

Crith

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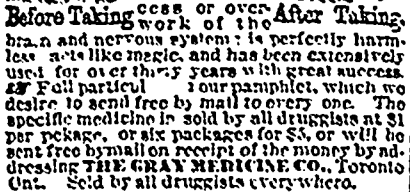
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TORONTO, ONT., OCTOBER 20, 1883.

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Our readers, doubtless, have noticed the advertisement of "A Generous Publisher," in which Mr. S. Frank Wilson, the proprietor of TRUTH, offers a lady's silver hunting case watch and other valuable prizes to each one of the first four persons who send us the correct answer to the question, Which is the longest verse in the Bible. The competition for these prizes closes on the 20th November—a month from to-day, exactly; and those, therefore, who intend competing have little time to lose, and we therefore urge all such to send in their answers, with 50 cents, immediately. Read the advertisement carefully, and conform to all the conditions therein, as there will be no deviation whatever the reform.

The various charitable organizations throughout the city propose to combine their efforts this winter. Undoubtedly much more good, efficient work could be done in that way, than by the present system of individual endeavors. There would be better security that no really deserving case was passed over, while a very necessary check on loafers and dead brats would be afforded.

The International Fisheries Exhibition was lately held in Britain. Canada has every reason to be proud of her showing on that occasion. She obtained no less than ten gold medals, fifteen silver medals, six bronze

ones, and four diplomas. Newfoundland obtained at the Fisheries Exhibition ten gold medals, eight silver medals, five bronze ones, and three diplomas.

The opening of the Rosedale Lacrosse grounds was quite an event, and a very large audience, variously estimated at from 4,000 to 6,000, was present, despite the somewhat chilly weather. The lacrosse match was, of course, the great event of interest; and was one of the best contested games witnessed here. Those who imagined that the recent victory of the Torontos over their almost invincible opponents was the result of a piece of good luck, must acknowledge that the champions have again asserted their right to the title, not, however, without a hard fight on the part of their opponents. How hard the battle may be guessed by the fact that five games were found necessary to decide the match: The Toronto boys now hold the championship; let them see to it that the hardly-won honor is kept here.

So General Sherman retires from the command of the United States army and Phil Sheridan takes his place. All honor to them both; they are good soldiers both, though Phil swears at a most inconceivable rate of profanity. His early advantages were few and he therefore never managed to become a gentleman, for no gentleman ever swears. Some mighty big well-dressed fellows do, but they are not gentlemen all the same.

The Temperance vote is becoming formidably strong in the United States. In the recent vote in Ohio the prohibition ticket did not carry, but it rather reached a figure which is ominous threatening to the traffic in the bodies and souls of men. There seems to be nothing more certain in the future than that prohibition will carry all over the States when the hideous monster—liquor traffic—shall neither be muffled nor muzzled, but have the knife of prohibition passed completely through its heart.

The affairs the Exchange Bank are no better than they were. If TRUTH were speaking of the officials as they deserve quite unbecomingly strong language might be employed, therefore it is best to forebear, only it must be added once more that a wise man will think twice before sinking his surplus cash in bank stocks. The rascality and meanness which are so often seen to have been the practice in banks, etc., are such that the cautious man should make a thorough inspection of his affairs before committing himself to what may be all right but is even more likely to be all wrong. In going over the official list of the shareholders in the various banks, it is most distressing to see how many are widows and orphans and with amounts against them which are quite encouragingly large.

If the Anglican Church and the Presbyterians manage to form a union then certainly the millenium is at the door. TRUTH will be right glad if it is.

The terrible earthquake in Anatolia adds one more to a fearful series of calamities, which has made 1883 a black year in the history of the nineteenth century at any

rate, if not in that of the whole history of mankind. Thousands of people killed, thousands more utterly helpless. Desolation and destruction on every hand where only a few days ago peace and plenty reigned. Scarcely has the mind recovered from the shock of hearing of one case of the kind when it is called on to face another equally appalling.

Though the price of the N. Y. Herald is really only two cents, hundreds of people are willing to give three cents for it, the news vendors refusing to take any less. Naturally the Herald congratulates itself on being such a good paper that so many will give a half more than its real price for the privilege of reading it.

