

# Crith

## Contents

TO RONTO, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1883.

- POETRY.  
Only.
- MUSIC.  
A Broken Ring of Gold.
- STORIES.  
Stella, Or, At Cross Purposes.  
A Curious Case.
- THE FASHIONS.  
Autumn Fashions.  
Fashion Notes for the Ladies.
- EDITORIAL.  
France and Germany.  
The Count de Chambord.  
Our Coffee Houses.  
Our Sister Provinces.  
Cetewayo.  
Truth on Municipal Matters.  
Meanderings in Montreal. (Cor.)
- OUR YOUNG FOLKS.  
Two Girls.
- HEALTH DEPARTMENT.  
The "Blues," their cause and cure.  
Health Notes.
- MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.  
The White Slave.  
Notes of the Week.
- MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS

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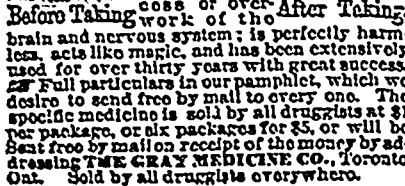
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## WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

Few people have any idea of the amount of good done through the medium of the one or two coffee houses of the Toronto Association, and yet, quietly and unostentatiously, there is a good work done, of which, perhaps, we cannot see the effect, yet which must be beneficial in more ways than one. It may surprise some of TRUTH's readers to learn that 1,300 people are daily fed at these coffee rooms, at an average cost of 12½ cents a head; yet TRUTH is assured by the secretary that such is the case. This statement, however, will show how entirely worthy of support such establishments are, and TRUTH only hopes that they will meet with even greater success. They are powerful rivals to the whiskey saloons, and can be made still more so.

Like every good and worthy institution, these coffee houses are frequently victimized by deadbeats, who, by altering their meal tickets, pay less than they should for what they have eaten. It is surprising, too, the people who endeavor to play this mean trick. Respectable men and women, nice little shop girls who go in for a lunch—these are the deadbeats who, for the sake of a few paltry cents, are willing to run the risk of imprisonment and disgrace. Hitherto, when discovered, they have been permitted to go; but an example has during the present week been made of a genuine specimen of the genus tramp, who, having devoured 25 cents

worth of victuals, changed his ticket so as to pay but 5 cents. Had he only gone to the Secretary he would have been welcome to a free meal; but as it was he got himself into the clutches of the law.

Mr. John Davy the Librarian of the Mechanics Institute of this city, was on Saturday last presented by the Board with an address and a cheque for \$100. Everyone who knows Mr. Davy, will say that this is a well deserved compliment. While untried men have been sounding their own praises, as well as getting others to do the same, Mr. Davy has been content to go quietly on his way, doing the various duties assigned to him in such a manner as to give satisfaction to all concerned.

There are some landlords simply unconscionable in the rents they charge for the tumble down rookeries which working men are forced to take in the absence of any thing better. Fancy anybody charging \$2.50 for a room ten feet square in one of the very worst and most broken down tenements in the city. It would pay, and pay well, for any one to build a block of workmen's houses on the Peabody plan. That enterprise pays handsomely, and yet the tenants do not pay nearly so much as they did for the wretched kennels in which they formerly lived. The managers have their choice of the very best tenants, and no slovenly, dirty drunken person is tolerated on the premises. Try it on Lombard street for instance?

It is still contended that provisions in Toronto are dearer than they ought to be. This may be the case, but they are a good deal lower than they have been, which is a mercy. When round steak can be had for 12½ cents per pound, things are not so bad; with cheese at 12 or 14, and butter 20. It used to be the case that butter could be had for ten cents a pound, and eggs at the same price per dozen; but these days, it is to be feared, are over. And when every thing is understood to be dear under the present system, there is no reason why food should be an exception.

The Imperial Parliament was prorogued on Saturday last at two o'clock p.m. A good deal of really valuable work has been got through, and the Premier was in great health and spirits, as if he were at least ten years younger than he really is.

Is there no way to keep the rowdy element in order? Apparently wherever liquor is sold, there blackguardism comes to the front. At Lorne Park last Saturday this was particularly conspicuous; and the same thing it is to be feared, will be found to be the case at the Exhibition. The Exhibition grounds are in exactly the same position as the Island, and why drinking should be stopped, and very properly so, at the one place, while it is allowed to run riot at the other, is not very evident.

A thief recently stole a boat, repainted it, and then in perfect ignorance came to the place of the very party who had lost it twice.

The "boy preacher" the other day, among

other things said that Jonathan Edwards said there were children in hell "a span long." TRUTH would like to see Mr. Harrison verify that statement by giving chapter and verse in Jonathan Edwards' words to that effect. Till this is done, it may be as well to receive the statement with a considerable amount of reservation. TRUTH would not like to say that it is not true, still it is in the last degree unlikely, and seems merely a bit of sensational, and not very reliable quoting. Mr. Harrison please give the reference.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was lately held in Winnipeg for the purpose of promoting tree planting in Manitoba. It was one of the best and most representative meetings ever held in that city. An Association to promote tree planting was formed, and every thing showed that the audience was fully alive to the importance of the project. It is to be hoped that very soon there will be no more favorite project all over Canada than this of planting trees. There is scarcely any more important, if indeed to much so, and if it be rightly managed, there is not one which will more surely add at once to the beauty and wealth of the country. It is strange that owners of land need in any case to be ordered into doing what is to evidently for their advantage. Why should all concessions and side lines, not have one continuous line of trees? And why should there not be rows of maples all along both sides of lanes on all farms? Perhaps ignorance or sloth may be responsible. Nobody can plead the first, and all ought to be ashamed to come but at the second.

Some who profess to know, say that they are convinced the Queen will outlive the Prince of Wales. No one, it is affirmed, who has ever passed successfully through the crisis of typhoid fever of such a malignant type as that by which the Prince was assailed, is ever physically himself again. It is added that the Prince is fully aware of this himself, and, as a consequence, is exceedingly careful of himself, both as to eating, drinking and all the etceteras. It is quite probable that there may be some truth in this, but it is to be hoped the coloring is darker than the facts will justify.

The complication at Rat Portage and over the disputed territory is gradually settling down. Nobody in his senses proposes to get up a fight. The whole thing will have to come before the courts, but in the meantime, Ontario, for better or worse, will hold on by its position and policy. Nothing is more certain than this. It could not by any possibility do anything else.

A correspondent writes in great indignation at the treatment which passengers receive from the Sarnia and Lake Superior boats. It is alleged, that at whatever time of the night, these boats arrive in Sarnia,—the terminus of their voyage—the passengers are obliged to get up and leave the boats. At two, three, four o'clock in the morning it is all the same. At the most untimely hour they and their luggage are tumbled ashore to make the best of it. If this is the case, and TRUTH rather bo-

lieves that it is so, the conduct is simply scandalous. First a charge is made for a berth, and then at midnight or two in the morning, the contract is broken and the unfortunate are drummed up to seek as they best may shelter in a straggle place without any guarantee that a single hotel is open. There is something worse than loose in such work. And it has only itself for a parallel.

TRUTH is not surprised that the editorial writing in its columns attracts a good deal of attention, and that some wonder who may be responsible for it all. TRUTH is responsible, but it will be a long time before the sneaks of literature discover who the actual writers are. Those who make the most confident assertions on the subject know that they know nothing about it, and that when they affirm the opposite they are according to their habits and tendency saying the thing, etc., etc. There are four or five who have a hand in the pie. Dear ridiculous stupid, would you like to know who they are? Yes, that is your department in the republic of letters. In the meantime, don't be too absurd, but avoid whiskey, boastful vanity, and other bad habits, and perhaps TRUTH may give you a couple of delivery routes by and bye. It is too bad that abounding merit should not be appreciated.

The House of Lords has thrown out the bill for the abolition of pigeon shooting as a sport. This is greatly to be regretted, for a more disgusting, discreditable and cruel sport than the one referred to could not be named. It is simply a thing fit for barbarians and brutes, and the lords in seeking to perpetuate the infamy have done anything rather than covered themselves with glory.

The August reports on Canadian crops are not very encouraging. The only crops really good universally is that of oats. Fruit is practically a failure.

It is not easy to imagine a Canadian judge playing the role of the honest gentleman who rejoices in that title at St. Thomas. Judge Hughes may be a very worthy man, but he is a crank all the same, otherwise he would not have dismissed a case against a brute of a husband on the plea that the man had a right to give his wife "reasonable chastisement" and had himself to be judge of what was reasonable. At this time of day a person who would talk in that fashion is fit only for a smart waistcoat with all the usual etceteras of blistering and blood-letting. Come, Judge, don't make an ass of yourself.

The Missionary Shaw in Madagascar has been tried and acquitted. This, it is hoped, will remove all soreness between France and England. It may, but TRUTH is convinced that it won't. The fact is, France has never given a colorable excuse for meddling with Madagascar at all.

England ought to buy out all the French claims in Newfoundland. In a very short time if this is not done, the complications which may arise will be quite formidable.

What is the use of indulging in foolish name-calling because people who don't make the laws but administer them carry out what is on the statute book? A dead set, for instance, is being made at present against all who in their official capacity seek to carry out the Sunday laws. They are "bigots," "fools," "hypocrites," "Shallowes," and much else. This sort of talk is specially common with those who claim to be "liberal," "broad," "cultivated," and so forth. Why all this? If the law is wrong, move for its amendment. But so long as it is law, let it be carried out. The order of any minister at Ottawa or anywhere else, will not justify the over-riding of the statute. It may be all very fine, for instance, to insist upon the courts being open on Sunday, but because a fool of a minister orders them to be so, for the nonce in order to oblige some friend or to gain some political end, it does not follow that the magistrates who fines those who carry out such an order, is either a Justice Shallow or an incapable. Come, come, now, let us have fair play. The shallowness may lie in quite an opposite direction, and be applicable to both the head and the heart of quite a different personage.

The French and Germans have, ever since the termination of the last war, been in a state of bitter hostility, and quite prepared to fly at each other's throats on the shortest notice. Of course the last tussel used both of them up very considerably, but whatever words of friendship have been on their lips war has been over in their breasts. The French have settled that they must at all hazards wipe out the disgrace of the great conquest in 1870-1, and the Germans have been as resolutely determined that they will never be caught napping or unprepared. Now, apparently things are coming to a point, and strange as it may seem, Germany appears inclined to precipitate the conflict. In some respects this is not surprising. The Germans are looking too narrowly into the management of their great dictator, and he seems bound to draw off their attention from his doings and plans by giving them a foreign war. Hence the late threatening words of the *North German Gazette* which mean, if they mean anything, a quarrel with France. Thirteen years ago France was so clearly the aggressor that when she got overwhelmingly thrashed, the whole civilized world cried, "Served her right." But so far as can be seen, it is different down. France is not doing anything at which Germany has any right to take offence, and if Bismarck thinks that things will take the same course now as formerly, he may very likely find himself mistaken.

A correspondent has heard something about Erasmus and Sir Thomas More discussing the question of transubstantiation, and of their bringing it to a very practical issue. So he wants TRUTH to tell all the particulars, which, like Nebuchednezzar's dream, have gone from him. It is rather unreasonable to expect that TRUTH shall be able to tell all about such things, but of course it is a compliment all the same, and so here is the only thing of the kind that comes handy. Erasmus—so runs the story—when on a visit to England spent some time with Sir Thomas More, and among many other things discussed the doctrine of the Real Presence with the witty and learned Chancellor. Sir Thomas, as everybody knows, was a good Catholic, and held that if one had faith enough to believe that he eat the body and blood and soul and divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ in the Sacrament, he actually did so. Erasmus

left the matter there, but in going home got the loan of the Chancellor's pony to take him to the port of embarkation. Instead of sending the animal back the visitor carried it off to Holland, and on being dunned by his quondam host sent in reply the famous Latin lines:

Quod Imper dixit  
De corpore Christi  
Credo quod edas et edis,  
Sic tibi rescribo  
De tuo palfrido  
Credo quod habebas et habes.

TRUTH would like to translate those lines into English verse, but rhyming is not among the many gifts bestowed in this quarter. If anyone sends in a passably neat version of them he shall have the great honor of seeing them published in the columns of TRUTH, with or without the author's initials. How Sir Thomas stood the application of his own doctrine the record does not say. Does that satisfy the lover of the forgotten incident?

Yesterday was the birthday of one of the worst of men, and the anniversary of the death of one of the best. The bad man was Caligula, the Roman Emperor; the good, the inimitable dreamer of Bedford gaol. Nobody cares to be told anything about the wretched fellow that was once the lord of the Roman Empire, and nobody needs to be informed of what John Bunyan was and what he did.

When the year began in March this month was the seventh, and was very properly styled September. By the commencement of the year two months sooner the name is now inappropriate, as is likewise the case with its three followers, October, November, December. When Julius Cæsar revised the calendar, he gave September 31 days, but Augustus took away the last day, and so it has since remained.

The first of September does duty for a great number of saints and martyrs, most of whom have little reputation even among very devoted children of the church. St. Giles is about the best known of them, and even he by no means occupies the first place in the calendar. The story goes that a hind came to him every day and kept him in existence by supplying him with her milk. This can be believed or not just as people have a mind. The thing is not, of course, impossible. The most notable of the churches which bear this Saint's name is the Cathedral Church in Edinburgh. A gentleman of the name of Preston managed to get an arm bone of this saint, and brought it to Edinburgh for safe keeping. For a long time this relic used to be carried about in all public processions, and so lately as 1556 there is an entry in the city accounts of 12 pence being expended in "mending and polishing Saint Geles' arm." Two years after the wooden image in which the precious bone was preserved was stolen and burnt, and so ended the "bony part" of St. Giles. In the present day, public attention has been called to the same cathedral by the princely liberality of the late eminent printer and publisher, Wm. Chambers, who spent more than \$150,000 in restoring the building to something of its original condition.

Louis XIV. took his last farewell of earth on the 1st of September, 1715. The way he met death has often been mentioned and often praised. After all, perhaps, it was the best he could do. He had been an actor all his life, and he kept up the delusion to the very end.

TRUTH has often expressed its sympathy

with workingmen in their efforts for the improvement both of themselves and of their surroundings. There can be no objection to those of the same craft, or of different callings, meeting for mutual counsel and assistance so long as they do this in a quiet, peaceable fashion, and make no attempt at coercing others into their views and plans of operation. If so many abstain from working, except on certain conditions, nobody ought to object. But those who thus agree have no right to abuse, maltreat or intimidate those who don't choose to view matters through their spectacles, or believe in their plans for the amelioration of the race. Why should one workman call another a "scab" simply because he is willing to work at wages which the other repudiates? There is no sense or reason in such doings. Liberty of individual action is always precious, and nothing but quiet reason ought to be employed to turn one man into the ways of thinking and acting which others may applaud and follow. A strike is a very formidable thing, and the wise man will count the cost before he tries the experiment. Above all, the wise man will try to save all he can, so that if not satisfied with the wages he is getting, he can take a holiday not for a few weeks, but if necessary for a year or more. Yes, and even then he will be cautious about lifting one foot before he is pretty sure about where he is going to plant the other. A great deal could be said in favor of the late strike of the telegraph operators, but what has been the result? A great deal of money has been lost, and the operators find themselves more at the mercy of the companies than ever. Why don't more go to farming? That is, of all industries, the one which on this continent, at any rate, can never be overstocked for a generation or two, at any rate.

There has been a good deal of bother with the Island ferries in the matter of fares, as the managers of those establishments insist upon passengers taking return tickets and paying ten cents whether they will or not. This is neither reason nor justice in this. Anybody can have the officials who refuse five cents either in the shape of a ticket or cash, brought up for a breach of the by-law, and Inspector Awde says he will be happy to prosecute in every case where the informant is ready to appear as a witness. As things are now on the Island there is no reason at all why any person should be forced to pay for his passage either to or from that summer resort before he chooses. The railway authorities might quite as reasonably force every person to take a return ticket when he went to Manitoba or Montreal.

So the Count de Chambord is at last dead. As our own Charles Second said, he has been an unconscionable time in dying, but likely, as the worthless "Merry Monarch" added, he could not help it. As was generally expected, the Count has named his kinsman the head of the House of Orleans, as his heir to whatever royal pretensions he had or made. So Henry V. is dead, and the word has gone forth for the faithful to shout "Long live Philippe VII." Philippe VI. lived a long while ago, and it will be seen that the Count de Paris has been legitimated, as it were, and comes in not at all as the successor of his grandfather as King of the French, and a constitutional monarch, but as successor of the old irresponsible Bourbon as King of France with all which that is supposed to imply. It is ticklish work prophesying as to what will or will not take place in France at any given time in the future, but TRUTH sincerely hopes that the present representative of French Legitimacy

may continue to be a "Pretendor" as long and as successfully as his predecessor.

Many housekeepers will doubtless be startled over the news of a boy having thrown up his situation because he was ordered by the lady of the house to tell certain visitors she was "not at home" who, in fact, she was at home. Instead of laughing at the boy, housekeepers can learn a lesson from his honesty. Think of the lady of the house trying to teach that boy to lie!

The extent of the disaster in Minnesota's tornado-swept city of Rochester may be judged from the fact that even the cemetery in which several of the victims of the storm were buried with public ceremonies was greatly damaged by the wind. Strange stories are told of the freaks of the storm. People whose ideas of a great storm are based only upon their experience of winds that simply blow straight ahead can have no conception of the fearful work accomplished by a wind that whirls with the speed of a locomotive's driving wheel and carries heavy buildings up into the air like toy balloons. Two hundred dwelling houses in Rochester were completely demolished and carried away almost in the twinkling of an eye. Many of the sufferers from this fearful calamity are in great distress, having lost all they possessed. Their cry for help should not go unheeded.

The Comte de Chambord, who died on the 24th of August, has long been before the public in a certain indistinct and shadowy fashion. Some newspapers, among others the *Globe*, say that he was the direct descendant of Louis XVI., but it does not require a very profound knowledge of history to be able to say that such was not the fact. He was the grandson of that Louis youngest brother, Charles X., another son of the Duc de Berry, who was murdered before this child of miracle saw the light. There is little doubt of the fact that he might have secured the throne of France a few years ago had he been willing to give up the white flag and some of his supposedly absolute rights as the heir of Henry IV. He was, however, born to the traditions of his house, and never learned or forgot anything during all the sixty odd years of his shadowy existence. So let him pass. It would be very difficult for the most enthusiastic king-worshipper to make a hero out of such material.

The Count of Paris is upon the whole made of better material. He is the grandson of the Citizen King, and was born in 1838, so that he is now of mature years. He saw some service in the Civil War of the States, of which he has published a very passable history. If he is a wise man he will renounce his Pretendship and seek to be among the foremost citizens of the French Republic. At the same time who knows but he may figure as sovereign of France before he dies. It is not impossible. Indeed, some say that it is more than likely.

Was there ever such a year for storms of one kind and another? How the winds take the matter in hand! Then in the waters, then fires, and so forth. How is it all to be accounted for? It is just as well for the wisest to say they don't know, for after all this is just what it amounts to.

France has at present quite as much on her hands as she can well manage. What with Tonquin and Madagascar she would be very foolish to allow herself to be drawn into a quarrel either with Germany or England. Still it is quite possible that she may

drift into that also, just as she alleges that she drifted into the other complications which at present bother her. It seems so difficult even yet for nations to keep at peace with each other.

The Toronto Exhibition this year promises to be by far the finest that has ever been. Every inch of space will be taken up, and every department will in one sense of the word be complete. The applications for space have far exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of the directors, and nothing will be wanting to make the show the finest ever seen in Ontario, always provided that the weather be propitious. It requires a city the dimensions of Toronto to afford sufficient accommodation to the visitors on such an occasion, and even Toronto will be pressed to its very utmost. It would be well to see to it that at any rate all those who have tavern licenses have the necessary accommodation, and are willing to give visitors the advantage of it. Last year a good many of these people refused to take in any boarders. They did not reckon on accommodating travellers, and, indeed, have never a one from one year's end to another. In short, they have simply drinking saloons, though licensed as tavern keepers. Let the License Inspector see that all such do their duty.

There can be no doubt about the truth of what was stated in the late meeting of Chief Constables about the increase of juvenile crime and all its attendant circumstances. Whatever may be the cause or causes, that such is the fact is beyond all question. TRUTH is inclined to think that one great cause will be found in the indulgence and indifference of parents. Impudence is regarded as smartness, and is rather praised and approved of than otherwise, while a great number of fathers prefer to turn their children into the streets so as not to be troubled with their noise in the house. Everywhere throughout this city—and Toronto is not worse than other places—crowds of rude, ill-conditioned boys and girls may be noticed every evening making the night hideous with their loud, rude, filthy language. There are children, not of the poor, but generally of the well to do, and the parents have apparently either no control over their hopeful offspring or have no desire to restrain them in taking a full course of that street education which will in due time land them in the police court and the penitentiary. Some say the great cause is that the Bible is not read in the public schools, but the evil is far deeper than that. Religious parents and religious teachers will train their children in Bible morality whether they are told to do so or not, while the less that irreligious and anti-Christian teachers meddle with such things so much the better. If religion and morality get to a low ebb among the young it is because it has been already at the same among the old.

Renan in a late address spoke some very kindly words about life after all deductions being well worth living, and that it is stupid, wicked and weak to say anything else, or to grumble when one is old that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. This is good so far as it goes, yet after all Renan does not give his hearers much reason for being so jubilant. Mere existence, he says, is delightful if the right and the true are followed. Yes; but what is the right? What is the true? Renan has already proclaimed to all the world that he does not know. Is this merely a matter of opinion? What then? One needs to have a mere substantial foundation to build on than any which Renan indicates to be anything like as jubilant as he advises.

The battle of the books still goes bravely on and the lie is exchanged with exemplary frankness and frequency. Men are hired at so much a column to write down this series and that, so that all "goes merry as a marriage bell." Hear one party and the compilers of the Royal Readers are idiots. Believe another and the Canadian ones are illiterate trash. So it goes on and much inkshed and bile flows freely. Is this at all decent or as it ought to be?

Chief Justice Coleridge is being received with unusual enthusiasm. His baggage has been passed at New York without examination—a very unusual honor—and he has been besieged by interviewers, much more it is to be feared to the terror of his Lordship than anything which the dynamiters could do in the way of disturbing his equanimity.

Another poor unfortunate girl fooled and ruined! How long is this sort of work going to continue? If all were to read TRUTH and take its advice this would not be. How often is it to be stated that no respectable young man would ever use liberties with the woman he loved of which he would be ashamed that either his mother or hers should know? It is a fact beyond all question, but apparently girls won't believe it, and they go and plunge into destruction as that poor Colliewood girl has done. Do, girls, have some self-respect, for pity's sake if not for your own.

The Chatiqua literary and scientific circle has had a great gala day at the close of the year's work. This, as usual, by strange perversity is called commencement. Dr. Vincent has great credit in this matter. He has been the means of leading thousands to systematic reading and study who otherwise would never have thought of such a thing. Those who want to know all about it had better apply to Mr. L. C. Peake, Toronto, the secretary of the Canadian branch, who will give all information about what is to be done and how it is to be set about. Young men and women, go in for a four years' course of systematic reading.

Among other afflictive sort of people TRUTH knows none so trying as the superior patronizing order. Can nothing be done to make them reasonable? Apparently not. They have an air about them which would be offensive in an archangel to a mollusc. Nothing but to escape from them for bare life. They are altogether too too.

Has bottom been reached in the North-West? Some say so. Others emphatically protest no. If the actual hard bottom has not been reached it must be very close down. For things have gone down pretty considerably. Even the biggest and most important speculators and William Laws of other days are pretty shaky. Well, some things need to die in order to live, and very likely the North West or else the boom is one of those things.

The amount of Sheriff's sales is very formidable. If it teach people that nothing but persevering industry and honest labour will eventually succeed it will be well.

A friend has sent a copy of the Moose-Jaw News. It is a very creditable sheet, and tells of a bright future, it is to be hoped, in store at once for the News and for Moose Jaw.

Those who want good genuine tea had better look out. There is an awful amount of counterfeit on the market.

As TRUTH has all alone asserted, there is not going to be much bloodshed at Rat Portage. More of inkshed in all likelihood.

All quiet along the Potomac in the meantime.

The Wiman Baths are now in full blast. Long may they continue to be and many more of the same kind.

It is not good to fall into grooves. The text of one of Mr. Moody's best sermons is "Don't get into Ruts," and the advice that is extended to Christian workers will apply with equal force in other spheres. A great many Ontario people have been falling into "ruts" with regard to their province, and they have been accustomed to hear the vainglorious boast that Ontario held a monopoly of all the fertility of soil, all the wealth and all the strength of intellect in the Dominion, and the boast has been repeated so often that many have come to regard it as an established truth. The visit of the Ontario journalists to Quebec will do much to remove this notion, and help us out of our ruts. Many of the excursionists expected to find in Lower Canada a people curiously antiquated and stupendously ignorant in all their ways and ideas, to see a country of no wealth of soil and no wealth of people. They were agreeably surprised to find themselves mistaken on every point. Along with a good deal that was odd and antiquated they found much that was practical and progressive even among the old-style habitants; they found intelligence and skill where they had looked for stupidity and clumsiness; they found rare and enchanting beauties of scenery where they had looked for dullness, and they found wealth where they had looked for poverty. The great industrial activity of Montreal with her great warehouses and her magnificent and graceful architecture; the plodding industry of Quebec, and the patience, the religious and social fervor of the whole French people—all awakened the journalists to a sense of the fact that Quebec and her people were a vital part of the future greatness of the Dominion—essential to the destiny of our country as a nation.

It was good to see the Rev. Dr. Dewart, of the *Christian Guardian*, allude in so kindly a manner to the French-Canadians in his speech on board the steamer which the Montreal Harbor Commissioners provided for the press excursionists. He admired their zeal, spoke with respect of their long and honorable history, of their deep religious piety and zeal, and of their steady loyalty to their country. Some of the old-time Methodists may be shocked to hear of the learned doctor alluding in such terms to a people who are Roman Catholics as a body, but a candid recognition of qualities that are in themselves estimable is what is wanted among men of different denominations. More humanity and less denominationalism would make us better Christians. From a patriotic point of view it is good also to think that men feel themselves before all things Canadian. All honor to Dr. Dewart for his words of good will towards our French Canadian fellow citizens.

The hospitality and kindness manifested by the French-Canadian journalists towards their literary brethren of Ontario created a good impression, both inside and outside the profession. It would be a pity if these interchanges of hospitality were not regularly repeated. TRUTH hopes they will be and that the press men of all the other provinces will be included in the next excursion. Quebec has two press associations, one with headquarters at Montreal, and including

many English newspaper men, the other with headquarters at Quebec and composed chiefly of French journalists. If the Maritime Provinces have not already their own Associations—as TRUTH understands they have not—then they ought to organize, and next year meet in a grand press convention from the whole Dominion. Here the interests of journalism and of the country in general can be discussed in a business meeting, and the boys can then gather their dinner baskets together and have a picnic.

Ulundi, in Zululand, has become a historic place. It was here that Cetshwayo once held his court and established his iron sway; here after the rude palaces had crumbled while the royal court was held in North Zululand, the King suffered the great defeat which threw him into the hands of Sir Garnet Wolseley; and here again the other day was fought a tight where Zulu faced Zulu and the King's courageous army once more was routed.

It seems singular that so little attention is given by the press of Canada to the island of Newfoundland. A large trade is done by Montreal, Quebec, Halifax and St. John with the island and a good deal of commercial travel goes on between it and the eastern provinces, yet the average Canadian seems to know or care very little about this vast and interesting land. No special efforts have been made to induce Newfoundland to join the confederation, beyond a small amount of diplomatic love-making from Ottawa. The subject was agitated there some years ago but the people—who are a quiet home-loving and not over-educated class—had a vague dread of a loss of autonomy and a very distinct and well defined dread of increased taxation, of which they have little as yet, (the City of St. John's has neither municipal taxes nor a Mayor—blessed freedom!) and so the advocates of confederation were defeated all through the island. The leader of the movement, himself an able man, lost his place in the Legislative Assembly and has only recently regained his seat in the councils of the colony. It remains to be seen how the question might be met if mooted now, as quite a change has taken place for the better as regards public opinion. The country is now less under the thumb of the few nabobs who ruled the island at the time referred to. Then the people were taught to believe that the railroads were a curse and refused to have one built for a long time. Now, however, a road is in progress from St. John's to the south-western extremity of the island, and when finished will open up valuable copper and iron mines. It is being built by an American syndicate of Baltimore, and another company from the same place are building a new dry dock at St. John's. The fish harvests have been good during the last two years and altogether the prospects of Newfoundland are much brighter. One hindrance to the internal well-being of the island are the disputes which ever and anon occur on the French Shore. The French Shore is a district along the western and northern shores upon which the British Government gave to the French by treaty certain fishing rights. The French inhabitants here claim these rights were given to them exclusively as Frenchmen, while the Newfoundlanders claim that they were inclusive and not meant to debar them from fishing privileges. It was a very foolish thing in the British Government to grant such a treaty—especially when such a vague interpretation could be made, but having done so no time should now be lost in appointing a commission to settle matters and to keep order for the future.

The readers of TRUTH will be sure to admire the pretty little song which forms the musical selection for the present week. It is simple, attractive, and "catchy," and is sure to please whenever sung. It forms the current issue of TRUTH'S "Standard Series," price 5 cents, the cheapest series of popular music ever offered to the public.

The time for the crowned heads of Europe playing at soldiering in the way of military reviews, etc., has come round. When will the time come when the good sense and inherent appreciation of justice in mankind, who put down all that fanfare and barbarism in which so many seem at present to take such insane pleasure? It is long in coming, but it will come all the same, in spite of all the Bismarcks, Moltkes and Bonapartes in the universe.

The cotton manufacturers of the Dominion are forming a ring to do away with competition, and to regulate prices at their pleasure. What is this to be called?

The battle of the books is very keen, and becoming always keener. There must be any amount of money in what can stand so much advertising and fibbing, for falsehood there undoubtedly is, somewhere.

The cyclone in Minnesota was all over in 15 minutes, yet in that time more than thirty lives were lost and more than half a million of property destroyed. Worse than even a very big fire, by a long way.

It is really seriously denied that a great many working men spend a large portion of their wages in whiskey and tobacco. TRUTH has always regarded this as so beyond all reasonable denial that anything like a counter assertion has the air of novelty and strangeness.

