

WEEKLY

# Toronto Graphic



A HUMOROUS AND INSTRUCTIVE JOURNAL FOR HOME AND FIRESIDE.

VOL III.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1879.

WHOLE No. 119.

SINGLE COPIES—TWO CENTS.

OUR MOTTO IS, PROGRESSION.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM

**SLANDERED.**

BY H. PERRY SMITH.

God reared her sweet and fair and undefiled,  
As chiseled marble is!  
The angels even walked with her, beguiled  
By her rare loveliness.

A reckless gabbler found two willing ears,—  
She fell—a stricken bird,—  
Drowned in the hot lava of her tears,  
Slain by a cursed word.

## THE JEWELLED KEY;

—OF—

Right Restored to Might!

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG GARDENER.

Big loomed the setting sun through the chill, rose-coloured mist, one frosty afternoon in November, lighting up the many windows in the huge pile of buildings called The Priory, a fine old mansion belonging to Viscount Cleveland. The red, wintry mist was not the only bit of colour in the landscape, for along the unculating road, leading through the park to the stately dwelling, a stripling in a red coat rode slowly homewards after his day's hunting.

Every earthly possession seemed to have been showered on this young fellow of eighteen, the sole heir to this magnificent property, yet discontent and a sneer sat on his youthful face.

"Who's that rascal skulking near the woods at this time of day?" thought he, as a tall athletic young fellow, a couple of years or so his senior, emerged from a side path, and opened a gate to let the young heir, Leinster Cleveland, pass. "Oh, it's you, is it, Somerset? What are you doing here? Your place is in the gardens!" (This churlishly.)

"Mr. Granger sent me over to Ham-borough this afternoon about the camellias you ordered, sir, and—"

"There! I don't want to hear a long rigmorale story about nothing! The plants ought to have been sent or fetched yesterday! I don't know what Granger, or, for the matter of that, his lordship, sees in you to keep you hanging about at all seasons! There! no more words—that's enough!"

And on went the horseman, leaving the other young fellow he had addressed so

haughtily, flushed with rage and indignation.

The latter strode on hastily till he turned into a by path leading to a small cottage almost hidden among trees.

A light gleamed through the tiny window, and showed the figure of a tall and very comely woman, who was busy about some household duty. She looked up as he entered.

"Is that you, Somerset?" she asked. Then, noticing his disturbed look, "But what is the matter?"

"The matter! Oh, mother! why can't we go and work on some other estate? That lout of a boy, Leinster Cleveland, has been more insolent to me than ever! I remember what is due to him from his position; let him remember what is due to me, his servant!"

Very dark grew the woman's handsome face as she listened to these words. "Oh, that I may yet avenge this!" she muttered.

"I don't want, revenge, mother," said the young fellow. "I only want for you and me to go and find a home and a living far away from The Priory. I shall give that young scamp a horsewhipping soon if we stay, and get imprisoned for assault!"

"If you did, you would undo the work of years, Somerset!" We will go away some day—that is to say, you shall never take service under that boy. But it suits me to stay just now. Try, for your mother's sake to be patient!" And she rose and drew the curtain over their tiny window, stirred the fire into a blaze, drew a chair nearer the hearth, and then hastened to set a savoury dish on the table. "Forget Mr. Leinster Cleveland," she said, persuasively.

"He will not let me, mother," said Somerset, sitting down. "And, mother, you always pool-pool me when I ask you why we are so different in our ways to other people—I mean, to the cottagers around us? You do not speak like them, and your ways are not like theirs; our cottage is not like any other of the cottages, small as it is; and we have books, and can read them. Why, you yourself have taught me German and French, and brought me up more like a gentleman's son than a labourer! And you have a little money, mother, though only a little; and now that I am nineteen, it seems to me that I ought to be doing something better than the head gardener's work here for an under gardener's pay."

His mother's face had flushed painfully during this address, but she heard it to the

end without interruption. Somerset continued eagerly. "May I give Mr. Jones, the Viscount's man of business, notice about leaving our cottage, mother, next quarter? My place in the garden is soon thrown up."

"Give notice?" she cried. "Not for the world! Somerset, I am trying to save money on purpose that we may move—that we may go somewhere where you will like your work. Don't defeat all my plans! They so often want me to help nurse at The Priory, now that the old Viscount is ill, that I can soon save enough for what we want. For your mother's sake, then, be quiet a little longer!"

"But, mother, tell me, why we are so different to other people? Of course I would do anything you wished; but don't keep me in the dark if there is any mystery about us. I've tried to think it my fancy, but—"

"Somerset," interrupted his mother, "I will tell you to night what I never told you before. My father was a clergyman, a man who had received a university education, and who taught me himself with the most diligent care. That is one reason why we are so different in our ways from other cottagers. But he died when I was eighteen, and left me homeless; for he was poor as he was clever, and" (her face flushed so that she rose hastily to hide it from her son)—"and I married to escape poverty; but your father left me penniless, and I had to earn my own living and yours. But mind, say nothing of this to our neighbours; it would not be very pleasant to me to accept employment at The Priory if my story was known."

Somerset had kept his eyes fixed on his mother's handsome but careworn face as she spoke, and was about to make some eager rejoinder, when an impatient knock sounded at the door, the latch was lifted, and a young man, whose dress proclaimed him to be a footman, entered.

"Good evening, Mrs. East. Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, has sent to say she hopes you can come up to The Priory to night, for his lordship is ill again, and doesn't like to be left, and none o' the servants don't like sittin' up."

"I'll come!" said Somerset's mother, rising with alacrity. "Is his lordship confined to his bed?"

"Yes, but we don't think nothin' o' that, he's so fanciful! Lor! Mis. East, between ourselves, he's cracked. He's always havin' some new fancy. What d'ye think it is

now? Why, now, 'tis one partic'lar coat he won't never have brushed! He's safe enough to be minded in that, for none of us don't want to brush his old coat now that we've turned the pockets inside out, and found that there aint no bank notes inside. But I hope you can come up, Mrs. East."

"I'll be up by nine o'clock at latest," she replied, with a husky voice; and the foot-man, with a hasty "Good evening," went off.

Somerset was far from pleased to see his mother thus called away. He had hoped to have a long talk with her about her girlhood to hear many things she had hitherto been silent about, and could not understand her strange eagerness to go and nurse the eccentric old nobleman at The Priory.

"You will not earn so much by it, mother," said he. "Why should you go every time they send for you?"

"Don't talk just now, my dear boy; but bring me my carpet-bag, and I'll pack the few things I want."

With a face clouded with disappointment Somerset obeyed his mother, and scarcely was her son's back turned when she sank on a chair, and, covering her face, uttered a sort of groan.

"Oh!" she murmured; "what agonies to endure! But if even at the last, after so many years, I may be avenged, I will not complain. Oh, Somerset, it is for you, for you, that I do this—for you, who know nothing!"

"I shall see you to-morrow," said she, calmly, on Somerset's re-entrance. "You will be working in the gardens, and at least I can get a word with you at the dinner-hour."

"It will not be much comfort to me to see you in that manner, mother," said he, gloomily. "But let me help you now, and don't disquiet yourself about me, mother. I can do all that I want myself."

Half-an-hour after, Mrs. East walked up to The Priory, her son carrying her bag. She was ushered by Mrs. Jones into Viscount Cleveland's handsome bed-chamber. Mrs. East curtsied quietly as she entered, and glanced towards the bed on which the old nobleman lay. A moment or two later she found herself alone with her charge, having received all her instructions from Mrs. Jones before entering the apartment.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE VISCOUNT'S OLD COAT.

It was midnight. Great stillness reigned over the large and sleeping household at The Priory, but Mrs. East kept her watch most conscientiously in the invalid's room.

"Is he awake?" that is the question she asks herself as her restless eyes wander scrutinizingly around. "No!" she answers to herself, as the old lord's deep and regular breathing tell of his slumber. Her eyes glitter with excitement as she notes a dark coat hanging over a chair on the other side of the apartment. Mrs. East had said a word to the housekeeper about his lordship's increasing eccentricities as she came upstairs, and the coat had been mentioned.

"He keeps it near him, an old thing like that, and won't once have it brushed. That's

his last fancy," Mrs. Jones had said.

It was on this old garment that Somerset's mother fixed her eyes with absorbing interest.

"Is it there? Can it be there, after so many years of search—of agonizing search?" she thought.

Cold tremours thrilled this poor woman, whose life had been one long torture.

She rose without a sound, and very silently crossed the room. The old man's regular breathing was undisturbed, but his face was turned towards her, and she feared to draw the curtain lest any noise might startle the sleeper.

With deft fingers she felt all over the unused coat, which she heard was so treasured by Lord Cleveland. Suddenly, she caught her breath, her face flushed under the white linen cap she always wore; for, sewn into the coat, fastened between the seams, was something hard and small. Mrs. East was not long in cutting the threads which held it, and a tiny key fell into her lap.

Mastering her strong emotion she clutched it between her fingers.

"Oh it is worth more to me than silver or gold!" she cried to herself. "But the casket—where is the casket? Has Heaven sent me deliverance at last?"

A hoarse, gruff voice from the bed interrupted her meditations.

"Give me some tisane," said the old Viscount, crossly.

He had adopted French remedies as much as possible.

The nurse hastened to bring the drink.

"Oh, you're the woman from the cottage below the park gates? Well, you've some sense, that's one comfort! Keep up the fire and hold your tongue, and I shall go to sleep again."

A very slight noise at the door caused Mrs. East to look in that direction.

It opened noiselessly, and disclosed a lovely picture—the slight form and enchanting face of a young girl in the first bloom of youthful beauty.

She wore a pale blue dressing-gown, over which her abundant hair, waving in luxuriance, fell in most attractive fashion. These shining tresses were of a rich gold-brown, and would curl in spite of the vigorous brushing lately applied to them. The young girl's eyes were of the darkest shade of violet, full of questioning tenderness.