The Bishop of Algoma has, as was expected, been elected Bishop of Huron, and that with very little trouble, and by an overwhelming vote. The diocese has always been very Low Church. Dr. Sullivan is in every way a very admirable choice. If the whole continent had been searched perhaps a better could not have been secured. The worthy doctor, however, for reasons which no doubt appear good and sufficient, to him has declined the proffered honor; and at this present writing it is impossible to say what further steps will be taken.

Toronto has every reason to be proud of her volunteer regiments. The Queen's Own had a fine turn out the other night. The officers may congratulate themselves on having such a fine body of men under them, and the men on having such first-class officers to lead them.

The City Council cut down the appropriation made by the Board of Works for mending the city sidewalks. The result is that many of these being in an altogether horrible state, accidents are of almost daily occurrence, and constant claims for damages are being made. Penny wise and pound foolish with a vengeance. It would serve those men who voted for the reduction, just as they deserve, if they were forced to pay these damages out of their own pockets.

Good results have followed the system lately introduced, of having police officers act as Sanitary inspectors. Dr. Canniff has given very strong testimony to the efficacy with which they have performed their duties.

There are not many men who can celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their first introduction to a pulpit. Dr. Irenaus Prime, editor of the N. Y. Observer, however, has just done so. Last Sunday he preached in the same Presbyterian church where, fifty years before, he had delivered his first sermon.

All readers of TRUTH who frequent restaurants, must have noticed the greed with which some of the patrons of the establishment seize upon the toothpicks. Some of them are modest enough to take only two or three. But nothing short of a whole handful will satisfy others, and these not the best customers always, —not by a long way. But they seem to make for by the smallness

of their purchases, by the eager way in which they chew the wooden toothpicks.

No gentleman ever uses his toothpick in a public place if he can help it, and if circumstances force him to do so, he takes every precaution to make the procedure as private as possible. He uses his handkerchief or some other convenient mode of preventing unnecessary revelations.

The musicians in the city are strongly in favor of making Toronto a great musical centre, and the erection of buildings that will be worthy of such a metropolis. TRUTH says Amen to the scheme. Toronto is by all odds the most proper place for a musical centre; and by all means let it be made the Cincinnati of Canada.

Every now and then cranks are pushing themselves into momentary notoriety by declaiming against certain articles of food which everybody uses and nobody has yet found to be injurious. First it is one thing that ought to be given up and then it is another. Happily for the comfort of mankind these people have no great attention paid to them.

The latest craze is objection to the use of salt. This is said to be injurious to the human system. To utter such nonsense as this ought to be enough to consign a man to Bedlam for the rest of his natural days. Why there is no more important constituency of the human system than common salt, nothing that the system needs more, or craves for more. It aids the nutrition of the body. It is the chief salt in the gastric juice. It helps the promotion of bile and assists in a thousand and one other processes, which are constantly going on in these bodies of ours. But for it these processes could not go on at all, and these cranks probably owe their very power of crying out against this useful article, to its unseen workings.

The Mormons are going to give trouble. The Governor of Utah reports to Washington that there is a conspiracy still going on to defeat all the laws of Congress, and to keep up the peculiar institution of the saints in full force. The Mormons are so strong and so thoroughly organized, that it will be a very difficult job to bring them into subjection. They have possession of a very difficult country, the militia raised within the territory can not be relied on to carry out the Governor's wishes or to support the Federal laws. In short, the trouble is so formidable and grows so rapidly, that the Governor asks for the dispatch of Federal troops into the district. This, of course, is an extreme measure resorted to only on rare occasions and indicates the gravity of the situation. Though polygamy has long since been abolished by law, it still flourishes in fact and will not be given up without bloodshed. The most of people find one wife quite sufficient. Some are ill-natured enough to allege that they find even one too many. What anybody can do with a dozen is a mystery, according to Canadian ideas. But when it is borne in mind that a patriarchal Mormon makes his wives support, not only themselves and their children, but the great, much married husband as well, the wonder to a good degree ceases,

Those were fine doings in Lennox among the free and independent. It is no doubt better that those engaged in such work should come out with it. Still it is dreadfully scandalous all the same. It is utter nonsense to say that the blame is all on one side, and that the sinners in the matter of bribery are all of one stripe of politics. Perhaps other places are as bad, but it does not seem as if any came out quite so unblushingly as did the men of Lennox, from Roo downward. Things are surely as bad as they can be, and when they come to that the proverb says "They are sure to mend."