Who keeps up the grogeries in this city? For the most part the workmen. Does any one believe that one fifth of these places could exist if all the wages-receiving part of the population were becoming total abstainers? Of course not. One might as well question the existence of the sun at midday as question such a fact, and closing the eyes won't put out the sun any more than lusty denials will prevent its being a fact that hundreds of workmen in Toronto and everywhere are kept on the very verge of starvation and at the beck and call of employers, simply because of their improvident and dissipated habits. They might be the most independent and influential section of the community. Why are they not? The tavern keepers can tell, and they themselves might. If TRUTH could manage even to provoke them into giving up drinking it would be a great thing, and it has too great a regard for their welfare to see the favor of any by concealing or distorting the facts. If people, instead of suspecting this one and that of writing about them, and abusing those who, as likely as not, have nothing to do with the matter, would only sweep before their own doors and try to avoid becoming wasteful sots, it would be a great matter. TRUTH knows right well and rejoices in the fact that many working men are as sober, upright and intelligent members of the community as could be desired. But that there are too many others the reverse needs no witchcraft to discern. If any one desires the evidence he has but to look round.

And now we are threatened with another Poorhouse Investigation in which the sickening details will out-Towksbury Towksbury—Wheeling, W. Va., is the new

claimant for notoriety, and it is said that the horrors which an investigation will reveal will overshadow anything already made public, or indeed dreamed of.

When a troublesome interviewer used to come to Cetywayo during his stay in England he would send word by his interpreter, "The King sleeps." "The King sleeps," thought the Jingo party and those who have all along secretly favored the suzerainty and final annexation of Zululand, when they heard of Cetywayo's death at the battle of Ulundi. They were prepared to sing as of Napoleon—

He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,  
No sound can awake him to glory again.

But Cetywayo is alive and his existence keeps the Zulu, if not the whole South African, problem before the British public still. There is no doubting this, that for a savage, Cetywayo in his days of undisputed sovereignty ruled wisely and well, and it is the duty of the British Government to give him at least their moral support and not by withdrawing their countenance encourage Cetywayo's enemies and those colonial agitators who would like to destroy the king's life and power in order to occupy the country themselves. Between these two sets of people anarchy will reign in Zululand and the Zulus be reared with a taste for blood which will long outlive the factions of Cetywayo's time.

Raising a hue and cry—the French in Annam.

#### TRUTH ON MUNICIPAL MATTERS.

In 1880 the Executive Committee of the City Council vetoed a recommendation of the Committee on Works to construct a new sewer on Murray street at a cost of \$3,000 out of general taxes, on the opinion of City Solicitor McWilliams that the City Corporation was not liable therefor, as Engineer Shanly had ascertained that the existing sewer was not constructed for the purpose of carrying off the waters of University creek, which had been obstructed by owners of properties filling up their lots. Prior to that, Lieutenant-Governor Robinson, who was then a senior partner of the City Solicitor, and who is related to him by marriage, complained about the waters of the creek flowing on his property, known as "Sleepy Hollow," and located on Yonge street avenue immediately north of the north end of Murray street, but the City Solicitor reported that the Corporation was not liable for the cost of constructing a larger sewer on that street. Mr. Paull, an owner of property on that street, claimed \$300 for damages caused by the flooding of his premises. Lund, the foreman of the ward of St. Patrick, after a month's delay, ascertained that the sewer was choked up by a plank at the intersection of Caer-Howell street, whereupon the City Solicitor reported that the Corporation was liable to pay the \$300, and stated that had the flooding been caused by the sewer not being large enough, there would have been no liability, thereby showing that the sewer was sufficient. As usual, he carefully omitted to report who was to blame for leaving such an obstruction so long in the sewer, as also did Commissioner Coatsworth, though Mr. Paull told Craig, the burnt contract secretary of the committee, that the sewer was choked up. In December, 1880, the City Solicitor again reported that there was no liability on the part of the Corporation to construct a larger sewer on that street, but in 1881 a change "came o'er the spirit of his dream," when a man named Irwin, who has erected a large number of houses in the city, proposed to purchase the "Sleepy Hollow" property on condition that a larger sewer

was constructed on that street. The City Solicitor was induced to swallow his previous reports, and to give the opinion that the Corporation was liable to construct a larger sewer on that street. An item of \$3,000 was accordingly smuggled into the estimates of that year, and Ald. Boswell, who is now Mayor, supported it on the ground that a small lake of water had accumulated in "Sleepy Hollow." Ald. Kent had a motion prepared to strike out that and several other items, but was precluded from doing so by the adoption of the "previous question," on motion of Ald. Baxter, who paid the penalty for raising the rate of taxation that year to 10½ mills, as he was rejected at the next election. Craig, having loaned money to Irwin, who erected several houses on part of the "Sleepy Hollow" property, which he purchased, aided the City Solicitor and Aldermen Baxter and Boswell to get this grab item passed, and he has since bought them in at an auction sale held by virtue of a power of sale contained in his own mortgage, Irwin being unable to pull through with his large liabilities incurred by reason of the large number of buildings he had undertaken to erect. As a trunk sewer is proposed to be constructed along the line of the University creek, and as the one on Murray street is to form the outlet therefor, it is but fair that from the statutory proportion of the cost thereof, which the general taxpayers are liable to bear, that grabbed sum of \$3,000 be deducted, and also that the "Sleepy Hollow" property be assessed for a proper proportion of the cost of the new sewer.

The City Fathers have virtually voted a want of confidence in themselves by enacting a by-law, which reduces the quorum quantities of their committees from six members to five.

Cleveland, with a population of 210,000, has engine pumping power to the extent of six millions of gallons of water per 24 hours, and is securing further power of 12 millions of gallons, while Toronto, with about half that population, has similar power to the extent of but 12 millions of gallons. The committee on water-works has had three tenders for an additional engine before them for a considerable time, yet have delayed action on the ground that expert should report on them, though one of the tenders by a Toronto firm is about \$15,000 lower than the lowest of the other two, and though the style of engine offered by them is far in advance of the others. Under such circumstances, it would be folly to incur the cost of employing experts, especially as those who have a knowledge of hydraulic engineering are scarce. The committee should have more confidence in mechanical engineer Venables at the Engine House, who has had a long experience in connection with all such engines, and who has selected the one offered by the Toronto firm as the best of the three.

In order to make the crib at Hanlan's Point sufficiently substantial to withstand the ice which forms around it during winter, it must be protected by an outer crib at a distance of five feet, to be composed of closely driven cedar piling, and the space between must be puddled with blue clay. This will cost \$750, which can be taken from the \$10,000 for contingencies, as contained in a by-law for an issue of \$75,000 of debentures, which was passed last year. As the contractors for the harbor piling have the appliances for doing the piling, and the clay can be got from the Church street sewer, in course of construction, the committee on water-works

should not delay this essential work any longer.

At the last meeting of the City Fathers, Ald. Farley, chairman of the committee on fire and gas, asked what should be the price of a private drain constructed on a certain street, whereupon Ald. Turner, chairman of the committee on works, replied in his ancient style, that if the Corporation would pay him \$10,000 a year, he would be prepared to fortify himself with such details, but would decline to do so, and the worthy enquirer could go to the office of the City Engineer and find out. Ald. Farley retorted that Ald. Turner ought to know all about it, as chairman of that committee, and the latter responded that it was none of his business to be versed in such particulars, and that Ald. Farley would not be able to answer a like enquiry at next meeting regarding his department, whereupon the latter said he would, and did not want \$10,000 for doing it either, and challenged Ald. Turner to pepper him with interrogatories at next meeting. Their respective constituents should be present to witness the contest between these windy warriors at that meeting.

"Caned and Cuffed" was the apt heading of a paragraph in one of the city dailies, in which it was stated that Police Magistrate Demson had donated a silver-headed cane to Ald. Love, and a set of cuff-buttons to ex-Ald. Henderson, for services rendered in doing the work of the Magistrate on the Police Court Bench, during his recent trip. His Worship is strangely inconsistent in obtaining the aid of these aldermanic adjudicators, who are unlearned in the law, to help him earn his fat salary of \$1,500, as he is well known to be possessed of a cordial hatred towards the Yankees, their flag and their institutions. Yet to satisfy his craving for cavalry corps and pleasure trips, he is content to swallow the bitter pill of an elective Police Court judiciary despite his wild Yankeephobia. Not that he hates that system less, but that he loves his costly craving more.

Mr. Harman, City Treasurer, having drawn the attention of the Executive Committee of the City Council to the fact that a motion by Ald. Irwin, and seconded by Ald. Clarke, authorizing a transfer of \$2,000 wherewith to construct a sidewalk on the Island, which had been adopted by that body, was illegal, as it transferred funds which, by by-law, must be expended on the Island Park. Ald. Clarke, who is chairman of that committee, tried to condone the illegality by alleging that the whole Island was comprised in the park. But the Treasurer at once closed up that little loophole of attempted escape by reading the limits of the Park, as defined in the by-law creating it, showing that the sidewalk was outside those limits, and he also pointed out that a mere resolution could not override a by-law, and, therefore, he could not pay the accounts so illegally incurred, until the illegality was cured. There was no alternative, therefore, but to refer the matter to City Solicitor McWilliams for his opinion, which was done, but at the next meeting that official, in order not to offend the mover and seconder of the illegal resolution, reported he was given to understand that there were certain surplus funds from which the \$2,000 could be taken, and that was silently acquiesced in by the committee, though it does not cure the illegality. The Treasurer has gone off for a month of holidays, the accounts will probably be paid, and such illegalities will continue to be

practised until the Property Owners Association is galvanized into working order. If the City Auditors have not power to veto the illegally incurred accounts, they should be clothed with such power, otherwise their services are useless.

#### MEANDERINGS IN MONTREAL.

##### The Busy Thoroughfares of the Canadian Metropolis.

(Special Correspondence of Truth.)

The Ontario Press Association in "doing" Montreal took a drive round Mount Royal, had a steamboat ride up and down the river and had two drives through the city. On the last occasion they not only inspected the Hochelaga Cotton Mills, (an account of which was given last week), but were driven through some of the business thoroughfares. All of the journalists who had never had the opportunity of seeing Montreal were astonished at the evidence of wealth and enterprise which characterize many of the streets devoted to the wholesale trade. And well they might be, for I have the word of almost every American and Canadian visitor that nowhere on the continent of America, except perhaps in Philadelphia, can be seen buildings which so thoroughly combine massiveness and strength with elegance and taste as those wholesale houses in the vicinity of St. Helen, St. Peter, Recollet, Notre Dame and St. James centre. One thing which contributes to this, besides mere wealth, is that nature has given the locality the advantage of stone of an excellent quality and of tints which impart to many of the buildings a fine effect.

As the buildings are massive and grand so is the commercial record of Montreal stately and honorable. The oldest firms in Canada are to be found here, and business seems to be on a generally sound basis, if the people are somewhat conservative in their ways. Montreal is in these respects the London of Canada.

A good many wholesale firms here have houses both in Montreal and Toronto, such for instance as H. & A. Nelson, in fancy goods; Ogilvie & Co., in dry goods; Wm. Darling & Co., in hardware. Happening in the large warehouses of the latter, I learned that this firm was established as long ago as 1839, the business now being carried on by Wm. Darling & Co., St. Sulpice st., Montreal and A. & T. J. Darling & Co., Front St., Toronto. The former house does business in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, and the latter that of Ontario and Manitoba and the North-west. This old firm keep ten travellers on the road and employ some seventy clerks and salesmen. The business extends to every part of the Dominion, and I hear that they contemplate the establishment of a branch house in Birmingham, England, in connection with their business.

In a recent letter in TRUTH I noticed an account of the roller mill process and its development in Canada. It may be interesting to your readers to know that the thought and skill which have of late years been devoted to the subject of food, have brought out many devices for improved grinding, and the demands of the Canadian market have induced Messrs. Miller Bros. & Mitchell, of this city to go into the manufacture of roller mill machinery. A branch factory of the celebrated "Universal Grinder," made at New York, by Newell & Chapin, has also been established here at 95 St. James st., west. This is a home grinding apparatus for grinding grain of all sorts and for bone grinding etc., and on account of its cheapness, simplicity and durability has received the highest medals and honors given to such machines at the exhibitions.

In the paint, oil and cement, as well as in the hardware trade, Montreal leads the Dominion. In the paint line a new manufacture has just been started, which bids fair to create a revolution in the market affecting white lead. This is a new process of making white from zinc instead of the material from which white lead is made. Having some curiosity to see the new product I called at the office of the Messrs. Ramsay, Dods & Co., the well known paint manufac-

turers, where I was informed that the process—which is protected both in Canada and the United States—was one which was for a long time experimented upon by Mr. Ramsay's uncle, who, after working for years and spending all his means upon it, died without being able to perfect it to profitable manufacture. The patent fell into Mr. Ramsay's hands, and the zinc white, after further experimenting was made to some extent. It was, however, left for Mr. Thomas MacFarlane, the skilful Canadian mineralogist and geologist, to work out the different points in the problem of its successful manufacture. The result is that to-day Mr. Ramsay places it upon the market as a paint which has just three times the strength of white lead, is capable of covering three times the surface, is far more adhesive and enduring and does not cost much more than white lead itself. These are great assumptions to put forward against so staple an article as white lead, but the samples of paint sent out have been put to the most exacting tests and its qualities are shown to be remarkable. One common practical test in a white paint is its capacity to overcome any pure color, such for instance, as blue, and the stronger the white the lighter it will turn a given quantity of blue. By this test it appears that if an ounce of white lead mixed in oil will turn blue to a certain lighter shade of blue, one third of an ounce of zinc paint will turn it to the same degree of whiteness. Other tests have been applied with equally astonishing results. Old painters who have been accustomed to regard white lead as the *plus ultra* of white paint can scarcely credit the results which are obtainable in the working of this new article. In fact, since they have begun to produce the zinc paint, there has been such an immediate demand for it that they have not been able to fill orders, and are now engaged in putting in new machinery and appliances to cope with their work. At the same time arrangements are being made for its speedy manufacture in the United States. There the demand is larger than here, judging by the fact that one American dealer on testing a sample has ordered 600 tons. At the present time Messrs. Ramsay & Dods have been able to turn out a ton a day, nearly all of which, I believe has to be sent out in samples. The paint is remarkable for its purity of appearance, which to the uninitiated seems the more noticeable from the fact that the article is largely made from scrap zinc, which is of the blackest and dirtiest description when it goes into the furnace. I hope to have an early opportunity of visiting the works and describing the process in detail.

#### PENSEES.

Politeness is of value only if based upon kindness.

Facility is not talent, but there is no veritable talent without facility.

Women are in general too vain to profit by experience, and men are too careless.

It is not true that the arts moralize; they refine only, and in refining they weaken.

A posthumous work is almost always a book that one has forgotten to bury with the author.

Consolations are a succor that men lends to himself, and of which, sooner or later, everyone has need in his turn.

With humor and kindness a man is more agreeable in the world than with a superior intellect devoid of gaiety and goodness.

A man only arrives at a competency by the work that he does himself; if he acquires riches it is by the work that he makes others do.

Wit is rarely unaccompanied by a touch of malignity; it accustoms people to take things in ways that are not those of perfect goodness nor of genius.

We should have enough love to animate us, not enough to disturb our repose. The heart was given us to love, which is an agreeable movement; not to suffer, which is a painful sentiment.

Kind politeness is the late fruit of advanced reflection; it is a sort of humanity applied to small actions and daily speech; it bids man soften himself towards others and forget himself for others; constrains pure nature, which is selfish and coarse.

The police officers at Bayonne, New Jersey, have to sleep two in a bed, because the arrested persons are so numerous as to exceed the number of cells in the station-house.

## DIET FOR INVALIDS.

BY JULIET CORSON.

### Farinaceous Food.

Farinaceous food in its simplest form is good bread; this is quite as important to the invalid as to healthy persons. Since it is acted upon by the gastric juice in accordance with its lightness or prosity, the suitability of bread to the condition of the digestive organs should be carefully considered. Good bread should be full of even-sized holes, not too large; the loaf should be sufficiently firm to permit the cutting of thin slices; tough, damp bread which tears or drags under the blade of a sharp knife is not likely to be easily digested, because it will grow so dense before it is swallowed that the gastric juice can not properly penetrate it. The best bread retains its natural moisture longest. Chemically the best bread ever made was that compounded after the method of Dr. Darglish, and popularly known as aerated bread. I recall the time when such bread was sold at the grocery stores in all cities, but it is not now obtainable. As this bread was lightened or leavened by the mechanical introduction of air, none of the nutritive elements of the flour used in making it were lost. The necessary degree of prosity was secured by the mechanical introduction of air or gas into the dough, and the bread was baked before the air escaped. The result was a dough evenly penetrated by the carbonic acid gas forced into it, which, when baked, presented a bread of uniform texture, unvarying lightness, and perfectly nutritious properties.

All flour after it is thoroughly heated is more digestible than when in its uncooked state; its starch cells are broken, and that portion of the starch exposed to the heat is changed into dextrine, or British gum, while its albumen is coagulated; all these changes prepare it for digestion. The proportionate lightness, digestibility, and nutritive properties of bread depend upon the amount of gluten present in the flour of which it is made. The flour made from the entire wheat contains the most gluten; the whitest flour has the least gluten and the most starch. This is easily explained. The centre of the grain of wheat contains the starch, the outer layers near the husk abound in nitrogenous and phosphatic elements; gluten, the chief nitrogenous element of wheat, is present in the starch grains of the interior of the wheat kernel, but it is often removed by repeated boltings, the object of which is to produce a perfectly white flour. While gluten is a valuable nitrogenous element, in order to be quite nutritious it must be associated with the vegetable albumen of the grain. Gluten does not represent the entire nutritive properties of wheat; but it is owing to the capacity of gluten for absorbing moisture, for entangling air or carbonic acid gas in its substance, and for solidifying under the influence of heat, that we owe the production of a light and digestible bread. From this statement it becomes possible to estimate the actual value of gluten and so-called gluten bread. A French scientist devised a gluten bread for diabetic invalids, but it did not prove so palatable as Dr. Pavy's biscuits, made of eggs and powdered almonds, which were a sort of unsweetened macaroon.

Hard winter wheat is the richest in gluten; in Europe it is used for making the different varieties of macaroui; the brown bread of Europe is made from this wheat ground entire. Soft spring wheat yields a white flour rich in starch. The best combination of starch and nitrogenous elements is found in the flour made from a medium wheat, ground into a rather coarse flour, from which the nitrogenous elements have not been removed by too thorough bolting or dressing. There is now on the market a so-called "whole wheat flour," the makers of which claim that it contains all the nutritive elements of the grain. It produces a rather dark bread, somewhat resembling fine Graham bread in texture. If bread were the sole diet, undoubtedly that would be best which contains all the nutritious elements, but those lacking in ordinary white bread are supplied by the other articles of a mixed dietary. More especially in the case of illness is the digestibility of bread to be considered, and its effect upon the alimentary canal.

The two extreme effects are caused by fresh new white bread, and Graham or brown bread. While new white bread is most palatable, it is less digestible than that which has been kept for two or three days; there is no difference in the chemical clo-

ments or the nutriment of fresh and stale bread, providing both are made from the flour of sound wheat, and properly leavened and baked; the actual difference is the presence or absence of moisture, stale bread being drier, and most capable of complete mastication and admixture with the saliva, while new bread, from its softness, offers less resistance to the teeth, and is generally swallowed before it is thoroughly impregnated by the saliva, thus entering the stomach in a damp mass which can not easily be penetrated by the gastric juice, and therefore can not be digested readily. In any weakness of the digestive organs this effect would be injurious. On the other hand, while Graham bread is comparatively dry, and less likely to become soggy during mastication, the bran it contains often unduly excites the action of the bowels, and causes diarrhoea; the inference is plain that it should be avoided when any such tendency exists. A safe medium may be found in properly made dry toast, which is both nutritious and digestible.

DRY TOAST (a pure wheaton farina, not likely to cause acetous fermentation in the stomach, sufficiently friable to be easily masticated, and from its readiness to receive the gastric juices, well adapted to the use of dyspeptics)—In making toast for invalids one object should be kept in view, the evaporation from the bread of all its superfluous moisture, and the change of its naturally moist and comparatively indigestible substance into one which yields readily to the process of digestion. To accomplish this result slices of bread half an inch thick, trimmed free from crust, should be gradually heated, first upon one side and then upon the other, until the surface is quite dry; after that the bread may be toasted at a very gentle fire, or at a distance from a fierce one, until it is golden brown. In this condition it has become pure wheat farina. It may be served dry, or buttered, to suit the patient's condition, the fact being kept in mind that buttered toast is less digestible than that served dry. After toast has been buttered it should be set in the oven for about five minutes, or until it becomes crisp. When a thick slice of bread is exposed to a quick and intense heat, so that the surfaces are charred while the interior still remains moist, it is simply less digestible than un-toasted bread. In this condition it resembles new bread, and is quite as deleterious to health.

The best home-made bread is composed of flour, water, salt, and yeast; the addition of milk, butter, or sugar is dictated solely by the taste of the bread-maker, and not by any sanitary consideration. Bakers claim that the best bread is made with liquid bakers' or brewers' yeast, and by the lengthened process of "raising" it overnight. I am inclined to think that the bread made most quickly is the best, if it is light, because none of its nutritious elements are lost by fermentation.

To make two loaves of ordinary home-made bread put three pounds of flour into a bread-pan, and make a hollow in the middle of the flour; mix together one gill of good yeast, a tea-spoonful of salt, and a pint of warm water (temperature 95° Fahr.), and pour them into the flour, using the hand to mix and beat all these ingredients together until a smooth, soft dough is formed which does not stick to the hands in working it; if the flour is good, more than the first pint of water may be required to form the dough; if, on the other hand, the flour lacks gluten and abounds in starch, it may be necessary to add a little more of it. When the dough can be worked easily, knead it for five minutes, then gather it in a lump, lift it and flour the pan under it, dust a little flour over the top, and cover the bread-pan with a thick towel folded several times. Place the pan where the temperature is not over 95° Fahr., and let the bread stand overnight. When the dough is swollen to about twice its first size, and is full of little holes like a sponge, knead it again for fifteen minutes, flouring the hands enough to prevent the dough sticking to them, and divide it into two loaves, putting each one into a buttered baking-pan; set the pans near the fire, cover them with a folded towel, and let the loaves swell to twice their first size; then prick them two or three times with a fork, and put them into a moderate oven to bake. When the loaves are delicately browned brush them over the top with a very little melted butter, and return them to the oven for five minutes; decide if they are cooked by thrusting a trussing needle or thin metal skewer into them, and if it is dry when withdrawn take them from the oven, and cool them before using.

# STELLA; OR, AT CROSS PURPOSES.

## CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

### AN ENGAGEMENT.

Norman found Cecily alone in Stella's little sitting-room. It was not a very romantic love-making.

"You know what our grandfather's wishes are, I suppose, Cecily?" were his opening words to her.

"Yes, Norman," answered Cecily with becomingly downcast eyes. She was leaning against the mantle-piece, and her dark, woollen dress was lit up by the flickering firelight. She looked pretty enough to please any man, only that Norman was haunted by a face that was fairer still.

"Do you like me well enough to marry me, Cecily?" he continued, taking her hand gravely.

"I will promise to marry you," she answered, which, had he noticed it, was not quite what he had asked her.

"I think you have a very sweet temper," said this young man, to whom the subject of temper was a monomania. "I am sure you will make a very charming wife."

"Thank you," said Cecily, and there was a flicker of amusement at the corner of her mouth.

Then this strange wooer lifted her hand gravely and respectfully to his lips, and at that Cecily laughed outright; but I don't think she was thinking of Norman Allingham, but of a certain young man who was in the habit of kissing her with less reticence in sundry remote corners of her grandfather's domains. And that was literally the whole story of their engagement.

At that moment the door opened, and Stella entered. The very instant she perceived Norman and her sister standing close together, a sure instinct told her what had happened, even had not Norman instantly stepped forward to meet her.

"Your sister has just promised to marry me, Stella; will you wish me joy?"

And then by the sudden stopping of her pulses, by the wild throb of pain that shot through her heart like the stroke of a knife, Stella knew once and for all the truth to which she had so long willfully blinded herself. Her anger, her resentment, her displeasure towards this man were all nothing but vain self-delusions! She loved him and she knew it at last.

It took all her courage and all her fortitude to enable her to hide her secret from their eyes, to steady her shaking voice, and to calm her trembling lips while she answered him.

"I wish you joy with all my heart," she managed to answer at length. The words were kind; but the manner was so cold and mechanical, that again Norman misunderstood her, and mistook her self-control for feelingless apathy.

Her turned impatiently from her with a feeling of relief toward Cecily, and drew her affectionately towards him; and Stella, who had not yet schooled herself to the sight of their happiness, turned and fled from the room.

"She does not seem to care," said Norman bitterly, and his breath came quickly as he spoke.

Cecily glanced up at him in some surprise, and then, Cecily not being at all dense of comprehension, she drew her own conclusions.

"It is certainly a very pretty game of cross questions and crooked answers," said this clever young lady to herself; "and I am very glad to think that I am not doing any harm to anybody by it. It will all come right in the end." She spoke these last words unconsciously aloud.

"What will?" asked Norman in some surprise.

"Why, our engagement," answered Cecily, smiling.

Soon after a little incident occurred which gave a fresh and unexpected turn to Norman's thoughts concerning Stella.

One day Norman and Cecily had been going out for a walk; Norman had politely asked Stella if she would not go with them. Stella refused cold and ungraciously, and retired to her little sitting-room, and the lovers had started alone. They had not gone three hundred yards from the door when Cecily discovered that she had forgotten her umbrella, and she asked Norman to go back for it.

"I don't think it will rain," objected Nor-

man, "Never mind, I am never easy without an umbrella; pray go back and fetch it, you will find it in the morning-room."

Norman, as in duty bound, went back to the house and made straight for Stella's morning-room. What, however, was his astonishment on opening the door, to see Stella herself stretched upon the sofa, face downwards, in an attitude of utter despair, sobbing wildly and passionately.

Norman stood aghast. Stella's grief was so excessive, that she was quite unconscious of his entrance, when suddenly he knelt down by her side and took her hand; she started and sat up, and seemed to be terrified at the sight of him.

"For heaven's sake tell me what is the matter, Stella!" he said, looking himself the picture of distress at the sight of her tear-stained face; "has anything happened?"

"Nothing—nothing whatever; pray leave me."

"My dear Stella, how can I leave you in such trouble—can I not help you?"

"No—nobody can help me, you least of anyone," she said brokenly.

"Why do you say that? is it because you are always hard and angry with me? Surely, now that I am to be your brother-in-law, you might give me a little sisterly gentleness, and trust me a little more."

"Ah! yes, you are to be my brother; I have not forgotten it," she said, more bitterly, perhaps, than she intended.

He looked deeply pained.

"It is not my fault," he said, in a low voice, looking at her meaningly, "that that is to be the relationship between us."

"Pray do not speak so to me," she answered, trembling violently, and endeavoring to withdraw her hand, which he still held.

He sighed deeply.

"No, it is not right now, I know; but, Stella, I sometimes think that you and I have misunderstood each other throughout."

"What does it signify—it is of no importance," she said hurriedly.

"I should like to understand you better," he said wistfully.

"Pray do not try to do so. What good can it possibly do—now?" The last word was added almost in a whisper—she had not meant to say it, but it had slipped out.

He bent eagerly toward her.

"If you have forgiven me the past—" he began excitedly.

She rose to her feet.

"I never forgive—my temper is too bad," she said quickly, half laughing; "but I don't want to mar your happiness, yours and Cecily's, you know." She paused, looking at him significantly, and Norman hung his head conscience-smitten—had he forgotten Cecily's existence.

"You must forget my foolish tears. I am all right now," she continued lightly. "I was low-spirited—foolish—there was no reasonable cause for them. Now go and find Cecily."

"And we are friends?" he said, moving reluctantly towards the door.

"Yes," and for the first time her bright smile beamed full upon him, as she put her hand to him; "yes, we are friends."

And Norman went slowly away.

"What a mistake I have made!" he said to himself, as he went thoughtfully out in quest of Cecily. "If I had waited, she would have forgiven me—she would even have loved me! Great heavens! what a terrible misfortune has befallen us both!"

Half an hour later he came back alone, and found Stella again where he had left her, dry-eyed this time; but silent and thoughtful. She looked up in surprise as he entered.

"Have you seen Cecily?" he inquired.

"No; has she not been with you?"

"No; I have never been able to find her. I have looked for her everywhere, and shouted for her till I am hoarse—she really might have waited a few minutes for me."

He flung his hat down upon a chair irritably; he looked annoyed and displeased.

"How very strange," said Stella. "Where on earth can she be?"

The question was solved at this moment by Cecily's entrance. She came in breathless and rosy, and rated her cousin in no very measured terms for having missed her.

"I have been in the shrubbery all the time," she explained, "waiting for you."

"That seems very odd, for I must have

passed half a dozen times through the shrubbery, and I never saw you."

"Well, we have lost our walk," said Cecily, unconcernedly; "but it doesn't much signify, only it was stupid to miss each other."

But Stella could not help thinking there was something more than stupidity in it.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A STRANGELY PAIRED COUPLE.

Let me introduce my son to you, Miss Cecily King—Mr. Dyson," said Lady Dyson. Cecily cast down her eyes demurely—Mr. Walter Dyson bowed very low.

The drawing-room at Barfield was full of people. It was the night of what the children had called "the grand party." Mr. King and his three grandchildren were present. Lord and Lady Berryham, who were the chief county magnates; two or three squires and squires; a couple of clergymen and their womankind, and, of course, Lady Honoria, who was still staying in the house.

"This is the funniest thing that has ever happened to me in the course of my whole life," whispered Cecily to her partner, as she passed her hand under his arm.

"Funny, do you call it? Well, it's not my idea of fun," retorted Walter Dyson, savagely; "here have I been for the last ten minutes, obliged to stand and listen to that old curmudgeon of a grandfather of yours, telling me the whole history of your engagement to Mr. Norman Allingham. I had actually to congratulate him!"

Cecily burst out laughing.

"I should have thought you would have been intensely amused."

"Amused!" Fancy a man having to offer congratulations about the engagement of his own son—"

"For heaven's sake, hush!" interrupted Cecily, looking round apprehensively. The guests were just sitting down to their places at the dinner-table.

"Surely," she said, after a minute's pause, during which the rising buzz of conversation again made confidence possible, "surely there can be nothing to make you angry, Walter! Remember, 'who wins laughs.'"

"We haven't won yet," replied her companion, sulkily.

"We should never win at all if it were not for me," she answered, rather scornfully.

They ate their soup in silence.

"I suppose," he said presently, "I shall have the extreme amusement and delight of being a witness presently to the love-passages between you and the handsome cousin to whom you are engaged!"

"People don't generally make love in public," answered Cecily carelessly.