Without venturing to advance, she made a sign to Mrs. East, and the latter went on tiptoe to meet the young lady.

"Is my uncle more seriously ill than usual?" asked she, in lowest tones, outside the bedroom door.

"No, Miss Nadelka; on the contrary, his lordship is not so feeble as before, only he is fanciful."

"Ah, then I will not sit up to-night. I came to offer to stay with you."

"There is no need of it, thank you, miss," returned Mrs. East.

The young girl said a whispered "Good night!" and retired as gently as she had appeared, while the nurse went back to her exciting vigil.

She waited till all was profoundly still; then, by the light of the night-lamp, drew from her pocket a needle-case, and with

nervous fingers stitched into the coat a small piece of wood about the size of the key she had just possessed herself of—for there was both wood and coal to replenish the fire.

"He will never discover the change by mere feeling!" thought she, with throbbing pulses. "Now for the casket! Oh, where can he have secreted it? Too well I know the lock, could I but find it!"

Her first search was round the spacious sleeping apartment. Like a ghost she glided slowly from couch to cushioned chair, searched two book-shelves, and in every corner, but her anxious quest was not rewarded.

"I cannot do more to-night. It may be hidden about his bed—for if he will not let the key be absent from him, be sure the casket is very near!"

She fell exhausted into a chair as the gloomy, misty dawn came slowly up the sky.

But more dark than any outside gloom were the unhappy woman's reflections as she reclined in the chair into which she had sunk.

"Oh, my poor boy—my own dear, noble Somerset!—it is not enough to know that you are cruelly wronged, but now I can discern a new trouble! That lovely Nadelka, whose pets you fed for her whilst a mere boy, is dear to you now she is grown up and ready to enter that world which would scorn you—a labourer! How is it that you dare to love so high-born a maiden?—for you do worship her, I feel sure, my poor boy!"

Her reflections were sharply interrupted. "Here, East, I want you. Are you awake?"

"Yes, my lord," she answered, springing up.

"Give me my coat—the old one lying out there; and go and look out of the window, and tell me what sort of morning it is."

As she obeyed his directions, the old man eagerly felt in the accustomed place for the secreted key, and Mrs. East well understood that it was in order that she might not see him fumble at his queer hiding-place that she was told to look out and report on the weather.

"Yes, it's all safe! They'll never think of looking here! Trust me for sharpness!" chuckled the old man to himself. "Here!" he called aloud; "can't you see what sort of morning it is without so much looking? Come here! I've something to say to you!"

"Yes, my lord," said the nurse, submissively, approaching the bedside.

"You can sleep by daylight, can't you, as well as by night? Well, then, get some sleep here, for I shall want you to sit up with me perhaps for a week to come. You can do what most of the women here cannot do—keep quiet, and not bother me with medicine or cough mixtures every half-hour. So be here to-night in good time.

"I will not fail, my lord."

"Fail?" said she to herself, as she passed down-stairs. "No fear of that! For the opportunity of search I came here—for that I have lived my life near him all these weary years! I have the key—but where is the casket?"—*To be Continued.*

## OUR ART DEPARTMENT.

The Canadian Amateur.

MID-WINTER EVENINGS AT HOME.

*Continued from last week.*

If she carves deftly with her knife while she is still a young girl, and her muscles are yet soft and unsteady, she may count upon a certain means of livelihood when her hand secures the forces that belong to maturity, and her taste is cultured by observation and comparison. The boy may possess a latent and unsuspected talent for art and architecture, which if it exists will be sure to be found out and developed by these amusements.

Energies that are vaguely directed, or perhaps not directed at all, are likely to be neutralized if not destroyed by mischievous powers in the human mind. Something definite and pleasant to do in the Winter evenings most likely requires thought and weariness on the part of the mother, but its most difficult details are infinitely less exhaustive than to look upon a child's too early longing for excitements that can only be found outside of the household.

To see discontent and restlessness early filling the brains and hearts of immature people is the most dangerous symptom of future worthlessness, and all this a mother can cure if she will only substitute in time a pleasant preoccupation for the roaming and naturally unsatisfied and spreading thoughts of the small people.

Occupation, if competitive and aimed at superior results, is quite as delightful to a trained and intelligent child, as the pleasantest of useless amusement.

## FRET-WORK.

The fret or jig saw is no new invention; it is as well known as any cabinet-maker's tool. Formerly we only saw fret work on a music rest of a piano, and now and then on a screen; now, there is not a man or a boy, who, if he does not own a saw or knife, knows very well what it is and what it is for. The first thing of the kind introduced into Canada was the bow saw, of which a large quantity were sold. Then came the machine, and when the Fleetwood came into use every one thought it was perfection, but it has been improved upon and now it is hard to find a Fleetwood anywhere. There have been many cheap machines made by our American neighbors, but none of these last long because they are too cheap. The best machine in the long run is a good one. Nine times out of

ten where a man or boy gets a cheap machine and it will not work, it is thrown aside and fret sawing is said to be a fraud. Fret sawing is a fine art and ought to be encouraged; as it is, a great many have been astonished by what has been done with it, and it is not near perfection in this country yet. Sorrento, Italy, was the place where the work was first started, there the people have great taste for it and make a good living out of it. The designs they used were anything but good, too much work upon them for to look nice; but in this country we have some fine productions of artists for the work, any one who has seen the foreign designs will agree with this. The Americans claim that the finest machine was one of their inventions, but when they made this assertion the "Dirigo" was not in use, only by a Canadian who built one for himself 10 years ago. Now no other machine can be sold beside it; for a first-class machine it stands without a peer. From the one design or pattern made of the Dirigo there have been sold from Toronto nearly 1000 machines. The Industrial Exhibition gave it a big push, for nearly every person who visited the fair bought articles cut from these machines. When the business was first started in Toronto most people thought it would die out in a year or so, but it is a mistake, there being more demand for machines, wood, etc., than ever, and the day is not far distant when the Seroll Saw will be as necessary in every house as a Sewing Machine. To give an idea of the amount of work done in Ontario, last winter one firm in New York shipped to a Toronto House, 25,000 ft. of Holly, beside other fancy woods; of saw blades there must be sold together by dealers and hardware men upwards of 50,000 gross per month. From returns at the United States customs, there was over 500,000 blades passed the different ports each month. Of course the work has been very popular over there, but we are just as smart people as our cousins, and we ought to go in for the art as there is no telling what can be done in it. For instance all inlaid work that is used here comes from the States; now there is nothing difficult about inlaying; it has been explained very often in the *Amateur*. It can be made here by those having a taste for the finer work of the saw. As we have said before, the blades are all imported, being made by Swiss workmen; each tooth is filed out by hand, yet they are sold for 15c. per dozen, or \$1.25 per gross. We never recommend a cheap machine, a hand saw is better, but to work with it is slow and laborious, as compared to a foot power ma-

chine. Inlaying can not be done with the hand saw to any extent, as you require to keep the lines and sweeps very correct or it shows up bad when finished; in fret work it does not matter so much as the space is left open, but we would advise the hand saw in preference to the cheap machine. With a bow saw you can show more ability of what you can do, because it is then the workman rather than the tool. Hand saws cost about \$1 to \$1.25, with designs, blades, etc., all ready to start. Amateur work should be confined to wood of 1-16 to 3-8, beyond this thickness it is only fit for cabinet makers. Boys or beginners should start with a bracket of leaves or scrolls; always avoid straight lines to start with as they are more difficult. Among designs that can now be bought for scroll sawing and inlaying are boxes, screens, table-tops, book-racks, easels, wall-pockets, clocks, photo frames, pen racks, thermometer stands, vases, card receivers, watch rests, paper knives, match boxes, and in fact every thing one could think of. The saw can only cut a vertical line, and always through the wood, just as a sewing machine can only make one stitch and always through the cloth. This seems a very restricted capacity, but ingenuity soon discovered how to make it answer for all work, except button holes, and ingenuity will probably in like manner enlarge the application of the saw to purposes of ornament. This is, however, limited to cutting on the parallel sides with straight edges. The execution of fine work rests entirely with the operator. It is not a carving tool, it cannot paint pictures, but it can cut out a silhouette very natural. You could get a sketch of any person and if it is a good resemblance of them, when cut the representation is perfect—you can almost saw the expression. Another idea that the saw can be used for is that of over-laying. This simply consists of cutting out the design of Veneer or 1-16 stuff, glueing the figure to the thicker wood; the colors of course must contrast. Over-laying may be used for the ornamentation of panels, etc., but do not do this if the work is going before a critic, because an art critic hates anything that is not solid work. But when you can get in a shaving or rather see in a shaving all that you would have in the solid work, here is no fraud because you know it is veneer, and where is the necessity of solid wood when the veneer looks as well and it is just as strong when finished. It would be very well if we could have everything solid, but a great many things are just as well to be good on the top and backed up by something strong behind.

PARLOR READINGS.

(Under this heading we shall give each week some choice readings, original and selected, for literary societies and social circles.)

The Old Farm-Gate.

The old farm-gate hangs, sagging down,  
On rusty hinges, bent and brown;  
It's latch is gone, and here and there  
It shows rude traces of repair.

The old farm-gate has seen, each year,  
The blossoms bloom and disappear;  
The bright green leaves of spring unfold  
And turn to autumn's red and gold.

The children have upon it clung,  
And in and out with rapture swung,  
When their young hearts were good and pure—  
When hope was fair and faith was sure.

Beside that gate have lovers true  
Told the old story—always new;  
Have made their vows; have dreamed of bliss,  
And sealed each promise with a kiss.

The old farm-gate has opened wide  
To welcome home the now-made bride,  
When lilacs bloomed, and locusts fair  
With their sweet fragrance filled the air.

That gate, with rusty weight and chain,  
Has closed upon the solemn train  
That bore her lifeless form away,  
Upon the dreary autumn day.

The lichen grey and mosses green  
Upon its rotting posts are seen;  
Initials, carved with youthful skill  
Long years ago, are on it still.