The coal dealers protest that all the blame must not be laid at their doors. Indeed they say that they are not to be blamed at all. On the contrary they assure all whom it may concern that whoever is guilty they are innocent. They give in detail the various items of outlay, and when the whole thing is totted up it comes to such a sum as to leave the unfortunates with almost no profit whatever. That may be, but TRUTH some how feels that it is exceedingly unlikely.

Is there to be no end to those cases of suffocation by gas? The blowing out of the light by cuntry bumpkins is bad enough and ought surely to be at an end by this time. Anybody who has either brains or business sufficient to bring him into the city or to lead him into an hotel, ought to know as much as not to blow out the gas. But there is another cause of the mischief. There are gas jets which have no stoppage to the little tap that shuts off the flow. Very easily and very innocently a man may turn this round too far and allow the gas to escape when he supposes that it was entirely shut off. Why should this be? Why not, if necessary, have a law against anything of the kind and make gas fitters, &c., punishable if they put up any of such a sort in either house or ware room? If this were done there would be fewer accidents and deaths from the cause referred to.

So Mann, the murderer of the Cooke family, is hanged. He died hard, having been hanging about nine minutes before life was quite extinct. The case is well known to all. Mann could not be said to have been insane and yet he was wonderfully like it. He showed a great amount of firmness at the end and professed to die thoroughly penitent. The doctors say that had he lived a few years more he would have been a raving lunatic.

How comes it to pass that some people are so full of a project or enterprise till it is fairly matured and till they are fairly into it, and then when the irrevocable step has been taken, shrink back with perfect horror and would give all the world if they could only undo what a day or two before was thought the very best thing possible? The judgment gets beclouded, the whole facts of the case distorted and out of sorts, and the worse appears the better cause. How is this? It is like a fascination almost of the nature of a temptation, and ends as soon as there is no remedy. It is difficult to say. In all such cases there is more or less of weakness and instability of judgment, and a certain restless unsettledness which is sure to issue disastrously. In all cases the wise will let well alone. They may discover their mistake when it is too late. Two chances to one they will. But in that case, mum's the word. They don't tell everybody that they have played the fool.

The New Governor-General will soon be here. It is to be hoped that he will fulfil

the highest expectations formed of him. This is very seldom done, but it may in this case. TRUTH sincerely trusts that it will. Some may not be quite sure if Canada need to import her chief magistrate, but so long as she does she ought to have the genuine article of its kind. It takes a wise man to manage Canada for purpose. If Lansdowne fancy the little clique which is understood to constitute society at Ottawa, is the genuine representative of all that is cultivated and correct in Canada, he will be woefully mistaken, that is all. His Lordship has a fine opportunity for showing his "broad sympathies," and his possession of the inestimable characteristic called by Dr. Chalmers, the prosperous management of human nature. Some men are such donkeys with their supercilious air and sniffing idiocy. The country is now and the people both rough and democratic. It is as well when even Governor-Generals know how to manage the creature. So let it be with governors and all men in authority that their ways may be made plain and their reigns be rendered prosperous.

No more inspiring address was ever given to students, or to any other body of young men or maidens, than that which Dr. Wilson gave at the University Convocation last week. It was a thoroughly stirring, manly address, and if these young fellows who heard it don't try to do their duty with all the might of brain and muscle with which Heaven has endowed them, then they are unworthy of their advantages, and should be hurried back into obscurity, with all possible speed.

The doctor is very indignant that anyone should dare to allude to his college as a "godless" place. Possibly enough the term may be a relic of a more barbarous age, when outsiders could not so well appreciate the beauties of morality and religion combined, and matters may have greatly improved since the Doctor took them in hand. Unless common report, however, is a very liar, as mighty in untruth as the Cretans of old, and an ignorant prejudiced numskull to boot, TRUTH very much fears that the term "Godless" applied to University College, could not be considered altogether a misnomer, and this not very long ago either.