"Oh! then, you do it in private! That is your own admission, remember!" he said, suspiciously.

"What an exceedingly disagreeable person you are when you are jealous," said Cecily, quietly, without a trace of irritation. "You were not half so unpleasant in Paris."

"No; because there I had things all my own way," he answered, mollified somewhat by the allusion.

"So you shall have it your own way again some day, you old goose; only you ought to recollect what were my conditions."

"They were uncommonly hard ones, Cecily."

"You agreed to them at the time; and pray don't call me by my Christian name, somebody might hear."

"What am I to call you? *Miss King!*" And then they both laughed.

"I am sure," said Walter Dyson, "ever since the evening we arrived, when I dropped you at the Wrexham Gates, I have never had a single quiet hour with you. You must own that it is hard to bear."

"And what about the meetings in damp corners of that horrid wood, where I am always going. You ungrateful man!"

"Yes, and you have one ear and one eye upon the house the whole time, and are hardly capable of listening to a word I say. Why, the other morning, when you ran away from your attendant swain, we could hear him shouting and hollering after you the whole time."

"Didn't I give him the slip cleverly?" laughed Cecily. "I wondered how on earth I should get rid of him, and keep my appointment with you; and then I suddenly thought of going out and sending him back to the house for my umbrella. Oh!

how I laughed to myself as I ran away to you!"

"Oh! yes, you are clever enough," said the young man, rather ungraciously; "but you know it's not pleasant for me."

"Well, it wouldn't be pleasant for me to starve."

"And how long is the comedy going to last, pray! Your grandfather looks as if he might live ten years."

"I have found out from Mrs. Finch that he has got heart-disease; he sees the doctor on the sly—he might die any day," she said, with hopeful cheerfulness; "at any rate, his will is worth waiting for—it will be thirty thousand pounds I believe."

"You had better take care, you will be getting yourself into some horrid scrape if you don't look out; he will be wanting you to marry this jackanapes soon!"

"As I have no particular fancy for penal servitude, I am not likely to do that," answered Cecily, tranquilly. "By the way," looking round the table, "where is the pretty governess?"

"Oh! not at dinner, of course, but she will appear in the evening. My mother wouldn't even have let her be seen then, only Lady Honoria asked for it."

"I shall see her then. I suppose you amuse yourself by flirting with her?"

"Tit for tat," answered the young man, laughing.

And Cecily was cross with herself for feeling distinctly jealous.

Meanwhile, Lady Honoria sat on Sir Edgar's left hand, the picture of beaming good-nature and happiness. She liked Sir Edgar excessively; he was always courteous and kind to her, and they "got on" together. They had the same tastes, and in a great measure the same notions about things; and Lady Honoria felt a profound respect and admiration for his character. She knew that he was a poor man for his position, but that did not signify to her, because she herself was rich. Altogether, Lady Honoria was so well disposed towards Sir Edgar, that there was no day upon which he might have offered his hand when she would not have been quite prepared to accept it.

She looked thoroughly handsome and happy in her place by his side at the bottom of the table, and there even went through her mind sundry resolves as to the table decorations which she did not quite approve of. All those heavy silver eporgues and dishes should be cleared away, and glass and china should be substituted, and three times as many flowers—some day—when she herself would be in authority in the house. And then she blushed a little at the way in which her thoughts had run ahead towards the future.

After dinner, when the ladies streamed into the drawing-room, Maud, in white muslin and blue ribbons, came jauntily forward to shake hands with her mother's friends, whilst a slight girl, with large timid eyes, rose gently in her place behind a distant table; and then, seeing that nobody noticed her, sat down thankfully again in her chair. She wore a black silk dress that had seen better days, and that had never, even at its best, been very good of its kind; but the form which it enclosed could not have been more symmetrically lovely had the gown been of the richest; nor could the soft rounded throat, disclosed by the square-cut bodice, have looked whiter or smoother had it been surrounded with rose point instead of imitation Valenciennes from the village shop.

Lady Honoria nodded to her pleasantly, and then Stella came to her, and sat by her for some time.

"Yours is the most welcome face I have seen this evening," she said pleasantly.

"You are very kind to me, Miss King," answered Lily, gratefully.

"I wish you wouldn't call me 'Miss King,' Lily, but tell me what you have been doing."

Cecily, from the other side of the room, took in the distant figure of the little governess at once.

"She is certainly very pretty," she said to herself, "even in that gay of a gown. What on earth can make Stella take up with her, I wonder! I dare say she is a designing little thing; but it's pretty sure that Walter will amuse himself by flirting with her."

By and by the gentlemen came in, and some more guests arrived, and there was music in one room and whist in the other.

Lily was not altogether neglected in her corner, for Norman Allingham, who was always true to anything that was timid and helpless, made a point of going to talk to her. Lady Dyson did not mind that, because he



was engaged to his cousin; it was more serious when Walter—who had been talking to Cecily on a distant sofa, until Norman came sauntering up to her with an easy air of proprietorship—thought fit to transfer his attentions to the governess in her quiet corner, and took the chair by her side, which Norman had just vacated.

Lady Dyson felt that two grown-up sons Lily Finch in the same house was a greater trial than fell to the lot of most women.

"What a pretty girl your governess is?" at that minute observed Lady Berryham, to whom she was talking, putting up her eye-glass to inspect Lily.

"Dear me, yes—that is the worst of her! I wish she wasn't pretty," said poor Lady Dyson, who could hardly conceal her vexation.

"Aha!" laughed Lady Berryham, who was childless, and was more inclined to laugh at, than to sympathize with, the agonies suffered by mothers with marriageable sons and daughters. "Because of the sons you mean? But yours are so well brought up, Lady Dyson; and Sir Edgar is, I suppose, disposed of?"

"Well, not exactly; but I cannot help hoping—"

"Of course everybody can see that is a match!" interrupted Lady Berryham, good naturedly.

"You ought now to find a wife for your younger son."

Meanwhile, somebody else had noted Walter's attentions to the little governess, and had noted them with growing uneasiness and displeasure.

It was Sir Edgar, who saw how closely his brother had drawn his chair to Lily's, and how painfully crimson her face had become.

He was not long in going to her rescue. With a face white with anger, he bent over the back of his brother's chair, and whispered a few words in his ear. They had the effect of making Walter get up and walk slowly away, with a short, angry laugh; and Lily glanced gratefully into her deliverer's face.

Cecily was crossing the room towards the piano.

"I am glad your brother has turned you out," she said to him viciously, as she passed him.

"You look very pretty when you are jealous. I only talked to her to put your temper up," he answered, laughing carelessly.

"Pooh! that is not true. You would flirt with a beggar-woman if you couldn't get anybody better."

"If she happened to be pretty, I certainly should."

"Very well, then; two can play at that game!" and, with a sigh, she beckoned Norman Allingham to her side.

And Walter went away, and sulked by himself in a corner.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CECILY'S SOLITARY WALKS.

Mrs. Finch was too wise a woman to sit down and weep over a lost game. She knew, of course, that Lily had not the faintest chance of captivating Norman Allingham now that he was openly engaged to Cecily; but she did not despair of thwarting the plans of the cross-grained old man, whom, at her heart she hated. Mrs. Finch had been gun by disliking Stella; but when she found that it was Cecily, and not her sister, who was to be Norman's wife, she transferred her dislike to her younger sister. She settled in her own mind that she had nothing to fear from Stella.

"He will leave her very little, probably," she said to herself. "The bulk of the money will go to Miss Cecily, unless—"

Mrs. Finch did not finish the question even in her own mind.

She began, however, to watch Cecily in a stealthy and cat-like way. She had managed somehow to find out something about the manner of that young lady's first appearance at Wrexham, and she had heard from her daughter that Mr. Walter Dyson had arrived at Barfield on precisely the same day, and almost precisely the same hour. Mrs. Finch had not been slow in putting two and two together.

"They must have arrived together," said Mrs. Finch to herself; and "heaven only knows where they came from! She must be a thoroughly sly, double-faced creature, not to say worse! Never mind, my fine young lady, you will find there is somebody here who is quite a match for you!"

It was Mrs. Finch's object to find Cecily out and to expose her iniquities, whatever they might be, to her grandfather; and then she reckoned on the old man being so angry with his granddaughters, that he would probably turn them both out of the house—and be so grateful to herself for unveiling the deception that had been practiced upon him, that he would be filled with a proper appreciation of her invaluable services, and put her down in his will for a good fat annuity.

Mrs. Finch thought that if she were to effect the upsetting of Cecily's engagement, Norman's heart might be caught at a rebound, and Lily might just as well be the successful captivator as anybody else.

But then Mrs. Finch, although a clever woman, did not know everything, and there were wheels within wheels, of which she was perfectly ignorant.

Thus, whilst she was dogging Cecily King's footsteps one morning, on one of her mysterious solitary walks among the woods on the far side of the park, Mrs. Finch did not know that Norman and Stella were together wandering up and down a sunny walk of the kitchen garden in a companionship that was daily becoming more precious to both, and yet was as dangerous as it was fascinating.

It must be confessed that Mrs. Finch did not waste her strength on this expedition. When she came to a certain part of the wood, where the trees grew very close together, and the undergrowth was thick and dense, she distinctly heard the voices of two persons, a man and a woman, in earnest conversation.

She tried to advance softly, but not being very young or agile, her foot slipped in clambering over a fallen tree, and the noise of her stumble must have given warning of her approach, for there was a sudden rush, and Mrs. Finch could have vowed that she caught a glimpse of the rapidly-disappearing legs of a man through an opening in the thicket.

The next minute she saw Cecily King coming towards her as coolly as possible, without a trace of agitation or disturbance in her pretty, placid face.

It was Mrs. Finch who turned crimson, and looked covered with confusion at the meeting.

"Dear me, Mrs. Finch!" said Cecily. "What an odd thing to find you wandering about by yourself in the woods so far from the house!"

"I think you might apply the same remark to yourself, Miss Cecily," said Mrs. Finch crossly. "You are walking about in the woods, too—a long way from the house."

"Yes; but then I am young," answered Cecily, with a little impertinent inflection on the last word, which did not, it will be imagined, increase the older lady's friendly feeling towards her; "and I like long walks, because I have been accustomed to a good deal of exercise."

"You are not always alone in your walks," said Mrs. Finch, spitefully.

"Really? You seem to know a great deal about me and my walks!"

"You were not alone just now. I heard the voice of a man talking to you; it is, of no use for you to deny it."

"I am not going to deny it. I was talking to one of the wood-cutters five minutes ago; it is very possible what you heard."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**VERY HARD INDEX.**—There are so many things that appear unnecessary, and which for the life of us we can see neither purpose nor end. It may be corns are just one of the thorns in the flesh the why and the wherefore of which we cannot see. Nevertheless they are of the kind that are easily removed. Putnam's Pain-killer Corn Extractor makes short work of them. Try it and see how nicely it coaxes them out. Use none other than Putnam's Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists.

"Ripe gooseberry" is the latest of the new colors, and is supposed to be the shade most fit for the third person whose presence makes a crowd—the chaperone.

Mr. W. J. Guppy, of Newbury, informs us that he has used Burdock Blood Bitters in his family with good effect, and adds that the Rev. J. R. Smith has used it and speaks of it in high terms of praise. It is the great system-renewing tonic that cures all diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys, acting harmoniously with Nature's laws. 25,000 bottles sold during the last three months. (23)

The term case hardening is generally applied to the operation of forming a steel surface upon iron.

## Vital Questions!!

[Continued]

### CHAPTER II.

wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

"Patients

"Almost dead and nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pains of Rheumatism.

Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula!

Erysipelas!

Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail

Nature is heir to.

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which

Can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

The New York Journal recently published a list of well known actresses who excelled as cooks. From the "cue" to the cuisine came but natural.

### DECLINE OF MAN.

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

Paper rowing boats were not the first aquatic craft that were constructed of that material. Paper cutters were made years and years ago.

The best medical authorities acknowledge the great value of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and frequently prescribe their use with the utmost confidence, well knowing that they are the most effectual remedy ever devised for diseases caused by derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels.

"Yes," said the reporter, "I always carry my copy in my hat." "I see," replied Egg, "news in a nutshell."

### FLIES AND BUGS.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15 cents.

The willing domestic doesn't like too much show of authority in her mistress. That is to say, the ready maid is not maid to order.

POST MORTEM EXAMINATIONS have, in some instances, led to the discovery of the scars of completely healed abscesses or sores upon the lung. This of itself shows that the lung tissue when diseased is susceptible of restoration to a sound and healthy condition. Persons afflicted with lung disease may reasonably hope to recover health by the use of well chosen remedies. Foremost among these is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, a thoroughly tested and highly accredited specific for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and other affections of the throat, chest and lungs. Pulmonary irritation is promptly arrested by the Cod Liver Oil, and the hypophosphites, which are among the finest renovants used by physicians, revive the flagging energies of the debilitated system.

If you hear a man say that there is very little gambling going on at present you can safely infer that he knows no better.

Do you wish a beautiful complexion? Then use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses and purifies the blood, and thereby removes blotches and pimples from the skin, making it smooth and clear, and giving it a bright and healthy appearance.

"You, William!" exclaimed the parent, "are you going to do as I bid you?" "No!" roared William, emphatically. "Smarm boy," said William's uncle. "Yes," assented the parent, with a sigh, "it is a wise child that no's his father."

"I am glad Billy had the sense to marry a settled old maid," said Grandma Winkum at the wedding. "Gals is hity-tity, and widders is kinder overrulin' and uppsettin'. Old maids is kinder thankful and willin' to please."

Rev. J. McFaurin, Canadian Baptist Missionary to India, writes: During our stay in Canada we have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil with very great satisfaction. We are now returning to India, and would like very much to take some with us, for our own use and to give to the diseased heathen.

The women who do fancy work don't fancy work.

Mr. Henry Harding, of Toronto, writes: My little daughter, 7 years of age, has been a terrible sufferer this winter from rheumatism, being for weeks confined to her bed, with limbs drawn up, which could not be straightened, and suffering great pain in every joint of limbs, arms and shoulder. The best of physicians could not help her, and we were advised to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which we did, and the benefit was at once apparent; after using two bottles the pain left, her limbs assumed their natural shape, and in two weeks she was as well as ever. It has not returned.

An intemperate man of Rochester calls his stomach "Hades," because it is the place of departed spirits.

For one dime get a package of Diamond Dyes at the drugists. They color anything the simplest and most desirable colors.

Boasting never proves the possession of brains. You can not tell the length of the ears by the size of the corn's talk.

"Better be wise by the misfortunes of others than by your own." Take warning in time. Avoid quack nostrums by which thousands annually perish. Use only such remedies as are demonstrated above suspicion, foremost among which is Kidney-Wort. For torpid fever, bowels or kidneys, no other remedy equals it. It is sold in both dry and liquid form by all druggists.

Oil country people are gradually forming the opinion that the business of drilling for oil is running into the ground.

Both Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozengers, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. Mention this paper.

Somebody has been bright enough to say: "Langtry and Gebhardt—the lily of the valley and the valet of the lily."

IF A FEW GRAINS OF COMMON SENSE could be infused into the thick waddles of those who perpetually and alternately irritate and weaken their stomachs and bowels with drastic purgatives, they would use the highly accredited and healthful laxative and tonic, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which causes "good digestion to wait on appetite, and health on both."

It is after a woman has emerged from a salt water bath that figures don't lie.

### WELLS' 'ROUGH ON CORNS.'

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

The next time a man at Niagara attempts to shoot the rapids he will do it with a gun.

A Prolific Source of Disease. A trifling indiscretion in diet may lay the foundation of continued dyspepsia, and there is no fact in medical science more positively ascertained or more authoritatively asserted than that dyspepsia is the parent of a host of bodily ills, not the least of which is contamination of the blood and the maladies of which that is the direct consequence. The original cause is, however, thoroughly eradicated from the system by Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, a medicine which only requires regularity and persistence in its use to cure dyspepsia and the many ills that arise from it. No deleterious mineral ingredient is contained in it, and though its action is thorough in cases of costiveness, it never produces griping pains in the abdominal region, or weakens the bowels like a violent purgative. It invigorates the system through the medium of the increased digestive and assimilative activity which it promotes, and is also a most efficient remedy for kidney complaints, scrofulous and all diseases of the blood, female weakness, etc. Price, \$1. Sample bottle, 10 cents. Ask for Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The wrapper bears a fac-simile of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The dramatic season at the Grand opened Monday night last under most auspicious circumstances. The audience was a very large one. The house looked uncommonly well after the freshening up it had received during the recess; the piece produced was from the pen of one of the foremost American dramatists; the company presenting it was a very well balanced one throughout; and the scenery—new and fresh—was appropriate and attractive. The "White Slave" is one of the most recent of **Rayley Campbell's** contributions to American melodrama, and is now produced in Toronto for the first time. While the scenes are telling, and the tableaux highly dramatic, we cannot say that the work is up to the standard which might well be expected from the man who gave us two such excellent plays as "My Partner" and "The Galley Slave." "The White Slave" has the appearance of being written to order, and against time. It is not a "new" play. It is, in fact, a rehash of scenes and incidents with which we have already been familiarised by a too long course of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the "Octoroon," and pieces of a similar nature. The work is not without its intrinsic merits, but strong originality is not among them. It is a slovenly, slop-shop work, unworthy of the reputation gained by Mr. Campbell by work thoroughly artistic and admirably well done—on which reputation the author, like a good many others, is, apparently willing to rely for the success of such hastily put together work as he has given us in "The White Slave." Mr. Campbell has already shown us what he can do, if he will. In "The White Slave" he shows us what he will do—if he can. As presented by Mr. Lytell's company, the work has proved very successful with the general public, who do not, as a rule, stop to criticise the artistic work of a piece if only it please them by strong scenes and telling tableaux. The company, as already mentioned, is a well balanced one throughout, and gives a very satisfactory performance. Miss **Blanche Mortimer** as *Liza*, the white slave, shows considerable dramatic power. Miss **Alice Ward** as *Daphne*, does fairly well. Miss **Carrie Vinton**, as *Letty Lee*, was sufficiently bright and vivacious, while her cold and haughty mother found an excellent representative in Miss **Mary Gray**. Miss **Edith Crolius** as *Nancy*, the quadroon housekeeper, has some strong scenes, and was fully equal to the requirements of the part. Mr. **W. H. Lytell**, as *P. H. Stinch*, the lawyer, was as acceptable in the part as he is in any part he plays; and being an old favorite here received a warm welcome. **J. H. Gilmour** is another old acquaintance here, and gave a fairly good representation of *Clay Britton*, a rather indifferent sort of hero. Mr. **Morris**, in the character of *Lacy*, who deals in "nothing but niggers and horses"—a boiled down sort of *Leyre*—was scarcely villainous enough for the character. The remainder of a somewhat extensive cast of characters was satisfactorily filled, and the large audiences which have been the rule during the week seems to prove that "The White Slave" has struck the public taste. The attraction next week is the **Kiralfy** company in "Enchantment." The spectacular productions of the **Kiralfy Brothers** are too well known to need any special word here. The pieces to be produced next week will be presented with all that wealth of scenery and costume which has characterized former presentations by the same company. In concluding our remarks we may again express the hope that the orchestra will ere long be increased. Although efficient the present orchestra is entirely too small. Now that the attention of the management has been drawn to the matter through the medium of the press, we hope to see the desired improvement made.

The cool evenings of the early week have had their influence on the audiences at the Zoo, which, with the exception of Tuesday evening, have not been quite so large as they have hitherto been. The performances, however, have been, on the whole, very satisfactory, although, being repetitions of

last week's performances, there is no need to specially notice them. Tuesday night—set apart for a benefit to Mrs. **Marcy**, mother of the lad so foully murdered a few weeks ago—was a big night at the Zoo. Despite the rain and the cold the big tent was crowded to its very utmost, and we are glad to record the fact that a very handsome sum—about \$1200—was placed in **Ald. Piper's** hands to be paid over to the widowed mother of the murdered boy. Mrs. **Holman**, and her manager and company, **Ald. Piper**, and the manager of the Zoo, deserve much credit for their kindly action in the matter. At present the company is playing the "Bells of Corneville," in which they have already appeared to much advantage. Next week—their last week at the Zoo—the company will appear in "Iolanthe," in which they will be seen here for the first time. The following week—Exhibition week—they will appear at the **Adelaide street** rink, which, during the cool weather will be more satisfactory than at the Zoo, where they will not be so cramped for room, and where the scenic arrangements will doubtless prove more satisfactory. While here the company will produce some of their most popular operas, which cannot but prove attractive to our country cousins.

**Mr. William Davidge**, the veteran comedian, expresses the conviction that the stage of to-day represents a development in a downward direction. The reign of "stars," he says, is one bad sign of the times. "A 'star' used to be an actor of celebrity in his or her own country; but now anybody feels at liberty to appear as a 'star,' and to be advertised as 'celebrated,' 'distinguished,' 'unequaled,' and so on. The best theatres would willingly present the best plays, but the public will not support them in so doing. You can't blame the managers for this state of things; the managers take their cue from the public. Formerly it was supposed that to become a successful actor required some natural ability and a good deal of training, but nowadays a fashionable beauty can use the dramatic profession as a short road to wealth. It is surprising how little real acting you see on the stage. Audiences don't seem to care for it any more. As for comedy, if a man blackens his face, wears a high collar, and puts himself through a course of antics, he earns an easy and remunerative reputation. Irving is an excellent actor, no doubt, but a better manager, and he will set his plays superbly. But I don't think his Shakespearean roles will be successful in this country; the popular ideal has been fixed by **Edwin Booth**, and Irving's vast deviations from it are not likely to be appreciated."

Exhibition time, will, of course, be a sort of harvest time in the amusement line. In addition to the **Holmans** at the rink, the **Grand Opera House** will be occupied by **Baker** and **Farrow**, two of the most popular of Toronto favorites. **Mr. J. F. Thomson**, at the **Horticultural Gardens**, will also cater for the lovers of higher class amusements, and announces a grand concert under the patronage of **H. R. H. Princess Louise**, to take place on the evening of the 13th. The artists engaged—whose names we will mention in our next—constitute a brilliant array of talent; and the programme will in every way be worthy of the occasion. The festival church choir concerts, the rehearsals for which have been again resumed, will also form an attraction during the Exhibition, and are announced for the evenings of the 15th and 19th insts.

**Mr. Pratt's "Zenobia"** was recently presented at New York, and, to judge from what was said of it by the papers, was better received than when given at Chicago. **Miss Hennings** is very highly praised. The work has been revised somewhat in the light of the experience gained at Chicago, its composer's home, and was probably better done as a whole than it was in Chicago. The **Tribune** says the composer has "striven with serious purpose and produced a work which deserves respect." The **News** says "it is not only great as a musical work, but is remarkably strong as a piece of dramatic construction."

It is rumored that a new theatre will be immediately erected in this city, the site being on or near the present **Zoo**. Rumor has it also that **Mr. French** will rebuild the **Royal**. Meantime the **Bijou** theatre scheme is at a standstill. Toronto ought to be able to support at least two theatres; a monopoly in theatrical amusements is not more desirable than a monopoly in street cars, of which latter, unfortunately, we have had sad experience.

**Minnie Madden** thinks it very naughty

to act on Sunday. We hope she will continue to think so, and refuse under all circumstances to act anywhere on Sundays. Actors and actresses are entitled to a rest as well as anybody. Besides, the public wants a rest, too. But there's a lot of acting done on Sunday that don't take place in the theatres.

**Mme. Modjeska**, with her husband, has recently invested some \$50 000 in a large ranch in southern California, about fifty miles from Los Angeles, together with the stock to make it useful. The Count has become a naturalized citizen of the United States, and both he and his wife expect to spend their lives in that country.

**Miss Bertha Welby** will make "Oliver Twist" and "Canilo" features of her repertoire during the coming season, in addition to "One Woman's Life," her success of last season.

**Minnie Palmer** is not coming back next season. Her success in England has been so great that she is likely to remain there until 1885.

They say that **Mr. Jefferson** has grown into a deep aversion for the character of *Rip Van Winkle*, and dislikes to play it.

**Mary Anderson** has been pronounced in London to be the most classically beautiful woman now upon the stage.

According to report **Patti** received \$3,000 for three songs at the soiree given by **Alfred Rothschild** recently.

## Anecdotes of Dogs.

A lady has a pug-dog, also a cat, of which the dog was always very jealous, chasing it about whenever it saw it. Not many weeks since the pug astonished its mistress by coming up to her, sitting up and begging, then barking, and running a little distance from her, till it appeared evident that it wished to persuade her to come with it. It continued to beg and to run on in the same manner till it led her out into the garden, to the foot of an apple-tree, against which the dog raised itself on his hind legs and barked vehemently. On looking up, the lady saw the cat with a trap on its foot, evidently in great pain. She got it down and relieved it of the trap, the dog showing the greatest joy; and on the cat being placed on the ground, the dog, which before had never done anything but hunt and worry it, licked it all over and over, and ever since they have been the best of friends.

A dog had a kennel in the yard of a house which was overlooked from one of the windows. A lady (my informant) saw this dog hiding some of its dinner in a corner behind the kennel, and this performance, she noticed, was repeated for a day or two. On the third day the dog was missing some little time from the yard, but before long it was seen to return, followed by a small, half-starved canine friend, which it took up to the store of hidden food, and stood by, wagging its tail with evident pleasure, while the strange dog consumed it.

The following is of a different nature. In Ceylon the large Lumber deer is hunted by dogs, the huntsmen going on foot. The deer generally comes to bay in a stream among the hills, and the huntsmen, guided by the sound of the dogs, make their way to the spot as quickly as they can with knife or spear to end the combat. Sometimes, however, as the distance or the form of the hills prevents the sound of the dogs at bay from being heard, the huntsmen do not arrive, and the deer, if strong, may escape, or is, perhaps, killed by the dogs. On one of these occasions the owner of a pack of hounds (who related this to me) lost all sound of the hounds, and came back home to breakfast. After this he sallied forth again, thinking he would go to a distant part of the jungle, where he imagined the pack might have taken the deer. Before he had gone a mile or two he met two of his pack by themselves coming straight for home. They no sooner saw their master than they expressed the greatest delight, and at once turned round, went before him, and led him straight through several miles of jungle, to where he found all the rest of the pack, with a large black Lumber at bay. They were quietly waiting around it, preventing its escape, and on seeing their master the jungle at once resounded with their voices, as they went in with renewed energy at their quarry, till the knife of their master put an end to the battle. Now it is perfectly clear that these dogs had agreed among themselves that two of their number should go home and fetch their master while the rest kept the deer at bay.

## PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Interesting Items About Well-known People.

**Dr. Banks**, an eminent Dublin physician has declined the distinction of knight-hood.

The probable successor of the late **Dr. Colenso** as Bishop of Natal is **Canon Gozney Pope**, of India.

**Mr. Barr** and **Miss Wiley** were married the other day in the surf at Ocean City, standing in water to the depth of the bride's shoulders.

**Mr. Vanderbilt** recently gave one hundred dollars to each of the thirty student waiters at the Glen House, in recognition of their determination of character.

**Monsignor Capel** says he intends to give American fashionable life at Saratoga and Newport, science and culture in Boston, and primitive and working life in the West.

**Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes** has been a regular attendant at King's Chapel, Boston, for many years, one of the few American churches dating back beyond the Revolution.

**Miss West**, the British Minister's daughter, has a refined order of beauty, accompanied by much sweetness of expression. She remains in Washington with her father.

**Monsignor Capel** (he requests that his name be pronounced *Coyple* and not *Capelle*) expresses to a reporter a wish to have been born a Jew, and then to have become a Christian.

**Fred Archer**, the English jockey, with an income of a quarter of a million a year, and a large invested property, in order to keep his riding weight down has to live principally on tea and toast, with a Seidlitz powder by way of dessert.

**Mr. Storey**, M. P., who bought the *London Echo* from **Pasmore Edwards**, M. P., a year ago, and received \$25,000 from the vendor in consideration of foregoing the purchase, has now purchased the paper again. The *Echo* will be conducted by **Mr. Storey** in conjunction with his numerous country papers.

**Cardinal McCloskey** has been resting at Atlantic City, where his chief diversion is riding in an open carriage. A correspondent describes him as above the medium height, and well proportioned, though uncommonly slight. Clear deep-set eyes with a steady glow under heavy bushy brows. A head, ample and strong, is crowned with beautiful silvery hair. His brow and cheeks have been deeply touched by Time; but among all the lines none are more clearly marked than those of firmness around the mouth. The rather thin lips are mobile, and nothing can be more assuring than the Cardinal's smile.

The Rev. **Mr. Mackonochie**, the English ritualist, has tried "to prevent religion from degenerating into asceticism" by establishing a weekly dancing class in his parish in London. He professes to have shown that "dancing can be enjoyed without drinking." Every other dance on the programme is a square dance, and every dance is extremely vigorous. Most of the dancers are engaged in large manufactories during the day. On the other hand, the pastor of the Methodist Church at Bridgeville, New York, has declined to receive for the purchase of a bell some money obtained at "sociables" where the young people indulged in dancing.

## WHITE DRESS SHIRTS

A full assortment now in stock, from 75 cents up.

Splendid value in Underwear. Shirts at 75c. and \$1

Regatta and Oxford Shirts in great variety.

**GEO. ROGERS,**  
345 Yonge Street, Corner of Elm.

# Our Young Folks.

Two Girls.

BY WILLIS H. ALLEN.

"I wonder if they are so different!" Edith Moreton's pretty young forehead had a puzzled little wrinkle as she stopped rowing for a moment and leaned forward, with the oar-blades rippling through the water, and the muslin sleeves falling back from her brown wrists.

"Are they so different, Cousin John?" Her companion gave an impatient twitch to his straw hat.

"Why, of course! They are not like you, Edith. They are ignorant and poor and—and not clean, you know. They were born to it, and they like it."

"But it doesn't seem right. I heard a lady on the piazza this morning say something about 'those creatures' in such a way that I thought she was speaking of rats or snakes. It turned out she meant the convicts who attacked their keepers at the prison last July."

Edith spoke warmly, as she was apt to do when she once took up a subject. She was one of those earnest girls with whom young men at summer hotels are rather shy of entering into conversation. She was only fifteen, and one by one the terribly real problems of the day were marshalling themselves before her. She would not pass them by with a gay laugh, after the prevailing mode of her merry companions. She felt somehow that it belonged to her to help the world and make it better, as well as to the missionaries and other good people upon whose shoulders we so willingly pack responsibilities.

"It must be the way these people live and are brought up that makes them so rough and bad. Isn't there any way to help them?"

"None that amounts to much. Besides, that isn't our business. There are men enough who do nothing else—are paid for it—missionaries and the like. And you can't make everybody rich, you know. The little itself says, 'Ye have the poor always with you.'"

"Perhaps that doesn't mean that we ought to have them," replied Edith, slowly.

"Well, they're here, and we may as well make the best of it."

"But what is the best? That's just it." "What is the use of your thinking about it? You can't do anything, and you don't even know the kind of people we're talking of; the North Kaders, for instance. You have never seen and touched them; and if you should meet them face to face, I don't believe you would care for any further acquaintance. They're simply disgusting."

Edith said no more on the subject, and just as the sun dropped into the arms of the waiting pines on the hill they reached the little wharf on the river bank, moored the boat, and walked up to the hotel where she was spending the summer. She went straight to her mother's room, and, after her fashion, as straight to the point.

"Mother, I want to go into the city right away, and spend a day with Aunt Augusta."

"But, my child, it's tea-time already, and there's a hop to-night. Besides, you can not go alone at this hour. You had better wait till morning."

"Mother, I so much want to go now. The train leaves in fifteen minutes. Alice can go with me. I don't care for the hop, anyway; it's too warm to dance. Please, mother?"

Of course energetic little Edith had her way, and with Alice, her mother's maid, seated by her side, was soon whirling along toward the city, with a strong resolve in her mind.

"I'll walk up to aunt's from the depot, and to-morrow I'll go down to North Street with Cousin Will."

The train stopped at all the small stations, and was delayed by various causes, so that it was quite dark when she started on her walk. She was glad, after all, to find the streets well-lighted, and filled with respectable-looking people.

While Edith and her attendant were making their way along Washington Street in the dark, another girl about thirteen years of age, named Bridget Flanagan, was standing on the third gallery of the Crystal Palace, in the good city of Boston, looking down into Lincoln Street. Bridget was a delicate and sickly child, her pale cheeks and slender limbs showing an intimate acquaintance with want and misery. Like Edith, she was wondering whether any-

thing could be done to aid the poor. Not that any such words passed through her mind. Dear me, no! I doubt if she would have even known what "aid" meant, that word being in her mind associated solely with lemons of a shrivelled and speckled character. If she had spoken her thoughts, which she sometimes had a queer way of doing, she might have said something like this: "Don't I wish I could get out of this! an' the rich folks wid all the money they wants, an' nothin' to do but buy fans an' use 'em up. My larin' it hot!"

It was hot. There was a man playing on a hand-organ in the street below, and not only had a crowd of children and idlers surrounded him as he stood before a brilliantly lighted liquor store, but the long rickety galleries which run in front of each floor in the "Palace" were full of half-dressed, red-faced women and children, who leaned on the dirty railing and listened to the music, just as the guests at the "Pines" at the same time were listening to their orchestra of a dozen pieces.

In the gallery overhead Bridget heard two women dancing and shouting noisily. Somewhere in the building a child was crying loudly in a different key from the hand organ. Bridget didn't notice these things particularly; she was used to them. Only there came over the young humin' girl-heart which was beating beneath the rags and in midst of this wretchedness a sick longing for—what? Bridget did not know.

"It's the hot weather it is," she said to herself; "it's usin' me up entirely. I'll just go an' have a bit of a walk."

Accordingly she issued forth, and walked slowly down Lincoln Street toward the Albany Station. The air was stifling, and as Bridget reached the corner she saw the groups of belated people hurrying out to the Newtons and Wellesley, where they might cool themselves in the pure air, with whatever means of comfort money could purchase.

Edith Moreton and Bridget Flanagan both reflected upon this as they unconsciously drew nearer and nearer together. Edith was tired, and was beginning to look for a horse-car to take her to her aunt's house. The little Irish girl had turned and left her "Palace" until she was now near the head of Summer Street.

Tea steps farther, and they met upon the corner, with the great gilded eagle's wings outstretched above their heads. Both paused for a moment. Edith was dressed as she had been in the boat—all in white, with a pretty fluffy ostrich feather curving around her broad straw hat, and a fleecy shawl thrown over her shoulders. Bridget's shawl was not fleecy, and her dress was not white. Nor did she wear lawn shoes.

What either would have said I do not know. Perhaps nothing. But at that moment something happened.

"Look o' that!" cried Bridget.

"See!" cried Edith at the same moment; and they both pointed to the third story of a high granite block across the street. One of the windows was slightly open, and through this narrow space a delicate curl of blue smoke floated softly out, laughed noiselessly to itself, and disappeared. Another puff of smoke, and another; then a steady stream, growing blacker and larger every moment.

It was in vain that the maid urged her to come along. Edith only stood still, wringing her hands and crying out, "What shall we do? it's all on fire, and nobody knows." Instinctively she looked at Bridget for an answer. Somehow the difference between herself and the ragged little Irish girl did not seem so great just then.

The fire had broken out near the place where the great fire of 1872 started. Each of the girls could remember dimly that awful night of red skies and glittering steeples. The massive blocks had been rebuilt, business had rolled through the streets once more, property of value untold lay piled away in those great warehouses on every side, and only those two slender, wide-eyed girls knew of that ugly black smoke, with its gleaming tongues of flame, sliding about over counter and shelf.

"Sure we must give the alarm, now," said Bridget, hurriedly, gathering the faded shawl about her neck.

"But I don't know how. Do you?" "Don't you? You just come along wid me—now, now!"

They almost flew down the street, dainty shoes and bare brown feet side by side.

"Here's the box," panted Bridget, pausing suddenly before an iron box attached to a telegraph pole. "Can you read where it says the key is?"

Edith read: "Key at Faxon's Building, corner Bedford and Summer Streets."

To reach the corner, rouse the watchman, snatch the key from his sleepy hands, rush back again, and whisk open the iron box was the work of two minutes. Perfect silence everywhere.

"Look a-here, now," said Bridget, breathlessly, standing on tiptoe. "I've soon 'em do it."

She pulled the handle once, twice. Then they waited, their hearts beating fiercely. They were off the travelled ways, and no one passed by them. All this time the smoke was creeping up the stairways of the lofty building, and the red fire was quietly devouring yard after yard of wood-work.

Bridget raised her hand to pull the lever for the third and last time. After this there was nothing more to do but wait. Alice again urged Edith to come away, but only in vain. She drew closer to Bridget, and grasped her hand. Even Bridget seemed dismayed at first, but quickly recovering herself, she half pushed, half drew Edith up a flight of high stone steps near by.

"Ye'll git yer dress all kivered wid mud, if yer don't kape out o' the strate," she said, as she turned away. "I'm a-goin' ter stay down an' tell 'em where the fire is. It says so on them little cards."

"But the crowd! When they come you will get hurt."

"Him! I'm used to worse crowds nor ever you saw. There! I hear 'em now!"

As Edith listened there rose a faint, far-off rattle of wheels upon the pavement, mingled with a jangling sound of gongs and horns.

"It's the engine!" cried Bridget, in great excitement. "It's comin'!"

But other things were coming too. Bridget had taken her stand directly in front of the alarm-box, and a stream of men and boys who poured around the corner jostled her roughly and pushed her to and fro.

"Come!—come quick!" called Edith, just able to make herself heard above the noise of the crowd. But Bridget shook her head, and pointed down the street.

It was a grand sight: the engine, with its scarlet wheels, and its polished stack sending out a long trail of brilliant sparks like shooting-stars, the two powerful black horses tearing furiously over the pavements, yet subject to the slightest word or touch of their driver, who sat behind them firmly braced against the footboard, the reins taut as steel, and the gong sounding beneath without pause.

"Get out of the way here!" shouted a brisk fireman, forcing his way through the crowd.

The men surged back, and nobody noticed the little barefooted figure who was hurled violently against the building. She uttered a faint cry, and held up one foot, as a lame spaniel might do. A young man with delicate clothes and a light cane, who had stopped on his way to the station to "see the fun," had placed his heavy boot on the little shrinking foot. She might have got out of the way more quickly, but she must keep to the front to tell the firemen.

The engine thundered up to the box and stopped, hissing and smoking furiously. The black horses quivered and pawed the pavement, shaking white flocks of foam over their sleek bodies.

"Where's the fire?" called the driver, sharply.

"Best if I know—" began one of the men addressed, but he was interrupted.

"Sure it's on Summer Street, sir, 'most up to Washington, on the other side."

It was a surprisingly small, shrill voice for such an important piece of information, but it sounded reliable. The driver knew that every moment now might mean the loss of thousands of dollars, and, giving his horses the rein, was galloping off up the street again, almost before Bridget's words were out of her mouth. A few moments after, the panting engine and the distant shouts of the firemen told of the work they were doing.

Well, the block was saved. A few thousand dollars' damage on goods fully insured was all. Next morning the papers, being somewhat hard pressed for news, gave "full particulars" of the fire. "Fire minutes later, and the loss must have been incalculable."

"Full particulars?" Perhaps not quite full. No reporter had heard of Bridget's prompt action or secured her name.

When the engine rattled away, with the crowd after it, Edith had come timidly down the steps. Alice had been borne

away by the crowd, and was not to be found.

"Where are you?" she called. "I do not know your name—oh h!" She stopped with a pitiful little cry.

Bridget was crouched in a miserable heap just around the corner. She was stroking her bruised foot with trembling hands, and crying softly to herself. The pain was so bad, and her head felt so dizzy!

Then she looked up, and saw the white shawl and the ostrich feather, and Edith's eyes. And once more Edith forgot the difference.

A policeman found them there a few minutes later. Edith had her arms around the faded shawl, and Bridget's tousled little head was lying wearily against her shoulder. The poor trampled foot was bound up in somebody's embroidered silk handkerchief.

Edith did not give the officer time to speak. She was on her own ground now. "Will you call a hack or a Herdic, please? This girl is sick."

The tone was quiet, but plainly said that it was accustomed to giving directions, and having them obeyed, too.

The policeman had approached with a rough joke on his tongue's end, but it turned into a respectful "Yes'm, certainly."

Of course they went straight to Aunt Augusta, who was still sitting by the window, and who was so used to emergencies that she took the whole affair quite as a matter of course.

Bridget was promptly put to bed in one of the servant's rooms, and Aunt Augusta's own maid installed as nurse. In the course of a few days the injured foot was all right, and Aunt Augusta had learned her whole history. She found out that Bridget had no father or mother, but lived with an uncle, who took turns with her brother in the Criminal Court. Even Bridget might have taken her turn before long if she had been left to herself. Aunt Augusta had a good long talk with Bridget; and knowing of a place in New Hampshire where the air is sweet and pure, and where the great hills hold a little village in their everlasting arms, she sent Bridget there to find a home.

Edith returned to the hotel, and was pronounced more angular than ever. She found friends enough that were interested in her adventure, but very few who cared to hear much about Bridget or the part she took in it. Bridget was not "interesting," it required Edith, with her white dress, and sunny hair half hidden by the long white feather, to figure as a "heroine."

But neither Edith nor Aunt Augusta forgot Bridget. She writes to them frequently from her new home; and when Edith hears people like Cousin John talk about the "difference" between these people and themselves, she thinks of one girl whose ragged shawl and tattered dress hid as true and noble and self-sacrificing a heart as ever beat beneath velvet and lace.

## Rustic Simplicity.

"Are you, sweet maid, searching among the dowy verdure for the tinted hare-bell? Or do the gold tipped cowslips or the graceful fern wile thee from the crowded haunts of men?" we asked a rustic maiden, as she stood with her large liquid eyes gazing in wrapped meditation on the grassy knoll.

"I'm a huntin' dand'ion rats, yer store-clothed illyot," she softly murmured; "an' ef yer alijng any more o' yer sass at me, I'll put a head on yer."—*Leanslie's (Jail) Argus.*

A contemporary asserts that the latest thing out is a bad husband. What about the gas in his wife's room.

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Ask your grocer for them and take no other. One trial will suffice to prove the economy of using a pure article.

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Only

From the New York Observer.

Only a shred of hair set in a ring;  
Yet how I prize that lock of silken hair!  
I do esteem it as a priceless thing;  
And evermore the precious bauble wear.

Only a little chair, long vacant now,  
But memory often fills the empty seat;  
A fair sweet child, with calm and smileless brow,  
I see in fancy sitting at my feet.

Only a portrait of a childish face,  
The silent shadow of a vanished form,  
I pressed often to my own fond embrace,  
With loving prattle and fond kisses warm.

Oh! some broken toys; but oh! to me  
They are no relics of a happy past;  
Keep as a treasure under lock and key,  
Mementos of a time too bright to last.

Only some little garments worn and old,  
Gazed at in secret sorrow now and then;  
Guarded as misers hoard their darling gold,  
And hide the treasure from the eyes of men.

Only two tiny shoes, worn out almost,  
You would not deem them worth a passing thought;  
But oh! they conjure up a rushing heat  
Of sweet, sad memories that come unsought.

Only a little bed; how oft I bent  
To kiss the lovely tenant sleeping there;  
My heart was happy in its great content,  
Nor recked it the sorrow it has had to bear.

Only a little while, but short at best,  
And time will wait us to the other shore;  
Partings and death no more shall rack the breast,  
In that best home, the Land of Evermore!

JOHN ABRIHAM.

A CURIOUS CASE.

CHAPTER I.

It was ten days since the elegant brass plate was affixed upon the front door of my little villa, informing the world that Leighford, Surgeon, was added to the unexceptional residents of the neighborhood. Yet so far, I had waited in vain for a patient. Some youngsters would have been disappointed, some indignant, at an ignominious world; I waited quietly for business. Not that I am a philosopher, or too phlegmatic to feel small anxieties. I was really eager for employment, and with good reason—being ill provided with cash, and having had to do a father's duty towards my younger brothers, and to maintain my mother and sister. With much difficulty, and with sublime heroism on my mother's part, I had passed through my university and medical studies; and now the time had come for me to repay all the sacrifices that had been made on my behalf. So I waited for a crop of patients; but calmly, as I have said.

The reason of the calmness was my absorption in a series of complicated experiments. Let me say that I gloried in my profession. It only had one disagreeable side—that was the earning of fees. I am not, and can never be deeply interested in money matters. So, although the wolf was growling at the door of our pretty villa, and the need of a patron was but too obvious, I went on with my experiments, unwitting of everything else.

The evening of the tenth day was far advanced. I was translating a German story into verse to the family group; my mother was sewing, my sister also; my brother Sam was writing down my translation, as a sort of 'aid' for getting through the story easily, when he came to deal with it in his lessons. The wintry night was in uproar; the wind howling, the rain tattooing in abrupt dashes against the windows. I doubt if a cooler and happier interior could have been found in all England, than our little dining-room, in spite of financial troubles.

Just as I was in the midst of a most exciting episode of the story, when my mother and sister had dropped their work upon their laps, and Sam had forgot to write, when I was adjusting my voice to a proper intonation—for I pride myself upon my elocution—we were all startled by something which brought us from the realms of fiction to those of reality, by a loud and prolonged ringing of the door-bell.

"Who can it be?" cried my mother.

"Perhaps Uncle Robert," suggested my sister.

"Perhaps my new clothes," said Sam.

"Perhaps a patient," said I, with an incredulous smile.

was all eagerness. Everybody appeared to feel that a crisis had come in our little home. As for myself, I may as well admit that I was a little flustered. However, I followed the servant into the room where the gentleman was waiting.

Standing with his back to the fire, a tall elderly man confronted me. His face was pale, haggard, careworn. But his eye was firm and questioning, though restless. Before I had time to speak, he had looked at me three times, and had seemed to have reflected between the glances.

"You are Dr. Leighford, I suppose?" he said.

I bowed.

"You are young; a new beginner, eh?"

"Yes, sir. I have but recently begun to practise on my own behalf. But I have had considerable hospital experience."

"I hastened to add; for I feared that my juvenile looks might be against me."

"No doubt, no doubt," said my visitor indifferently, though looking at me more keenly than before.

A pause, during which the gentleman reflected, while I diagnosed his nervous condition, almost as a matter of habit.

"I want your assistance, doctor," said he, after pondering, "in a rather peculiar case; and I should like to have a little conversation with you before we go."

"Then, pray, be seated," I rejoined, placing a chair beside him.

He took it, and I sat beside him.

"By the way," said he, rising from the chair, "do you mind my lowering the gas a little? My eyes cannot endure much light."

Permit me; and therewith he turned down the light to a mere glimmer. "Now, doctor, I want you to give me your most serious attention. I have a ward, a young lady, the daughter of my late partner. She is ill, very ill, and I am terribly concerned about her."

My visitor did not face me, but sat in half profile; and instead of reoccupying the chair, he had now placed himself upon the sofa four or five feet away. The distance and the gloom made it impossible for me to see the expression of his features. From time to time he wiped his face with a handkerchief, thereby adding to the difficulty of seeing his face. I did not think much about these things until long afterwards; and then what I had attributed to eccentricity and mental distress, assumed another significance.

"What is the matter with the young lady?" I asked.

"Ay, that is the question!" replied my visitor with a sharp intonation, and turning himself towards me.

"Have you had other advice before coming to me?" I asked.

"Oh, truly. Dr. Bowman Balpit, whom you must know. Then Dr. Howard of London, Monsieur Lepere of Montpellier, and many others, have seen her. But without much advantage, I regret to say."

This was uttered with a half-whining tone, which somehow jarred upon me annoyingly.

"But what are her symptoms?" I inquired.

"Very peculiar, I am told. Faintness, lassitude, lethargy, want of tone, I think you medical men term it."

"Have you any idea of the case of her illness?" I asked.

"Why, yes," replied the gentleman, in an altered, almost faltering voice, and with a hurried glance round the room. "The poor young thing has had a great shock; her father—"

"O yes; I understand," said I, interposing to fill up the sentence, which the gentleman seemed unable to complete: "you incidentally mentioned he was dead, I think?"

"Yes, yes; he is dead," my visitor ejaculated, half spasmodically, and turning away.

"Then the young lady is suffering from grief; a very difficult malady to treat, and often beyond the reach of medical art. However, until I have seen her, I cannot give any opinion," I continued.

"Does grief often kill?" asked the gentleman almost eagerly. Then noting something of astonishment in my attitude, for the question startled me: "You may understand how anxious I am, and will permit me to put point-blank queries?"

"Oh, there should be no hesitation in cases likely to have a fatal termination. Doubtless, you will have to prepare for testamentary disposal of the lady's property, if her recovery be hopeless."

"No, no; the poor thing has little or nothing. Her father, my late partner, died

almost insolvent. Indeed, his sad end was caused by financial embarrassment. Young as you are, doctor, you know that the world of trade is fraught with pitfalls, and that the cleverest and the shrewdest cannot always escape disaster. No; I am not anxious for the disposal of Miss Garston's property, for she has really none worth speaking of. Between ourselves, she is dependent upon my bounty; though, of course, I do not let her know it. Poor thing; she has trouble enough without that. From no other considerations than those of affection, am I here to consult you. After you have seen her, I want you to give me your frank opinion as to the nature of her malady and the probabilities of her recovery; and also to let me know without reserve what remedies you are administering. I am glad that you are young, doctor. You will doubtless be more considerate of my wishes, than an older and more opinionated man." As he went on, my visitor grew more and more animated, and he insensibly approached close to me, gliding along the sofa.

I was young, unpressible, eager for employment, and there was something mysterious, or at any rate something unusual in this case. I felt equal to any promise; and so I said: "You may rely upon my doing all that is possible for the young lady."

"You know, doctor," he said again, looking at me steadfastly, "young girls are sometimes hysterical, and do many odd things?"

I nodded in a matter-of-course sort of way.

"Well, doctor, if you should find that Miss Garston has any symptoms of that kind, complicated with, or arising from the shock she has received, I beg you to be candid with me."

"Certainly."

"And if anything—anything else, should strike you, you will let me know?"

"Certainly. I shall have no shadow of reserve with you, sir."

"Thank you, thank you very much, doctor, for that assurance, cried the gentleman, wringing my hand almost painfully. "I should also mention," he continued, "that as your time and skill will be greatly treasured upon in my service, I am prepared to make the amplest pecuniary return for your aid. May I ask if you can accompany me now?"

As a matter of course, I acquiesced, not unpleased to think that there was now the prospect of a substantial opening in the work of my profession. But, withal, I was struck with the half-tempting manner in which my patron indicated the subject of my honorarium. I seemed to be offered a bribe, yet it was so masked by polite deference, that I could not be sure of his meaning. Besides, why should I be bribed for simply doing my best for a poor suffering girl?

These thoughts flitted through my puzzled brain as I was putting on my overcoat. The gentleman had a cab waiting at the door, and into it we stepped. After a drive of about ten minutes, we stopped; and I was ushered into a splendidly furnished mansion. Upon entering the house, my companion directed me to step into a large and handsome room, where he left me.

Some time passed before he returned; and I had ample leisure to examine the details of the apartment, which seemed half library, half smoking-room; for books and pipes somewhat heterogeneously adorned the walls. Lying on the table was a quaint folio bound in vellum. It looked so odd, that I opened it, curious to know what might be its contents. But it was almost a sealed book to me—it was in Italian. Being, however, a fair Latin scholar, I could make out that it dealt with medicine. I thought it strange that my patron should read such literature. But a man so evidently singular might do many strange things; so I half dismissed the matter from my mind, and turned to look over the names of some of the books upon the shelves. They were chiefly novels, travels, and ordinary books, such as you find in most houses where accumulation has been going on. With the exception of an encyclopedia and an atlas, there did not seem to be a learned volume in the collection. This made the vellum folio the more remarkable; and I could not help returning to it, after I had finished my tour of the room.

Perhaps a quarter of an hour had passed, and I was just going to look at the old folio again, when the door opened and my host reappeared. He seemed much agitated, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Pray, excuse my long delay," he said; "I have had much difficulty in persuading my ward to see you. She is in a very

obstinate mood, I fear. But you will make allowance for her, I have no doubt."

He looked at me measuringly, notwithstanding his disquietude. I looked at him, and had a better opportunity of noting his personal appearance than previously. I judged him to be between fifty and sixty. He was tall, thin, close-shaven, evidently in weak health, and of a worrying nature, or under some corroding distress. "Twitches" distorted his face frequently, his hands moved unconsciously, and his feet were ever moving, though he stood upon the same spot. I purposely kept him talking for a few minutes, that I might examine him at length; for I felt that somehow, by knowing him, I should gain a better insight of my patient's malady. This may seem an odd notion to many; nay, I am astonished myself now, as I recall the scene. But how often do we pursue a course intuitively, that reason would reject?

"You will please return to the library, doctor, after you have seen Miss Garston," said my companion, as we ascended the stairs leading to the sick-room.

"Certainly."

"I shall only introduce you; and leave you to examine Miss Garston's condition by yourself. I think my presence disturbs her to-night."

My patron's voice trembled, and he seemed almost ready to collapse, as we went along the corridor. I felt sorry for him. He evidently was deeply concerned for the young lady.

In another instant I was in a large bedroom, heated like a tropical conservatory, and dim as a crypt. A faint, stifling odour pervaded the room, which, with all my hospital experience, felt almost intolerable.

My host led the way to a large catafalque-like bed; and as I drew near, I saw, enshrouded in multiplied wrappings, the figure of a woman.

A pair of keen, glittering eyes were fixed upon me, which I saw plainly enough, in spite of the gloom. More than that, I felt them, as it were, probing me to the very depths of my consciousness. Never in all my clinical practice had I encountered a stare so piercing. In my hospital practice, the sick, the dying, the mad, the sane, the coward, and the brave, all sorts of sufferers had looked at me in the awful moments when the doctor is the embodiment of fate; but none had regarded me like this almost unearthly woman.

I felt almost mesmerized; but by a supreme effort of self-command, I put aside my feelings, and asked the sufferer how she was.

"This is Dr. Leighford, Harriet," said my host quaveringly.

The glittering eyes swept from me to the speaker. He turned aside as if to go. "You will prefer to tell Dr. Leighford how you are by yourself, my dear. I am going downstairs."

Again the glittering eyes met mine. I sat down on a chair by the bedside, saying as cheerfully as I could: "Have you been ill long?"

A faint voice responded: "Six months."

"Can you endure a little more light?" I asked. "It is impossible for me to judge how you are in this semi-darkness."

A nod was the only reply.

A lamp was upon the table at some distance from the bed. It was of small size; but I managed to get a fair flame after trimming the wick. I brought it to the bedside, and looked at my patient. Her devouring eyes were again fixed on me. But I bore the scrutiny without flinching or without annoyance. I smiled kindly, and spoke soothingly, and went through those little arts of measuring a patient which we learn quite unconsciously.

By degrees, the suspicious interrogatory eyes lost their unearthly expression, and after I had held the lady's hand in mine for a minute, she appeared to grow calmer. Her pulse, which had bounded madly, became steadier. I felt I was gaining her confidence; so I went on looking at my watch, and as I counted the throbbings of the wasted arm, I could feel that the sufferer was looking at me more assuredly, though my face was averted.

"You have been very ill, indeed," I said, placing her arm softly down. "But youth, hope, and good nursing can work wonders."

"Shall I get better?" she murmured in a hoarse, weak, but most anxious voice.

"To be sure—to be sure, if you will do as I bid you."

She half rose in her excitement, but fell back again with a groan.

"I have had much difficulty in persuading my ward to see you. She is in a very

"You promise me life?" she demanded in a whisper.  
 "Yes, Heaven helping us," I returned soothingly.  
 "The others all said I should die," she continued, turning her eyes again upon me, glaring with distrust.  
 "I care not what others say; I shall do all that I can to restore you to health," I said. I felt that I ought not to induce her suspicion any longer, for both our sakes. A doctor who does not inspire the confidence of his patient, is worse than useless; he is a new element of danger.  
 "Let me look at you," whispered the lady impatiently.  
 I took the lamp, placed it close to my face, and stood half defiantly, while she examined me. At length she sighed, and putting forth her hand, said quite audibly: "I will trust you."

CHAPTER II.

A fortnight passed, such a fortnight as few medical men pass through, exciting and perplexing as cases often are. The house-keeper, who at intervals attended my patient, seemed an excellent person; but death and I fought a most desperate combat for possession of Miss Garston. I was often reduced to despair; for my calculations were so falsified, that I sometimes thought I must be an arrant ignoramus; and that, so far from deserving my diploma, I ought to be sent back to an elementary class in the medical school. The leading symptom of my patient was exhaustion. There was no specific disease of any of the vital organs; but all were debilitated, the heart in particular. The remedies I prescribed sometimes produced the expected effect, sometimes failed to do so, and sometimes aggravated the symptoms in a bewildering manner. In homely phrase, I was at my wits' end; and thought, that in honor I ought to commit the lady to other hands.

I urged this upon Miss Garston's guardian, whose name I learned was Lamport. He objected very strongly, and besought me to continue my attentions for a little longer. Miss Garston herself obstinately refused to allow another doctor to be brought in, even for consultation. I had gained her confidence completely, and she had the firmest assurance that I was wholly devoted to her restoration. She greeted me always with a smile, even in the midst of paroxysms of suffering; and my presence appeared to have a calming influence upon her. I spent hours with her daily, partly for professional reasons, partly because she desired me to be near her.

Now, I am one of those who believe that medical men exercise a profound influence upon their patients by mere personality, especially upon delicate and suffering women. Apart from medicines, hygiene, and the rest, we have it in our power to do an infinity of good, by kindly converse and by the exercise of a wise despotism. Miss Garston came to look upon me as a sort of earthly saviour; and she obeyed me with the implicitness of a child or of a devotee. Still, she would not permit me to bring in a colleague though her death was imminent.

"I prefer to die," she said, the last time I pressed the subject. "I have endured so much, that I may surely be spared any further anguish. No, doctor; you alone must tend me to the last. Oh, do not leave me; remain with me to the end! You are good and kind; you have done all that human skill can accomplish. If it is my destiny to pass hence, it must be. But do not leave me. Promise me, as you hope for peace when you come to die—promise me that you will remain by me while life remains."

"Heav! do not agitate yourself," I replied. "Rely upon me; I will not desert my post."

Oh, the terrible wistfulness of her eyes as I spoke! I can never forget them. She became resigned, and a sweet smile replaced the traces of anxiety. Then, in a strangely solemn voice, and with an energy of tone that was almost superhuman, she exclaimed: "Doctor, I have no friend on earth but you."

I stared at her.  
 "Yes, doctor; none but you. All my relatives are gone, or are far away, and indifferents."

"But Mr. Lamport is your friend, your devoted friend, Miss Garston."  
 She looked at me strangely, almost suspiciously again, saying after a pause: "Do you think so?"

"Truly, I do. He exhibits as much anxiety regarding you as if you were his

only child. I doubt if there is any one who takes a deeper and keener interest in your recovery."

She continued to look at me in the same strange, dubious manner.

"You seem incredulous. But I make allowances for the abnormal fancies of invalids. Be assured of your guardian's affection, when I tell you that he has retained me exclusively for your service."

The dark cloud partly retreated from her face as I said this. Yet she was clearly not convinced. I remained silent, satisfied in my own mind that she was one of those unfortunate hysterical victims who are the torment of themselves and the despair of their physician and friends. This strange unwarranted suspicion of the man who was her benefactor, and upon whose bounty her life depended, was a symptom of those hideous perversions of right and wrong that mark the conduct of such patients.

Mr. Lamport, in spite of his odd puzzling manner, was almost demonstratively anxious to serve his unhappy ward. He would often carry up her food from the kitchen with his own hands; he brought home daily supplies of the most tempting fruit; and at an immense expense, kept the sick-chamber gorgeously decorated with flowers—jougues, violets, lilies of the valley, and others. I objected to them, for they made the air of the room heavy as an atmosphere impregnated with opium. But here was another of Miss Garston's obstinacies. She was passionately fond of flowers. Though her general demeanor towards Mr. Lamport was anything but amiable, and often simply rude and ungrateful, yet, when he brought her her evening bouquet, she became gracious and quiescent. She would bury her face in the bouquet, and inhale its fragrance as a thiraty Arab buries his face in a desert pool.

I was sure the flowers did her harm, for after inhaling them, she would fall back quite exhausted; and one evening she fainted so completely, that I feared she was dead.

In my trepidation, I ran into the dressing-room for some ice-water, leaving Mr. Lamport in an ecstasy of apprehension near the poor thing. But I was amazed upon my return to find him holding the bouquet over her face, almost stifflingly.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "What are you doing? She wants air! Put those abominable flowers away!"

He looked at me in a half-terrified, half-searching way, as he had often done before, and immediately obeyed me, apologizing for making the mistake.

I was too much preoccupied by my efforts for the recovery of my patient to think of this curious episode at the time; but it returned to me afterwards, like a haunting tune that comes across our consciousness when least expected.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The British Empire.

The British Empire is a very imposing aggregate of territories scattered over all the continents, but when it comes to be examined more closely it is found to consist for the most part of independent commonwealths, republics in all but name, governing their own territories, making their own laws, levying their own tariffs, and developing their own civilization, without any control on the part of the Imperial Government. The only direct influence that Great Britain exercises over the colonies which have established responsible governments is by the official nominated by the Home Government as chief of the Executive, and who is variously known as Governor, Governor General, or High Commissioner, as the case may be.

It is generally very dangerous to proface a good story by saying "I am going to tell you one of the very best things you ever heard in your life," but in this case I am not afraid to venture even that. An English traveller in Ireland, greedy for information, and always fingering the note-book in his breast pocket, got into the same railway carriage with a certain Roman Catholic archbishop. Ignorant of his rank, and only perceiving that he was a divine, he questioned him pretty closely about the state of the country, whiskey-drinking, etc., etc. At last he said, "You are a parish priest yourself, of course?"

His Grace drew himself up. "I was one, sir," he answered with icy gravity.

"Dear I dear!" was the sympathizing rejoinder; "that accursed drink, I suppose I

FACTS AND FIGURES.

The physician is a sympathetic man. Whenever he touches the pulse of an invalid, he feels sick also.

The eucalyptus, or blue gum tree grows so fast that a forest may be formed in 20 years. It is sometimes 300 feet high, and has a trunk 100 feet in circumference.

The English Post Office Savings Bank continues to be a most successful institution. A quarter of a million additional depositors opened accounts in the bank during the year 1882. The total number of depositors at the end of the year was thus nearly 3,000,000, the amount of their deposits being over £39,000,000—an increase of nearly £3,000,000 during the year, the largest annual increase yet recorded.

The following are the totals for the population of the great cities of Europe:—London, 3,532,440 inhabitants; Paris, 2,225,910; Berlin, 1,222,500; Vienna, 1,103,110; St. Petersburg, 876,570; Moscow, 611,770; Constantinople, 670,000; Glasgow, 555,940; Liverpool, 555,430; Naples, 493,110; Hamburg, 410,120; Birmingham, 400,000; Lyons, 372,890; Madrid, 367,280; Budapesth, 360,380; Marsilles, 357,520; Manchester, 341,510; Warsaw, 339,340; Milan, 321,540; Amsterdam, 317,010; Dublin, 314,660; Leeds 309,130; Rome, 300,470; Sheffield, 281,410; Breslau, 272,910; Turin, 252,533.

European statisticians are gradually reducing their estimates of the population of China. It used to be put at over 400,000,000. Behm and Wagner reduce their estimate for China and Corea from 434,500,000 to 379,590,000. Peterson reduces his estimate by 75,000,000, making the present total 350,000,000. Dr. Happer, missionary, believes this can safely be reduced another 50,000,000. Mr. Hippiley, acting commissioner of customs, thinks 250,000,000 more nearly correct than 356,000,000. The losses by the Taeping and Mohammedan rebellions, and by the famine and pestilence which swept the provinces of Chili, Shantung, Shensi, Shensi and Houan, are variously estimated at from 61 to 81,000,000.

"No, Aunt," said young Folkstone, "I don't get on well at all with Clara. And by the way there is one thing I don't like, I'm afraid she puts chalk on her face." "Oh? that's nothing," replied Aunt Goodwin laughing. "A nice soldier you would make, now, wouldn't you? If you can't face powder, George, how can you ever expect over to get into engagement?"

THE EXCHANGE AND MAKT.

[Advertisements, 10 cents for 20 words or under, and half cent per word for all over 20 words.]

This column is intended to facilitate the sale or exchange of articles between private parties and is not for ordinary business announcements. As soon as the business warrants it suitable premises will be provided where articles may be left on sale.

For sale, or will exchange for house and lot in the city, one of the prettiest 100 x 150 lots in Rosedale, facing the Howard street bridge, Box 19, Titurn Office, Toronto.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

OWING to the great increase in our business, and the many requests of our lady patrons, we have opened an office at 120 King St. East, two doors east of the English Cathedral. We have also secured the services of Dr. Strangways, who has for seven years made a special study of diseases of the Liver, Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys and the diseases peculiar to the ladies. Dr. Strangways will give free consultations to all parties calling, whether they purchase our remedies or not. He will also explain to inquirers the principle on which our remedies are founded, and how it is that they make so many wonderful cures, even where the best physicians failed. Don't forget that at our retail office you will find the correct physician in Toronto to give advice and tell you how to cure yourself and avoid ever being sick.

Correspondence invited.

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**NOTMAN PAD CO.**  
 120 King St., East, Toronto.

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OF NEW AUTUMN

DRY



GOODS

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The Cheapest Lot of All-Wool Blankets in Canada.

Carpets, Oilcloths, Curtains, Sheetings, Tablings, etc.

**R. WALKER & SONS,** 33 to 37 KING ST. E., TORONTO.

# A BROKEN RING OF GOLD.

## SONG.

Words by GEO. COOPER.

Music by L. LAWRENCE.

*Allegretto.*

sf

f

We meet no more at once we met, when life was  
 It brings no back the vis - ions sweet, that nev - er

p

bright and fair, Our lives are sha - dowed with ro - gret, our hearts are  
 now may be, A - gain I hear your lips re - peat, their words of

filled with care..... Though far a - part, our paths are cut, one  
 love to me..... But why re - call the past a - gain with

trea - sure dear I hold, That binds me to the hap - py in  
 all the joys and tears, Its hap py to - ments lost in

past, the bro - ken ring of gold..... I wear it fold - ed up -  
 pain, its dark and wea - ry years..... Oh, like the gift

*marcato.*

on my heart, Your trea - sure gift of old,..... Oh, death a -  
 on my heart, Our sov - ereign lives of old,..... Yet death a -

lone from me shall part this bro - ken ring of gold.....  
 lone from me shall part this bro - ken ring of gold.....

*sf*

## Health Department.

### The "Blues," Their Cause and Cure.

In writing of the "Blues," perhaps it would not be out of place to inquire into the origin of the term, which, although very useful and universally understood, can not as yet be recognized as fully incorporated into the language. Webster declares the word to be a contraction of "blue devils," a common expression for extreme dejection or melancholy. The supernatural part of the latter metaphor is too evident in its application to need any explanation; the epithet "blue" is frequently used to designate anything stern, forbidding, or sombre, in accordance with the mysterious law of association which has supplied the entire vocabulary of psychological terms.

Having found out what the term blues or "blue devils" means we are prepared to investigate their causes. In the first place, the intimate reciprocal relations of the mind and body are too well known to call for anything further than mere reference; now we must bear in mind that the blues are a disease, hypochondriasis, to speak by the card. We are not talking about an occasional dampness of spirits such as is at intervals the lot of all, but a downright, chronic, habitually recurring dependency, the most unenviable of all ailments. This latter breeds pessimism and cynicism, fosters misanthropy, engenders gloom, welcomes despair, and, if allowed its own course, terminates in insanity and suicide. The word "if," however, covers more ground than any other in the language. When James A. Garfield had been shot through the spine he asked the doctor if there were any hope of recovery. The physician, willing to reassure him, replied that there was just one chance that he might live. His answer contained all the noblest philosophy of human life: "Well, doctor," said the stricken President, "I'll take that chance."

To return to the question of causes: hypochondria is frequently the result of physical derangement, disregard of sanitary laws, or immoral and pernicious habits. A lack of tone and vigor, disposition to exertion, can not long subsist without producing a corresponding effect upon the mind. Among women, the circulation of the blood is impeded by tight lacing, acting by direct constriction, and by permanently malforming and contracting the thoracic cavity, impeding the respiratory process, and thus preventing the complete oxygenation of the blood. The result of this is cold extremities and a hot head, partial paralysis of the sympathetic nerves (especially of the lower limbs) and general derangement of the vital functions. Dyspepsia is a prolific cause of the blues; in fact, nothing is more certain to produce irritability and dependency than indigestion. In this also, as in many other cases, the importance of inherited tendencies can not be overlooked. The law by which taints of blood and disorders of the mind are transmitted from generation to generation must enlist the serious attention of every thoughtful person. An inherited predisposition, however, fortunately by no means points to a certain realization. If vigorously resisted, a few generations may effect its entire extirpation; but if, as is too often the case, this predisposition is fostered and encouraged, an unhappy culmination is soon to be expected. Now, either a natural or an acquired disposition to depression of spirits may be nourished in a thousand different ways. Nothing subsists without food, a disordered supply not more than being endowed with flesh and blood. Melancholy feeds upon solitary brooding. It sits upon the man who is always looking inward upon himself instead of out at the world, believing that mankind hates him, and knowing that he hates mankind, who has closed his heart to the manifold sufferings of humanity, and sits in gloomy and solitary meditation over his own wrongs. Let those who find a dismal satisfaction in Byronic

musings consider that selfishness is the very kernel of the melancholy, for such monologues invariably contain a subtle element of self-flattery which imparts satisfaction to the vanity. The worst egotist is of the Uriah Heep type always masquerading under a feigned humility. Beware of the man who is fond of calling himself a worm, a poor, miserable, forlorn, unworthy creature of the dust: in his heart of hearts he believes that he is the elect and salt of the earth, created a trifle higher than the angels.

Now, a word as to the best method of fighting the blues. When a country is invaded with hostile intent, the first thing is to find out the nature and location of the enemy, the next to declare war, call out the troops, and march against him. In the first place, then, you must realize that you have been invaded by the blues, and that they are laying waste your happiness, disregarding your rights and honor, and impairing your manhood; then you are to lose no time in commencing hostilities. If, now, you stay at home and bewail your sad condition, the blues will gather head with amazing rapidity. On the other hand, on the first show of determined resistance, the blues are such arrant cowards as to flee the country without risking an engagement. To drop the metaphor, in addition to the removal of its physical causes, the most essential and effectual agent for exterminating this pest is sturdy will-power. Abandon the idea that there is anything romantic about melancholy; outside of novels the dumps are the most stupid and uninteresting things imaginable. Attach yourself to some useful purpose, and labor diligently to that end; idleness is the food of morbid sentiment, and industry itsbane. Indolence is dolorous, in spite of etymology. The blues attack an idle mind as weasels prey upon an old hulk rotting at its moorings; they flourish in the darkness like foul vermin in slimy dungeons, or fungi in damp woods.

When you read your Bible, don't turn to Job and Lamentations, to Jeremiah and Ecclesiastes; but consider the thankfulness of David, the confidence of Isaiah, and the faith of Paul. If you devote your attention to other authors, give no countenance to whining, drivelling pessimism, which believes that nature's quarries furnish only tombstones, and weeps over every fragrant and beautiful flower of human life as the type of general evanescence; but rather adopt the philosophy taught by such men as he who addresses his soul with such lofty exhortation:

"Leave thy love-vaulted past.  
Build three more stately chambers, O my soul!  
As the slow seasons roll."

Never truer words were uttered than these which say: "There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so."

### Sea Bathing.

At the present time, says the *British Medical Journal*, it may be useful to recall the chief general indications and contraindications which respectively sanction and forbid bathing in the sea. "Shall I bathe? This is a question which thousands of health seekers will be asking of their doctors during the next few weeks. While the stimulus of a fresher air, of change of scene, and of new occupations, together with rest from accustomed work, are the elements from which the weakly, the worn, the worried reap physical and mental restoration in a journey on the sea coast, it is unquestionable that bathing in the open sea is, in itself, a powerful restorative agency, which many persons may employ with very great advantage.

The universal experience of our race, through unnumbered ages, has shown the value of sea bathing in both preventive and curative medicine. A good rule, laid down by an experienced physician, is this: In all cases showing impaired functional powers, without any manifestation of inflammatory symptoms, in short, in those cases in which the exhibition of alternatives and tonics are indicated, sea bathing may, with proper precautions, be resorted to; it is contraindicated in persons of plethoric habit of body, in cerebral congestion, in organic diseases of the heart, in aneurism, and in all persons who have the inability safely to encounter a comparatively severe shock; while it is also to be forbidden at certain periods in which the female constitution is not prepared for the application of powerful remedies. Because it ends, in certain conditions of impaired health, to cause determination of blood to the viscera. Bathing in the open sea is generally unsuitable for persons disposed to congestive disorders of the lungs,

kidneys, liver, and brain. Albuminuria, advanced anemia, and a liability to hemoptysis are also conditions which are usually accepted as contra-indicating sea bathing.

It is hurtful to bathe babies in the sea; children under two years of age are too young to bear with advantage the comparatively severe shock of a cold sea bath. In old age, when the bodily powers are unequal to a vigorous reaction, sea bathing may do much harm, especially in the subjects of extreme arterial degeneration. In suitable cases, and under proper precautions as to time of bathing and duration of exposure, a daily bath in the open sea is a valuable restorative. In individuals who are fairly robust, it is a stimulant, alterative, and tonic, promoting appetite, tissue change, and excretions, and bracing up the nervous, vascular, and muscular systems. Sea bathing is especially useful as a powerful and unsurpassed tonic in delayed convalescence from acute diseases, in many chronic affections, and in persons whose strength has become enfeebled by injurious excesses, by mental strain, or by unhealthy occupations.

### Seasonable Advice to Bathers

The Royal Humane Society, in its recently issued report, gives the following advice to swimmers and bathers: "Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal. Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue, or from any other cause. Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration. Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, it causes a sense of chilliness with numbness of the hands and feet. Bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats after having been in the water. Avoid remaining too long in the water; leave the water immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness.

### Sewer Gas and Typhoid Fever.

Dr. George Hamilton, in the *Medical Record*, takes issue with those whom assume the conveyance of germs of typhoid and scarlet fevers, diphtheria, and dysentery by contaminated drinking water, and who do not believe that sewer gas can spread the infection or originate the diseases. Referring to the premises that sometimes occur suddenly in cities fed with drinking water from some common source, he says that their sudden appearance and as sudden disappearance cannot be attributed to the character of the water, except on the supposition that the water changes suddenly from purity to impurity, and vice versa, a supposition incompatible with the delivery supply of water from reservoirs. Walled up cess-pools, he says, are common in the city and not usually found in the country, and the exhalations from unventilated and uncared for vaults have much to do with the prevalence of typhoid diseases.

### The Great Dr. Virows

has resigned from the medical association of Berlin. He won't be forced to keep "his light under a bushel." He approves of advertising any remedy or combination that will cure, regardless of medical ethics. The surgeons of the International Throat and Lung Institute head office London, Ealing, and branch offices Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Detroit, Mich., using Dr. M. Sonvielle's wonderful invention the Spirometer, are curing thousands of cases of bronchitis, consumption, catarrh, asthma and catarrhal deafness, and are making it known to physicians and sufferers all over the world. Physicians and sufferers are invited to call and try the Spirometer free. If impossible to call personally write, enclosing stamp, for list of questions and copy of International News, published monthly. Address Dr. M. Sonvielle & Co., 173 Church street, Toronto, or 13 Philip's Square, Montreal.

A once famous quack doctor headed his advertisement: "Ho! all ye dyspeptics! That's just what dyspeptics won't do. If they would all hoc vigorously, they would not need any other medicine."

An English missionary journal makes the following interesting summary: Europe has now a population of 315,929,000 inhabitants; Asia, 551,707,000; Africa, 205,679,000; America, 94,405,000; Australia and Polynesia, 231,000; and the Polar Regions, 82,600; giving a total of 1,455,928,000, being an increase of 16,778,000 according to latest known censuses.

### JOAQUIN MILLER.

#### A Visit to Quebec.—The Most Picturesque and Romantic Scenery on the American Continent.

One enters upon the story and description of this wonderful city with great hesitation and feeling of unfitness. For Dickens, Le-moine, Bancroft, Howells, and indeed, a hundred others, have said great things of these battlements cemented together by the best blood of centuries. Quebec is the storehouse of American history; and the most glorious of cities; beautiful, too, as a picture.

She gleams above her granite throne;  
Her gray walls gird her ample zone;  
She queens the north, supreme—alone!

There is but one other city in America that at all touches me either in its story or its presence like Quebec. And that is the City of Mexico. But the old Quebec of history has been sadly pillaged of its material glory by gross and stupid men. A hideous jail stands out yonder on the Plains of Abraham, surmounting almost the very spot where the immortal Wolfe fell and died. The glorious old Jesuit college was lately condemned as being in danger of falling down. And yet when the vandals came to destroy it they literally had to use dynamite to overthrow it. A great, ugly, empty, weed-grown square now holds the place of this last monument to the noblest and most unselfish civilization that ever lived. One might go on all day recounting examples of stupidity and bigotry like this; but let us escape the un-passant task. It is much to know that the mighty deeds and words of the illustrious dead are beyond the reach of "progressive" railroads, and that, do what they may, they can never overthrow their achievements. These stormy and stony heights for all time shall stand as their united monuments.

Were I in charge of Quebec to-day I should make it the greatest crime for any man to throw down a single stone from the walls or ancient edifices of the brave old city. It is like stealing precious stones from a sovereign's crown. Let "progress" go by the other way. Thank God no great-rail oil has yet come screeching and screaming up the heights Wolfe climbed. She sits above the tide of commerce, let her remain so. There are plenty of railroad towns in this land without trying to make the gray old fortress one of them. The least that can be done now is to preserve what is left of her. And it seems to me that if I could not restore any part of the structures, I would try and restore something of the old customs. I would mount guards at every gate, sound the reveille and all that, and for the instruction of the student and the traveller keep up the traditional air and character of the ancient city, so far as it could be done without cost to the people. For Quebec is unique, and belongs to the world, not entirely to Canada.

### Newspaper "Shop-Talk."

Nothing is more surprising, and indeed, often more amusing, than the ignorance or indifference of the newspaper readers about controversies by which nearly all newspaper offices in the country are shaken to their foundations, and which newspaper men watch with intense interest. Which side gets the best of it, in these battles none but newspaper men ever know, because lay readers usually take only one paper, and in that, of course the adversary's replies never appear. Indeed, the lay reader is only made conscious of the storm that is raging by its scorn, and sarcasm, and invective which he sees in his own journal. O the wretched man who calls it forth, and the fate which finally overtakes him, he never gets a glimpse—*New York Evening Post*.

From observations made in Switzerland Prof. Tyndall shows that the silent flashings called "heat lightning" are not, as supposed, harmless, but indicate thunder storms which may not be more than twenty miles away.

### Harper's Bazar Pattern House

All Cut Patterns published in Harper's Bazar New York (Weekly), sent to any address on receipt of price. Send for Sheets and Catalogues. A Choice Selection of French and American Millinery.

Dresses and Mantles in the Latest Styles at reasonable rates. Dress Trimmings, Fancy Goods, etc.

Mrs. I. THORNHILL, 374 Yonge-st., Toronto.

**TOURISTS** should call on W. J. REK 21 Queen St. West, opposite Shaftesbury Hall. Rare Old China, Antique Bronzes, Old Coins and Old Paintings. Specialty, very Old Books.



**Fashion Department.**

Sashes remain in favor. Poles and rings are the accepted cornice. Children now wear black stockings on all occasions. A passing fancy is to have a bed-spread of cretonne. A novelty in bed spreads are covers of Turkish towelling. Plain and white flannel remains in favor for boating purposes. Lambrequins are as diverse in style and material as are draperies. A "velvet season" is predicted for the fall and winter season of 1883. Yellow ranges in all shades from pale emerald to amber and gold brown. French grays, drabs, browns, and garnet are colors most talked about now. For travelling and useful wear, fine cloths with narrow lines and checks are proper. Straight portieres of crash, worked in outline embroidery, are used for bedrooms. One form of engagement ring consists of a circle of small diamonds and sapphires alternating. New shades likely to be as short lived as the melon season are "water melon green" and "water-melon pink." A new lace of heavy texture is termed Kremlin guipur. It is employed for trimming many sorts of fabrics. Cream net embroidered with pines in gold thread formed the flounces on some of the Goodwood dresses this year. Some pretty auburn bonnets have appeared in painted dull gold cord edged with gathered velvet and trimmed with rings. The bird craze has come again. All varieties of the feathered tribe are in demand, from pigeons, sea-gulls and parquets to birds of paradise. New laces are offering in white, cream and black and-tan shades. There are also laces that show embossed silk figures on net background. Sarah Bernhardt's newest gloves are said to measure just four feet and a half in length. They are to form a mass of wrinkles from above the shoulder to the wrist.

The fashion for buckles as ornaments on dresses and bonnets, is increasing. Steel appears to be the favorite material for these, though beaded and chenille effects are also shown. French women are exhibiting some striking costumes at the sea shore—such as gowns embroidered and painted over with cocks and partridges in real size and natural colors. "Long Beach," "Yolande," "Rajah," "Artless," "Fancy," "Sensation," "Leader," and "Rival," are a few of the names given to new shapes in hats and bonnets of American manufacture.

A very handsome Venetian openwork embroidery in floss silk is to be used next season for trimming cashmere and wigogue dresses, the bands of the panels and skirt-fronts being twelve to fifteen inches wide. In white cashmere or nun's cloth, for evening dresses, or Grecian house robes, this trimming is peculiarly effective and beautiful. The new delicate but vivid shade of red known as Marlborough will be much employed to brighten the tailor-made costumes of cheviot, tweed, and ladies' cloth this autumn, and the chaudron or copper shades will be used in combination with the soft, rich shades of dark blue, especially the color called royal blue, brought out last year.

Worth is again making use of wide sash-ribbon in the back drapery of his most elegant walking, reception, and evening costumes. He is also employing most excellent shades of pale blue velvet for dancing toilets. A dress of his creating, made of this rich fabric, is trimmed with wide cream colored lace, with silver and pearl bands in applique, heading each of the ruffles on skirt and bodice.

There is a fresh fashion making its way among Americans both at home and abroad that is to be deplored—the "making-up" of



AUTUMN COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—A dressy costume of rich black silk of the quality known as "Cachemiro Marguerite," which is unsurpassed for beauty and perfection of finish. The design illustrated is the "Varina" costume, which is composed of a tight fitting basque with paniers and drapery mounted upon it, giving the effect of a polonaise, and the skirt is trimmed with two wide flounces edged with ruffles of heavy black Chantilly lace. The same lace, combined with jet-beaded passomenterie, ornaments the paniers, and forms a collarette and cuffs. The bonnet worn

with this stylish dress is of black velvet sown with rows of gold braid. It is trimmed with *rouleaux* of ruby velvet and an ostrich feather of a lighter shade. Red silk parasol tied with bows of ruby velvet ribbon. Price of patterns of the "Varina" costume, 30 cents each size. FIG.—Illustrates a front of the "Varina" costume, also made up in the handsome "Cachemiro Marguerite" black silk, and lavishly trimmed with silk guipure lace and jet passomenterie garniture. The bows at the wrists and throat are of orange-color-

ed velvet ribbon. The pretty capote shaped bonnet is made of frills of silk guipure lace disposed on a net frame, and trimmed with a large cluster of orange-colored velvet ribbon loops and notched ends. Cream-colored Suedé gloves. Price of costumes patterns, 30 cents each size. Cachemiro Marguerite is a very superior, pure finished black silk, and can be found at all first-class retailers, but buyers should see that every second yard is stamped "Cachemiro Marguerite" on the selvege, and take no goods that are not so stamped.

the face and eyes. Not a few of the guests at the Marlborough fete gave an exhibition of this fashion, and one has but to go to Newport, Long Branch, and other resorts to see that an effort is being made to introduce the use of paints and other cosmetics more freely than before for years.

The time when lady travellers enveloped themselves in sleeveless and cumbersome capes of linen and other unhandy garments for a brief journey is a thing of the past, and in their place to day are travelling costumes and wraps as stylish and trim as can be found among the whole array of fashionable toilets, designed for any occasion. Polonaises and tunics are just now in high vogue for travelling use, and by clever arrangement of elastic and hooks a long French redingote or pelisse, let down to quite cover the handsome silk or shirt underneath, may at the end of the journey, and before the other baggage has arrived, be re looped and raised so that it closely resembles in its angles and puffs the style of a pannier polonaise. The wearer may then appear at the table d'hote in an apparently fresh costume without the necessity of a change of dress.

**Our Engravings.**

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

**Candid Advice.**

"I can swim the whirlpool at Niagara," said a stranger in a confidential whisper to a hardware man on Woodward avenue yesterday. "Can you?" "I feel that I can. I would like some advice from you. Would you try it if you were me?" "No, sir—no, sir, I wouldn't think of such a thing. A man who hasn't been in a bath tub for a year, nor had on a clean shirt for a month, wouldn't stand a ghost of a show with a whirlpool. You'd better go and tackle a drink of water and gradually work up to it!"

**Topographical Uses of the Balloon.**

The recent balloon trip of Crepigny and Simons across the English Channel has given occasion for the latter to set to the Pall Mall *Gazette* some facts of the voyage, with a suggestion of the usefulness of the balloon in making topographical surveys. In his account Mr. Simons says that "not only the land lay below us like a map, but the bottom of the sea is clearly seen in every direction. Every channel and shoal is easily marked, and forms a fibrous network. By the aid of instantaneous photographs there would be no limit to the increase of our knowledge of the sea through balloons, as charts of greater exactness than any yet existing could be made of the bottom of the sea, at least of shoals shallow enough to offer danger to sailing craft."

Steel tools sprung in hardening can be straightened in tempering. Hardened steel, when not enough to change the color to straw color or purple, is about as pliable as annealed steel when cold. So pieces warped while hardening can, while hot, be straightened with a hammer, or, better with a screw press, without danger of breaking.

**MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.**

The Dominion Mutual Benefit Society of Canada, (Incorporated.) Providing a benefit of \$1,000, or \$2,000 for families of deceased members. It provides an endowment of \$400 or \$1,000 in ten years, and \$500 to \$1,000 in case of permanent disability by sickness or accident. A number of the leading business and professional men in the country are members. All claims will be promptly adjusted on maturity. Ladies admitted on equal terms with gentlemen. Agents wanted. Greatest inducements ever offered. Call or send for terms and by-laws, Home Office 30 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

## Ladies' Department.

### The Married Flirt.

Now is the winter of her discontent made glorious summer to the married flirt.

Conjugal jars are forgotten, marital misery is banished, household woes are hushed. In fact, conjugal cares generally are put away in camp, so to speak, to be resurrected, unfortunately, fresh as ever in the fall.

Though, like death, she has all seasons for her own, the married flirt has seized upon the heated term as her especial and peculiar opportunity. As an army of banners, she goes forth conquering and to conquer. While her undulating laces and cool muslins modestly invite, her feathers and furberlous wait a warning and her ribbons rustle defiance. She is a coquette armed cap-a-pie.

But there are coquettes and coquettes, and the married flirt is not to be mistaken for the single specimen of the same species. From the tips of her abnormally long gloves to the tips of her preternaturally short slippers she is sui generis. Even such light things as the heaviest wave of a hand, the freakish fall of a fan show her for what she is. The giddy girl recognizes her with envy and anguish, the elderly dowager with discreet detestation. Both mother and daughter know her and fear her. She has married many a match, destroyed many an article, ruined many a season.

If genuine cursing, not loud but deep, could kill she would have been dead long ago. But she is perennial. She pervades all places and spoils all plans. She gets a new zest from the disappointment of others, and, like the vampire, feeds upon the heart blood of young hopes. No summer resort is without her. From the hotel of high degree to the meek and lowly camp meeting she is omnipresent. The trail of the serpent is over them all.

The married flirt is not only multitamcus, but multifarious. She is of all ages and degrees, of all classes and conditions. One season she is languid and languishing, another she is fast and furious. Now she is demure and devote, and again she is flighty and frivolous. You like her limp and lymphatic, and are surprised to like her better brisk and soubretteish. One day she is shrinking and skittish, the next she is audacious and impudent. She takes her cue from Cleopatra: "Age can not wither nor custom stale her infinite variety." She is also absolutely apostolic; she is all things to all men, and, although the danger signals are always out, she finds a fool every time she takes the trouble to open her eyes.

And then the whole thing is so easy; it is a part of the general summer scheme—no care, no worry, no fretting, but plenty of folly.

It is no wonder the young girl is distanced. There is no risk, no danger of falling branch of promise suits are as foreign to the married flirt's thoughts as genuine sentiment. She is fascinating, but you can not call her false. She is evidently fitted to conjugate love in all its moods and tenses; but the sense of safety makes her cruel.

Tying her bonnet under her chin.

She uses a young man's heart within.

Just as remorselessly as though she meant to marry him.

Possibly, however, it is a waste of feeling to think of the other side. Both parties probably enjoy the little pretense of sentiment all the more from the very impossibility of its bringing them to the altar. At all events, the thing is likely to last. A woman should never be too old to try to please, and all women love to be loved. It is more than likely that the sole survivor, Macaulay's New Zealander on London bridge, will not only be a female, but a married flirt.

### Taste of French Women.

French women, who are admitted to possess a more refined taste in dress than any other females, are at present wearing a coarse, slazy woolen fabric very like a light horse-blanket for travel and hunting purposes. The material is made up plainly in two pieces, plaited plain skirt and coat, tailor-made in fact, with a good deal of silk machine-stitching to show in lieu of more elaborate trimming. French women wear white collars and cuffs and neater gant de succées than any women on earth, and one searches in vain for the particular charm in a Parisian lady's perfect toilet. It is no one thing especially, but just everything in general. Such a running symphony of color throughout, and such neatness and completeness from bonnet to shoe. Strangers are very apt, when strolling through the

Boulevard Hausman or Chaussee d'Antin, to mistake a pretty dark eyed grisette for a baroness when admiring her olive-green silk costume, Lophorn poke with green feathers, and yellow undressed gloves fitting like gloves on the Bernhardt model used in glove stores, not to speak of her exquisite little olive-green kick shoe laced over the anklebone.

### Electric Light and Blondes.

Nobody appears to have noticed the one effect of the electric light—it is going to make brunettes fashionable again. The white glare is, in a color sense, death to the blonde. The pinkest of them take on little shadows under the eyes, and purple tints come into their lips, and their cheeks get ashen. I am speaking now of a natural blonde. The effect on the artificial bleacher is simply cadaverous. But the brunette sparkles under it like the evening star. What a dreadful state of existence the dear enameled will lead when they can neither go out at day or night! I suppose you know that the hot sun heats the face of enameled women, gets so hot as to blister the flesh underneath, which would split the artificial covering. If, then, the electric light shuts them in at night also, they might as well be enameled all through in the old Egyptian style, and put into a sarcophagus.

### Mendelssohn's Marriage.

This pretty story is told of the founder of the Mendelssohn family. He was a hunchback, and a young Hamburg maiden rejected his love suit in consequence. When wishing her adieu she said: "Do you really think that marriages are made in heaven as they say?" "Yes, indeed," he replied, "and something especially wonderful happened to me. At the birth of a child procreation is made to heaven that he or she shall marry such and such a one. When I was borne my future wife was also named, but at the same time it was said: 'Aha, she will have a dreadful hump on her back!' 'O God,' I then said, 'a deformed girl will become embittered, whereas she should be beautiful. Give me the hump and let the maiden be well favored and agreeable.'" The sophistry had its reward; they were married.

### CHIT-CHAT.

Always take beauty at its face value.

The wife of the man that called a baby carriage a cry-cycle was spending a week with her mother. When the visit is returned, his wit will keep calmer.

A little girl while walking along with her mother and seeing a near sighted man reading a newspaper, asked: "Mamma, is that man tryin' to look through that paper?"

It is only the female mosquito that bites. While the female is off hunting blood, the male is holding a political convention in the woods and setting up the primaries for next year's campaign.

La Fiancee: "Oh, dear! I have got to go and I shall be away two whole years, and I am dreadfully afraid." Le Fiancee: "Now, how silly you are, when I have promised to be utterly bored until you come back."

The high-school girl says the expression "got the bulge," will soon be superseded by "obtained the convexity." And so we hasten to remark that mad stone stories have "obtained the convexity" over other summer fables.

"Simon, you've been drinking again. I smell liquor on your breath, and it was only yesterday you promised me, your fond wife, that you had now finally reformed." "Yes, Mrs. Mullberry (hic), ash to, but you see (hic) the cholera's a-raging in Egypt (hic), an's comin' to this direcshun like (hic) 'spress train. Got to begin to brace up my (hic) system in time, Mrs. (hic) Mullberry."

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe says the novels of the day lack romantic interest, and that is about the size of it. They are altogether too full of the conventionalities of society to be good for much as stories or works of art.

In a suburban city not very long ago a widowed groom of seventy led to the matrimonial altar a blushing widow of fifty-two. At the conclusion of the ceremonies some one proposed to enliven the occasion by singing. But the feelings of the happy couple may be imagined when the company struck up and sung with the heartiest enthusiasm, "What shall the harvest be?"

### AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

It is reported that an angry passenger thro a porter from a Pullman parlor car out West. This was probably the biggest tip the porter ever received.

It is said that Patti's voice has failed about 15 per cent, since she left for Europe. She will probably take trade dollars at the box office when she comes back.

"Yes," said Miss Squigglehorn, "pa was a professional man, as you have heard; he used to draw very large houses." (N. B. "Pa" was a building mover.)

The inebriated party that goes home late at night and sees the top of the stairs spinning round should pull himself together and reflect on the fact that tops were made to spin.

A gentleman who had just returned from Europe was asked how he liked the trip across the ocean. "Not a bit," was the reply. "I felt utterly retched all the way over."

A young man urged, as one of the reasons why a girl should marry him, that he had a collection of over 400 different kinds of wood. She said if it was kindling wood she'd think of it.

Some workmen, while putting up a sign at a Newport store, dropped two of the big letters, both H's on the pavement. A dozen Newporters immediately exclaimed, "How delightfully English."

A citizen of Kentucky "sold his spectacles off his eyes, for thirty cents, and then turned right round and spent the money for three drinks of whiskey." This is simply a transfer of glasses from above to below the nose.

The story is current that a three-year-old child was carried away up in the air by toy balloons in North Carolina recently. This is not more probable than the woman that was carried away in this city by a blonde moustache. Quaker world.

Six lovely schoolma'ams were out rowing on the placid Monongahela last evening. A bold, wicked man on shore, who was a bad boy a few years ago, instead of taking off his hat as the boat went by, simply remarked: "Behold the whaling fleet."

When Shootwell died the boys clubbed together to buy him a tombstone. They couldn't agree upon the inscription. Fogg suggested this: "His gun never missed fire. Let us hope he may be like his gun." But this was considered somewhat personal and was rejected without a division.

### An Old Seal Follows Her Captive Offspring Eighty Miles.

An interesting incident, illustrating the maternal affection of an animal for its young, was brought to notice during the visit of an excursion party to Anacapa Island off the coast of California. A young seal pup only a few months old was brought away from the island by little Ernest Whitehead, who desired to take it home for a pet. Shortly before sailing a large seal was noticed swimming around the sloop anchored off the cave where the capture was made, uttering loud barks and at times howling piteously. No particular attention was paid to the animal at the time or to the little captive, which at times barked in response to the old dam's plaints. The boat sailed away, making for the Ventura shore. When off San Buenaventura a calm in the wind decreased the speed of the boat, when a large seal was noticed near by.

On reaching the wharf at Santa Barbara a seal was again discovered swimming about the boat. To better secure the pup until daylight the rope was taken from its fin and it was tied up in a jute sack and left loose on the deck. Soon after coming to anchor the seal responded to its mother's invitation by casting itself overboard all tied up as it was within a sack. It is asserted by the man on deck that the seal mother seized the sack and with her sharp teeth tore open the prison of her offspring. This, however, is a mere conjecture. If it did the little pup was saved; otherwise it would drown tied up in the sack. The incident was the more interesting from the fact that the old seal had to follow the sloop at least eighty miles over the ocean in a hopeful endeavor to rescue its young.—Santa Barbara, (Cal.) Press.

The Jews in London number about one hundred thousand. They have three weekly newspapers, fifteen synagogues, and a rabbinical college, with the finest Jewish library in the world.

### A Racing Calf.

"Wabash," the two-year-old calico calf that is credited with a mile racing record of 2.2, was brought to Philadelphia on Monday by the owner, Colonel Charles J. Burns, of Evansville, Indiana. Wabash has won seven races off the reel this summer and was only beaten once. On that occasion he fell down. At Bedford Park on Wednesday last he easily beat J. C. Mason's blk. g., the Major, a mile in 2.20. After the race Col. Burns declined to accept an offer of \$1,500 for his fleet footed bovine. The calf is nearly 13½ hand high, his legs are like those of a giraffe, and his horns are tipped with nickel-plated knobs. Col. Burns bought the calf when a yearling from an Indiana farmer, who was driving the split-hoofed trotter to a sully, and beating all ordinary roadsters with ease. The

calf is of PERBIAIN BLOOD, and was bred raised and trained by the farmer. Col. Burns intends exhibiting the speedy beast on all the trotting tracks in the country. Hitched to a light waggon Wabash trotted to Belmont Park, and was sent around the track several times at a three-minute gait. The calf's wind and limbs are perfectly sound, and the owner says he has driven him 40 miles a day without making him turn a hair. Although Wabash trots fast and steadily in harness, he is much speedier when running under saddle. To show the calf's speed he was saddled and mounted by a 115 lb. jockey yesterday, and Mr. Horton's "Clorn a," with a record of 2.24, was started against him. Clorinda went away in the lead when the word "go" was given, but Killy, the jockey on the calf, quickly clapped spurs into its sides, and with a bellow that was heard a mile off, Wabash hoisted his tail like a jackstaff and set

### SAIL AFTER THE TROTTER.

The crowd of horsemen present at once saw that Wabash had a mixed but fast gait that is peculiar to himself. When on the back stretch his legs seemed to sprangle out on all sides at once, and he bowed his back like a bucking broncho and blew a cloud of steam out of his nostrils. Colonel Burns proudly waved his hand toward him and said to the crowd on the quarter stretch, "Now, you all watch that critter hump himself." If "humping" meant blowing until the astounded Clorinda bolted across the track and stood trembling against the outside rail. Wabash did certainly what the Colonel expected. Wabash came along like a locomotive, passed the bewildered mare, and was looping into the home stretch before timorous Clorinda's driver could induce her to trot. Wabash won by an eighth of a mile and was cheered by every spectator except Mr. Horton.—Philadelphia Times.

### Morsels for Sunday Contemplation.

To listen kindly is often an act of the most delicate interior mortification, and helps us very much to speak kindly ourselves.

An unjust accusation is like a barbed arrow, which must be drawn backward with horrible anguish, or else will be your destruction.

Such is the encouragement given to flattery, in the present times, that it is made to sit in the parlor, while honesty is turned out of doors.

Whatever difference there may appear to be in men's fortunes, there is still a certain compensation of good and ill in all, that makes them equal.

Amiability is the sunshine of the soul, which causes smiles to bloom on the lips, and expands the heart as the rays of the sun open the buds of the rose.

Those who are at peace with their conscience are often led to an excessive rigor. To overlook nothing in others is often a proof that we overlook a great deal in ourselves.

Circumstances change, temptations diminish, positions improve, misfortune becomes endurable by habit, but persons who are disagreeable to us always irritate us more and more.

Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and industrious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent and makes the idle industrious.

A sure means of overcoming a dislike which we entertain for any one is to do him a little kindness every day; and the way to overcome a dislike which another may feel toward us is to say some little kind word of him every day.

**75,000 LIVES LOST!!**

**THE MOST STUPENDOUS CATASTROPHE OF MODERN TIMES.**

**Volcanic Eruption in Java.**

BATAVIA, Aug. 29. Volcanic eruptions in Java began on the Island of Krakota, in the Straits of Sunda, 100 miles from the coast of Java, Saturday night. By Sunday the disturbances had extended beneath the waters of the strait causing great waves and a rise of 20 degrees in the temperature of the sea. The disturbance was felt 500 miles away. By noon Maha Meru, the largest volcano in Java, was in violent eruption, and shortly the Gunung crater, which is the largest in the world, and fifteen of the other forty-five craters in Java were either in active eruption or seriously threatened. At dusk Mount Gunung sent out streams of white and sulphurous mud, with an explosion of cinders and stones, which carried

**DEATH TO ALL ABOUT THE VALLEY.** The clouds were charged with electricity, and fifteen waterspouts were seen simultaneously. The inhabitants fled terror-stricken. Hundreds were buried under the houses or crushed by the masses of rocks and mud. Gunung Tengor, which has not had an eruption since 1930, shot out great red hot boulders which crushed through the huts of the Chinese fishermen. Fissures and yawning chasms appeared. Fertile valleys covered with flourishing plantations, were now but mud and stone, and lava covered the fields with destruction. There will probably not be a single crop in Java saved. At the entrance to Batavia was a large group of houses, occupied by Chinamen. This portion was entirely swept away. Of 25,000 Chinese, about 5,000 were saved. Of 3,500 Europeans, 800 perished. At Anjer the European and American quarter was first overwhelmed by rocks, mud, and lava, then the waters came up and swallowed the ruins, leaving nothing, and causing a loss of 200 lives. Bantam, once a prosperous native city, abandoned by Europeans many years ago, was entirely covered with water, and 1,200 to 1,500 people drowned. The Island of Serang was completely inundated, and not a soul remains at Curobin, where the loss of life and property is considerable. Buitensorg suffered very seriously, as did Samarang, Jagjakerti, Sourakerti, and Sourabaya, whose meagre reports from its lesser towns indicate their loss to be as great in proportion. The latest advices are that the eruptions continue. The violence has abated somewhat, but it is feared the disaster will be the most frightful ever known.

**TOWNS ENTIRELY DESTROYED.** The towns of Anjer, Jiringino, and Telokabelong have been destroyed by volcanic eruption. All hithouses in the straits have disappeared; where the mountain of Kramatan formerly stood the sea now flows. The aspect of Sunda straits has much changed, and navigation is dangerous.

**THE DISTURBANCE CEASED.** Since noon yesterday everything has been quiet. The sky is clear, and communication with Serang is restored. The temperature fell 10 degrees on Monday, but is now normal. The town is covered with a thin layer of ashes. It was so hot when falling that it killed the birds.

**A ROARING COLUMN OF SEA.** Telegraph linemen report that while repairing the line near Anjer early on Monday they saw a high column of sea approaching with a roaring noise. They fled without learning the fate of the inhabitants. The quarries at Merak have disappeared, and all the people of the place perished. The floating dock at the island of Onrust, near Batavia, is adrift and badly damaged.

LONDON, August 30. Later particulars of the volcanic eruption show that it was even more disastrous than at first reported. On Sunday at noon the disturbances were supposed to be at their height, but later in the day the violence increased, threatening destruction to the whole island. At midnight suddenly an enormous luminous cloud formed over the Kandag Mountains, striking the south-east coast, gradually spreading until it formed a lurid red canopy. Meanwhile the eruption increased. Streams of lava poured down into the valleys, sweeping all before them. In the midst of the molten sea of lava was

**A BED OF SOLID ICE** omitted from one of the craters which was carried along and landed at the north-east corner of the island, surrounded by a thick

envelope of sand and scoria, which are non-conductors of heat. It is supposed the ice formed the crust of some subterranean lake. At two o'clock on Monday morning the great cloud suddenly broke and vanished. At the same time frightful rumblings were heard. The columns of fire and smoke over the south-east corner of the island ceased to ascend, while the craters in other parts seemed to open

**THEIR PINKY THROATS** still wider. The hissing of the sea became deafening. Waves rushed up an unprecedented height. When daylight came an enormous tract of land had disappeared, 50 miles square. In this were the villages of Nego y and Negeri Babawang. The natives scattered sparsely through the forests and on the plains escaped death. The loss of life must have aggregated 15,000. The entire Kandang range of mountains extending 65 miles had gone out of sight. The town of Kauerang within 25 miles of Batavia, was swept away by the lava stream, and half the population of it perished. At Speely wick

**RED HOT ROCKS** set fire to the houses and swept away all the thickly settled portion of the town. Ten bazars belonging to Europeans were destroyed. No lives are known to be lost. The River Jacatara, on which Batavia is situated, was so damaged by lava and debris that its course was changed. Figelini was also totally destroyed and large number of lives lost. The Island of Ous, twenty-five miles east of Batavia, was inundated and the floating dock destroyed. Caatsyeclaps and Trommers Islands are out of sight. Baby and Cherib islands off the north coast lost the few houses and inhabitants upon them.

IN BATAVIA the loss has largely increased since the former reports. The roof of the Governor's house was crushed in by mud and three retainers killed. The town bridge was destroyed. The Diamond and Pearl bastions were damaged, and the Barran redoubt destroyed. In Cayamanli, Malabar, and Lion streets the principal avenues, the damage was very great. Fort Anty g was entirely destroyed. The town of Faggal was severely shaken, and only a few buildings are left. The violent shock was felt on the island of Sumatra. On Monday Middah island, ten miles off the Japanese coast, was almost wholly engulfed by the sea. The small island of Singkel disappeared. It was uninhabited. The aggregate loss of life is fully 75,000.

**LITERARY NOTICES.**

**HISTORICAL AND OTHER SKETCHES.** By James Anthony Froude. New York. Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey St. Few men of the present day have caused more controversy, or been the object of more bitter vilification than the well known historian whose name stands as the author of the essays contained in the volume before us. It is chiefly as a historian that Mr. Froude is best known. His essays are less familiar to the general public than his historical works, and therefore the selection of his essays and sketches in the volume under review will, to a large number of readers, prove new, while at the same time undoubtedly interesting. The same clear, pithy, perspicuous style so characteristic of his histories, is to be found in his essays. He is one of the masters of the art of writing the English language; and to the student or beginner anxious to cultivate a style, no reading would be so useful as a careful study of these essays. The selections have been carefully made. The better known essays have been omitted, as have also those which have given rise to controversy. The essays here collected are eleven in number, and, with a well written and thoughtful introduction by D. H. Wheeler, form a most attractive volume. Funk & Wagnalls are doing a good work in issuing at such nominal rates such excellent reading as an antidote to the trashy stuff which is cast so abundantly over the land. Wm. Briggs, 78 and 80 King St. East, is General Agent for the Dominion for all their publications.

**THE BAD BOY ABROAD.** By W. T. Gray. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co., 31 Rose St. The who have read the Bad Boy's Diary—and who has not?—will be glad to read the account of his doings while in Yurrupe. Change of air and scene does not effect a change of heart, and the bad boy is just as bad a boy abroad as he was at home. The work will be found laughable enough to while away an idle hour.

**WITTY AND OTHERWISE.**

A dead-cat—The defunct tramp.  
Strictly plain—The Western prairies.  
At a stand still—The Fox-nut business.  
The crew-oiat test—An eight-oared boat race.  
A Dry Spell—S-a-h-a-r-a. Spollbound—The Dictionary.  
You can't count votes honestly by electrick light.  
Love laughs at locks—particularly if they are red.  
A man with water on the brain should wear a plug hat.  
Song of the Western Union—"Never mind the wire fare."  
After a bill is settled you can enjoy the rest that follows payin'.  
A poker party—The raggicker. The dentist's motto—Too thin.  
Soap was first mentioned by Pliny, which proves that it's an historical lye.  
A young man biting his mustache is a case of "down in the mouth."  
Always out of order—Twenty-two letters of the alphabet.  
It must be a poor singer who can't make "boara" from the "timbro" of his voice.  
When people are compelled to use snuff, they certainly are put to the pinch.  
Watering the stock of a leather-making company is a new form of hide-draulics.  
The young woman who eloped with an unknown man was reported as Mr. ously missing.  
An exchange says that chickens can be bought in Florida for four cents a piece. It doesn't say how big the pieces are.  
Mr. John L. Sullivan belongs to the Concord School of Philosophy. At any rate, there is peace and concord when he is around.  
"Pa, rogues always fall out at night."  
"At night? How do you know that?"  
"Because, pa, when rogues fall out, honest men got their downs."  
The difference between a bakery and a printing office lies in the fact that in the former the pie is formed, while in the latter occasionally the form is pied.  
"I need have no more fears from that quarter," is what the storekeeper remarked as he threw the counterfeit twenty-five-cent piece in the fire, which had come back to him several times.  
The young poet who is ambitious to rush into print should remember that, although his genius may be unquestioned, his verses will never have a good run without their feet are moist.  
Lake Moosehmagunticjocknahmakantagus, in Maine, is pronounced a popular summer resort. And we should think that was the only way it could be pronounced. Another resort in that region is Mattoloonk-patpizcooskeagjibbowackog-hosscrippaggwamunk, but very few persons resort to the task of spelling it.  
Music at home (the egotist of genius)—Eminent violinist: "Dell r.o.—who is dat fiddle paid old chendle nan viz iz vito viskers and zo bine-r-zz, looking at ez bigchurs?" Hostess: "It's my Uncle Robertson. I am grieved to say he is quite deaf!" Eminent violinist: "Ach, I am so zorry for him! He vil not pe aplo to hear me blay ze vittle!"  
An old Vermont farmer rather took the census man aback the other day. The census man asked him if he was married. "No, I beant," was the reply. "Childless, then, I suppose," going to make the entry. "Wal, no—not exactly," replied the veteran. "I hev got forty-two on 'em." "Gracious!" exclaimed the intorlocutor, dropping his pencil; "I thought you said you wasn't married!" "Wal, I ain't," was the reply, "but I uster be."  
Much art: "What's that thing?" asked a dairyman, as a chromo-peddler held up a picture in which all the hues of the rainbow were displayed in reckless profusion, without regard to harmony or correctness. "A cow," replied the smiling art connoisseur, with a show of pride. "A cow?" gasped the milk-handler, "well, that's the first time I ever saw a green cow browsing on salmon-colored grass. Hero, John!" he yelled to the hired man "bring me the gun!" but the chromo fiend climbed the fence and made a break for the woods.  
"Strictly business:" "Sir," began a

stranger, as he walked directly up to a business man on King street the other day. "I am strictly business." "So am I!" "Good!" I believe every man should furnish money for his own tombstone." "So do I." "Good, again! I went to raise \$50 to pay for a stone to stand at my grave. What assistance will you render the enterpriser? I want a business answer." "You shall have it, sir; I will aid the enterpriser by furnishing the corpse." The stranger hurried off without even mentioning the sort of epitaph he designed having engraved on the sacred stone.

**SCIENCE.**

The London Tramway Company has resolved to fit the Mehrarki air engines to all their cars, thus entirely superseding horse flesh by compressed air.

Bect root sugar is now admitted to be quite distinct from cane sugar. Its sweetening power is at least 30 per cent. lower, though its polarizing power is greater.

A Washington inventor has patented a telephonic transmitter through which, it is claimed, the voice can be audibly heard in a whisper at 750 miles distance.

Geological examination reveals in the delta of the Mississippi, along a space of 300 miles, 10 distinct forests of buried trees. Bald cypresses with a diameter of 25 feet have been found.

Bleaching agents are usually good disinfectants; that which can so disturb an organic compound as to destroy its color is capable of either arresting or completing the decompositions that produce vile odors and are produced by organic germs or ferments.

At the Physiological Society, Berlin, it was lately stated that instead of the condensed milk, which, owing to its large percentage of sugar, has not kept its place as a food for children, a preparation of milk has lately been imported and introduced into the market from Switzerland. This milk is protected against fermentation and decomposition by previous cooking.

A technical journal gives a simple receipt for preserving silver and plated articles from turning black as they invariably will if not kept constantly in use. The same plan could with advantage be applied, we should think, to any metal subject to change or rust from the action of the atmosphere. Plain collodion—that is, not photographic collodion—is diluted with twice its bulk of spirits of wine, and applied to the surface of the metal with a soft brush. The spirit soon evaporates, leaving an imperceptible and transparent skin, which can when required be removed with hot water.

Nickel, according to Professor Blako of Now Haven, is much more widely distributed than is generally supposed, and its economical uses are likely to be greatly enlarged in the future, as its value for many purposes has come to be better known. It is now chiefly used in the manufacture of hollow ware, being readily spun and pressed, while its advantages of lightness, strength and infusibility are apparent. Professor Wharton, of Camden, N. J., has succeeded in making objects of cast nickel, such as door knobs, horse bits, &c. Vessels made of nicklo Prof. Bako says, are presumably harmless, as the nickel is not easily attacked by vegetable acids. The experiment has also been tried of feeding a dog on nickel salts and the animal seemed to thrive on them.

**The Prisoner's Pet.**

The prisoners at the Blue Eagle have got a tame rat with which they amuse their idle hours. The little fellow is as playful as a kitten, runs from cell to cell, will eat out of the prisoners' hands, and perform a number of tricks at the word of command. It seems to have especially attached itself to a colored woman, who has been locked up for nearly a year awaiting trial for murder. It sleeps in the blankets with her every night, and if another rat enters her apartment will assault it with the most determined ferocity, and drive it out. It is passionately fond of music. One of the prisoners has a violin, and the moment he draws his bow across the strings the rat will run from whatever part of the jail it may be in directly to the fiddler's cell.—P'aducah News.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Leland, of Philadelphia, a beautiful granddaughter of Prescott the historian, with her aunt, Miss James Lawrence, of Boston, and the family of Colonel De Winton, of Lord Lorne's household, are among the people summing at Campo Bello, New Brunswick.

CURIOUS FACTS.

A Prussian law requires "peddlers to be have politely, clean their boots on entering a house, and bow when offering wares."

According to a German legend, from the grave of one unjustly executed lies spring as a token of his innocence, and that from a maid in three lilies, which no one save her lover may gather.

Philadelphia has a dog that eats ice cream. It is a Skye-terrier belonging to a police sergeant, who shares his cream with his pot, of which he is very proud. He exhibited her accomplishments the other day, remarking: "She knows when its her turn. You can't fool her. Watch." The sergeant took a spoonful himself and threw another on the floor. The morsel had hardly touched the wood before it was snatched up. One spoonful for the sergeant and one for Nell was the order, until the sergeant purposely missed count, and then the beast set up a hideous barking as a reminder.

Saxony has some very queer laws concerning servant girls. For instance, the mistress is required to allow the servant one pound of coffee per month, or the equivalent in money. If the servant furnish her own bedding she receives one and one half cents per night for so doing. Seventy-five cents per month is allowed the servant for her washing, and she receives five per cent. on all the purchases she makes. She must give a month's notice before leaving her place, and must keep a book for recommendations, in which, upon leaving her place, her mistress is compelled to state the cause of the servant's leaving, and also what is her character.

The most humble of the civil functionaries of the French Republic are the naval cats. There are some hundreds of them, and their importance is duly recognized by the State, which supports them. The French naval cat enters the service in his kittenhood, and spends the first year or two of his active career on board a man of war, where he is berthed in the hold and permitted to devour whatever he can reach. Having thus passed through apprenticeship he is sent ashore and quartered at one of the five naval ports as a terror to the rats and mice that swarm in the victualling yards and store sheds. He is then entitled to an allowance of five centimes a day, and this is regularly paid on his behalf to the director of cats, who lays it out in horse flesh for the use of his forces.

The Fort Smith New Era says:—A very intelligent and well dressed colored man created a sensation on the street recently. He hails from Logan county, where he has been residing for twenty odd years. His parents were both full-blooded Africans, and himself was once as black as a crow, as he expressed himself to us. But now he has a beautiful white epidermis all over his body, except his face which has a mottled appearance, being yet full of the small black spots surrounded by a white skin. This discoloration or shedding of the black skin has been going on for many years, and before long the man expects to be as white as any Caucasian. His hair, however, remains full African. He turned up the sleeves of his shirt and showed us as delicately white an arm, with the blue veins underneath, as any Caucasian can show.

A French paper has discovered the following prophecies in Nostradamus: "In the year 1883 the country of France will see a number of men die who have exercised influence on its destiny. From the first month to the last the inhabitants will be surprised by some fatal news. Towards the middle of the year will expire the last descendant of a dynasty which will have ruled France for several centuries. This Prince will die in a foreign land and his death will be concealed three days. Shortly after the death of that prince one of the last survivors of the Corsican family will seek to reign in the capital. He will assemble his partisans and march on Paris as their head. The Parisians will go forth to meet the pretender. There will be a battle and great slaughter, and the pretender will be killed before arriving at the gates of Paris."

The only negative that we accept with anything like good grace in this world is the photographer's, and even then we demand proofs.

The Chinaman appears to have a regular gait for work, and nothing can vary it. It was rather comical to see several hundred Celestials building a road of sawdust in Oregon and moving with the same deliberation as if the material had been gravel.

A Fearful Death.

The horrible death is reported of a man who, while under the influence of liquor, sought to sleep off the effects of his frequent potations in the belt and boiler house of the Webster and Dustin building, at the lower end of the north canal. The unfortunate man's name was William Gould, his age about 40 years. He was married and had one daughter, but had not dwelt with his family for years owing to incompatibility, but lived a kind of nomadic life, going from one town to another, generally frequenting places where are situated paper and leather board mills. He returned to Lawrence on Thursday, and was seen upon the streets, by acquaintances, in an intoxicated condition. Dawson's manufactory is operated till midnight, and at eight o'clock Gould entered the works, had some talk with the night foreman, after which he left by the side door, from which there is a walk which passes by the boiler house. In the latter, which is on the western side of the building, is the main belt by which the mill is operated. It runs horizontally on the north side, within six inches of a brick wall of a boiler, and, on the south about the same distance from the side of a brick floor, the belt running through a groove made in the earth below the floor level. The last seen of the man alive was when he left the main room of the factory. He doubtless went into the boiler house with the intention of sleeping there, and in his dazed condition did not notice the belt which was speeding with great velocity, and fell upon it, being drawn by it against a pulley, where he was held fast. His head was drawn against a brick siding of the boiler, and when found was nearly severed from the body, the edge of the belt having sawed upon it for nearly four hours. His legs were drawn in the groove below the floor level, and at the knee of the right one between the knee and the thigh of the left the belt had eaten its way to the depth of three or four inches, showing that the man must have suffered terribly before death came to his relief. No one went in the boiler house at the shutting down of the speed at midnight, nor until Mr. A. Parker did next morning, to oil the shafting, when he discovered the victim of the accident. The body was removed and the police notified, and after the remains were viewed by Medical Examiner Howe, they were delivered at Mayor Breen's undertaking rooms, the man having no relatives here. He had in his possession \$20.30, a loaded revolver a ven barrels, and a jack-knife, which are in the possession of the medical examiner.—Lawrence (Mass.) American.

Crime and the Daily Press.

John G. Whitner, the Quaker poet, deplores, in a recent poem, the disposition of the daily press to dwell upon crimes and all unnatural occurrences. The journals publish whatever appeals to a morbid appetite, and scarcely a paper that comes into our homes but contains items of news such as a parent would care to show his children. Unfortunately, it is unusual occurrences which the public taste craves. Hence the prominence given to murders, thefts, scandals, reports of evil deeds. The more enterprising the journal the more of these objectionable stories does it contain. Still it must be admitted that the newspapers might be much worse than they are. The proprietors and editors are generally heads of families, and much of the more reprehensible reports of vicious occurrences are modified or suppressed outright. Then the newspaper is beginning to add to its departments and furnish more serious matter. The Sunday editions of the large city journals have become weekly magazines and draw largely from current literature to add to the attractions of their columns. There ought to be a public sentiment which would strongly condemn such journals as make a specialty of evil news.

About Water.

A curious fact about water is that it is the rust of the metal known as hydrogenium. When oxygen combines with iron it forms a reddish rust, and the metal becomes in time disintegrated. In this condition it is said to be oxidized. Now, water is simply oxidized hydrogenium. The metal is present in the sun and all the planets in enormous quantities. Indeed it is said that the human body is composed of 5/3 parts of water, mingled with some lime, iron, and certain salts. Chemistry has revealed to us many marvels, but none greater than the composition of common water.—Demorest's Monthly.

Terrible Superstition.

No one of the horrors which occasionally crop out in the interior of New Jersey has been more wrapt in mystery than the cremation of a woman and her two children recently at Estelville, six miles below May's Landing, the county seat of Atlantic county, and eighteen miles from Atlantic City, N. J. The facts became known at the railway station May's Landing, thirty-six hours after the tragedy had occurred. It took place in a settlement of thirty seven families of Russian Jews, who were colonized at Estelville a year ago by General Burbridge. From midnight Friday until Sunday morning the tortures of the mother and her daughter seemed to have been hushed up amongst these people. On Sunday morning a group of them appeared at the depot with a wagon, in which lay the woman and the girl. Both were burned almost into unconsciousness, and it was developed that the purpose of their compatriots was to take them to a Philadelphia hospital, although none of the party could or would speak English. It finally transpired that on Friday at midnight

AWFUL SIGHTS

had been heard from the small cabin occupied by the wife and children. Ivan Nitowski, the husband, had either deserted his family, or wandered away in search of work. The cabin was found in flames, the six-year old boy burned to an armless legless trunk, the mother rolling in agony in the sand, the eight year-old daughter cringed to unconsciousness. The mother was a beautiful young Jewess 23 years of age. Her long black hair was singed over her shoulder, her eyes fixed in mad delirium. She would say nothing of the cause of the fire. The neighbors can't or will give no explanation. There are Russian Jews from this colony now begging through this vicinity. Their silence, in some cases, more that of cunning than stupidity. One of them hints that the woman sacrificed herself, while another intimates that her neighbors were unfriendly. It seems that the people are many of them given over to degrading superstitions. Their belief in witches closely resembles the voodooism of the African blacks. Mrs. Nitowski was

DRIVEN TO DESPERATION

by hunger and thirst. She did not make her wants known to the outside inhabitants of Estelville, many of whom are humane and intelligent people, that being a very old Jersey settlement. The last sacrifice to the demand of superstition, the phantom of hunger and desolation, Nitowski's serf ancestors had worshipped on the Russian steppes, was the cremation of the wretched victims. During Saturday night the same dreadful silence was preserved by the mother. After lying on the hard bench in the railway station for seven hours, Sunday morning the little girl's tortured life went out. The mother was removed to the house of a man named Smith Sponco, where she lies at the point of death. All efforts to draw from her any solution of the shadow overhanging the midnight burning seems unavailing. This Gen. Burbridge is said to be the one whose refusal of a Southerner's challenge in Washington about a year ago excited such favorable newspaper comment. The colonists seem shiftless and densely stupid.

High Life as Represented by Strolling Players.

One morning not long since a gentleman in Wales walked down to the boundary of his park, and found some strolling players acting a blood-curdling tragedy in vans, with a most lavish display of pasteboard coronets,insel, cotton velvet, and imitation ermine. He was just in time to catch the following, which will be recognized at once by any one who has ever been in England as the natural expression of the higher classes: First Lord (lequitur). No Lord Marmadooke Plantagenoot is wounded. Second Lord. Not mortually so, I'ope! First Lord. Apparently not. Second Lord. Then leave me for a hour. [H well aspirated.]

SCENE II.

"Don't seek a audience with the dook?" "Hi do." "Then farther subitfudge is useless, for ni am the dook"—assuming an imposing attitude and striking his breast. Then, sotto voce: "Pass on to the next caravan."—Editor, Drawn, in Harper's Magazine for Septemher.

Moosjaw, N. W. T., is to be incorporated as a town.

Where are the Men?

Now arises the question, "Where do the male bipeds summer?" Camping out in the mountains, fishing and hunting, on their own or their friends' yacht, anywhere but at a fashionable watering place. They do not mind paying brief visits over Sunday or for a few days, but they find it impossible to rise to the dignity of one's best clothes and best behavior the entire season. They must have some escape bag for the accumulated social billo caused by too much restraint and conventionality during the Winter season, so they betake themselves to the woods and the waves, and revel in superabundant frosters, starchless shirts, and old shoes, with scarcely a thought of the girls they have left behind them. Who can blame them? The average man is not born conventional. A vigorous course of training from his childhood up may bring him to a proper observance of the conveniences, but in his heart he hates it; he likes to do what he pleases, when he pleases, and so the watering place bello languishes and wastes her sweetness upon the salty air.

Liver, Kidney and Bright's Disease.

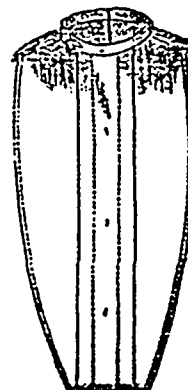
A medicine that destroys the germ or cause of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney and Liver Complaints, and has power to root them out of the system, is above all price. Such a medicine is Hop Bitters, and positive proof of this can be found by one trial, or by asking your neighbors, who have been cured by it.

When Fogg saw a train on the dress of an old lady he remarked that it was behind time.

A fashion item announces that ladies are wearing V-shaped bodices. A V-shaped bodice spoils an X shaped note.

A man seldom looks more foolish in the eyes of a rival than when he kinks his arm for a girl to take and she does not take it.

G. R. GRANT & CO., 402 Queen St. West, Toronto,



Manufacturers of SHIRTS; Collars & Cuffs. Our Paris Patent Shirt made to order, reinforced fronts: No. 5-3 for - \$2.90, 4-3 " - 3.75, 3-3 " - 4.50, 2-3 " - 5.00, 1-3 " - 5.75

All our Winter Goods reduced. Bargains in Flannel Shirts and Undereclothing. 22 Troy Laundry in connection

G. R. GRANT & CO., 402 QUEEN STREET, WEST, TORONTO



146 & 148 King St. E., Cor. Jarvis.

TORONTO

WE INVITE YOUR Confidence and PATRONAGE. TORONTO SHOE CO. Opening New Ladies SHOE PARLOR.

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

**Prayer against Time.**

Talking against time is common in Congress, but praying against time is the device of a clever Brooklyn child, who will know how to get her rights when she comes in sight of them.

The fire burned low in the Franklin stove, the cat was asleep on the rug, and not a mouse stirred behind the wainscot as the mother wrote by a shaded lamp with a noiseless pen. All the house put on slippers of velvet when little Rosa went to bed, for sleep and she were enemies, and she fought him to the last eyelash. Her voice came from the bedroom now with no sound of surrender in it. It was better to be at prayer than to be asleep, and of course no one could reproach her for praying.

"O Lord," said she, "make me good, and let me go in the omnibus to see Aunt Margaret and all the aunts and nieces and mothers. Keep me safe for I want to go and see Aunt Margaret, and see what I can see. Don't let it hail, or snow, or rain, for I want to go in the omnibus to see Aunt Margaret very much indeed, and all the aunts and nieces and mothers. Make me well so that I can go in the omnibus; please do. Bless grandma and grandma, Aunt Kate and Aunt Sophia and Mr. Charles Swan. Bless papa and mamma, and make us all good, so that we can go to heaven at last, for Jesus' sake."

Again a short pause, and then the wide-awake dulcet voice went on:

"Keep grandma from dying before she gets here. Don't let anything happen to her. Don't let any bears or wild beasts eat me up. Bless grandma and grandma and Mr. Charles Swan, and Aunt Katie and Aunt Sophia."

Another pause, a little longer than the first, and the unconquered began again:

"I long for apples. I long for milk. I long for pie. I long to be good. I wish I had not that cold. I long for some water. I long for some wine. I long for some brown bread. I long for some molasses. I long for some white bread. I long to be a woman. I thank Thee that it did not rain or snow. Give me a clean spirit. Let me be good when papa is here, for it grieves him to have me naughty, and he buys me things—playthings. I have prayed that I should go to sleep. That makes three prayers."

A yawn, a long-drawn breath, and then silence presently announced that the last prayer was answered, and sleep reigned.—*Editor's Drauger, in Harper's Magazine for September.*

**A Terrible Ride.**

At Royon on Gironde there was recently a scene perhaps unprecedented in the annals of ballooning. M. Gratiën, a well known aeronaut, was about to make his ascent in a hot air balloon, called La Vidouvilaine. Mlle. Albertine, heroine of several balloon ascents, was seated in the car, and M. Gratiën was holding in his right hand a loose coil tied to one of the cords that served to attach the balloon. The balloon unexpectedly broke loose, and the cord unrolling itself with lightning rapidity caught in a sort of knot around the first and second fingers of Gratiën's right hand, and he was immediately whirled off into the air 600 metres high. In vain he tried to haul himself up on the cord and loop it over his arm. After frantic efforts he became exhausted and hung at the end of the cords, suspended solely by his two fingers, and suffering excruciating agony, owing to the jerking of the balloon and the cord, which cut like a razor through the flesh to the bone. In that situation Gratiën was carried a distance of nearly four miles, at a height of 600 metres above the earth. Mlle. Albertine, overcome by the horror of the situation, fainted away, and sank helpless to the bottom of the car. As the air in the balloon became cool the balloon descended, bumped against the earth in the midst of a dense mass of thorny shrubbery. Gratiën was not only stripped of his clothes, but his skin was literally torn in stripes from his body, as he was dragged for half a mile through thorny brambles. Finally, some peasants managed to cut the cord. Gratiën appeared to be a mass of wounds, and to be near bleeding to death. Strange to say he did not lose consciousness for a single instant. He suffered no internal injury, and although his condition is critical, he will probably recover. When the rope was cut and the balloon was freed from the weight of Gratiën's body, it again rose in the air, carrying off Mlle. Albertine. By singular good fortune it soon landed in a marsh, and mademoiselle at last stood on terra firma. She was sorely distressed in

mind, and badly scared, but otherwise safe and sound.

**What Becomes of Our Bodies.**

With a very near approach of truth, the human family inhabiting the earth has been estimated at 7,000,000,000; the annual loss by death is 8,000,000. Now the weight of the animal matter of this immense body cast into the grave is no less than 631,000 tons, and by its decomposition produces 9,000,000,000 cubic feet of gaseous matter. The vegetable production of the earth clear away from the atmosphere the gases thus generated, decomposing and assimilating them for their own increase. This cycle of changes has been going on ever since man became an occupier of the earth. His seeds on the lower animals and on the seeds of plants, which in due time become a part of himself. The lower animals feed upon the herbs and grasses, which, in their turn, become the animal, then, by its death, again pass into the atmosphere and are ready once more to be assimilated by plants, the earthy or bony substance alone remaining where it is deposited, and not even there unless sufficiently deep in the soil to be out of the insistent reach of the roots of plants and trees. It is not at all difficult to prove that the elements of which the living bodies of the present generation are composed have passed through millions of mutilations, and formed parts of all kinds of animal and vegetable bodies, and consequently it may be said that fractions of the elements of our ancestors form portions of ourselves.

**The Meadows of Maryland.**

SPRINGFIELD, PRINCE GEORGE'S Co., Md. Mr. CHAR. G. A. DIXON, of the above place states: "I sprained my right knee causing intense suffering, and the use of crutches for several weeks. I found no relief in other remedies and finally tried the miracle of cure St. Jacobs Ointment. In a short time I could bend my knee—which had been as stiff as an iron rod,—laying aside my crutches and was able to walk as well as ever."

Literature is a mere step to knowledge, and the error often lies in our identifying one with the other. Literature may, perhaps, make us vain; true knowledge must render us humble.—*Stantford.*

**What is Catarrh?**

Catarrh is a mucopurulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amœba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are: Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle or tubercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxæmia, from the retention of the effete matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat, up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the amœba are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients, which never fails in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease should, without delay, communicate with the business managers, Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 38 King Street West, Toronto, and get full particulars and treatise free by enclosing stamp.

*What the Hon. R. J. Steenson, D.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment of Catarrh.*

"OAKLAND, ONT., CANADA, March 17, 1883. 'MESSRS. A. H. DIXON & SON.'

"DEAR SIRS,—Yours of the 13th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that it is hard for me to realize that I am really better.

"I consider that mine was a very bad case: it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but I feel fully cured by the two you sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you.

"You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers.

"Yours with many thanks, 'A. H. DIXON & SON.'

**"Now Well and Strong."**

SHIPMAN, Illinois. Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.—"Dear Sir,—I wish to state that my daughter, aged 18, was pronounced incurable and was fast failing as the doctors thought, with consumption. I obtained a half dozen bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' for her and she commenced improving at once, and is now well and strong. Very truly yours, Rev. Isaac N. Augustin. 'Discovery' sold by druggists.

We are never so good as when we possess a joyful heart.

Young and middle aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should enclose three stamps for Part VII. of World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Anger is like rain, it breaks itself upon that on which it falls.

**Sick Headache.**

Mrs. J. C. Henderson, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "The use of two of 'Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pills' a day, for a few weeks, has entirely cured me of sick headache, from which I formerly suffered terribly, as often, on an average, as once in ten days." Of all druggists.

Spend a cent less than your income and you will always be rich.

**Fear Not.**

All kidney and urinary complaints, especially Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Liver troubles, Hop Bitters will surely and lastingly cure. Cases exactly like your own have been cured in your own neighborhood, and you can find reliable proof at home of what Hop Bitters has and can do.

Margaret Leyens, aged 24, a propoosing girl, only a week from New York, tried to commit suicide by drowning recently. She was rescued with difficulty. Her parents live in Western Ohio.

From Mr. EDWARD MITCHELL, Manager of the Bank of Commerce, Hamilton, Ont. Hamilton, January 18th, 1883.

J. N. STERILAND, St. Catharines.

My Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your favor of yesterday's date, asking my experience with regard to RHEUMATISM, and I have no hesitation whatever in pronouncing it a success in my case, and in heartily recommending the remedy to those suffering from Rheumatism. I suffered for months with that trouble in my right arm and shoulder, and often was unable to use my hand, and at night the pain was frequently so great as to render sleep an impossibility. I must confess that I entertained a repugnance to "patent" medicines, but some of my friends persuaded me to try "Rheumatism," and although it may be true that I might have got well without it, one thing I do know, that after taking four bottles the pain took its departure, and I have now the full use of my arm. I heartily wish you unbounded success, as I fully believe your remedy is all that you advertise it to be.

I am, my dear sir, yours most truly, E. MITCHELL.

According to a French scientist a bee can pull in proportion to its size 30 times as much weight as a horse.

"A. P." 140

**ST. JACOBS OIL**



TRADE MARK

**THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.**

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BRUISES, FROST BITES, SICKS AND ACHES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers every where. Fifty Cents a Bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

THE CHARITABLE A. VOGLER CO. Sole Importers, Toronto, Ont., Canada.



**FOR THE Kidneys, Liver, and Urinary Organs. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.**

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—whenever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where **WARNER'S SAFE CURE** has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver, and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for **WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE**. For sale by all dealers.

**H. H. WARNER & CO.,** Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N. Y., London, Eng.

The actions of men are like the index of a book; they point out what is most remarkable in them.

"Wife, Angolina, where did you get those beautiful rich colors on your bonnet?" "An't they lovely? I dyed them with the Triangle Package Dyes." 10 cents.

Do you wish that work should never weary you? Think that you are giving pleasure to another.

Mrs. Partington declared the Neuralgia to be worse than the old Rheumatism; but however bad either may be, Burdock Blood Bitters will conquer it. It also makes pure blood, regulating the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, and eradicating scrofulous humor from the system. 25 (25) bottles sold in the last three months. (25)

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so when any is performed in the same posture with creeping.

The well-known drug firm of Omand & Walsh, Peterboro, writes that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is one of their "standard summer medicines, and has a good sale." An unfailing remedy for all forms of Bowel Complaint. (26)

No man can possibly improve in any company for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.

The fruit merchant's strawberries may not fill the measure; but Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry fills the measure every time in the people's requirements for an unfailing remedy for all forms of Summer Complaints. (27)

The normal pulse in a horse at rest is about 40 beats a minute.

Of all the sweets of which mortals can dream, there is naught to excel strawberries and cream.

Neither is there any remedy known to mortals that can exceed Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for (1) a Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Bowel Complaints. (29)

Bottles are now made of vast iron containing about 12 per cent. of zincum.

In the summer and the fall, the urchin climbs the garden wall.

For green apples, in his frolic; He will eat his fill, till, very ill, He's doubled up with Colic.

The antidote is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—an unfailing remedy for Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Summer Complaints. (30)

At a public meeting lately held in England a clergyman said that an invertebrate Christianity and churchmanship always leads to molluscous morality.

# IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, **SCROFULA** AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system. For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, **CATARRH** AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882.  
**ULCEROUS SORES**—At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.  
Yours truly, L. F. JOHNSON."

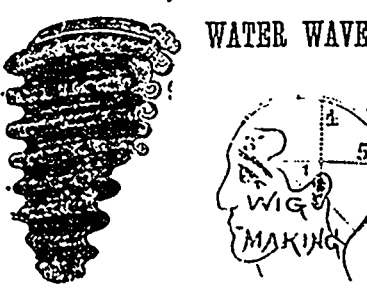
PREPARED BY  
**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**  
Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

**PARKER & EVANS' INTERNATIONAL**  
Roller Compound eradicates scalp dandruff from the hair instantly. One fourth the first dose prevents future incrustation. Perfectly safe, and saves 25 per cent. in fuel. Send for circular to 609 St. Paul street, Montreal.

## DENTAL CARD.

Special attention given to the filling and preservation of the natural organs. Artificial Teeth inserted, so as to appear perfectly natural and life-like. Teeth extracted without pain. Fees moderate. T. H. SEFTON, Dentist, cor. Queen and Yonge Sts., over Ross's Drug Store, Toronto.

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Copyright secured. (Copyright applied for 20,000 sold since I first introduced them. New Designs, Fresh Stock, No Old Trash. The only Fashionable Hair Store in Toronto. Wigs, Switches, Coquettes, Bang Nets, Countess Nets, Golden Hair Wash, Novelties in Hair Ornaments, &c. Wholesale and retail at the Paris Hair Works, 103 Yonge street, between King and Adelaide streets.  
**A. DOREN WEND**  
NEW YORK HAIR WORKS.



Ladies' Head Dressing and Shampooing Parlor. Dealers and manufacturers in all the latest style of Hair Goods. Water Waves, Wigs, and Switches, made to order at the shortest notice. A large stock of Bang Nets, Silk Nets and Ladies' Head Jewels in the newest style, constantly on hand. John C. Schwenger, 75 King Street West, Toronto.

## TO TELEPHONE ACROSS THE OCEAN.

Webster Gillette's Apparatus to Increase Transmitted Sound.

There is an inventor in the village of Flushing, L. I., who believes he has an apparatus that will revolutionize the telephone business and materially increase the usefulness of the Atlantic cable. He has rooms in a large boarding house about a block from the railroad station. Here he has passed the last four months at work upon his invention. His name is Webster Gillette, and he is from Michigan. A reporter found him seated in a little room in which were three tables loaded with electrical apparatus, and a network of wires stretched between the walls. The inventor appeared to be forty years old. He has lively dark-blue eyes, a high forehead that bulges in the region of construct veins, brown moustache and side whiskers, and a ruddy and healthful countenance.

On the largest table in the room stood a disk about thirteen inches in diameter. Projecting from the centre of one face of the disk was a funnel-shaped object. It rimmed into the table from the lower edge of the disk were a number of wires. On the table, arranged in a row a short distance from the wires, were ten black cylindrical induction coils. "That is what the reporter noticed. This the inventor said:

"That funnel-shaped object in the centre of the disk is the resonator. You see that is not like the speaking tube of an ordinary telephone. The larger part of the funnel is held to the mouth. The volume of the voice, instead of being concentrated in a small space as in other telephones, is spread and causes the whole metallic diaphragm to vibrate. You will notice on the opposite side of the disk there are ten deviating points, which are held in position by ten rubber arms, that may remind you somewhat of a cuttle-fish. When you talk through the speaking tube or resonator, the metallic diaphragm, or, popularly speaking, the tin plate, vibrates. The vibrations are communicated to the ten deviating points or needles. The needles penetrate through rubber cushions into small brass cylinders containing granulated carbon. The cylinders are secured in their places by ten brass arms attached to the rim of the disk that holds the metallic plate. Ten wires run through the arms, form the primaries of the induction coils, and return to their respective poles. The ten secondary wires from the induction coils are carried to a plug switch, so arranged as to place one or two many wires as may be desired in circuit. The power of ten batteries, ten induction coils, and a corresponding number of deviating points, acted upon simultaneously by a single vibrating tin plate, may thus be concentrated upon a wire. This is something that has never been done before.

"I claim that conversation may be carried on over an ordinary telegraph wire with my telephone between points 2,600 miles apart. Twelve words a minute is considered a fair rate of transmission over the Atlantic cable. By using this telephone 120 words a minute may be transmitted if a shorthand writer is employed as a receiver. All the important features of my invention are new. By the use of the granulated carbon and the rubber cushions into which the needles penetrate I secure a steady, uninterrupted sound."

Mr. Gillette went into an adjoining room, where he had another telephone connecting with the one on the table. The receiving tube of the new apparatus was put in position. After a few minutes it began to emit a series of distinct "Hallos" in a bass voice.

After returning to the room Mr. Gillette said that ten batteries, ten deviating points, and ten induction coils have about six times the power of one battery and a corresponding number of the other necessary electrical agencies. He thought that the time was not remote when we could not only speak across the ocean, but also see those to whom we might be speaking. He said that an experiment with the new telephone probably would be made in ten days between places in Maine and Massachusetts, 500 miles apart.

There was a competitive exhibition of fireworks at Nantasket Beach, near Boston, a few evenings ago. One of the pieces represented a hive with a swarm of bees buzzing around it, and another a life-like race between two fiery bicycles. A pyrotechnic sunflower was loudly applauded by the Boston visitors.

## A Pica for the Sparrows.

A contributor to the Boston Journal writes: Many Canadian people two or three years ago took fright at the sparrows, and much was written for and against those little birds. The upshot was that the Natural History society, of Toronto, had some sparrows killed and the contents of their crops analyzed, when it was found that they destroyed more grubs than grain or fruit. They are therefore, no longer under a ban.

During the excitement I determined to test the value or otherwise of sparrows. I had boxes made for them and so placed in my veranda that I (and my family) could watch their movements from morning to night. I found that they conveyed to their young ones innumerable wriggling grubs; that they caught and dismembered grasshoppers that were too large for one morsel and picked up broken grain from the feeding place of my fowls. The sparrows have neither driven away nor disturbed the song birds, which they were accused of doing, nor have they robbed me of the fruit in my large garden, which has never been in better condition or quantity than this year. I fed and cared for them in England as I do here, and so far as I can see their habits are unchanged by climate. Sparrows are good friends to man if not allowed to become too numerous.

In Wood's "Natural History of Birds," Routledge & Co., London, 1862, at page 476, is the following: "In every case where the sparrows have been extirpated there has been a proportional decrease in the crops from the ravages of insects. At Maine, for example the total destruction of the sparrows was ordered by the government, and the consequence was that in the succeeding year even the green trees were killed by caterpillars, and a similar occurrence took place near Auxerre." Try the experiment, and it is safe to predict that Washington and Boston will fare no better. If those birds were as represented, would they not have been destroyed in England long ago? Farmers pay high rents, yet the sparrows survive; they are to be seen everywhere. Why they are called "English sparrows" I am at a loss to know, seeing that they are to be found all over Europe and beyond it.

## Every Woman her Own Dogmaker.

The Baltimore girls are an independent species who will not submit to be hampered, even by fashion, too much. If they must wear a dog, as they do a bouquet, they will not consent to allow Dame Fashion to dictate the shape or style of dog to be worn. Hence it is said that a close observer in the Park on a fair afternoon will see that every lady who makes a pretence to style wears a different make of dog—a dog with some feature or characteristic different from any other canine on the drive. This variety is easily secured. We are about to give a local secret away, because as journalists it is our duty to tell the truth and to furnish information upon subjects. The secret of this admirable variety is that every lady makes her own dog. She decides for herself the style of dog she will affect. She then buys the plush, cloth, satin, linen, or fur that her nimble fingers can manipulate into the shape she wants, and then she cuts out her canine pet, stuffs it with raw cotton, sews on its tail and ears, fits a couple of glass marbles in for eyes, and there she has a dog which she can hold in the most graceful attitude, suited precisely in size and shape to her favorite breed, and in color harmonizing beautifully with her complexion and dress. Some ultra fashionable ladies have a number of these pudding pugs and poodles made up and constantly on hand to make their various costumes.—Baltimore News.

## A Burglar in a Difficulty.

At the Dover Police Court recently a man named Armstrong, a gunner in the Royal Artillery, was charged with breaking into the house of Col. R. Baker, at East Cliff. Col. Baker said that shortly after midnight he was aroused by his daughter, who said that some one had broken into the house. He heard a man shouting, "Murder! for God's sake come and help me." On going down stairs he discovered the prisoner wedged in the doorway in such a manner that he could not extricate himself. The prisoner was without shoes, and had got through the scullery window. On the way to the police station the prisoner said, "I did not mean to get into that house, I meant to get into some other." He also said, "If I had not been jammed in that door I would have had something." The Bench sentenced the burglar to two months' hard labor.

## Pearl Fishing in the Gulf of California.

A pearl fishery which is said to be of great promise has been opened up in the Gulf of California. One pearl, taken from the shell of an oyster in December last, is believed to be the largest yet found. It weighs seventy-five carats, and was purchased by a jeweller for \$14,000. Another of forty-seven carats has also been found. It is perfect in form and finely tinted, and is valued at \$5,000. A third very beautiful pearl of forty carats has been exhibited at La Paz, where a bid of \$5,000 for it was declined.—St. James's Gazette.

A testimonial to the value of advertising is implied in the petition which the retail merchants of Broadway, St. Louis, presented to the city council. It will ask that the former name of that thoroughfare—Fifth street—be restored for the reason principally, that the storekeepers have extensively advertised their business, and if the new name is allowed to remain they will lose a great deal of their custom.

 **N. C. Bicycle.**  
Something New in Style.  
Further Reduction in the Prices for the Fall Trade.  
SOLE AGENT,  
**WM PAYNE, LONDON, ONT.**  
Send 2c. stamp for Catalogue.

## NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Examining Warehouse, Toronto," will be received at this office until MONDAY the 17th SEPTEMBER next, inclusively, for the erection of  
**Addition to Examining Warehouse**  
AT  
**TORONTO.**

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Office of D. B. Dick, Esq., Architect, Toronto, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, on and after MONDAY, the 27th instant.  
Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures.  
Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called on to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.  
The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.  
By order,  
F. H. ENNIS, Secretary.  
Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 22nd Aug., 1883.

## Catching Shadows!

We still keep ahead of all others for artistic qualities of Photos. We are making the

## First Quality

## Cabinet Photos

FOR  
**\$3 Per Doz.**

Call and see specimens of our daily work.

NOTE THE ADDRESS:  
**HUNTER & Co.**  
107 King Street West.

**Coated Tongues.**

Among the various substances which have been found on the human tongue, as shown by the microscope, are the following: Fibres of wool, linen, and cotton; fibres of spiral vessels; fibres of muscle, in some cases eight hours after eating; starch grains; cheese mould; portions of potato skin; scales, moths, etc.; hairs from legs of bees; hairs from legs of spiders; pollen of various flowers; stamens of various flowers; hairs of cats, quite common; hairs of mouse once only; hairs from various leaves; wing of mosquito once; fragments of the leaves of tobacco, of chamomile flowers, etc.

Between the years 1864 and 1869, 218 persons were condemned in Germany to decapitation, and of these 26 only were executed. Between 1868 and 1873 no fewer than 428 were condemned, but in no case was the sentence carried out. In the year 1878, however, Hodel was executed for his attempt on the emperor, but in 1879 and 1880 there was no executions. Since 1881 there have been only three.

**To Dyspeptics.**

The most common signs of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water brash, heart burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

**Ayer's Pills.**

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of all disorders of the stomach and bowels. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists.

**J. YOUNG,**  
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER,  
347 YONGE STREET.  
TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.

**ANOTHER DOSE FOR THE WANZER** agent, and enlightenment for the public. The following appeared in *The Telegram*.—  
"Miss Seguen, dressmaker, bought a White, and after using it a short time, traded it off with G. C. Elliott, Wanzer's manager, for a Wanzer F machine, stating to him that the White would not do her work." After much trouble I have at last discovered in whose possession this White machine now is. The lady has given me the following statement, signed by herself:—"In January last I took a White machine from the Wanzer agent at \$35, on lease. I am well pleased with it. They have endeavoured to persuade me to send it back, and offered to give me a \$65 Wanzer C for \$50 if I would do so. But I would not change even; I would not have a Wanzer at all. Signed, Mrs. Cooney, 64 Sydenham street." Miss Seguen used this same White machine four years on wholesale tailoring work. The Wanzer agent must have a high opinion of the White when he will charge \$35 for a second-hand White, and sell a new \$60 Wanzer C for \$31, as he did at 69 Wolsley street. The White is much superior, and the Wanzer agent knows it. D. S. ADAMS, 108 King street, West. Branch offices, 332 and 528 Yonge street.

**Some Famous Rebukes.**

Edmund Kean was wont to say to himself that he could see a sneer across Salisbury Plain, and his career gave a special significance to the expression. He had the sensitive temperament indicated by his hyperbolic saying, and in his earlier years he had, to a greater degree than most other men of whose lives we have a record, suffered from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Nobler than any of the rebukes directed against those that had wounded his feelings in the days of his poverty was that which, when fame and fortune were smiling upon him, he administered to the Earl of Essex. That nobleman, who was one of his most ardent admirers, remonstrated with him for being seen arm-in-arm with Inceledon, the singer, telling him that it would militate against his being received in aristocratic circles. Kean replied: "My lord, Mr. Inceledon was my friend in the strictest sense of the word, and when I had scarcely another friend in the world; and if I should now desert him in the decline of his popularity, or fall of his fortune, I should little deserve the friendship of any man, and be quite unworthy the favourable opinion your lordship has done me the honor to entertain of me."

As of Edmund Kean, so of the brilliant wit and orator, John Phillip Curran, it may be readily believed that his delivery of a rebuke was specially effective. Once when engaged in a case that was being tried before Fitzgibbon, the Irish chancellor, that functionary had brought on to the bench with him a large Newfoundland dog, to which he was ostentatiously attentive while the advocate was addressing an elaborate argument to him. At a critical point of the speech the judge turned quite away and appeared to be wholly engrossed with the dog. Curran ceased to speak. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," exclaimed the chancellor. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Curran, "I was under the impression that your lordships were in consultation." But a far more scathing rebuke was that with which Curran "set down" Judge Robinson. The last named personage was the author of a number of ill-written, but unscrupulous and scurrilous pamphlets in favor of the government of the day. As he was not known to have any other recommendation, it was more than suspected that he had been raised to the bench solely in reward for political hack-work. At a time when Curran, though rising into notice, was still a poor and struggling man, he was speaking in the court over which Robinson presided. Touching an opinion that had been put forward by the opposing counsel, he remarked that he had examined all his books, and could not find a single case that supported the contention of the other side.

"That may be, Mr. Curran," sneered Robinson, "but I suspect your law library is rather limited." For a moment Curran eyed the purse-proud toady of the political powers that were, and then broke forth: "It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and this circumstance certainly rather curtailed my library. My books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope have been purchased with proper disposition. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books, than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should be ashamed of my wealth if I could stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest, and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me more conspicuous, would only make me more universally and notoriously contemptible."

Very neat and characteristic, in the way of practical rebukes, was that of Talleyrand to a faithful but too inquisitive confidential servant, whom he saw from the window of his apartment coolly reading a letter entrusted to him to deliver. On the next day a similar commission was confided to the servant, and to the second letter was added a postscript, couched in the following terms: "You can send a verbal answer by the bearer. He is perfectly well acquainted with the whole affair, having taken the precaution to read this previous to its delivery."

Not bad in its way either was Lord Chesterfield's practically humorous rebuke of the craze for having far reaching portrait galleries of ancestors. In his own gallery he placed two old heads inscribed respectively Adam de Stanhope and Edo de Stanhope.

Of the rebuke indirect, one of the finest

examples is that attributed to Dr South. Once when preaching before Charles the Second he had observed that the monarch and several of his attendants had fallen asleep. Presently one of the latter began to snore, whereupon the bishop broke off his sermon and exclaimed, "Lord Lauderdale, I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but let me entreat you not to snore so loud lest you awaken his majesty."

Incivile and dry as it becomes its nationality was the rebuke of the Scotch shepherd to Lord Cockburn of Bonaly. That nobleman was sitting on the hillside with the shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation he said to him: "John, if I were a sheep I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered: "Aye, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep ye would hae had cair sense."—*All the Year Round.*

**A Half Told Story.**

"Captain," says he, as he found the old weather beaten tar sunning himself on the ferry dock, "you have probably heard about Shylock and the pound of flesh?"

"Well, yes."

"Can you remember the particulars?"

"Most of 'em, I guess. Yes, I'll take a brandy with you!"

He hadn't been asked to drink, but after the two had wiped off their chins he sat down, got an elevation of his feet, and began: "This old coon of a Shylock lived over in Europe somewhere, but it was some time ago. I've heard that he once kept a pawnshop in Buffalo, but I never tried to get him down very fine. Nice man on the average, they say, might have been a little cranky in wanting a good indorser on a note and steep interest on loans, but I reckon he paid his way at a picnic as freely as the rest. Yes, I wouldn't mind a glass of beer with you."

Nothing had been said about beer, but it was called for and tucked away out of sight, and the captain continued:

"This merchant Antonio was no great shakes of a fellow. He was in the retail business, and he hadn't enterprise enough to advertise in the papers. Probably kept a one-horse grocery and notion store and put in some of his time on the cracker barrel. Some folks try to make out that he was the biggest rooster on the fence, but facts won't bear them out. Thank you. So am I. I'll take a lemonade."

The other hesitated, but finally ordered it, and again the story went on:

"This Antonio had borrowed several small sums of money off Old Shy, and it had been a tight squeak to make him pay up. There wasn't a man in town who would give ten cents on the dollar for his notes, and his opinion on the question of finance wasn't worth shucks. He wanted to enlarge his grocery, or start a sheep rancho, or take a hand in some such enterprise calling for cash, and he goes to Shylock to raise the greenbacks. Thank you"

"For what?"

"For the mint julep I'll have mine flavored with strawberry."

"See here, Captain, I can't afford this. I want to be courteous and liberal, but this is rather strong."

"Young man," said the Captain, as he drew himself up with great dignity, "the story of Shylock, as I tell it, contains eight drinks and ends with a 15-cent cigar! Do you want the rest of it?"

"Great Scott! No."

"Then be a little more careful in the future how you absorb my valuable time. My stories vary from three drinks and a cigar to eight drinks and a bottle of ale to take home. Don't come to me and try to get an eight-drink story for three drinks, for you will get left every time."

Gladys, Lady Lonsdale, the London beauty, and widow of the late Earl of Lonsdale, is to be married to Luke White, a young Irish officer of the Guards, oldest son of the Earl of Annaly.

Evy's memory is nothing but a row of hooks to hang up grudges on. Some people's sensibility is a mere bundle of aversions, and you hear them display and parade it, not in recounting the things they are attached to, but in telling you how many things and persons they can not bear.

Some idea of the enthusiasm for bass ball may be gathered from the statement that in a single Michigan factory 350,000 feet of ash, 25,000 feet of basswood and 50,000 feet of cherry are used.

**Failing!**

That is what a great many people are doing. They don't just know what is the matter, but they have a combination of aches and pains, and each month they grow worse.

The only sure remedy yet found is SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS, and this by rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood purifies and enriches it, and rich, strong blood flowing to every part of the system repairs the wasted tissues, drives out disease and gives health and strength.

This is why SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS will cure kidney and liver diseases, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, biliousness, intermittent fevers &c.

Office of Edward Elliott,  
Wholesale and Retail Grocer,  
Cor. Henry and Laguerre Sts.  
Montreal, Nov 7th 1882

I was a great sufferer from dyspepsia, and for several weeks could eat nothing and was growing weaker every day. I tried SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS, and am happy to say I now have a good appetite and am much better in every way.

EDWARD ELLIOTT.

SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS is not a drink and does not contain whisky. It is the only preparation of Iron that causes no injurious effects. Get the genuine. Sold by all dealers. Price 50c.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S  
**IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR**  
A NEW DISCOVERY.  
For several years we have furnished the Dairy men of America with an excellent artificial color for butter; so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.  
But by latest and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as the best in the world. It will not color the Buttermilk. It will not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.  
And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.  
BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.  
If you cannot get the "Improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense.  
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

**100 SONGS OF IRELAND**  
In full music also for piano or organ, including fifty of Moore's Irish Melodies. The finest collection of Irish music ever issued. Just published; only 20 cents. To be had at  
**GLAXTON'S MUSIC STORE,**  
197 Yonge St., Toronto.

Scott's minister "John, John, I'm afraid you are on the broad road." Inebriated paragon—"Weel, minister, as far as I'm concerned, the breadth is a' riq' aired."

**Important.**  
When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Cartage. Hire and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 150 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. Europan plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babber.

**Catarrh—A New Treatment** whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-St. West, Toronto, Canada.

There is no dispute managed without passion, and yet there is scarce a dispute worth a passion.

**Cholera in Canada.**  
The best medical authorities state the cholera is making rapid strides towards this continent. We strongly recommend as a preventive Dr. Hoffman's German Bitters, which cleanses the system, leaving no foothold for disease. 50 cent per bottle. All chemists have it.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one, should never remember it.

Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again; wisely improve the future by buying and using Carboline, the only Petroleum Hair Renewer. Sold by all druggists.

**MOULDINGS, Picture Frames, Mirrors and Picture Findings generally.** Trade supplied. **MATTHEWS BROS. & CO.** Toronto.

**ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, TORONTO.** Students can enter from Oct. 1st until January. **PROF. SMITH, V. S. Edin.** Principal. Fees fifty dollars.

**CANADIAN MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION** Co-operative Life Assurance. Provide for families in case of death. W. PEARSON PAGE, Sec., 87 King St. West, Toronto. Agents wanted.

**MILLER'S MAY-APPLE TONIC** POSITIVELY cures Liver Complaint and Lipoemia. Write for free pamphlet, or mail 50-cent package. **E. MILLER & CO., Dresden, Ont.**

**ROOFING—CHEAP, DURABLE, FIRE-PROOF,** easily put on, composed of 3 ply felt etc., fitted together for flat or steep roofs. **H. WILLIAMS, Manufacturer and dealer in felt roofing materials, 4 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.**

**ARTIFICIAL LIMBS OF PREPARED LEATHER,** Durable, Light, Elastic, and Cheap. First prize at Provincial Exhibition, London. Testimonials on application. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address: **J. HOAN & SON, Drayton, Ont.**

**A GUINIS SWAN TROUSERS**—THE CHOICE of a territory for the People's Crevelin. Experience not necessary, for we will teach you on the latest, best and cheapest Crevelin. Nothing like it in the market. Those you sell to will be your friends. You can earn \$20 to \$100 per week. **MARTIN GARRISON & CO., JOSEPH WHITING, Manager, 35 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.**

**IF YOU WISH TO BUY THE CHEAPEST** and best three run custom and merchant Flour Mill in Canada, write us at once. Splendid Hoiler and Engine, and all new machinery in the mill. Town of 4000. Write for particulars at once to **A. SHEPHERD & SON, Petrolia, Lambton County, Ont.**

**STOCK FARM FOR SALE, THE FINEST** Stock Farm in Missisquoi County, Que., situated at Dunham, consists of 60 acres. Sugar Bush of 2000 Trees, 100 acres in Woodland, 10 in Meadow; balance in Pough Land and Pasture. Buildings worth the price asked for the farm. Never failing supply of water sent for circular giving full description. **J. L. THOMAS, Real Estate Agent, 31 St. James St., Montreal, Que.**

**195 ACRES—UNCLARED, 10 FEET HAY** clay loam; no stone or rock; nearly level; well watered; large frame barn, with granary, log stable, and foreman's house, all nearly new; immediate possession; \$2,200 each; also 212 acres, 15 cleared, 15 pasture; clay and black loam situated on Mary Lake, Stephenson township; large new two-story frame house, 21 x 24 and 16 x 12; stone cellar, 21 x 20; pantry, etc.; store-room, and washed new frame stable, with lot, price of 467 acres, \$2,600 each; these prices if \$33 at once. **CAPT. O'NEILL, Port Sydney, Muskoka.**

**AMBER SUGAR CANE MACHINERY**  
New Paragon School Desks.  
**H. ELIOTT & SONS, Welland, Ont.**  
Best Amber Cane Seed imported from the Southern States. Send for catalogues and prices.

**W. SUTHERLAND ENGRAVING**  
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4 ADELAIDE ST. E. TORONTO

**DIPHThERIA** GROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA.  
Johnson's Anodyne Liniment (for Internal and External Use) will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives, sent free by mail. Don't delay amoment. Prevention is better than cure. **J. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.**

**F. E. DIXON & CO.,** Manufacturers of Star Brand **Leather Belting!**  
70 King Street, East, Toronto.  
Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

**THE LILY** is a perfect gem, equal to an imported French Corset; its like a gift to the figure, very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured by **THE CROMPTON CORSET CO., 28 YORK STREET, TORONTO.**

**A FORTUNE.**  
Any one who will return this slip to the address below, with 50 cents in stamps or cash, will receive 2 articles worth 10 times the value, which will enable them to clear from \$5 to \$20 per week. Money refunded to any one dissatisfied.  
**JAMES LEE & CO., MONTREAL, CANADA.**

**BLACKSMITHS' BELLOWS**  
ANVILS, VICES,  
**PORTABLE FORGES,**  
BABBET METAL,  
The largest assortment in the Dominion.  
**William Darling & Co.,**  
HAEDWARE MERCHANTS,  
MONTREAL, P. Q.

**MAGNETIC MEDICINE**  
A SECOND BRAIN & NERVE FOOD.  
Positively cures Nervousness in all its stages, Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Night Sweats, Irritability, Weakness and General Loss of Power. It repairs Nervous Waste, restorates the faded intellect, strengthens the exhausted Brain and restores surprising tone and vigor to the Exhausted Generative Organs in either sex. With each order for Twelve packages, accompanied with five dollars, we will send our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. It is the Cheapest and Best Medicine in the market. Pamphlet sent free by mail to any address.  
Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by drug stores at 50 cents per box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, or will be mailed free of postage, on receipt of money, by addressing Mack's Magnetic Medicine Co., Windsor, Ont., Canada. Sold by all druggists in Canada.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**PAPER DEALERS.**  
IN STOCK  
No. 3 Printing Papers, (all the standard sizes) Cards, Bill Heads, Printing Inks, Roller Composition, Woodcut & Metal Quoin, and all kinds of Printers' Supplies.  
Estimates promptly furnished for all classes of newspaper printing. Our facilities for turn-out are such that work are unrivalled. Get our prices before ordering elsewhere.  
**S. FRANK WILSON,**  
Proprietor Auxiliary Publishing Co.,  
33 & 35 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

**DALLEY'S PAIN-EXTRACTING PAIN-KILLER**  
HAS NO EQUAL

**CHAMPION STUMP AND STONE LIFTER**  
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Asthma, Bronchitis, Throat Diseases, and Catarrh.  
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Our system of practice is by Medicated Inhalations, combined with proper constitutional remedies. Over 10,000 cases treated during the past 18 years.  
If impossible to call personally for an examination, write for list of Questions and a copy of our new Medical Treatise. Address **ONTARIO PULMONARY INSTITUTE, 125 Church St., Toronto, Ontario.**

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**NEW HARRIS HOT AIR FURNACES.**  
5 Sizes Coal Burners; 2 Sizes Wood Burners.  
Adapted for Warming Dwellings, Churches, School Houses, Stores, and Public Buildings. It is the most powerful, economical and durable Hot Air Furnace made. It has had the largest sale of any yet offered and has given universal satisfaction. Gas-tight and entirely free from dust. For descriptive pamphlets and prices, address,  
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THOUSANDS of young Men and Women, marred and ruined through the effects of venereal diseases, or excessive indulgence in later years, have so undermined their physical systems as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of these troubles being scarcely ever suspected, they are dragged and tortured for everything but the right one. **THE PERSUASIVE COMBINATION REMEDY** is offered as a speedy and certain cure, an auxiliary adapted with every form of disease here referred to, complete head by itself, after all other remedies failed. The recuperative powers of this medicine are truly astounding, and in those cases arising from impotence, its continued use for a short time changes the languid, debilitated condition, to one of renewed life and vigor. Forwarded to any address, on receipt of price, Two Dollars per package—sufficient for one month's treatment.  
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Agent for the National Rifle Watch Co., and the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.

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At wholesale prices to consumers. All goods cut and sent to any part of Canada. You can save 25 cents on a dollar, or \$2.50 on a parcel of \$10. Black Cashmere at 57 cents, worth 75 cents. 25 cents saved on every yard of Black Silk; magnificent line at \$1.50 per yard. We close at 2 p.m. on Saturdays.  
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Lyman Barb awarded first prizes at Sixth... Excellence in Quality and Make. It is made from the best of steel wire specially drawn for this purpose.



THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

And all complaints of a Rheumatic nature, RHEUMATISM is not a sovereign remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

IT IS A SURE CURE Sold by all druggists. The Rheumatine Manufactory Co., Niagara Falls, Ont.

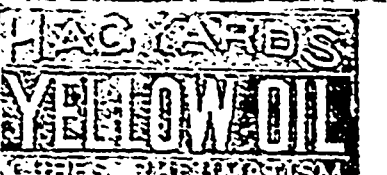
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TRADE MARK. The most remarkable Remedy of the age. The only preparation that will cure Spavin.

Descriptive books with testimonials sent free. Any SPORTSMAN reader may secure from your phile.

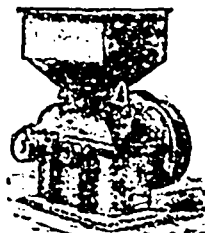
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Appointed to take. Contains the most powerful. Is a safe, sure, and effective destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

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Award of Gold and Silver Medals. NEWELL & OHAPIN Proprietors.

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

with different style of cutter, grinding phosphate, gold and silver ores, quartz, plaster, clay, bones, fish-scrap, bark, &c.

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KINGSTON COLLEGIATE INST. For Prospectus, address Principal A. P. KNIGHT, M.A.

38th Provincial Exhibition

Agricultural and Arts Association OF ONTARIO

TO BE HELD AT GUELPH

24th to 29th of September, 1883

Entries must be made with the Secretary at Toronto, on or before the undermentioned dates, viz:

Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Agricultural Implements, on or before Saturday, August 27th.

Grain, Field Roots and other Farm Products, Machinery and Manufactures generally, on or before Saturday, September 1st.

Horticultural Products, Ladies' Work, Fine Arts, &c., on or before Saturday, September 8th.

Prize Lists and Blank Forms for making the entries upon can be obtained of the Secretaries of all Agricultural and Horticultural Societies and Mechanics' Institutes throughout the Province; or to HENRY WADJE, Secretary, Agricultural and Arts Association, Toronto.

D. P. MCKINNON, President, South Finch.

NORMAN'S Electric Belt INSTITUTION.

ESTABLISHED - - 1874. 4 Queen St., East, TORONTO.

Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Neuralgia, Paralysis, and all Liver and Chest Complaints immediately relieved and permanently cured by using these BELTS, HANDS & INSOLES. Circulars and consultation free.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

Health-Preserving Corset. By a novel arrangement of fine coated wire springs which yield readily to every movement of the wearer, the most PERFECT FITTING and comfortable corset ever made is secured.

IS SUPPLIED BY BEST PATENTERS. For sale by leading retail dealers. Manufactured by C. E. BRUSH & BRO. Toronto. PRICE BY MAIL \$1.75.

EVERY CORSET tampered with is liable to be detected. MESSY REFUSED. MAKE SURE YOU WANT IT.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

BEAVER S. S. LINE WEEKLY BETWEEN

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QUEENSTOWN AND BELFAST For lowest rates and all particulars apply to Sam. Osborne & Co., 40 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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This elegant Medicated Cream is warranted a Sure Cure for all Pimples, Black Spots, blotches, and unsightly eruptions on the face, neck and arms. It positively removes all such imperfections in a few days, leaving the skin clear and smooth.

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Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, calling from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every alternate Thursday during the winter months.

Toronto, 1st Sept. | On to, 22nd Sept. | Halifax, 8th | | Quebec, 29th | Montreal, 15th | | Boston, 6th Oct.

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool \$50, \$60, \$65, \$70; return, \$100, \$115, \$120, \$125, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate \$10. Steerage, \$2. The saloons on all steamers are in steamers marked thus: \* at 1st class, \* at 2nd class, \* at 3rd class, \* at 4th class, \* at 5th class, \* at 6th class, \* at 7th class, \* at 8th class, \* at 9th class, \* at 10th class.

Apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent, or local agents of the Company, or to DAVID TORRANCE & CO., General Agents, Montreal.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE INVITED

FOR 500 SHARES OF \$100 EACH, UNALLOTTED STOCK IN THE

BOLT AND IRON CO., of Toronto, Limited, at Par.

This is one of Toronto's most important Manufactories, giving employment to a large number of men, and attracting to the city a large trade that formerly went elsewhere.

Capital Authorized - \$500,000. Issued - 250,000. Subscribed - 165,000.

NOW OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC \$50,000 AT PAR.

The new works are fire-proof, and cover an acre of ground. The men and machinery there in are all in sight of the manager.

A railway siding runs along the front of the works to facilitate the receiving, handling, and shipping of goods.

The estimated saving in labor alone will be over \$5,000 a year. The works being fire-proof, may afford a saving in insurance of \$1,000 a year.

Fuel, that has heretofore been delivered ex yard, will be delivered ex cars, at a saving of nearly \$2,500 a year.

The building being specially constructed for the business, every evil attaching to other premises, in which passage, waste, and other expenses were unavoidable, will be a very large saving that cannot be fully estimated in figures.

Every convenience exists for doing more and better work, as well as greater variety, than heretofore, at a less cost of production, and with more satisfaction to all concerned.

The Company have on hand extensive orders from the following railways: The Canadian Pacific Railway, The Grand Trunk Railway, The Great Western Railway, The Ontario and Quebec Railway, The Michigan Central Railway, The Kingston and Pembroke Railway, and other Companies.

The permanent, fixed, and steadily increasing portion of the business is with hardware merchants and other manufacturers all over the Dominion in Carriage, Stove, Tire, Fancy, and other bolts.

The sales as follows, attesting from year to year the extent of and growing appreciation of which this make of bolts is held:

Table with 2 columns: Year and Sales. Rows: 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884.

The capacity of the Works now aggregate 30,000,000 bolts a year, one car load of railway bolts and spikes per day. This extent of trade attracts some portions of the year, but with the opening of the North-West it will largely increase, and the track renewals with bolts will alone constitute a large trade.

The works are a necessity in the country, almost as much so now as the telegraph or the phone companies, the railways being in absolute need of the works, without which railways would not be built as fast as they are now being rushed through the country.

The agricultural implement works throughout the Dominion depend for their supplies upon this factory, other works also look to this factory, for their supplies, making its value to be made as colossal, and each kind of bolts are sold in every town in the Dominion. The Dominion on the same one, without call for samples, who are now in the act of being asked for.

The Company own over 20 acres of land, bought at a low price, within the proposed limits, portions of which have already been sold at four hundred per cent profit, and are well allotted for three other factories about to be erected.

This is the only available property fronting the Humber Bay or west of the too much improved Esplanade, that is available for use by railways. It contains advantages not possessed by any other property in or near Toronto, having lake and river frontages for wharfs and docks with safe open harbour all the year round protected by Mimico and Park Point. The property is also well situated as a pleasure resort, having parks on three sides with the lake in front.

The annual meeting was held on the 12th instant, for the first six months' business of the Company, at which a dividend was declared at the rate of ten per cent per annum for the year ending on the 31st of May last. Applications for stock to the office of the undersigned, where the Report and Statement of the affairs of the Company may be seen.

COX & WORTS, Stock Brokers, 26 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

An Original Bathing Suit.

The beauties among the women in the bathing houses at Atlantic High-land's, are mainly Jewesses. The belle of them all has a horror of bath houses, but is passionately fond of the water. She tripped down to the bluff yesterday morning in a pretty tight-fitting blue flannel suit. Her bathing front was faced with white tape, ending at white frogs like a chasseur's jacket. Her skirt was plain. Her jet-black hair was short and hung in ringlets over her brow and below her neck.

She shouted to some bathers, "I'll be with you in a jiffy," shot into a bath house and almost instinctively tipped out again looking like another person. She had simply discarded her cuffs, collar, skirt, and slip pers, and now appeared in bloomer dress, with a skirt to her knees, blue trousers an inch beyond her skirt, and her ebony right-hand hair in an oiled silk cap. Her merry laughter rose above the shouts of the other bathers for half an hour after she plunged into the end of the wharf. After that she came and sat among the spectators on the bluff in the sunshine. She took her cap off and twined it in with one finger.

"I'll tell you how it is," she said to an acquaintance. "This is my own invention. It cost me only \$13.75 for the making and the goods. I can get you one made for the same money. You see this waist is separate, and the trousers and underskirt are made together. I've got nothing else on but my stockings. In half an hour I'll be dry enough to walk home. Then I'll put on my regular skirt, my celluloid collar and cuffs, and my slippers. You can't get a cold or even a chill in salt water. On my way home I can stop and do a little shopping, or even have a mild flirtation. Nobody can tell I've been in bathing, and nobody would dream I'm as wet as a dish rag."

Plantation philosopher.

A man ken hide de fact dat he is smart but he kaunt hide de fact dat he is a fool. Dar's authin' almos' sorrowful 'bout a ole man wid black hair. Gray hair is so nachul wid ole age dat de ole man what aint got it seems ter hab been checked outen his plumage.

De man what tried ter do to much fur you at de dinner table, is wus dan de man what doan do enough. Let a pesson alone an' he'll hep hussle, but keep er tusslin' on him ter eat an' arter awhile he thinks dat ef he doan eat more den he wants yer'll think dat de cookin' doan suit him. De greatest ob all perthens is ter let a man ack nachul. —Arkansas Traveler.

Woman! — "A nice one, is it?" exclaimed an Irish cook asking a situation when a lady by the lady for a recommendation. "An' why should I give you a reference? It is me-iff that's got to live wid ye, an' not you wid me."

The strength of man's tendency to sleep in church was illustrated recently in Lewiston, Me., where a burglar was found in sound slumber in a pew of St. Peter's with his kit of tools scattered around him.

A St. Louis butcher has begun a libel suit against his neighbor, who, he charges, declared in the presence of many customers that the butcher sold hog's liver for calf's liver. He claims that his business has been damaged to the extent of \$2,600.

The great orator Castelar has for the time retired from public life but is actively in the Spanish Congress are two other famous orators, Senors Catalys and Martos the latter quite a young man, who is what is called an All-mist Republican, and occupies about the same position in Spanish that Sir Charles Dilke does in English affairs.

Joel S. Holland, an aged farmer of Tama county, Iowa, was attacked by hounds' bees while mowing along the side of a ditch. In attempting to escape he fell on his scythe, nearly severing one of his legs and rolled into the ditch. He lay there helpless for nearly two hours, the bees keeping up their attack on him. It is doubtful whether he will recover.

A stampede of T. in steers in the streets of New Orleans a few days ago made lively work for the police. Several men, two mules, and two horses were badly gored. The number of steers were estimated at about twenty, but, an account says, they scattered over the city so quickly and double-edged on their tracks so often that there seemed to be hundreds of the raging creatures at large.

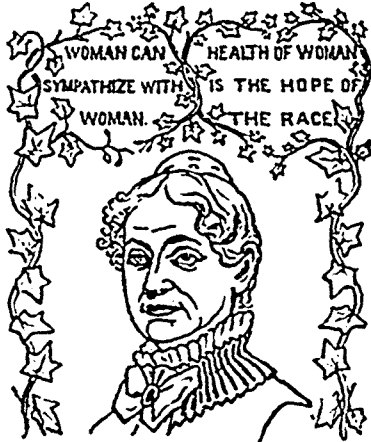
A boy was tried recently in Kentucky on the charge of carrying a concealed weapon was acquitted on the ground that he was too small to conceal a weapon so large.

BELFAST LINEN WAREHOUSE

MCKEE BROS.,

391 Queen Street West,

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



Prep. for Health Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, including Leucorrhoea, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Floods, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.

It is pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.

PHYSICIANS USE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.

For all WEAKNESSES of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the Uterus it is the Greatest Remedy in the World.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of Either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the blood, at the same time will give tone and strength to the system. As remarkable in results as the Compound.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 223 and 225 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 5 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. Mention this paper.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents. Sold by all Druggists. — (M)



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under signed, and endorsed 'Tender for Departmental Building, Ottawa,' will be received at this Office until WEDNESDAY, the 12th day of September next in duplicate for the erection of a

Departmental Building AT OTTAWA, ONT.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, on and after MONDAY, the 23rd instant. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to 10 per cent of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called on to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

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

By order, F. H. KNIS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 11th Aug. 1883.

FOR WRIGHT'S IMPROVED PILLOW Sham holder call on or address MISS HENDERSON 83 Malvern St., Toronto.

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Watson, Thorne & Smellie, Barristers and Attorneys, 49 King Street West, Toronto.

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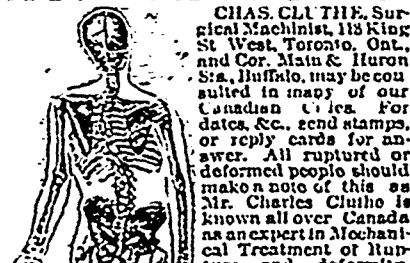
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Coverton's Nipple Oil will be found a treasure to nurses and mothers for the cure of cracked or sore nipples. For hardening the nipples, before the confinement it is unsurpassed, Price 25 cents. If your druggist does not keep it in stock, enclose twenty five cents in stamps and a three cent stamp for postage to J. COVINGTON & CO., Dispensing Chemists, corner of Bury & Dorchester Streets, Montreal.

RUPTURE CURED



Parties wishing to see Mr. Clu the at his office in Toronto may rely on finding him at home the first two weeks in each month, and the first half of each week for the remainder of the month.

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THE ODOMETER WILL TELL.

This instrument is no larger than a watch. It tells the exact number of miles driven to the 1/100th part of a mile; counts up to 1,000 miles; water and dust tight; always in order; saves horses from being over driven; is easily attached to the wheel of a Hairy, Carriage, Sulky, Waggon, Road cart, Sulky Plow, Reaper, Mower, or other vehicle. Invaluable to Lawyers, Pleasure Drivers, Physicians, Farmers, Surveyors, Draymen, Expressmen, Stage Owners, &c. Price only \$5.00 each, one-third the price of any other Odometer. When ordering give diameter of the wheel. Sent by mail on receipt of price, post paid. Address: McDONNELL ODOMETER CO., 2 North La Salle Street, Chicago.

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THE LIGHT-RUNNING "NEW HOME" Sewing Machine.

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Every Machine warranted for 5 years. —

General Sewing Machine Agent,

Machina for Knitting Mills a hand.

Repairer of all kinds of Sewing Machines.

Needles, Parts and Attachments for Sale.

The Highest Cash Price

Paid for old Buggies, old Carriages, old Sleighs, Horses, Harness, &c. S. SYNEBURG, 10 Queen St., West.

GOLDEN HEALTH PELLETS, The King of Remedies,

Cures Scrofula, Scald-Head, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Canker, Liver Complaint, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, and Female Weakness. They are specific in these troubles and never fail if faithfully used. Send for pamphlet. Price 25c.; 5 for \$1.

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Just the spot for a fruit grower. I have ten (10) acres splendid soil for fruit, within one mile of the Suspension Bridge, and right adjoining the corporation of the town of Cataraugus. I have not the capital nor experience to go into fruit myself. All the farmers who raise fruit thereabouts are making money, and there is room for more. The first three thousand (\$3,000) dollars takes it. A bargain for someone. Address Box 2, THE CITY OFFICE, Toronto, Ont.

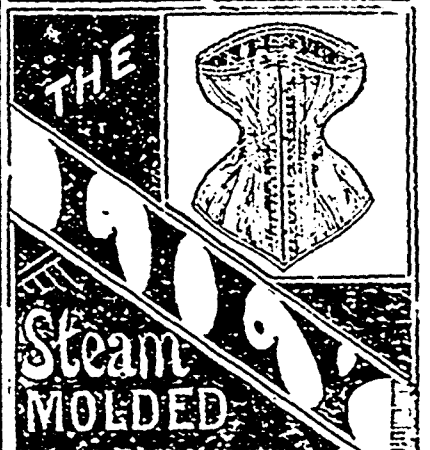
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Small Profits and Quick Returns.

JAMES HARRIS, Groceries, Provisions & Fruits.

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CORSET

MADE WITH CORANNED

THE LILY is a perfect gem, equal to an imported French Corset. Fits like a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. We have recently, at great expense, added to our Corset Making STEAM MOLDING, the latest and most approved model. Corsets pressed on these, receive a most graceful and permanent finish.

MANUFACTURED ONLY AND FOR SALE BY

Crompton Corset Co.

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# R. SIMPSON & Co.

36 & 38 COLBORNE ST., TORONTO,

## GREAT WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRY GOODS HOUSE.

We offer the largest and best assorted stock in Canada, and cut goods in any length at sharp **WHOLESALE PRICES.**

You can buy from us **25 PER CENT.** cheaper than from regular retail houses and get ten times as many goods to choose from.

Country Merchants can buy from us either in cases, pieces, half pieces, or quarter pieces at the lowest mill prices.

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NOTE THE POSITION OF OUR WAREHOUSE—DIRECTLY IN THE MIDDLE OF LEADER LANE.

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First and Second Fall Shipments of

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Forty to fifty cents per yard for Tapestry Carpets, when you can buy the same for "thirty-five" cents per yard at

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Seventy-five cents per yard for Tapestry Carpets, when you can buy the same for "sixty cents" per yard at

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### WHY PAY

High prices for old style Tapestry Carpets, when you can buy elegant New Goods, with borders to match, for less money at

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Two dollars per yard for Axminster Carpets, when you can buy them for "one fifty" per yard at

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High prices for old style Brussels Carpets, when you can buy Handsome New Designs, with borders to match, for less money at

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Two dollars and fifty cents per yard for Wilton Carpets, when you can buy the same for "Two dollars" at

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# CARPET HOUSE,

128 to 132 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Seven Lines of Street Cars pass our house.

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1883.

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