Yet dear to me above all things,  
By reason of the thoughts it brings,  
Is that old gate, now sagging down,  
On rusty hinges, bent and brown.

—Selected.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

"Spirit photography" is explained by a Rochester photographer: "I take a piece of glass and on it paste the photographed heads of such 'spirits' as I wish to produce in hazy outlines about the head of the sitter—so. In the centre of the glass I put nothing, but arrange the 'spirits' in a semi-circle. Then from this prepared plate I take a negative, and afterwards a positive. When a sitter comes for photographs I take a negative just as would any one. When the printing is done I place the positive plate of the sitter under the positive plate of the 'spirits,' and allow the sun to print them both. The 'spirits' being in a semi-circle; the finished photograph appears as if the sitter were surrounded by heads in the air."

EXCHANGE JOKES.

Beware the bar-room's hasty crunch;  
Beware the dreadful "ave-a-lunch."  
—N. Y. Commercial.

If you would have a clear vision, never put your "rye" in your mouth.—N. Y. News.

When you rob Peter to pay Paul, remember what is Deuteronomy.—Cin. Sat. Night.

Democratic ticket, 1880—For President, Edward Hanlan. Republican ditto—For President, Charles E. Courtney. This will postpone the election indefinitely.—Buffalo Sunday Times.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A HUGE DETECTIVE.

Every now and then one reads a new story of the sagacity of elephants. At a celebrated circus recently performing at Perth, the attendant was started from sleep by the elephant's rising to their feet and trumpeting in a shrill tone, significant of great mental agitation. Looking about in the dark to see if some stray dog or cat had got admittance, he discovered a stranger with a dark lantern attempting to enter the property room adjoining. Without a moment's hesitation, he loosed the biggest of the three elephants, who marched solemnly out upon the would-be burglar, seized him by one arm with his potent trunk, and held him fast until the police, whom the attendant had promptly brought from a neighboring station came up and took the elephant's prisoner, who had in the mean time swooned with fright, into custody. Having consigned him to the authorities, "Kivaly," like a virtuous citizen, returned to sleep, conscious of having done his duty.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Serpents are said to obey the voice of their master. The trumpeter bird of America follows its owner like a spaniel, and the jacana acts as a guard to poultry, protecting them in the field all day from birds of prey and escorting them home at night. In the Shetland Isles there is a gull which defends the flock from eagles; it is therefore regarded as a privileged bird. The chamois, bounding over the mountain, are indebted for their safety in no small degree to a species of pheasants; the bird acts as the sentinel, for, as soon as it gets sight of a man, it whistles, upon hearing which the chamois, knowing the hunters to be near, sets off at full speed. The artifices which partridges and plovers employ to delude their enemies from the nest of their young may be referred to as a case in point, as well as the adroit contrivance of the kind for the preservation of her young, for when she hears the sound of dogs she puts herself in the way of the hunter, and starts in a direction to draw them away from her fawns. Instances of the effect upon animals are no less remarkable. A writer says: "I knew a dog that died of sorrow at the loss of his master, and a bullfinch that abstained from singing ten entire months on account of the absence of its mistress; on her return it immediately resumed its song." Lord Kaimes relates an instance of a canary, which, while singing to a mate, hatching her eggs in a cage, fell dead; the female left the nest, and finding him dead, rejected all food, and died by his side.—Liverpool Mail.



RYE BREAD,  
FAMILY BREAD,  
BROWN BREAD,  
SNOWFLAKE ROLLS.  
CRUMPTON'S BAKERY, 171 King Street East.  
7 DOORS EAST OF MARKET.

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6 Shirts for \$9.  
6 Shirts for \$7.50.  
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**LOCAL NOTICES.**

**WATSON'S RIDDLES FOR THE PEOPLE.**—See Watson's liberal prize offer in our advertising columns. The offer is a *bona fide* one, and open to all competitors. Exercise your wits and try for the prize—A Five Dollar Mantle. You may get it for nothing.

**CANADIAN MADE MACHINES.**—What to buy for the boys and girls for Xmas. A Dirigo Scroll Saw, \$17; a Demas Saw and lathe, with tools, \$9; a Holly Scroll Saw, \$8.50. With all my Saws I give a book of fifty designs. The work I have in the store was done on the machines, where they can be seen at all times working. Any information on amateur work given free. White Holly and Walnut for fret work. W. N. SEARS, 56 King Street West, Toronto. Fancy brackets for sale.

**A SOURCE OF PLEASURE.**—It must indeed be a source of pleasure to those who have traveled in those foreign lands, China and Japan, to go to J. H. Hubbard's finely furnished store, 22 Toronto Street, and see the many useful and ornamental gifts that he has imported to Canada for the Holidays. We are glad to know that a fellow citizen should have the pluck and courage to lay out so much money where every one can feast their eyes at his expense. On a re-

cent visit to his establishment, we found it crowded to the doors by many of our best citizens, admiring and purchasing from his fine collection of useful, ornamental and curious goods. All know full well the value of his wares. Hubbard's enterprise, his courteous manner and excellent business qualifications will reap for him a rich pecuniary reward.

**OUR SUCCESS.**

So well do our advertising patrons appreciate our new enterprise that, as our readers will readily observe, the capacity of the GRAPHIC is crowded to its utmost extent—not a dead line being in the paper, and still we have scarcely room for the good things in store. We print this week over TWO THOUSAND EXTRA copies in addition to our regular edition, a sample copy being put in every box in the city post office as well as in that of Yorkville. We intend to pursue this course with Hamilton and many other large towns, to enable those who have never subscribed to see what we have to offer them in the shape of a Model Home Journal. Advertising, wide awake business men, NOW IS YOUR CHANCE.

The poorer the tea, the better the chromo.—Puck.

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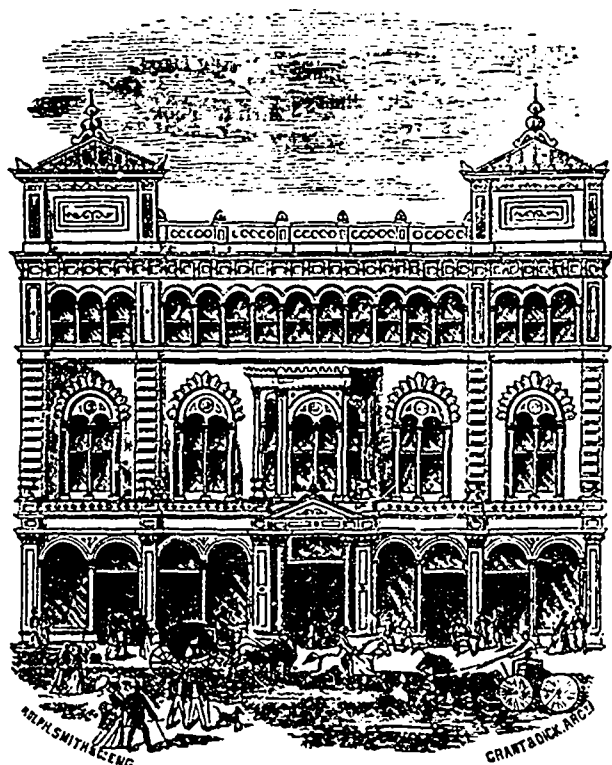
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TORONTO.

## ALL ABOUT IT.

Thousands of our readers, unmarried ones we mean, will be glad to know all there is to know about Courtship, Marriage and Divorce. Here it is:

Two or three laughs when a lover is near,  
Two or three winks with a kind of a leer;  
Two or three frowns if he tries to caress,  
Two or three "Now don't you rumple my dress!"  
Two or three "Ah! wicked man, go away!"  
Two or three times if you want him to stay;  
Two or three smiles to wheedle him on,  
Two or three times in an ice-cream saloon;  
Two or three "Noes" if invited—and then  
Two or three hints, meaning "Ask me again."  
Two or three sighs and a little heigh-ho!  
Two or three pats when consenting to go;  
Two or three whispers fond love to press,  
Two or three "Noes" all intended for "Yes!"  
Two or three carriage rides, just for the treat,  
Two or three hugs in a lonely retreat,  
Two or three scoldings, and when that is done  
Two or three kisses, though he asked but for one;  
Two or three billet-doux, "Pearl," and then  
Two or three quarrels, and make up again;  
Two or three times to church or a ball,  
Two or three "Feel rather timid, that's all!"  
Two or three blushes, and hang down the head  
Two or three times when requested to wed;  
Two or three "Noes!" and then "Yes, dearest love!"  
Two or three days be as fond as a dove;  
Two or three times, when refuse to obey,  
Two or three weeks after you have your own way;  
Two or three months if you follow this course;  
Two or three times you may wed and divorce.

## WHAT WE LIVE FOR.

"What is life?" some one asked Montford. His answer is one of the most charming things ever written: "The present life is sleeping and waking; it is 'good-night' on going to bed, and 'good-morning' on getting up; it is to wonder what the day will bring forth; it is rain on the window as one sits by the fire; it is to walk in the garden and see the flowers and hear the birds sing; it is to have news from east, west, north and south; it is to read old books and new books; it is to see pictures and hear music; it is to have Sundays; it is to pray with a family morning and evening; it is to sit in the twilight and meditate; it is to have breakfast and dinner and tea; it is to belong to a town and have neighbors; and to become one in a circle of acquaintances; it is to have friends and love, it is to have sight of dear old faces; and with some men it is to be kissed by the same loving lips for fifty years, and it is to know themselves thought of many times a day, in many places by children and grandchildren and many friends."