That vulgar, stupid, but let us hope rapidly expiring notion that a liberal education tends to unfit a man for the every day humdrum duties of life, received a sturdy blow from the learned Doctor. And the thanks of the community are due to him for giving it. Manly words like these spoken from high places, will do much to drive such invertebrate callow notions as these into that limbo of vanities to which they properly belong.

The mere acquisition of so much knowledge possibly may, but education, a University education at that too, in the best sense of the word, never can make a man a worse farmer or a worse mechanic, any more than it can make a worse doctor, lawyer or minister. An acquaintance with mathematics and two languages, need never spoil a woman's housekeeping. Her pudding may be delicious, and her husband's socks—if she has a husband, which she ought to have—neatly darned, though she have a good deal more than a boarding school smattering of the languages, and a pretty fair acquaintance with metaphysics into the bargain.

King Death very provokingly stepped in and forbade the bans of marriage the other day. Earl Mountcashel having attained the ripe age of 91 was about to be married to a young girl yet in her teens. The Grisly Terror plainly did not approve of the match, and broke it up unceremoniously, chuckling to himself, no doubt, over the way in which he had blasted the girl's ambitious hopes. He might have waited at least until she had fairly become the Countess Mountcashel.

Toronto Bicyclists present quite an imposing appearance as they trundle down to business of a morning. If they only knew how many pretty eyes looked admiringly upon them, they might be lifted up in an unseemly manner. They are quite unconscious of the glances, however, and pursue the even, noiseless tenor of their way, with bosoms undisturbed by any thoughts and fancies but such as may honorably dwell in manly bosoms perched on high.

One hates to lend books, even to one's dearest friend, for never—that is to say very seldom—will he ever see them again. And even when they do find their way back, they are generally soiled, written on or otherwise treated in a shameful way. No wonder then that people hate to lend books, TRUTH never feels so like telling a lie as when some of its acquaintances ask for such and such a book, for it knows the next thing will be a request for the loan of it, and one likes almost as much to refuse as to lend. But the cheek of some people in this respect is immense, it is past belief. Some books have actually been sold at auction of the household effects of some of our dear friends. They had borrowed them, forgotten to return them, gradually came to regard them as their own, and this was the result.

TRUTH wishes that people when they go to a public meeting will sit till the close. It is the height of vulgarity to rise in the middle of the exercises or at any other time during their continuance, unless there is urgent necessity for doing so. There are cases of course in which it cannot be avoided. Some speakers for instance, are so wearisomely long-winded, that a gentle hint of this kind is absolutely necessary. But if at all possible everyone, should stay to the end.

There is one man in town whom TRUTH certainly does not hate, and yet there is no one for whose company so little desire is felt. A correspondent puts it thus:—"I shun him, I avoid him if I have to go a block or two out of my way to do so. I have dodged around a corner many a time or waited on some convenient stairway till he was safely past. I have never walked so quickly past a plague stricken house as I have done to escape from him. Sometimes I have actually had to take refuge in flight and forgetting dignity and everything else have taken to my heels like a new school boy chased by a farmer whose orchard he has been robbing, in order to escape from the interminable torrent of his talk. Of course all TRUTH's readers must know what kind of a man I mean. If they don't know the very one, who or what else can it be but a bore? That greatest and worst of all plagues. Rough on bores, but not too rough."

TRUTH wonders whether those storekeepers who keep open so late at night pay for the gas they burn. Not on Saturday night only, but all the week through they seem to be open till all hours in the night, ten o'clock sees them open, so does eleven, and in some cases even midnight, then they are

up bright and early in the morning, have the shutters down and are doing business long before lazier ones are out of bed or have had breakfast at least. Now friends, industry is a good thing, and it is quite true that the hand of the diligent maketh rich, but don't overdo the thing, take a little pleasure in life as you go along, don't make mere machines of yourselves; you will be healthier and happier, and in the long run perhaps even wealthier, if you shut up an hour or two earlier and get to bed betimes.

One hates to speak of it, but the truth of the matter is that every now and then agents are sent to Toronto and other places in Canada to decoy away young girls to lives of shame in Buffalo, Chicago and other American cities. In all probabilities the two women who abducted the girl Brougham from St. Catharines were of that kidney. Now TRUTH, of course, is too well trained to advocate any such thing as lynching, it is better to leave all that to the far Western States, and other rude half civilized places, but TRUTH can go this far with the greatest complacency and say that if lynching ever could be justified, then certainly the fiends in human form who could deliberately set about devilish work of that kind ought to be lynched without benefit of clergy. Be they male or female, a short shrift and a long rope is the right thing for them; any decent man could feel great pleasure in hauling on a rope himself in order to rid the world of such vermin; certainly no jury in the world could be found who would convict a man who shot stone dead one of these creatures caught in the act of prosecuting their nefarious schemes. We must make Canada a hot place for such.

Here is how some of our American cousins lay down the law; the *Buffalo Courier* says:—"It makes one shiver to hear older people correct young folks for failure to add the 'sir' or 'ma'am' which should be used only by servants addressing their superiors." If the *Buffalo Courier* had been brought up as he ought to have been, spanked occasionally and taught to show proper respect to persons older and wiser than himself he would not so easily be mudo to "shiver." TRUTH feels sorry for the *Courier*; he may mean well, no doubt, but one strongly suspects that he never had a good chance to learn manners, but like Topsy simply "grewed." If our Yankee cousins would teach their youngsters lessons in self-control, modesty and respect for age, it would be of infinite benefit to the country.

The man that could do such a thing as this cannot have been a truly Christian man. Of course he belonged to Detroit, all bad men who do somewhat funny things seem to belong there. He had the manners to drop a hair switch in a carful of women, and then he enjoyed the fun when every woman put up her hand to see if it were here. That man will come to a bad end yet.

How fond some people are of talking about brains. This one has no "brains," another of their friends has no "brains," enough to keep his head stiff between his shoulders. Anyone with brains could see that, always of course taking their own supply of that especial article as the standard of comparison.

It is evidently the case that the liquor permit business in the North West territories is becoming a screaming farce. It was intended to keep liquor out of all that region, and now every one can get as much liquor as he

pleases. Permits are given all but indiscriminately, and he must be a very needy fellow that can't get the necessary paper to cover a jar. Now, all that is ridiculously too bad. What is the world of the North West coming to?

A western prize envelope professing to give a valuable secret for ten cents, is worth notice. One purchaser when he opened his treasure, found a sentence like the following:—"Never purchase anything without first examining it. If you had done this, you would never have paid ten cents for an old envelope, when you could have got a dozen good ones for the same money." True as gospel. An unseen bargain is sure so be found a very visible loss in due time.

What is to be done with this plan of making the collectors of customs censors of the Press and judges of what is obscene or the reverse? When is a book obscene? Smollett's works are pretty "high." So is Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." So are Daudot's works and Zola's, and many others to say nothing of Pindar, and others of that stamp. Now these are openly sold in all our book stores and may be found, TRUTH suspects in Parliamentary Libraries at Ottawa, Quebec and possibly Toronto. How is that? It is worth while to be quite sure about not straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. It is said that the number of obscene, or at least very high French novels in the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa will be found very considerably large. How is that? Where are the censors? And why is the weeding out process not very stringently proceeded with? What about the nude statuette of the female figure in the shop windows? TRUTH supposes that only pruders object to this sort of thing. Possibly. Still nude women whether in paint or Parian don't help things greatly. Some are even old fogeyish enough to fancy that they do more harm than either Paine or Voltaire. If the latter are left alone, almost nobody either reads or knows anything about them. It is quite otherwise when youths and maidens gaze with æsthetic and possibly lascivious eyes upon the suggestively nude figures which lovers of taste do worship. However, it is very likely that fashion makes all the difference. But what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. If the one class is to be put down, the other ought not to go Scot free, still less belauded to the skies.

So the Queen, poor woman, is bothered not only with getting up statues to John Brown, but with excessive gambling in Royal palaces. She would not object to the latter evil in moderation. But the play is quite too awfully wicked, and the stakes quite too awfully high. How is the happy medium to be hit upon? If the thing is right one surely can't have too much of it. If wrong *per se* why have a little? The servant girl's illegitimate child was so small that she thought it was not worth making a fuss about. Others had quite a different idea. Gambling is gambling whether the stakes are for coppers or continents, and if even the Queen sanction it so far it is to be feared she will have to let it have free course.

What is the use of people making such a fuss about the Paris mob hissing the young man Alfonso?

The Queen was once hissed, not by a low, vulgar mob, but by Lords and Ladies who called her "Mrs. Melbourne." It is simply absurd to mind what a mob whether in rage or broadcloth either says or does.

There must have been some very aggravated cases of selfishness and perversity before the C. P. R. Syndicate could issue an order against turning over seats in the cars or taking parcels in beside the passengers. Of course such a thing is all nonsense and can't stand.

It is said that there is wonderful activity in the English Government ship yards. Whatever is the meaning of that? Is there to be war or what? Perhaps the world is not ready as yet for the absolute cessation of war, but the nearer it gets to it the better. It is a poor coarse, butcherly way of setting disputes at the best.

Canada is going to have a visit from the apostle of "sweetness and light" unless, perhaps, the worthy gentleman, like Lord Coleridge, changes his mind, and leave the Provincials in the cold shades of neglect and contempt. There is so much of that sort of thing going that Canadians ought to be well broken in to it by this time.

The Queen, TRUTH is glad to see, proposes to give her granddaughter quite a nice dower without asking the country for any part of it. This is right, but ought it not to be followed in all cases? And what is the use of giving the young man who is to marry the granddaughter offices which have no duty attached to them for the simple purpose of adding to his income? If the places are sinecures why not abolish them instead of making them the means of supporting impudic Royalty?

The *Globe* was very hard on the dogs last week, but not without some reason. There are too many useless curs running about the streets, all of which could be dispensed with easily. It is a curious fact by the way that so many men who can't support their families in anything like comfort or decency generally manage to have one or two dogs about them. Whether they pay licenses is another question. They have the dogs at any rate.

The new "Hour" standard adopted by the Time Convention which met in Chicago lately will be a blessing to all travellers. There will be three "times," eastern, central and mountain. Trains from New Brunswick as far as the meridian of Detroit will be run on "eastern" time; those from the Detroit line to nearly the western line of Kansas on "central" time, while those from the last point to a line between Nevada and Utah will be run on "mountain" time. The full measure of the value of such an arrangement can be appreciated when it is remembered that hitherto in places like Buffalo for example, some trains run on Buffalo time, others on New York, others on Philadelphia, others on Columbia, others on Detroit and others on Hamilton time.

The Fall fairs have all been got safely through. This is a matter for thankfulness for there have been so many of them big and little that they have been in danger of sinking into first-class bores.

Is the world never to hear the last of that miserable gillie John Brown? It gets intolerably sickening to hear Brown, Brown, continually drummed into one's ears. In the name of all that is preponderous, what do Canadians care whether that worthy had a full sized statue erected to his honor or was left at last to dance upon nothing? Let the world have a rest.

Dyeing the hair is a nasty habit, and as vulgar as it is nasty. Yet a great many

people from whom better things might be expected, persist in doing this. Why will they? It deceives none. There is an artificiality about the appearance of dyed hair that is as evident as a second-class politician's faith in the virtues of lying. If it improved the appearance there might be some excuse for it. But it doesn't. On the contrary, it more frequently coarsens and vulgarizes the face, and gives a cheap made-up look to the whole person of the man or woman who is foolish enough to try it. There is nothing to be ashamed of in gray hairs as so many seem to think, but the very opposite. Good friends, please don't dye.

A story is going the rounds just now that a certain well-known and deservedly popular clergyman in town is guilty of this dyeing practice. If true it argues very poor taste on his part. A gray-haired minister may be an object of reverent regard, and a very efficient aid to devotional feelings, but one who has the artificiality and made-upness of dyed hair about him never can.

The coffee houses seem to be well patronized. Every day about lunch time, scores of hungry men and boys may be seen hurrying along for their bowl of soup, or meat pie, or cup of coffee and rolls, or whatever else it may be. It is fun to watch how the prettiest waiting maids always seem to have most to do, and how some of those King street clerks evidently consider themselves great lady killers, and try to keep their hands well in by never losing a chance for a little solid flirtation. All, however, is entirely proper, of course.

All honor to whom honor is due, and, unless we greatly mistake, the *World* did good service last week in pricking that wind bag, the Mutual Marriage Aid Association. That was merely a bait set to catch gudgeon and it is surprising how many innocents were taken in by it. If the *World* will only look round a little more it might get its little eye on something else that needs "showing up."

How can an outsider discover the truth of matters political from what the partizan press has to say on the subject? One side or other must be terrible liars, sad knaves, fools, and all else that is disgraceful and bad. Whatever one says the other flatly contradicts. "You're a liar." "You're another." "You're a bigger one." That is just about the style in which political discussion is carried on in this country. No one but those who are within an inside ring know what is actually done in certain cases in which the whole country is interested, simply because the party press distorts and discolors everything it can in order to suit its own purposes and throw discredit on its rivals.

Canada wants nothing so much just now as a really independent press. It is full time that a new generation of journalists appeared on the scene, who will give us the truth and leave us to draw our own conclusions. We have had enough of party vituperation and contradiction for mere contradiction's sake.

When once we have had an accident similar to the one in Philadelphia lately, we may waken up to a realization of the fact that these bob-tailed street cars are a nuisance, and a standing menace to the safety of all who are rash enough to ride in them.

The stinginess of the Company is the only excuse for their existence. It is preposterous to suppose that one man can attend pro-

perly to his horses, and see about passengers and fare-collectors at the same time.

Some people are dreadfully hard on "only sons." Poor fellows, they are said to be selfish, vain, and intolerably cocky. If they have two or three doting sisters mothers are said to be even worse. Their will must always be law. They are coddled and potted out of all reason. The girl is to be pitied who gets one of them for a husband. She will find a great big baby on her hands instead of a man, a selfish, overgrown, blubberous schoolboy, instead of a husband who can love, honor and obey. Is all that so? In many cases it is to be feared it is. Still, TRUTH has known very passable "only sons."

Shaw, the missionary in Madagascar, seems to have been shamefully used by the French authorities. The two Governments are discussing the question of how much compensation is to be given to him, and well they may. It is said that the French Admiral must have been off his base.

TRUTH would like to know if the fact of a Canadian purchasing land in the States makes him a traitor or anything that is bad. It would almost seem so. At least it is said to be awfully bad for Mr. Pardon to own any land in Dakota. Why is it so very bad? It would be difficult to say. If a man has the cash, why should he not, if he pleases, buy lots wherever he thinks he can do so to advantage?

There is quite a number of things which many people do, about which there ought to be a very emphatic "Don't." TRUTH would like to let its readers have the benefit of a few of these "Don't's." "Don't" go with your hands in your pockets. "Don't" cleanse your ears or your nose or trim or clean your finger-nails in public. "Don't" chew tobacco. It is a bad and ungentlemanly proceeding. "Don't" expectorate. It is not needed, and is simply a bad habit. "Don't" whistle in the streets. "Don't" blow your nose in the presence of others, especially "don't" with your fingers. "Don't" gape or cough or sneeze in public. The misery is how can you help it sometimes? "Don't" be over familiar. "Don't" in any case offer to shake hands with a lady. The initiative must always come from her. Perhaps this will be enough of "Don't's" for one week. There is another which had better be added. "Don't" scold your children or your servants before other people. It looks bad.

There is no great reason for saying much about those who were born or who died on the 20th of Oct. Belted "Will Howard" the celebrated warden of the English borders, was one of those who died on this day, while the late Lord Palmerton was born on the same day in 1781. Sir Christopher Wren also first saw the light on this day in 1632. Every one knows the celebrated motto in reference to the architect of St. Paul's. "If you ask for my monument, look around."

TRUTH has already said that hair-dyeing is ridiculous. It is more than that. It is highly injurious and for health reasons ought not to be done. It is besides quite incompatible with perfect cleanliness and is essentially vulgar and low bred.

It is said that in spite of the number of patients always in Toronto hospital, and though there are annually upwards of a hundred deaths in that Institution, no clergyman ever visits it professionally from one year's end to the next. This does not look well.

Good Templars' Department.

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

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

Grand Lodge of Canada.

G. W. C. T., J. H. Flagg, Mitchell.
G. W. C., