs, I have not yet been informed.

This reminds me of an adventure I had last fall. Although it did not occur to me at the time, that either the hen or I was deserving of newspaper notoriety. An old speckled shanghai, judging us to be more lenient than her owner, made frequent visits to our garden, and grew fat upon our peas and strawberries. Later in the season she did not scruple to ravage our tomatoes, appropriating our finest "English Trophies" to her own use. This at last gave rise to rather an unchristian feeling toward the intruder, and I resolved to give chase. This was my first and last attempt to run down a hen. She would neither go out through the hole by which she had entered, nor any other, despite my gentle hints conveyed to her by the soft part of the broom. Then I opened a large gate, through which a load of hay could pass, but she rushed frantically past, back to the tomatoes again, crouching down and hiding her head in the vines. I could have caught her, but knowing her propensities I dreaded the encounter. So I ran for a basket and carefully placed it over her, hoping thus to secure her, until some one came with sufficient courage to carry her home. Oh, such a scene as ensued! such fluttering of feathers, and something that wasn't feathers. With more alacrity than grace I fled the scene, vanquished by a hen.

Mrs. P. P. remarks that she "never knew a woman to handle warm bread just as her mother used to." Now, I will allow her to speak for the women on "her side the line," which she probably does from experience; but let me assure her that over here we know no, no other way. We don't put our bread on an 'old black table,' for the reason that we have no such articles in our kitchens, and we don't know anything about the liniment, turpentine taste that she speaks of. Hope she will soon give us the story "about the time when she worked out."

K. M. G. E., in PURE GOLD, of February 7th, writing on the subject of "why I don't marry," lectures us finely upon our weaknesses and follies. Now this is all very clever and nice, and I feel to congratulate him on his first literary venture, but when he next takes his pen in hand I would advise him to choose a subject not quite so stale. We all know we are weak: why, bless his innocent soul we were educated up to that point before we learned the multiplication table.

Once or twice in my time I have met with gentlemen, veritable lords of creation, whom I strongly suspected of having descended from some daughter of Eve: who gave unmistakable evidence of having been some time in the remote and forgotten past the pets of some weak woman, and thus they unfortunately inherited some of her propensities. I know this is a grave charge, but I speak advisedly.

Well, K. M. G. E. may be one of this class. He inadvertently, perhaps, gives us his weak point when he speaks of the "claret" he enjoyed so immensely, and under the influence of which he became so unphilosophic.

Now, I'm not very well posted in these matters, but I presume claret is not another name for coffee or soda water or any of those delicious fruit syrups with which temperance people are wont to treat themselves.

Allow me to add that I think it is such a pity that he can't make up his mind to marry somebody. Probably the interesting companion referred to might consent to forego her love of millinery and dry goods and take kindly to domestic life and calico, if he were to ask her, provided he never says again that "there are a dozen sweet girls with whom he could be perfectly happy."

MAUD MERTON.

PIANOS! PIANOS!! PIANOS!!!

THE MATHUSHEK

Is endorsed by the most noted artists of the day as the Best Piano made.

THE FISCHER

Is thoroughly made, and a most delightful Parlor Instrument.

THE BEAUTY

Seven octave, overstrung, rosewood all round corners, three mouldings, back finished like front, curved legs, at \$225. Endorsed by Jules Benedict, Pianist to the Queen, Thalberg, &c., and awarded gold medal at the Renseler Institute

PRINCE ORGANS

The best in the market. All instruments Wholesale and Retail are warranted five years. We are in a position to supply local dealers in every part of the Dominion at manufacturers lowest prices

NORRIS & SOPER,

Colborne Street, Toronto.

YOUNG MEN!

In view of the largely increasing and rapidly developing trade of the

DOMINION OF CANADA, the PUBLIC WORKS in course of construction and projection, the number of NEW BANKS

And other JOINT STOCK COMPANIES FINANCIAL MANUFACTURING, Etc.

Being constantly promoted and consolidated, there must necessarily be given a great impetus to Business in all its departments; and, consequently, a large demand for qualified young men to act as accountants, book-keepers, cashiers, correspondents, bank-clerks, and entry-clerks, must inevitably arise.

DAY'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE offers excellent facilities to young men and others, who desire to be properly prepared for business, as Mr. Day, the Principal, has been engaged in this department of teaching for a period of 10 years; and, further, possesses an extensive business experience acquired in several departments of trade previous to his engaging in the profession of a teacher of the Science of Accounts and Business Practice.

For further information, send, post-paid, for card and circular, to

JAMES E. DAY,

Accountant, Toronto.

College Room, 32 King Street, east, Fourth Building west of Church St.

H. J. MATTHEWS, & BRO.,

97 Yonge Street

GILDERS

AND

GILT MOULDING MANUFACTURERS.

The Trade supplied with Mouldings at the lowest wholesale prices. Sample and price lists on application.

A party is being formed under the direction and personal management of

Mr. F. BURTON MARSHALL,

Late Government Storekeeper at

FORT FRANCES,

TO FORM A SETTLEMENT

IN THE

PROVINCE OF MANITOBA,

IN THE

RED RIVER TERRITORY.

THE

RICHNESS OF THE SOIL,

THE

SALUBRITY OF THE CLIMATE

AND THE CERTAINTY OF

RAILWAY COMMUNICATION

Being extended to the locality, render this expedition likely to be one of the most successful of late years.

The means of access is at present easy, the cost of reaching the proposed districts being 25¢ per adult, with provisions at cost price.

TO THE IMMIGRANT

This expedition offers numerous

VALUABLE ADVANTAGES,

And to all meditating settlement is of the greatest consideration

The immense practical experience of the Managers, is in itself a sufficient guarantee of the comforts of the voyageurs, who will be under his immediate charge.

All detailed particulars can be acquired by addressing F. BURTON MARSHALL, Box 1472, Toronto.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

SPRING CIRCULAR.

GOLDEN GRIFFIN, 128, 130, & 132, King-st., E., Toronto, March, 1873.

We have much pleasure in announcing the arrival of the greatest part of our

SPRING IMPORTATIONS.

Our goods this season have been selected with the greatest care by our own buyer, whose long experience, together with the many advantages we have of buying in the best Foreign Markets, warrant us in saying that our stock will be found as

COMPLETE, VARIED, STYLISH

and of as good value as can be shown in Toronto. The Stock is replete with the greatest possible variety of

FIRST CLASS GOODS

Comprising the following departments:

Silks, Dress Goods, Cottons, Sheetings, Linens, Hosiery, Gloves, PARASOLS, LACES, DRESS TRIMMINGS, FANCY GOODS,

MILLINERY,

MANTLES, SHAWLS, &c.

The largest Stock of

CARPETS and HOUSE FURNISHINGS

in the city.

DRESSMAKING

done on the premises in the latest New York and London styles.

The Ladies will please remember that our SHOW ROOM is on the ground floor.

GENTLEMEN'S TAILORING DEPARTMENT

We have received Special Novelties in COATINGS, TROWSERINGS & VESTINGS from the best makers, that will be made to measure in Latest Styles.

Workmanship Warranted. Four first-class Cutters employed.

TWEEDS FOR BOYS WEAR.

We have a large quantity from 40 cents per yard and upwards.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

We have specially got up with a view to supply the want long felt in Toronto of keeping in stock goods as well cut and as well made as any custom made clothing at much less price. Our great aim has been to keep the best goods in all departments, employ the best cutters and workmen, and turn out every garment satisfactory, or no sale

The Managers beg to thank their friends and public for the patronage bestowed upon them during the past year, and they take this opportunity of stating that it was the most successful season the house had ever had, their returns being more than double that of 1871, and they are determined to still keep it advancing by giving the public the best value for their money, and keeping a good staff of obliging assistants in every branch that our customers may be waited on without delay.

Hoping we may have the pleasure of showing you through our establishments,

We are your obedient servants,

PETLEY & DINKEN.

ONTARIO TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITORY LEAGUE.

PUBLICATION OFFICE,

32 King St. East, Toronto, Supplies Original and Select Temperance Literature.

Having printed and imported from England, Scotland, the United States, and wherever obtainable the best of everything published on Temperance and Prohibition.

The present assortment includes over 180 var books, 500 different Tracts, Leaflets, Readings, &c. CALL AND PURCHASE. Friends at a distance, and Temperance Organizations may make a good investment by sending a dollar for sample packets of books, tracts, etc., by mail.

Orders to be addressed to JACOB SPENCE, Secretary O. T. & P. L. Specimen Tracts and Catalogues on application

PURE GOLD

PRINTING

OFFICE

Offers every facility for producing Printing of all descriptions.

Posters!

Bill Heads!

Time Sheets!

Books!

Pamphlets!

Blank Books

By Laws, &c.

Executed with neatness and despatch.

REMEMBER THE STAND,

40 CHURCH STREET,

S.W. Cor. of King-street,

TORONTO.

APOTHCARY'S HALL.

J. F. HOLDEN, PRACTICAL DRUGGIST & CHEMIST

Prescriptions carefully prepared. Oct. 7th, ALTON.

W. B. HARTILL,

211 Yonge-Street,

CABINET-MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER.

ALL KINDS OF BEDROOM SETS FOR \$1 DRAWING ROOM SETS IN EVERY STYLE

Bureaus, Sofas, Lounges, Mattresses, Fancy Tables, Extensions, etc.

Furniture repaired and varnished, Sofas re-stuffed, Mat-tresses re-made.

NEEDLE WORK MOUNTED FURNITURE MADE TO ORDER.

WM CRAIG,

GENERAL WOOD TURNER

Manufacturer of

Blind and Map Rollers, Scroll and Band Sawing.

Factory in the rear of Rilly and May's Billiard Factory, 75 Adelaide-st., West.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed, "Tender for New Custom House, Toronto," will be received at this office, until Wednesday, 26th day of March next, at noon, for the erection and completion of a New Custom House, at Toronto, P. O.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Office of R. C. Windeyer, Esq., Architect, Toronto, on and after Monday, the 10th March.

The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary

Department of Public Works, } Ottawa, 8th Feb., 1873. }

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

Canada, Province of Ontario,

County of York,

To Wit,

In the County Court of the County of York, in the matter of RICHARD LAWRENCE, an insolvent.

On Wednesday, the second day of April next, the undersigned will apply to the Judge of the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.

Toronto, 24th February, 1873.

RICHARD LAWRENCE

By Harrison, Osler & Moss,

His Attorneys ad litem.

CERTAIN REMEDY FOR BALDNESS

Professor H. Marston's celebrated recipe for the cure of

BALDNESS

will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 50 cts.

Address PROF. H. MARSTON,

Box 1484,

TORONTO.

RESCUE TEMPLE, No. 32, I. O. G. T.

meets every Thursday evening in the Lodge Room, above the Pekin Tea Company, corner of Yonge and Albert Streets.

W. H. HAMMOND, T. D.

J. YOUNG, (Late from G. Armstrong's Undertaking Establishment, Montreal), UNDERTAKER, & C.,

391, Yonge Street, Toronto.

Agent for Fish's Patent Metallic Burial Cases.

PURE GRAPE WINE, UNFERMENTED!

FOR SACRAMENTAL PURPOSES AND THE

Best Wine for Medicinal Purposes.

Manufactured by

H. SMITH & Co.,

Fairfield Plain, P. O., Brant Co.

Send for Price List and Testimonials.

GOOD BOARD.

GENTLEMEN requiring good board with the comforts of a home, can obtain by applying at 27 Wellington-street, West.

MISS MOORE

MATHUSEK PIANOS are the best, so W. Farini, H. Oldenhour, Chas. Fruden, J. Watson (Old Br) A. D. W. Bessemer, R. Mollenhour, Otto, Mull, and scores of other artists.

We are sole agents for the Dominion, also agents for the

"STECK," "ARION,"

LA BELLE, HARDMAN.

And American and English

COTTAGE PIANOS and PRINCE ORGANS

Cheapest Pianos in the City, all warranted five years. Call and see them. Catalogues sent to any address. Dealers supplied at manufacturers wholesale Prices.

Ware-rooms, Colborne-st., Toronto.

NORRIS AND SOPER,

WM. NORRIS, L. N. SOPER.

PURE GOLD:—FOR CANADIAN HOMES.

PETER WEST,
(Late West Brothers.)
GOLD AND SILVER PLATER.

Every description of worn-out
LECTRO-PLATE, STEEL KNIVES, &c,
Re-plated equal to new.
Engraving Irons Silver-Plated to Order.

POST OFFICE LANE, TORONTO STREET

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
GEORGE THOMAS, ISSUER.

OFFICE—40 CHURCH ST., West side,
doors South of King Street,
TORONTO.

W. BELL & CO.
GUELPH ONT.

PRIZE MEDAL
Cabinet Organs!
AND MELODEONS,

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of "THE ORGANETTE," certain Scribner's Patent Qualifying Tubes

Awarded the Only Medal
Ever given to makers of Reed Instruments at Provincial Exhibitions.

PROFICIENCY IN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
Besides Diplomas and First Prizes at other Exhibitions too numerous to specify.

Our Instruments are acknowledged by musicans and Judges to be the finest yet produced. Our latest and most valuable improvement—"Organette," containing Scribner's Patent Qualifying Tubes, the effect of which is to nearly double the power, at the same time rendering the tone smooth and pipe like. By this wonderful invention we can make an Instrument of nearly double the power of a pipe Organ at half the expense.

CAUTION.
As we have purchased the sole right of manufacturing Scribner's Patent Qualifying Tubes for the Dominion of Canada, we hereby caution a parties from purchasing them elsewhere, as they will be liable to prosecution. We have copyrighted the name of the

"ORGANETTE"
For our instruments containing this wonderful improvement. Any manufacturer infringing on this copyright will be prosecuted.

Illustrated Catalogues furnished by addressing
W. BELL & CO.,

FOUND AT LAST.

THE GREATEST
WORM MEDICINE
OF THE AGE.

Mrs. Winslow's Worm Syrup,
FOR
CHILDREN AND ADULTS.
A new and Effectual remedy for Worms.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
WM. A. BROWN,
MANUFACTURER OF
EARTHENWARE
COUNTRY ORDERS SOLICITED.

Manufacturer of Flower Pots.

HEARTH AND HOME

HEARTH AND HOME contains good live Edited: the Best Original Stories, of purest character and highest grade from the most eminent writers; a most valuable, useful House hold Department, very helpful to every Woman; a Children's, and Youth's Department, that for pleasing and instructive stories, pictures, etc., and for arousing a healthful emulation in children, has no equal. In short HEARTH AND HOME is a complete, choice Home and Literary Newspaper of the highest order, splendidly illustrated with over \$25,000 worth of Original, Beautiful Engravings. To every busy man or woman, and child, HEARTH AND HOME is an invaluable News Journal, giving the News of the Week and the Day, to the moment of going to press, making its readers intelligently acquainted with all important current events throughout the world, without wading through acres of printed matter. Every man, woman, child, should have HEARTH AND HOME. Valuable, beautiful, cheap.—Try it. Supplied everywhere by Newsmen at 8 cents a copy.

TERMS:—\$3.00 a year; Four copies for \$11; Ten or more copies, only \$2.50 each.
N. B.—Hearth and Home, with American Agriculturist, to one address, \$4 a year. The two papers are entirely different. Begin now with Vol. IV.

ORANGE, JUDD & CO
Editors and Publishers

Satisfaction Guaranteed Inspection Invited.

J. W. BRIDGMAN, Portrait Painter
Life-sized Portraits in Oil

Studio, 36 King-street, West, over Ewing & Co
N.B.—Copies made from Photographs, mbre types, etc.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

Canada, Province of Ontario,
County of York.
In the County Court of the County of York,
in the matter of **JAMES PARK,** an insolvent.

The undersigned has filed in the office of this Court a deed of Composition and Discharge, executed by his creditors, and on the Seventeenth day of February next he will apply to the Judge of the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.

Dated at Toronto this 10th day of January, A.D., 1873.
JAMES PARK.
By **Harrison, Osler & Moss,**
His Attorneys at Law.

81-5
DR. BRIDGMAN,
134 DUKE STREET,
Toronto.

SPECIALTY. Treatment of Diseases of the Throat and Lungs by inhalation.
Book sent free.

THE WEEK
A RESUME OF CURRENT OPINION.
HOME AND FOREIGN.

THE WEEK is made up weekly from the cream home and foreign journalism, and presents the very best current opinion on Politics, Society, Religion Literature, Art, Music the Drama, and all other topics usually discussed by the Press. Its selections are from the most influential journals, American and European and it commends itself to every intelligent observer of current events.

The first number of THE WEEK was published Saturday December 2nd, and was a decided and emphatic success from the start. No paper has ever received more cordial words from the press and the critic and it is the general testimony that THE WEEK has met an important and well-defined want in American journalism.

TERMS—\$3 a year. Single copies, 8 cents.
Address, "THE WEEK," P. O. Box 1383, New York. Office Fulton Street.

American News Company, Agents for the Trade

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE.

HOUSE OF COMMONS
THE CLERK'S OFFICE,
Ottawa, Jan. 30, 1873.
Pursuant to the 50th Rule of the House, notice is hereby given that the time for RECEIVING PETITIONS FOR PRIVATE BILLS will expire on Wednesday, the 26th day of March, next.

ALFRED PATRICK, Clerk of the House.

All newspapers will please insert above the meeting of Parliament.

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.
(Account Branch.), Toronto, Dec. 19th, 72.

NOTICE
Is hereby given that the

UNSOLD LANDS

In Blake Township, Thunder Bay, are open for sale at One Dollar per acre each, under and subject to the provisions of "the General Mining Act of 1869."
Applications to purchase to be made to the Commissioner of Crown Lands, Toronto.
(Signed) **R. W. SCOTT,**
Commissioner of Crown Lands,
Ottawa, Dec. 28th, 1872.

J. SEGSWORTH, Importer of
FINE GOLD & SILVER WATCHES.

Jewellery and Watches thoroughly repaired and guaranteed.

113 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

PURE GOLD SERIES OF TEMPERANCE TRACTS.

No. 1
TO THE TRADE.
By Jacob Spence.
No. 2
TRIAL OF JOHN BARLEYCORN,
By Jacob Spence.
No. 3
ANTI-DRUNKENNESS DUTY,
By Jacob Spence.
No. 4
THE OX ESSAY,
(ARRIDGED.)
By Jacob Spence.

These four page Tracts are got up in the best style and superior to anything previously issued in Canada, and the matter contained in them is just suited for the purpose for which tracts are intended. They are short, pointed, interesting and convincing.

To give a greater inducement to have them read we purpose the following scheme:—

We will place at the head of each tract the advertisement as follows:
"Published by Temple, or Division."
If they are sent by one person—Compliments of Mr. — or anything that may be inserted in two lines.

This will be done for the cost of change, viz. 25c., for any person ordering 1,000 pages. These tracts will done up in envelopes, and will be sold at the regular price of \$1.25 per 1,000 pages.

For further information, or copies, address,
PURE GOLD,
Publishing Company,
Toronto.

CONFEDERATION

LIFE ASSOCIATION
OF CANADA.

THE OFFICE, MA ONIC HALL, TORONTO.

CAPITAL \$500,000.

Stock and Mutual Plans Combined.
Deposited with Dominion Government for Security of POLICY-HOLDERS, \$50,000.

OFFICERS:
PRESIDENT—SIR FRANCIS HINCKES, K. C. M. C. J.
VICE-PRESIDENTS—HON. WM. P. HOWLAND, C. B., Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario
HON. WM. McMASTER, President Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Issued—Over 500 Policies first half year
This Association issues all the most approved forms of Policies—all non-forfeiting by charter its principle of non-forfeiture more favourable to assured than that of any other company.

A strong Company which combines strength of capital, character and local influence and provides life insurance at the lowest safe rates with out delusive promises of dividends, making a good dividend certain by decreasing the premium.

By its organization it enables its policy-holder to deal with his own neighbours, stockholders in the Company,—men whom he knows will do justice to his family after he is dead, and also provides that his funds will be invested to develop the resources of his own country and locality.

A company with Capital enough and breadth enough to be safe beyond question with national extent and prestige, and yet a home Company throughout the Dominion.

The fullest information will be cheerfully furnished on application to

WILLIAM McCABE,
Manager, Toronto

GREAT REDUCTION

IN THE PRICE OF
FINE TEAS

AT THE
Victoria Tea Warehouse

95 KING STREET,
(SIGN OF THE QUEEN)
And 255 Yonge Street, Corner of Trinity Square.

EDWARD LAWSON

Wishes to inform his numerous customers and the public that he has now got his TEA and COFFEE business in full operation, with a very heavy stock of the

Finest Teas and Coffees

Ever imported into this city, all free from duty and brought before the great advance in the Tea Market, which will be sold, Wholesale and Retail, at a very small advance on cost to cash buyers.
TEAS put up in 5, 10, 15, and 20lb. Tin Canisters at the following prices:

No.	GREEN TEAS.	per lb
1	Hyson Twankay	40c
2	Fine Moyune Young Hyson	50c
3	Superior do	60c
4	Extra Fine do	70c
5	Curious do	80c
6	Finest Java, best imported	80c
7	Fine Old Hyson	80c
8	Superior do	80c
9	Extra Fine do	80c
10	Finest do	80c
11	Superior Gunpowder	80c
12	Extra Fine do	80c
13	Extra Curious do	80c
14	Fine Imperial do	80c
15	Superior do	80c
16	Extra Moyune Imperial	80c
17	Very Superior op	80c
18	Natural Japan	80c
19	Fine Cultivated Japan	80c
20	Superior do	80c
21	Extra Fine do	80c
22	Finest Imported	80c
23	Finest scented capers, for flavouring	60c
24	Fine Orange Pekoe	60c
25	Finest do	70c

BLACK AND MIXED TEAS.

26	Fine Breakfast Congo	40c
27	Superior do	50c
28	Extra Kaisow do	60c
29	Extra Fine do	70c
30	Finest do do best imported—the Prince of teas	80c
31	Good Souhoug	80c
32	Fine do	80c
33	Superior do	80c
34	Extra do	80c
35	Extra Fine do	80c
36	Finest assam	80c
37	Fine Oolong	80c
38	Superior do	80c
39	Ex. Fine do	80c
40	Finest Imported	80c
41	Fine Mandarin Mixture	80c
42	Superior do	80c
43	Extra do	80c
44	Extra Fine do	80c
45	Finest Imported	80c
46	Fine Hoaguas Curious Mixture	80c
47	Superior do	80c
48	Extra do	80c
49	Choice do	80c
50	Choice upon Choice, which has no equal	80c

ALSO

E. Lawson's Finest Soluble
made in one minute without boiling, put up in 2, 5, 10, and 20 lb. cans, at 25 and 30 cents per lb.

All orders by mail and otherwise punctually attended to. 25 lbs of tea and upwards shipped to one address to any Railway Station in Ontario free charge.

EDWARD LAWSON.

at Toronto

DOMINION

CLOTHING

HOUSE.

G. BAWDEN & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,

HAVE ON HAND A LARGE AND

SELECT STOCK,

OF

BROAD CLOTHS,

CASIMERES,

DOESKINS,

OVERCOATINGS,

VENETIANS,

MELTONS,

CHEVIOT TWEEDS.

STRIPE TWEEDS

CHECK TWEEDS.

Also an Extensive Assortment of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

AND

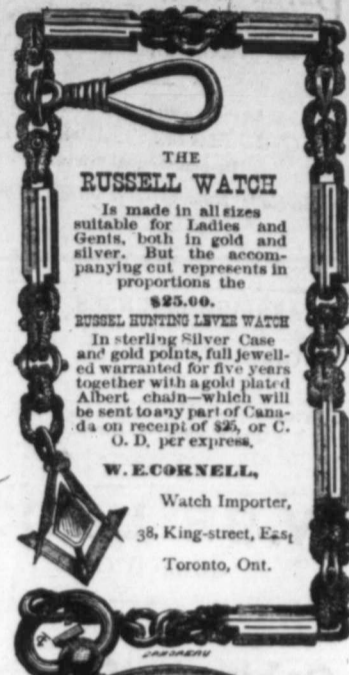
Gents' Furnishings.

CLOTHING made to Order on the shortest notice.

No. 95 Yonge St. Toronto.

N. B.—Mr. B. has for Eighteen Years, been connected with the Clothing Business in the city, and for the last Eleven ears with Mr. W. S. Finch.

HOW WHEN & WHERE TO ADVERTISE
SEE THE ADVERTISERS GAZETTE
BY MAIL 25 CENTS
GEO. ROWELL & CO.
NEW YORK



THE

RUSSELL WATCH

It is made in all sizes suitable for Ladies and Gents, both in gold and silver. But the accompanying cut represents in proportions the

\$25.00.
RUSSELL HUNTING LEVER WATCH
In sterling Silver Case and gold points, full jewelled warranted for five years together with a gold plated Albert chain—which will be sent to any part of Canada on receipt of \$25, or C. O. D. per express.

W. E. CORNELL,

Watch Importer,
38, King-street, East,
Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO MARKETS.

STREET PRICES.

WHEAT—Sourles and Delhi	\$1 25 to 1 30
Spring	1 30 to 1 35
Midge proof	0 00 to 0 00
Treadwell	1 25 to 1 34
Barley	0 65 to 0 0
Inferior	0 00 to 0 0
Oats	0 37 to 0 40
Penn	0 65 to 0 78
Rye	0 65 to 0 00
BUTTER—1 lb. rolls by the basket	0 22 to 0 28
4 lb. do.	0 00 to 0 00
Choice Dairy Tub	0 00 to 0 00
TALLOW—Rough	0 04 to 0 00
Rendered	0 07 to 0 00

WHOLESALE PRICES.

LOUR—Superfine	6 25 to 6 00
Spring wheat extra	6 25 to 6 75
Fancy	6 65 to 6 70
Ex tra	0 00 to 7 30
Superior extra	0 00 to 0 00
WHEAT—No. 1 fall	1 35 to 1 00
No. 2	1 35 to 1 37
No. 1 spring	1 35 to 1 37
No. 2	1 35 to 1 35
OATS	0 37 to 0 4
Oatmeal, our lots	4 50 to 4 50
small lots	5 00 to 5 00
Cormeal in small lots	3 15 to 3 15
Bran, in ton lots	14 00 to 15 00
PEAS	0 65 to 0 00
RYE	None
CORN	0 40 to 0 00
Loose, per ton	0 00 to 0 00
STRAW	14 00 to 15 00
Clover	0 00 to 0 00
HAY—Timothy dew	22 00 to 20 00
FRA STRAW, per ton	8 00 to 0 00
BEEF, per side	6 00 to 7 00
MUTTON, by the carcass	6 00 to 7 00
APPLES—Per bag	1 30 to 1 00
POULTRY—Geese	0 75 to 0 80
Turkeys	0 80 to 1 00
Chickens, per pair	0 40 to 0 50
Ducks, per couple	0 50 to 0 00
PORK—Mess	16 75 to 17 00
Extra prime	0 00 to 0 00
BACON—Cumberland cut	0 07 to 0 00
Smoked	0 08 to 0 00
Spiced Rolls	0 11 to 0 11
HAMS—Salted	0 11 to 0 00
Smoked	0 13 to 0 14
BEEF HAMS—Rough	0 00 to 0 12
LARD—in tins	0 11 to 0 00
In tins	0 14 to 0 15
BUTTER—Choice dairy tub	0 14 to 0 15
Storepacked	0 12 to 0 12
EGGS—Storepacked	0 14 to 0 15
CHEESE—in low	0 11 to 0 11
Reese's Sultan	0 15 to 0 17
Royal Arms	0 17 to 0 15
DRIE APPLES	0 10 to 0 00
HOPS—Superior	0 20 to 0 00
Ordinary	0 10 to 0 20
PETROLEUM—Refined per gal.	0 00 to 0 00
White, by car load	0 00 to 0 00
White, small lots	0 36 to 0 00
Straw, by car load	0 00 to 0 00
Straw, small lots	0 21 to 0 32
Amber	0 00 to 0 00
ALT—Liverpool coarse	1 10 to 1 30
Liverpool fine	0 00 to 0 00
Goderich per brl	1 30 to 1 5
by car lot	0 00 to 1 1
coarse	0 85 to 1 8
DRESSED HOGS	6 00 to 7 00
LIVE HOGS	0 00 to 0 00
CATTLE—Extra, live weight	5 00 to 6 00
1st class, do.	4 50 to 4 40
2nd do.	00 to 3 50
3rd do.	00 to 0 00
SHEEP—1st class	5 50 to 0 00
2nd do.	5 00 to 0 00
3rd do.	0 00 to 0 00
MBS, cash	2 50 to 3 00
CALVES	3 00 to 0 00

LEATHER.

Quotations for not less than 50 sides.	
Spanish Sole, No. 1, all weigh. ts.	0 25 to 0 25
" " No. 2	0 25
Slaughter Sole, heavy	0 24 to 0 24
" " light	0 24 to 0 24
Buffalo Sole	0 22 to 0 22
Harness leather	0 20 to 0 20
Upper heavy	0 27 to 0 27
" light	0 20 to 0 20
Kip Skins, Patna	0 0 to 0 0

PURE GOLD:—FOR CANADIAN HOMES.

PETER WEST, (Late West Brothers,) GOLD AND SILVER PLATER.

Every description of worn-out ELCTRO-PLATE, STEEL KNIVES, &c. Re-plated equal to new.

Carriage Irons Silver-Plated to Order.

POST OFFICE LANE, TORONTO STREET

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

GEORGE THOMAS, ISSUER.

OFFICE—40 CHURCH ST., West side, doors South of King Street, TORONTO.

W. BELL & CO. GUELPH ONT.

PRIZE MEDAL

Cabinet Organs! AND MELODEONS,

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of "THE ORGANETTE," exclusive Scribner's Patent Qualifying Tubes

Awarded the Only Medal

Ever given to makers of Reed Instruments at Provincial Exhibitions.

PROFICIENCY IN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, Besides Diplomas and First Prizes at other Exhibitions too numerous to specify.

Our Instruments are acknowledged by musicians and Judges to be the finest yet produced. Our latest and most valuable improvement.

"Organette," containing Scribner's Patent Qualifying Tubes, the effect of which are to nearly double the power, at the same time rendering the tone smooth and pipe-like. By this wonderful invention we can make an Instrument of nearly double the power of a pipe Organ at half the expense.

CAUTION.

As we have purchased the sole right of manufacture Scribner's Patent Qualifying Tubes for the Dominion of Canada, we hereby caution a parties from purchasing them elsewhere, as they will be liable to prosecution. We have copyrighted the name of the

"ORGANETTE"

For our instruments containing this wonderful improvement. Any manufacturer infringing on this copyright will be prosecuted.

Illustrated Catalogues furnished by addressing W. BELL & CO., FOUND AT LAST.

THE GREATEST

WORM MEDICINE

OF THE AGE.

Mrs. Winslow's Worm Syrup,

FOR

CHILDREN AND ADULTS. A new and Effectual remedy for Worms.

SOLE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WM. A. BROWN,

MANUFACTURER OF

EARTHENWARE

COUNTRY ORDERS SOLICITED.

Manufacturer of Flower Pots.

HEARTH AND HOME

HEARTH and HOME contains good live Editor as; the Best Original Stories, of purest character and highest grade from the most eminent writers; a most valuable, useful Household Department, very helpful to every Woman; a Children's and Youth's Department, that for pleasing and instructive stories, pictures, etc., and for arousing a healthful emulation in children, has no equal. In short HEARTH AND HOME is a complete, choice Home and Literary Newspaper of the highest order, splendidly illustrated with over \$25,000 worth of Original, Beautiful Engravings. To every busy man or woman, and child, HEARTH AND HOME is an invaluable News Journal, giving the News of the Week and the Day, to the moment of going to press, making its readers intelligently acquainted with all important current events throughout the world, without wading through acres of printed matter. Every man, woman, child, should have HEARTH AND HOME. Valuable, beautiful, cheap.—Try it. Supplied everywhere by Newsmen at 8 cents a copy.

TERMS:—\$3.00 a year; Four copies for \$11; Ten or more copies, only \$2.50 each. N. B.—Hearth and Home, with American Agriculturist, to one address, \$4 a year. The two papers are entirely different. Begin now with Vol. IV.

ORANGE, JUDD & CO. Editors and Publishers

Satisfaction Guaranteed Inspection Invited.

J. W. BRIDGMAN, Portrait Painter

Life-sized Portraits in Oil

Studio, 29 King-street, West, over Ewing & Co

N.B.—Copies made from Photographs Ambre types, etc.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869—

Canada, Province of Ontario, County of York.

In the County Court of the County of York, in the matter of JAMES PARK, an insolvent.

The undersigned has filed in the office of this Court a deed of Composition and Discharge, executed by his creditors, and on the Seventeenth day of February next he will apply to the Judge of the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.

Dated at Toronto this 10th day of January, A.D., 1873.

JAMES PARK, By Harrison, Oster & Moss, His Attorneys ad litem.

D. BRIDGMAN,

134 DUKE STREET, Toronto.

SPECIALTY. Treatment of Diseases of the Throat and Lungs by inhalation.

Book sent free.

THE WEEK A RESUME OF CURRENT OPINION. HOME AND FOREIGN.

THE WEEK is made up weekly from the cream home and foreign Journalism, and presents the very best current opinion on Politics, Society, Religion Literature, Art, Music, the Drama, and all other topics usually discussed by the Press. Its selections are from the most influential journals, American and European; and it commends itself to every intelligent observer of current events.

The first number of THE WEEK was published Saturday December 2nd, and was a decided and emphatic success from the start. No paper has ever received more cordial words from the press and the critic and it is the general testimony that THE WEEK has met an important and well-defined want in American Journalism.

TERMS—\$3 a year. Single copies, 8 cents. Address, "THE WEEK," P. O. Box 1383, New York. Office Fulton Street. American News Company, Agents for the Trade

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE.



HOUSE OF COMMONS THE CLERK'S OFFICE, Ottawa, Jan. 30, 1873.

Pursuant to the 30th Rule of the House, notice is hereby given that the time for RECEIVING PETITIONS FOR PRIVATE BILLS will expire on Wednesday, the 26th day of March, next.

ALFRED PATRICK, Clerk of the House.

All newspapers will please insert above the meeting of Parliament.



DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS. (Account Branch), Toronto, Dec. 19th, '72.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the

UNSOLD LANDS

In Blake Township, Thunder Bay, are open for sale at One Dollar per acre each, under and subject to the provisions of "the General Mining Act of 1869."

Applications to purchase to be made to the Commissioner of Crown Lands, Toronto. (Signed) R. W. SCOTT, Commissioner of Crown Lands

Ottawa, Dec. 28th, 1872

J. SEGSWORTH, Importer of

FINE GOLD & SILVER WATCHES.

Jewellery and Watches thoroughly repaired and guaranteed.

113 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

PURE GOLD SERIES OF TEMPERANCE TRACTS.

No. 3.

TO THE TRADE.

By Jacob Spence.

No. 4.

TRIAL OF JOHN BARLEYCORN,

By Jacob Spence.

No. 5.

ANTI-DRUNKENNESS DUTY,

By Jacob Spence.

No. 6.

THE OX ESSAY,

(ABRIDGED.)

By Jacob Spence.

These four page Tracts are got up in the best style and superior to anything previously issued in Canada, and the matter contained in them is just suited for the purpose for which tracts are intended. They are short, pointed, interesting and convincing.

To give a greater inducement to have them read we propose the following scheme:—

We will place at the head of each tract the advertisement as follows: "Published by Temple, or Division," if they are sent by one person—Compliments of Mr. — or anything that may be inserted in two lines.

This will be done for the cost of change, viz. 25c. for any person ordering 1,000 pages. These tracts will done up in envelopes, and will be sold at the regular price of \$1.25 per 1,000 pages.

For further information, or copies, address,

PURE GOLD, Publishing Company,

113 YONGE STREET, Toronto.

CONFEDERATION

LIFE ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.

THE OFFICE, MA ONIC HALL, TORONTO.

CAPITAL \$500,000.

Stock and Mutual Plans Combined. Deposited with Dominion Government for Security of POLICY-HOLDERS, \$50,000.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT—SIR FRANCIS HINCKES, K. C. M. C., na

VICE-PRESIDENTS—HON. WM. P. HOWLAND, C. R., Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario HON. WM. McMASTER, President Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Issued—Over 500 Policies first half year

This Association issues all the most approved forms of Policies—all non-forfeiting by charter Its principle of non-forfeiture more favourable assured than that of any other company.

A strong Company which combines strength of capital, character and local influence and provides life insurance at the lowest safe rates with out delusive promises of dividends, making a good dividend certain by decreasing the premium.

By its organization it enables its policy-holder to deal with his own neighbours, stockholders in the Company,—men whom he knows will do justice to his family after he is dead, and also provides that his funds will be invested to develop the resources of his own country and locality.

A Company with Capital enough and breadth enough to be safe beyond question with national extent and prestige, and yet a home Company throughout the Dominion.

The fullest information will be cheerfully furnished on application to

WILLIAM McCABE,

Manager, Toronto

GREAT REDUCTION

IN THE PRICE OF

FINE TEAS

AT THE

Victoria Tea Warehouse

93 KING STREET,

(SIGN OF THE QUEEN)

And 258 Yonge Street, Corner of Trinity Square.

EDWARD LAWSON

Begs to inform his numerous customers and the public that he has now got his TEA and COFFEE business in full operation, with a very heavy stock of the

Finest Teas and Coffees

Ever imported into this city, all free from duty and bought before the great advance in the Tea Market, which will be sold, Wholesale and Retail, at a very small advance on cost to cash buyers.

TEAS put up in 5, 10, 15, and 20 lb. Tin Canisters at the following prices:

Table with 2 columns: No. and TEEN TEAS. Lists various tea types and prices per lb.

BLACK AND MIXED TEAS.

Table with 2 columns: No. and TEAS. Lists various black and mixed tea types and prices.

ALSO

E. Lawson's Finest Soluble

made in one min without boiling, put up in 2, 5, 10, and 20 lb. cans, at 25 and 30 cents per lb.

All orders by mail and otherwise punctually attended to. 25 lbs of tea and upwards shipped to one address to any Railway Station in Ontario free charge,

EDWARD LAWSON.

Tea Merchant of Toronto

DOMINION

CLOTHING HOUSE.

G. BAWDEN & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,

HAVE ON HAND A LARGE AND

SELECT STOCK,

OF,

BROAD CLOTHS,

CASIMERES,

DOESKINS,

OVERCOATINGS,

VENETIANS,

MELTONS,

CHEVIOT TWEEDS,

STRIPE TWEEDS

CHECK TWEEDS.

Also an Extensive Assortment of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

AND

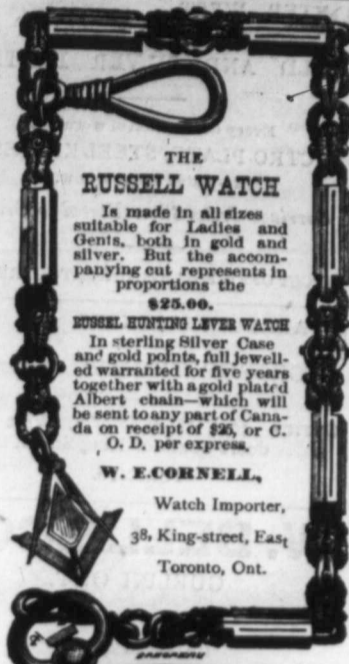
Gents' Furnishings.

CLOTHING made to Order on the shortest notice.

No. 95 Yonge St. Toronto.

N. B.—Mr. B. has for Eighteen Years, been connected with the Clothing Business in the city, and for the last Eleven years with Mr. W. S. Finch.

HOW WHEN & WHERE TO ADVERTISE SEE THE ADVERTISERS GAZETTE BY MAIL 25 CENTS GEO. PROWELL & CO. NEW YORK



THE RUSSELL WATCH

Is made in all sizes suitable for Ladies and Gents, both in gold and silver. But the accompanying cut represents in proportions the

\$25.00.

RUSSELL HUNTING LEVER WATCH In sterling Silver Case and gold points, full Jewelled warranted for five years together with a gold plated Albert chain—which will be sent to any part of Canada on receipt of \$25, or G. O. D. per express.

W. E. CORNELL,

Watch Importer,

35, King-street, East, Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO MARKETS.

STREET PRICES.

Table of street prices for various commodities like wheat, barley, oats, etc.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Table of wholesale prices for various commodities like flour, sugar, etc.

Table of prices for straw, hay, and other agricultural products.

Table of prices for various types of pork and beef.

Table of prices for butter, cheese, and other dairy products.

Table of prices for various types of oil and other commodities.

Table of prices for live hogs and other livestock.

Table of prices for various types of leather.

Table of prices for various types of wool and other commodities.