## A FEW WORDS ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

Give your daughters a thorough education. Teach them to prepare a nourishing diet. Teach them to wash, to iron, to darn stockings, to sew on buttons, to make their own dresses. Teach them to bake bread, and that a good kitchen lessons the apothecary's account. Teach them that a dollar is one hundred cents, that one only lays up money whose expenses are less than his income, and that all grow poor who have to spend more than they receive. Teach them that a calico dress paid for fits better than a silken one unpaid for. Teach them that a full healthy face displays a greater lustre than fifty consumptive beau-

ties. Teach them to purchase, and to see that the account corresponds with the purchase. Teach them that they ruin God's images by wearing strong bodices. Teach them good common sense, self-trust, self-help, and industry. Teach them that an honest mechanic in his work dress is a better object of our esteem than a dozen haughty, finely dressed idlers. Teach them, if you can afford it, music, painting, and all other arts, but consider those as secondary objects only. Teach them a walk is more salutary than to ride in a carriage; and that wild flowers are worthy of admiration. Teach them to reject with disdain all appearances, and to use only yes or no in good earnest. Teach them that the happiness of matrimony depends neither on external appearances nor on wealth, but on the character. Have you instructed all your daughters in these principles? Fearlessly allow them to marry; they will make their way through the world.

## EAT ONIONS.

Few people dream of the many virtues of onions, and those few are enthusiastic for the beneficent bulb, and believe it a panacea for every ill. Lung and liver complaints are certainly benefited often cured by a free consumption of onions, either cooked or raw. Colds yield to them like magic. Don't be afraid of them—especially if you are married.—Taken at night all offense will be wanting by morning, and the good effects will amply compensate for the trifling annoyance. Taken regularly they greatly promote the health of the lungs and the digestive organs. An extract made by boiling down the juice of onions to a syrup, and taken as a medicine, answers the purpose very well, but fried, roasted, or boiled onions are better. Onions are very cheap medicine, within everybody's reach, and they are not by any means as "bad to take" as the costly nostrums a neglect of their use will necessitate.—*Binghampton Democrat.*

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To take ink out of linen, dip the ink spot in pure melted tallow, then wash out the tallow and ink will come out with it. This is said to be unfailing.

Britannia ware should be first rubbed gently with a woollen cloth and sweet oil; then washed in warm water suds and rubbed with soft leather and whiting. Thus treated it will retain its beauty to the last.

When mattresses get hard and bunched, rip them, take the hair out, pull it thoroughly by hand, let it lie a day or two to air, wash the tick, lay it in as lightly and evenly as possible and catch it down as before. Thus prepared they will be good as new.

The following is recommended to whiten porcelain sauce pans: Have the pans half filled with hot water; throw in a tablespoonful of pulverized borax, and let it boil. If this does not remove all the stains, soap a cloth and sprinkle on plenty of pulverized borax. Scour them well.

## SCHNEIDER'S TOMATOES.

Vell, I walks shust a little vile roundt, ven I sees some of dose dermarters, vot vas so red und nice as I nefer dit see any more. und I dinks I will eat about a gouple of tozen shust to geef me a liddle abberdite vor dinner. So I bull off von of the reddest und pest-looking of dose dermarters und dakes a poorty good pite out of dot, und was chewing up pretty quick, when, as drue as mine life, I dort I hat a piece of hot goals in mine mout, or vas cheying oup dwo or dree bapers of needles! und I felt so pad already dot mine eyes vas vool of tears; und I mate vor an "ale oaken bucket" vot I see hang ing in der well as I vas comin' along.

Shust den mine friend Pfeiffer game oup, und ask me vot made me veel so pad, und if any of mine family vas dead, I dold him dot I vos der only von of der vamily dot vas pooty sick; und den I ask him vot kind of dermarters dose vas vat I hat shust been bickig; und, mine cracious! how d it laudsman laughed, and said dot dose vas red boppers, dot he vas raising forbepper sauce. You may believe I vas mat. I radder you geef me feefy tollars as to eat some more of dose bepper-sauce dermarters.

## A REGULAR HANLAN STROKE.

"Bill! Bill! come here quick and see Teddy's dad coachin' him," said one Keokuk boy to another, in a suppressed tone of ecstasy, as he peeped through the crack in the woodshed and saw Teddy's father dressing him down with a strip of weather boarding.

"Gehullikins! see him swing that paddle, though," put in Bill, as he took a look, and then danced round with delight.

"Reg'lar old Hanlan stroke, ain't it?" added Cully, as he pushed Bill away for his turn to peek.

"Gosh!" remarked Bill, when it came to his turn to make observations, "gettin' in 'bout forty to ther munit, hain't 'e?"

"Lemme see," demanded Cully, crowding Bill out again. "Oh-cracky! that's so, an' Ted ain't got no slidin' seat, either."

"Aw thunder!" said Bill, in disgust, as he peeped in and saw Teddy dodge and the father made a false stroke, give the knuckles of his other hand an awful whack, then drop the paddle and go dancing into the house, "the ole Gov's caught a crab au' quit on their home-stretch—fun's over."

And they went off to build a bonfire in the hay mow, and throw stones at an invalid cat.—*Keokuk Garden City.*

Small wooden panels covered with bronzed leather ready for painting on in oils are a novelty lately introduced by Yandell, the upholsterer in 18th street, New York, and very admirably adapted they are to the purpose. The bronzes vary in color, there being green, brown and red. Their effect as a background is highly decorative. Mr. Yandell has inserted some small panels in an ebony table, and the effect is very rich and beautiful. As the price asked for them is moderate, we shall not be surprised if they become quite popular with amateurs.

RANDOM REMARKS.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"What to me are gates of pearl,  
If they parted thee and me?  
What to me are streets of gold,  
If I wander seeking thee?"

That which we call life is a journey to death; and that which we call death is a passport to life.

The man who swore off is beginning to observe with great feeling, "We've got but one life anyway."

Quaint old Fuller says: "Some blacks are the image of God in ebony; while some white people are the image of the Devil in ivory."

The water that flows from a spring does not freeze in the coldest winter. And those sentiments of true friendship which flow from the heart, cannot be frozen by adversity.

The author of the lines—

"As the moon rose from mountain brown,  
And shed its light afar,  
Night let her sable curtain down  
And pinned it with a star"—

was Macdonald Clarke, familiarly known in New York as the mad poet: yet his oddities were all amiable. His poems were of various characters—humorous, sentimental, and indignant.

There are some men who are so given to affecting the closest intimacy with great men they dare not speak to, that they would speak of Jim and Jack, the sons of Zeb, and talk easily about Jack the Baptist, and Mat. the publican.—*Burdette.*

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of the covering.

The *National Baptist* says that "in almost every large city more money is spent for beer than bread!" and adds, "we have but to look through the bung-hole to see the cause of our hard times."

There are many Christians who say they believe in Jesus Christ, but we do not believe that Jesus Christ believes in them.

Don't swear, young man. It is of no benefit. Does it make you rich, or wise, not pay your debts, or command respect from friends, or conquer enemies, or repair misfortune? No, sir. It disgusts the refined, and offends the good. Quit it—swear off.

The average boy is not afraid of work. He will labor hard six hours to make a peach stone ring, the value of which is not over ten cents a bushel, and will carry trunks ten hours a day for a minstrel troupe, for an admission ticket worth twenty-five cents. If the same boy's mother asks him to perform an errand occupying fifteen minutes' time, he grows and grows, and threatens to run away from home and become a pirate.—*Norristown Herald.*

TRAVEL, ADVENTURE AND NATURAL CUSTOMS.

BEAUTY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The English call Satan black; the Hottentots call him white; the Cape colonists when Lord Grey was colonial secretary, proposed "to split the difference and call him grey." The Kaffirs themselves, though not generally black, admire that complexion; there has been a man among them so fair that no girl would marry him. One of the titles of the Zulu king is, "You that are black." To be black, then, is to possess a physical virtue. Still more important is it to be corpulent. Fatness is a sign of good feeding and good breeding, and, therefore, of high social position; besides, as a Kaffir said to Mr. Shooter, in the event of a famine, a fat person might survive till the next season, while a lean one would surely die. A very obese noble was once condemned, in Zulu, to be hurled from a precipice; being padded by nature, he broke no bones—whereas, had he been slim, his whole anatomy must have been dislocated.

COURTING IN THE AZORES.

Passing a house in the suburbs of Ponta Delgada, one day, I saw a young man standing in the middle of the road talking to a young lady who was leaning over the railing of the balcony. When he saw us he walked away. Looking back I saw that he had turned and was again chatting with the lady. In answer to my inquiring look, an English lady of the party said: "Oh! that is an Azorean courtship; they always begin in that way. Indeed, they continue in the same way for a long while. The young gentleman is not admitted to the house until about to be engaged to the young lady, and then he sees her only in the presence of the other members of the family."

THE IMMENSITY OF LONDON.

Of all the great cities, London, on the whole, contains the most interest and instruct Americans. It has doubled in population in the memory of men still young. Most readers remember when Macaulay's history appeared. In his first volume the author contrasted the grandeur of the modern city with the London of Charles II. and boasted that the number of inhabitants had increased from little more than five thousand to at least one million nine hundred thousand. In the brief time that has passed since Macaulay wrote, the one million nine hundred thousand has become four millions. A few contrasts taken from the best estimates will give some suggestions of the immense magnitude of the city. It is aptly described as a province covered with houses. New York is equal in population to the aggregate of Maine and New Hampshire. London equals Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts and California together. To equal the city of London here, we should have to bring together the people of the following cities: New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Chicago, Boston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Buffalo, San Francisco, Washington and Louisville. The

transient people in New York are about thirty thousand; in London, one hundred and sixty thousand. In New York a baby is born every fifteen minutes, and a death occurs every seventeen minutes. In London a birth occurs every six minutes and a death every eight. The drinking places in New York set in one street would extend seventeen miles, those in London seventy-three miles.

TEMPERANCE AND INTEMPERANCE.

The English Primitive Methodist, through John Bright, have presented to Parliament a petition three-fourths of a mile long, and signed by 190,000 persons, asking the Sunday closing of the liquor shops.

The Young Ladies' Temperance League of Cleveland, Ohio, numbering several hundred of those in the best social position, has a "Home" where over 1,800 meals have been given to poor girls the past year, and 174 situations been found for them. This league takes charge of children's temperance meetings held at the five Friendly Inns (places where Gospel temperance meetings are held,) has sewing schools, and in all ways lends its influence for total abstinence. And it is telling largely on the habits of the young men of the city.

What I rob a poor man of his beer,  
And give him good victuals instead?—  
Your heart's very hard, sir, I fear,  
Or else you are soft in the head.

What I rob a poor man of his mug,  
And give him a house of his own,  
With kitchen and parlor so snug?—  
'Tis enough to draw tears from a stone.

What I rob a poor man of his glass,  
And teach him to read and to write?  
What I save him from being an ass?  
'Tis not' t'g but malice and spite.

What I rob a poor man of his ale,  
And prevent him from beating his wife,  
From being locked up in a jail,  
With penal enjoyment for life?

What I rob a poor man of his beer?  
And keep him from starting his child?  
It makes one feel awfully queer,  
And I'll thank you to draw it more mild.

THE BEST YET.

There was an interesting event in the family of Jones a month ago at Oil City, and one day last week Jones told the furniture man to take a cradle to his house. On the same day this order was given, a wedding took place in the house adjoining Jones' residence, and it was just as the assembled friends were congratulating the happy couple that the furniture man, who had mistaken the number, deposited the cradle in the middle of the room, and said, "Jones sent this up, and he told me to hurry, for he thought you'd be needing it." Since that eventful day Mr. Jones has been obliged to enter his house by the back alley to escape a wrathful youth next door, who is watching for him with a loaded shot gun.—*Utica Observer.*

How is it that a man out of work and out of money continues to "drink to excess" for weeks at a time?



## GRAPHIC PARAGRAPHS.

BY O. P. DILDGCK.

We depict with GRAPHIC pen,  
The follies and the freaks of men.

"Miss Dod's Cooking School in Shaftsbury Hall." We are glad of it, for most women folks complain that cooking's hot!

This is the time of church fairs, when  
The lamps shine o'er fair women and brave men,  
When oyster soup with its golluptious smell,  
For forty cents a dish is made to sell.

COURTNEY had better purchase one of  
W. N. Sears' Dirigo Scroll Saws and turn  
his attention hereafter exclusively to Fret  
Work.

"Cuss-them House Brokers" is the way  
some of our merchants wickedly express  
themselves regarding the manner in which  
those officials do their duties.

The new beginner on his skates,  
Now starts off meek and humble;  
As he bolder grows he spreads his toes,  
And then he takes a tumble.

An exasperated mother's excuse for us-  
ing her slipper on her naughty boy, was  
that the wicked's taned on slippery places.  
"I rise for an a-mend-ment," observed the  
youngster.

WE didn't go to hear Bandmann, the  
tragedian, and therefore shall not attempt  
to pick him to pieces and put him together  
again, after the fashion of our contempora-  
ries. We take it for granted that, as Abra-  
ham Lincoln once remarked—"For those  
who like that sort of thing, it was just the  
sort of thing they liked."

## THE TWO OR FANS.

SEE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Out in the cold world, out in the street,  
Gnawing a bone that is striped of its meat;  
Homeless and kennelless, no warm hear.ystone  
Where on to scratch fleas, or to cronoh at a bone.  
Friendless they wander, by day and by night,  
Other curs oft inveigle them into a fight.  
Their ears get chawed off, their tail's but a span,  
Adorned by bad boys with an old oyster can.  
In summer they sneak down the alleys and lanes;  
For the dog-catcher man increases his gains  
By scooping them safely into the pound,  
Whence into Bolognas they shortly are ground.  
For these poor purps, whose front name is Fan,  
We beg Mr. Bergh, and each kind hearted man,  
O'er their sad lot to join us in a wail!  
And now this poor doggerel we must cur-tail.

The Toronto Corset Makers are on a  
strike; their employers have pulled the  
strings too tight for them and the girls  
won't be solaced, but have instituted a  
stay of proceedings, declaring they won't  
waist their time; and of corsets too much  
to expect that they will bone down to  
work without proper pay. Hip! hip!  
hurrah! for the girls.

For want of information, and just for merriment  
We give this little item, no report of which was sent.  
The colored gentry had a ball, in Hamilton, last  
week;  
They hoed the double-shuffle as the violins did  
squeak,  
The fair sex, they turned out in rank and color  
strong;  
And many a belle as Isabel outshone Miss Lucy  
Long.  
There was the Jacksons and the Johnsons,  
And a gem'man they called "Doc,"  
Danced the socks clean off from all others on the  
block,

and Toronto was duly represented and  
ranked high in the proceedings we under-  
stand.

There is a woman of our acquaintance  
so awful cranky that she winds her old  
man up every time he attempts to talk  
with her.

There was an old maid in Toronto,  
Who long to get married did want to,  
Now that leap year will shortly be here,  
She has full privilege the fellows to run to.

Custom House officials seem bound to  
Maackay while the sun shines; they have a  
silver Smith also engaged in the harvest, if  
the evening Tell a cram can be re-ried on.

An exchange heads a story thus: "A  
Cow whips an Alligator." We didn't read  
about the cowardly attack, for we believe it  
a false allegation and the alligator knows it.

The Paris Star tells a story of a runaway  
horse belonging to the mail driver who runs  
between Glenmorris and Ayr. That paper  
concludes the narrative by remarking, "The  
horse, we believe, returned to Ayr during  
the night." Now we've read of Tam O'  
Shanter's mare, but this seems too thin. If  
the horse did return to Ayr it must have  
been a spirited animal—a sort of Ayr-o-  
naught as it were.

To effect a fancied saving of \$250 per  
annum, our city duds have voted to abolish  
a large proportion of the lamps in the al-  
ready dark and dangerous locality, the  
Avenue and Queen's Park. In practicing  
this economy we suppose those Aldermen  
who carried the resolution will now afford  
to add several new lamps around their own  
premises. Economy in gas is the last  
thing we should have expected of that  
light headed body of gentlemen.



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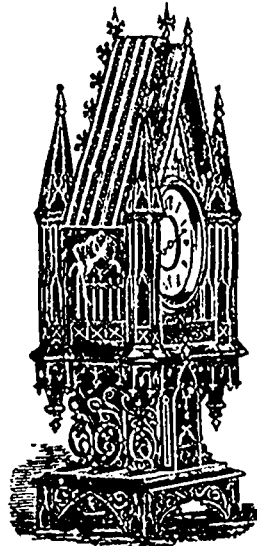
**Toronto Weekly Graphic.**

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1879.

**THE WORST POISON.**

The last issue of the *Beeton Chronicle* devotes three long columns to the record of a sad death. "A young man poisons himself at Cookstown. He takes Muriatic Acid in mistake for whiskey, and died from the effects shortly afterwards." Such was the substance of the *Chronicle's* bold head lines, and that paper dwells long upon the sad nature of the affair. It was truly an agonizing and terrible death; but then it merely ended his career a little quicker than that other vile poison, Whiskey, would have done. Muriatic Acid and other poisons, bad as they are, their effects spend their destruction and their woe, solely upon the victim who swallows them. Alcohol poisons quite as surely, but more cunningly and slowly it draws the life blood from its subjects. Alcohol stops—not at the destruction of the drinker—it stops not at the misery and suffering entailed upon him, but it scatters its desolation and devastation over all the earth. Innocent women, even more innocent babes suffer from its dire effects. While Alcohol laughs them to scorn, it tempts on its victims, robs them of property, robs them of health, robs them of a good name, robs them of their reason, and finally robs them of their soul. Oh, what endless horrors hang upon the name of this most subtle poison, the worst of all known to man! Shun it! if you would save your soul; better a thousand times drink Muriatic or any other poisonous Acid than this demon's drink, ALCOHOL.

At the Grand Opera House next week, we are to have C.L. Graves' celebrated Queen's Evidence Combination, commencing on Monday evening. This company is highly endorsed by press and public.



**ANOTHER BIG ATTRACTION.**

The above cut represents our new design, No. 217, as it appears completed. It is one of the most superb designs which has ever been presented to the scroll sawing public. The gothic architecture is beautiful beyond description, and no sawyer should be without one. The design is measured and fitted to exactness, so that with the above cut before him, and the instructions on the design itself, the novice can easily construct it.

This elegant pattern for a clock case will be sent, as a gift, to all new subscribers who send One Dollar for a year's subscription to the *Toronto Weekly Graphic*. The clock, warranted to give perfect satisfaction, can be procured at a small additional expense, and can easily be adjusted to this beautiful gothic case, forming a superb ornamental and useful piece of furniture for any household. Don't fail to secure it.

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We can furnish elegant, novel and pleasing designs in engravings, illustrative of your trade, at small expense. Portraits, views or humorous cuts. The *Graphic* with its *Big Push* cannot be excelled as an advertising medium by any similar publication in Canada. A trial will prove our assertion.

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If you receive a copy of this paper, consider it as a special invitation to send us your address. Give the *Graphic* a trial—it will only cost you 30 cents, post free, for three months, or one dollar a year with the valuable gift mentioned elsewhere. Remember, to secure the beautiful stories and all the useful, valuable and pleasing attractions complete, you must become a subscriber.

**GRAPHIC PARAGRAPHS.**

BY O. P. DILDOCK.

COURTESY is very properly described by his former American admirers as a cowardly big calf.—*Ed. Change*.

That's so, and speaking after the manner of men, we must add that Hanlan's to bully boy after all.

Dr. PIKE is to be successor to Prof. Croft in the chair of Chemistry in our University College. We suppose those wild medical students will revive the old western emigration motto, and sing out to him, "Pike speak or bust."

A hair store in the city thus advertises: "COQUETTES ARE GETTING CHEAP. We sell nice curly ones for 75 cents." Now we never thought coquettes were very dear at any rate, although we never tried to buy any, we have often been sold by them. A lass! we married some years ago; but we know a bachelor who sports a nice curly one that he values at \$75,000—in fact she cost him nearly that amount.

The copy of the *Mail* which reached our office Thursday morning was printed alike on both sides. A good story will often bear repeating, but so sudden a repetition that staggers us. Not that it matters much to us, but curiosity prompts us to ask what was the matter with your matter neighbor? We thought Uncle Riggs, of the Meriden, Conn., *Recorder*, had the exclusive patent on such patent "inards."

**A NEW FEATURE.**

We have often given grotesque silhouettes, as illustrations to the humorous department of this paper, partly for the fun of the thing and partly to exhibit the versatility of the scroll saw. Our enterprising publisher has however, made arrangements with a competent artist to furnish some more elaborate and pleasing work in engraving. We shall soon introduce a full page lithograph as a supplement by way of variety. This feature incurs great expense, but we are bound to please our patrons, regardless of cost or labor.

**AN EVENING WITH MIRTH AND MUSIC.**

A grand concert will be given for the benefit of Gladstone Lodge and Band of Hope, at McMillan's Hall, corner of Yonge and Gerrard Streets, on Friday evening, December 12th. A very attractive programme is in preparation, including comic songs by Mr. Tom Hurst, and choice productions from other well known and popular talent. Tickets, 10 cents.

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extensive and successful practice in the States, and  
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pared, with improved appliances, to treat all such  
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WASHINGTON, November 15.—M. Kres-  
mann, United States consul-general at  
Berlin, in a despatch to the department of  
state dated October 30, communicates a  
description of a newly-discovered process  
for the embalming or preservation of dead  
bodies. The inventor, it appears, secured a  
patent for the process, but the German gov-  
ernment, conceiving a high appreciation of  
the importance of the invention, induced  
him to abandon the patent, and immedi-  
ately thereafter the government made public  
through the press a complete description of  
the process as set forth in the letters pa-  
tent. The following extracts are translated  
from the "publication by the Prussian mi-  
nister of public worship" as given in the  
German newspapers at Berlin:—"The  
dead bodies of human beings and animals  
when treated by this process, fully retain  
their form, color and flexibility, even after  
a period of several years, and may then be  
dissected for the purposes of science or  
criminal jurisprudence. Decay and all of-  
fensive odors are completely prevented, and  
upon an incision being made, the muscles  
and the flesh present the same appearance  
as in the body of a person recently deceased.  
Preparations made of several parts, such as  
natural skeletons, lungs, entrails, etc., re-  
tain their softness and pliability. The  
liquid used is prepared as follows. In three  
thousand grammes of boiling water are dis-  
solved one hundred grammes of alum,  
twenty-five grammes of cooking salt, twelve  
grammes of saltpetre, sixty grammes of  
potash and ten grammes of arsenic acid.  
The solution is allowed to cool and filter.  
To ten litres of this neutral liquid, which is  
colorless and odorless, are added four litres  
of glycerine and one litre of methylic alcohol.  
The method of preserving or embalming  
dead bodies by means of this liquid is  
simple, and consists, in general terms, of  
the saturation and impregnation of the  
bodies. From one and one-half to five  
litres of liquid are used, the quantity de-  
pending upon the size of the body.

To take marks off varnished furniture, wet  
a sponge in common alcohol camphor and  
apply it freely to the furniture. It has near-  
ly, if not quite, the same effect that varnish  
has, and is much cheaper.

A small piece of paper of linen moist-  
ened with turpentine and put into the  
wardrobe or drawers for a single day or  
two or three times a year is a sufficient  
preventive against moths.

Various instances have been recorded of  
the discovery in hens' eggs of minute  
specimens of the *distoma oratum*. They  
appear like a small speck, the size of a  
millet seed or a pin's head. It is believed  
by helminthologists that these develop into  
one of the varieties of tape-worm, and it is  
wise, therefore, to take eggs hard boiled or  
otherwise well cooked.

## WOMAN'S PLACE.

BY FANNY BELLE IRVING.

When will the time ever come when people will stop wondering and arguing as to where a woman belongs? What is there so mystifying about it? Doesn't she, like man, belong where God puts her? I do not recall anything in the Bible where Adam is told that Eve is to fill a certain sphere, and that, if she tries to get out of it, he must straightway level a veto and keep her where she belongs. It is too bad that Eve didn't have a kitchen and want to lecture, so that we could have the record of how things were managed then. Various men have various and extremely peculiar ideas as to a woman's place in the universe of which man is lord. When she is young and pretty he puts on a clean collar and gorgeous necktie every evening, and goes to see her. Then her place is exalted; she is not even allowed to open the gate or carry anything heavier than a box of bonbons. After awhile he asks her if she is willing to be the "sunshine of his existence," or the "star of his future life," or "if she will bless his fond dreams of hope," all of which rather vague requests she is supposed to interpret, and the result is a wedding. Nine times out of ten it is not many years until you see this man luxuriating down town with "the boys," while the "sunshine of his existence" carries the market basket home, steams through a hot day into a hotter kitchen, that his meals may be well and ready cooked, guard his buttons carefully, and as in the evening he starts off again, and she wearily asks him to stay home and look after the baby that she may rest, he gallantly refuses and goes off feeling like a persecuted man, that he should be asked to spend a whole evening with no one but the woman who works her life out for him, and who can talk of nothing but the baby's croup and Johnny's latest fall. In one stage of life this is looked upon as woman's proper place. She has no standing out of it, yet she is his helpmate. Glorious privilege! It gives her the right to work for him day and night, to nurse a number of children when she is not working, or to sew on his buttons when she is doing neither of the others, and to look upon her husband as the man who generally gives her enough to live on, and who, because she has clung to "her sphere" is ashamed of her appearances, and considers an hour's conversation with her "a bore."

Of course at other times, when wealth and distinction come to him, and he blandly eyes the obsequious world from his height, she rises, too, after a fashion, and holds her position through the fact of keeping five servants, a coachman, livery and unequalled equipage. In her home she has the privilege of sitting from morn till night unoccupied, unless she wants to shop or call. She is neither supposed, nor allowed, to possess any particular interest in the state of the world outside "her set," and has the pleasing fact before her that her husband regards her only as living to ornament his home and wear his name gracefully. Not as one to whom he would come in every point of interest, and who was to him as an equal, and worthy of confidence in his plans and

business life. Oh, it is bliss to be a woman, if you're not allowed to be anything but a slave or a toy.

When God puts into the heart of woman a great and noble desire to be of some use to the world, to do something that may ennoble her sex and place her name on the world's roll of honor, and if he has given her the ability to do it, then she has no right to bury her talent and fill a place designed for another. If a man take a notion to be a baker, he puts on his apron (not an article of male attire at all), and the world says nothing about his sphere; or if he wants to run a sewing machine, he carpets a room, puts in flowers and pictures, sits down in an easy chair and runs it, in consequence of which nobody puts on a horrified face and calls him "unmanly" or "unsexed." He even writes to some other man, with another kind of machine, what a superior tucker his machine is, how it gathers, hems, puffs, and all that, and nobody supposes that because he has chosen this style of business, and happens to know a square of tucking from a yard of kilt pleating, that he cannot smoke, manage a club or swear at a burglar just as well as any other man. When among the millions of men in the world there are so many different tastes, abilities and followed inclinations of living, does any one suppose that among as many women the soul of every one will turn with a recognized affinity to a cook-stove, or with peaceful content to an idle frivolous life? Nine out of ten may find their places in one or the other, but if the tenth wants to lecture, let her lecture; if she wants to write, give her pen and ink quick; if she is capable of holding public office, help her to do it and don't run her down when she gets there. If she does her work well, all right; pay her as you would a man; if she does it ill, it's no worse than hundreds of office-holders of the other sex do. Don't say it is because she's a woman. Perhaps she is more lady like and refined, and has a cozier, happier home than many a one who spends her time in detailing from side to side a full supply of gossip, and is looked upon as "sweet and womanly" because she can chatter glibly about dress, flowers and poetry; is shocked at any other woman who enters public life, though it be for her bread, and who is so perfectly innocent of anything like outer life, that you feel precisely as if you were talking to an infant.

I expect this sounds as if I was strong minded, but I'm not. I neither want to vote, lecture or preach, but if I did and could, I should. When a man feels a desire and ambition to stand high and great in any one thing, he doesn't stop to think if it's anything that a woman has done or thought of doing; he sets to work, and when he wins, the world applauds. Give a woman the same right. Her ambition and "strong mind" were given her by God, her place in life is where He gives her the ability and determination to stand, and if she does happen to wear sixteen shades of green at one time, or an old fashion bonnet, or be odd and abrupt, it is too bad, but it is her nature and can't be helped any more than can some other persons who like a great many more don't know what they think,

but it seems to me it is with woman as man—whatever she feels it her duty and place to do, let her do it with all her heart, notwithstanding many things Paul says to the contrary, for he really had many queer ideas that never could be followed, unless we banished all our ladies from Sunday-schools, and otherwise changed things. A woman performing her duty, whatever or wherever it be, is not so much out of her place as he who steps from his own to criticise and denounce her.

## AN ASTRONOMICAL FACT.

Two persons were born at the same place, at the same moment of time. After an age of fifty years they both die, also at the same place and at the same instant, yet one had lived one hundred days more than the other. How was this possible? Not to keep our friends in suspense, the solution turns on a curious, but with a little reflection, a very obvious point in circumnavigation. A person going around the world towards the West loses a day, and towards the East he gains one. Supposing, then, two persons born together at the Cape of Good Hope, whence a voyage around the world may be performed in a year; if one performs this constantly towards the West in fifty years he will be fifty days behind the stationary inhabitants, and if the other sail equally toward the East, he will be fifty days in advance of them. One, therefore, will have seen one hundred days more than the other, though they were born and died in the same place and at the same moment, and even lived continually in the same latitude, and reckoned time by the same calendar.

## SCIENCE.

Professor B. F. Mudge thinks the antiquity of men cannot be less than 200,000 years.

R. Weber, a German chemist, has shown that vinegar will attack pure tin, as well as alloys of tin and lead.

Mr. Claude Bernard shows by experiment that plants, like animals, may be placed under the influence of ether and chloroform.

Of the surface of the earth but little more than one-quarter is land, the rest being water. The area of the land surface is 54,000,000 square miles.

The reason why the smoking of meat prevents its undergoing putrefaction is because the vapors of smoke contain a proportion of creosote which is a powerful antiseptic.

A French meteorologist, Mons. E. Renon predicts a series of bad seasons in Europe from the present time until the summer of 1883 inclusive. He expects the winter of 1881 and 1882 to be an exceedingly severe one.

The disinfectants recommended by the National Board of Health, are sulphur for fumigation, sulphate of iron for flushing drains, and sulphate of zinc with common salt for the treatment of clothing or fabrics which must be dipped into a solution.

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Postponement of Time.

The time for receiving tenders for Cars, Snow Ploughs, &c., has been extended until the 9th of December next.

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 20th Nov. 1879.

Look. Look. Look.

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5 Quires Note Paper, 20c.

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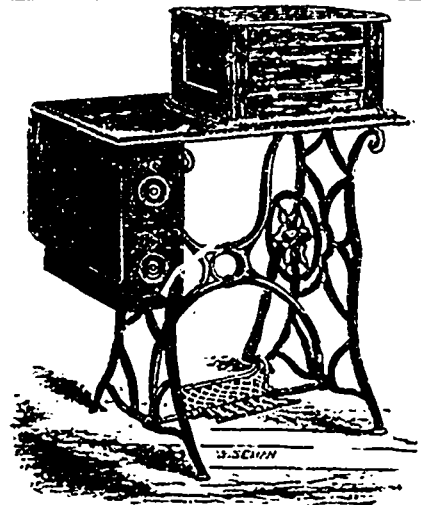
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Is worthy the attention of all intending pur-  
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40 CENTS PER DOZEN.

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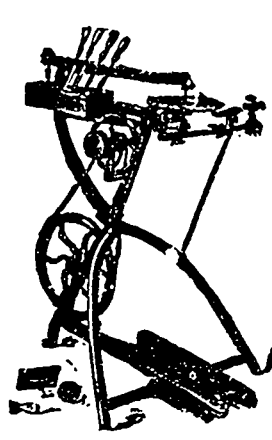
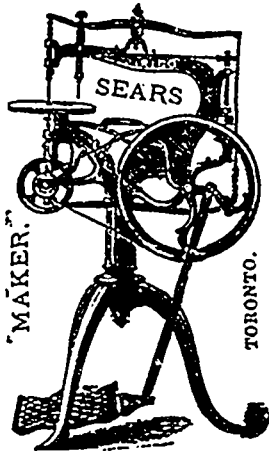
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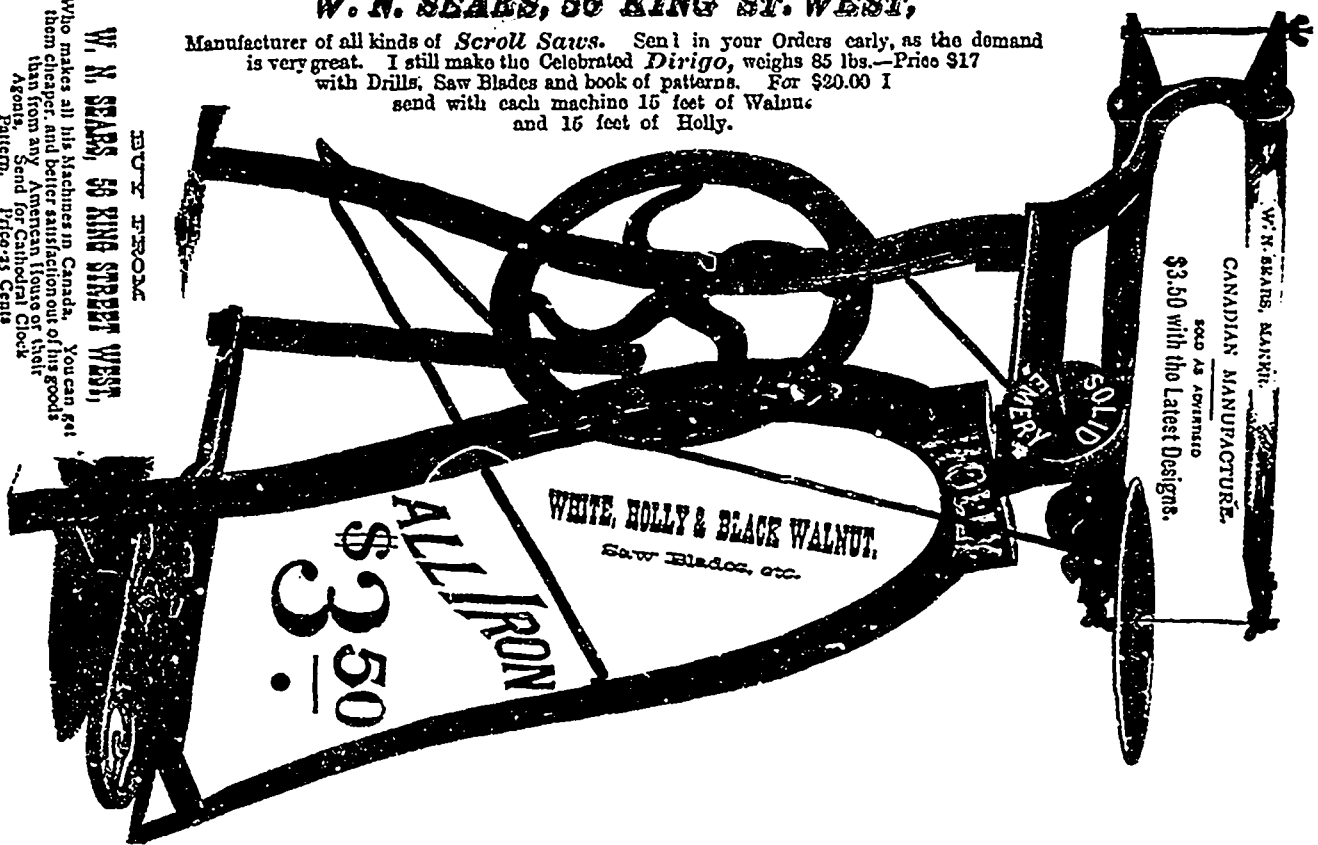
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Recent improvements not shown in cut.

**W. N. SEARS, 56 KING ST. WEST,**

Manufacturer of all kinds of *Scroll Saws*. Sent in your Orders early, as the demand is very great. I still make the Celebrated *Dirigo*, weighs 85 lbs.—Price \$17 with Drills, Saw Blades and book of patterns. For \$20.00 I send with each machine 15 feet of Walnut and 15 feet of Holly.

W. N. SEARS, 56 KING STREET WEST,  
 who makes all his Machines in Canada. You can get them cheaper, and better satisfaction out of his goods than from any other source. Send for Catalogue of Clocks and Patterns. Price 25 Cents.



PRICE LIST OF FANCY WOODS.

	per ft.
Black Walnut.....	8 cts
White Holly.....	10 "
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Mahogany.....	10 "
Spanish Cedar.....	10 "
Ash.....	5 "
Onk.....	5 "
Cherry.....	6 "
Red Cedar.....	10 "
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Maple.....	5 "
Hickory.....	5 "
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Viguanica.....	10 "
Amaranth.....	20 "
Bird's Eye Maple.....	10 "
Rosewood.....	25 "
Zebra.....	25 "
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Send \$1.00 for ten sheets of designs for Scroll Sawing. Size of sheets 24x28 inches, in all about 100 designs, including Brackets, Vases, Wall Pockets, Desks, Clocks, Match Safes, Photo Frames, Inlays, etc. Send for it,

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See your Children's Toes are not frozen get some of  
**WATSON'S CHEAP WOOLLEN STOCKINGS**

At once. A large selection; low prices.

See your fingers don't get frost-bitten; get some of WATSON'S  
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Men's Mitts, Women's Mitts, Children's Mitts, all sorts at prices to  
suit every pocket.

See your Ears don't freeze off, get some of WATSON'S  
**CHEAP WINTER HATS AND HOODS.**

See the Children's Greenland Hoods. Nice things for Boys and Girls.  
Mothers may safely send their little ones to the North Pole in these  
Winter protections.

See your Noses don't get frozen; get some of WATSON'S  
**CHEAP CLOUDS and COMFORTERS.** All colors and styles.

See you don't get frozen in your beds these cold November nights.  
Get a pair of WATSON'S CHEAP BLANKETS. Get a pair at  
once. \$1.25, \$2.00, \$3.90. Large size heavy Blankets amazing value.

See you don't get frozen as you walk to Church. Get one of WATSON'S  
**LOVELY WARM MANTLES.** The Largest assortments at  
lowest prices to be found in the West End. \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00,  
\$5.00 each, beautiful styles.

Every good wife will see that her husband does not go shivering  
to work in an old under shirt when WATSON will supply a good  
new, warm article for almost nothing. Boys' and Men's Under Shirts  
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Cheap Kid Gloves. Cheap Ruffings. Cheap Ribbons. Cheap Em-  
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Lace Curtains, Lambrequins and Antimacassers in great variety,  
at about manufacturers prices.

A beautiful stock of Laces and Lace Goods, new for the holiday  
season, every lady should see them.

## RIDDLES FOR THE PEOPLE.

1. Why are Watson's Kid Gloves like an unlucky Bridal Party? 2. Why are Watson's 30 cent  
Under Shirts Drawers as well as shirts? 3. Why are Watson's Cheap Felt Hats like the London Banks?  
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like a Duffer? 6. Why are Watson's Cheap Ruffings like a love gift locket? 7. Why are Watson's  
Cheap Stockings like an Elephant's Toe Nails? 8. Why are Watson's Cheap Wincys like a good novel?  
9. Why are Watson's Cheap Furs like a love sick Swain? 10. Why are Watson's Cheap Flowers not  
like Topsey? 11. Why are Watson's Cheap Dry Goods like a good Xmas Pudding? 12. Why is  
Watson himself like the Honorable George?

The Ladies sending the best answers to the above 12 Riddles will be presented with a \$5.00. Man-  
the next Saturday, December 6, at 3 o'clock. The answers of the successful competitor will be published  
in the Graphic. Must be sent by mail not later than Thursday night, December 4.

**WILLIAM WATSON,**

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## HEALTH HINTS.

Cotton wool wet with sweet oil and lauda-  
num often relieves earache, it is said.

For a fever patient, break ice into very  
small pieces, and mix with the same quan-  
tity of lemon jelly, also cut up small. It is  
refreshing.

Phares' method of treating colic consists  
in *inversion*—simply in turning the patient  
upside down. Colic of several days' dura-  
tion has been relieved by this means in a  
few minutes.

A correspondent writes to the *Scientific  
American* that the worst toothache or neu-  
ralgia coming from teeth may be speedily  
cured by the application to the defective  
tooth of a bit of cotton saturated with am-  
monia.

A teaspoonful of finely powdered char-  
coal drunk in half a tumbler of water will,  
says an exchange, often give relief to the  
sick headache, when caused, as it is in most  
cases, by a superabundance of acid on the  
stomach.

Food for a weak baby: One teacup of  
oatmeal in two quarts of boiling water,  
slightly salted. Let it cook two hours and  
a half, then strain. When cold, to one gill  
of the gruel add one gill of thin cream and  
one teaspoon of sugar. To this then add  
one pint of boiling water, and it is ready  
for use. This can be digested when milk  
and all else fail.

## JOSÉ BILLINGS.

I hold that a man has just as much rite  
to spell a word as it is pronounced as he  
has to pronounce it the way it ain't spelt.

I believe in sugar-coated pills. I also  
believe that virtue and wisdom can be  
smuggled into a man's soul by a good natur-  
ed proverb better and deeper than to be  
mortised into it with a worm-wood mallet  
and chissel.

It don't require emny edukashun to tell  
the truth; but tew lie well dus.

We are told that an honest man is the  
noblest work of God; but the demand for  
the work has been so limited that I hav  
thought a large share of the fast edishun  
must be still on the author's hands.

If you would make yourself agreeable  
wherever you go, listen tew the grievances  
of others, but never relate your own.

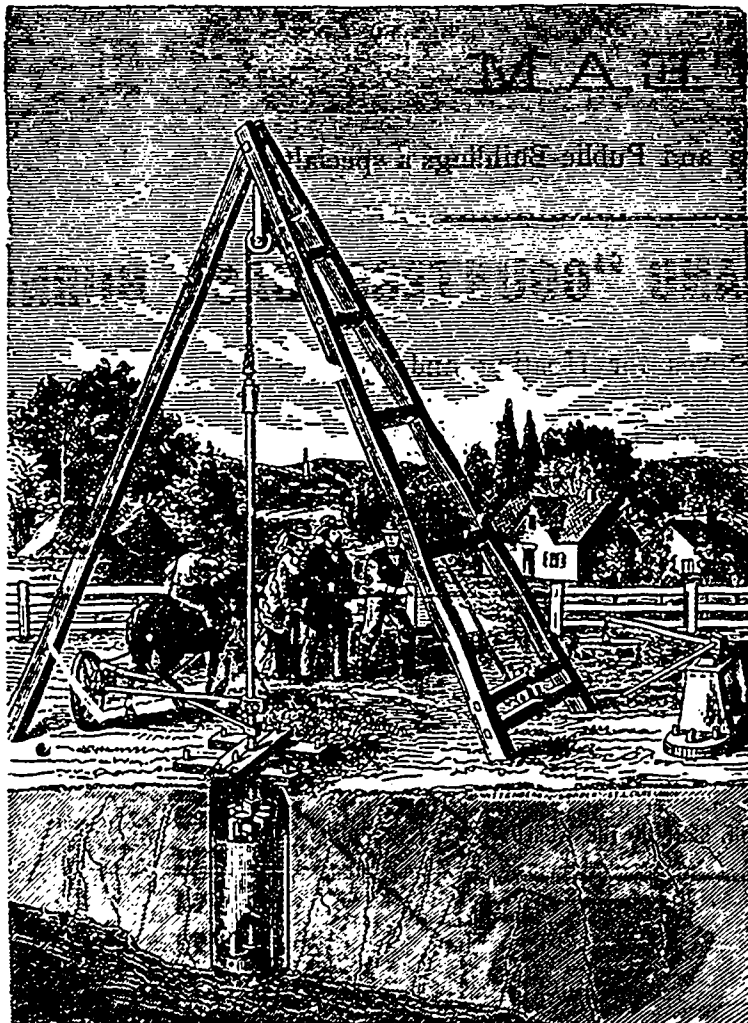
## AN ANCIENT NATION.

At the departure of the children of Israel  
from Egypt, China was seven hundred  
years old, and when Isaiah prophesied of  
her she had existed fifteen centuries. She  
has seen the rise and fall of all the great na-  
tions of antiquity. Assyria, Babylon, Persia,  
Greece and Rome have long since followed  
each other to the dust, but China still re-  
mains, a solitary and wonderful monument  
of patriarchal times. Then look at the  
population of the country, roughly estimat-  
ed at four hundred millions—ten times the  
population of Great Britain and Ireland.  
Every third person that breathes upon this  
earth and beneath these heavens is a  
Chinese; every third grave that is dug is for  
a Chinese.

# \$25 to \$50 PER DAY

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# GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER!



**WE MEAN IT,** and are prepared to demonstrate the fact.

**FOUR AUGERS** are operated entirely by HORSE POWER, and GUARANTEED to bore at the rate of 10 to 15 FEET PER HOUR.

**They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required!**

They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND and LIMESTONE; BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARD PAN, and make the BEST OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTHS.

They are Easily Operated, Simple in Construction, and Durable!  
The Cheapest and Most Practical in the World!

MANUFACTURED AT OUR OWN WORKS, from the Very Best of Material, by Skilled and Practical Workmen.

**GOOD ACTIVE AGENTS** Wanted in Every County in the United States and Canada, to whom we offer liberal inducements. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue, Prices, Terms, &c., proving our advertisement *bona fide*.

ADDRESS **GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER WORKS,  
ST. LOUIS, MO.**

State in what Paper you saw this Advertisement.

## SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

I sympathize with the wanderers, with the vagrants out of employment; with the sad and weary men who are seeking for work. When I see one of these men, poor and friendless—no matter how bad he is—I think that somebody loved him once; that he was once held in the arms of a mother; that he slept beneath her loving eyes, and wakened in the light of her smile. I see him in the cradle, listening to lullabies sung soft and low, and his little face is dimpled as though touched by the rosy fingers of Joy. And then I think of the strange and winding paths, the weary roads he travelled from that mother's arms to vagrancy and want.—*Col. Ingersoll.*

## GOOD SENSE.

Every one has a welcome for the person who has the good sense to take things quietly. The person who can go without her dinner and not advertise the fact; who can lose her purse and keep her temper; who makes light of a heavy weight, and can wear a shoe that pinches without any one being the wiser; who does not magnify the splinter in her finger into a stick of timber, nor the mote in her neighbor's eye into a beam; who swallows bitter words without leaving the taste in other people's mouths, who can give up her own way without giving up the ghost; who can have a thorn in the flesh and yet not prick all her friends with it—such a one surely carries a passport into the good graces of mankind.

## ONE OF BOB INGERSOLL'S STORIES.

John C— was a young Free Will Baptist preacher among the people of certain rural school districts in New Hampshire. He was gifted with great power, and was celebrated for the impressiveness of his meetings. He also appreciated a joke. Reuben H—, a waggish fellow was a constant attendant at the meetings, but was never affected by the most earnest appeals. One Sunday during very stirring services at the Oak Hill school house, an aged negro woman piped up "The Gospel Ship" and carried it through on a key so high that no one could help her. "Experiences" followed, after which the minister struck up a hymn of his own composition:

"The gospel train is coming,  
She's coming round the curve,  
She's plying all her steam power,  
She's straining every nerve,"

in which the congregation joined with great unction. An earnest exhortation closed the meeting, and as the tearful people filed out the minister thought Reuben looked softened. Laying a hand on his shoulder, he said in a husky voice that was always at his command:

"Reuben, won't you board the gospel train with us?"

Reuben's voice was equally as uncertain as he replied:

"Wal, no, John, I b'lieve I'd rather go by water with sister Battis."

The minister laughed and told the story.

# E. & C. GURNEY & CO.,

91 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

## FURNACES: HOT AIR, HOT WATER. STEAM.

Heating Dwellings and Public Buildings a specialty.

## THE "DUCHESS RANGE" AND "COUNTESS BASE BURNER,"

Are the leading Stoves for Heating and Cooking.

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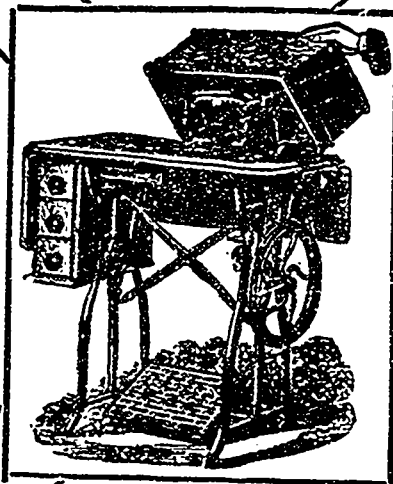
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THE NO. 8,  
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SPECIAL GRAND PRIZE

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THE LIGHT RUNNING.

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New Straight Needle Machines are  
declared to be the best sewing  
apparatus the World  
has yet seen.

Do not buy any machine  
without giving this a trial.

The No. 8 Family,  
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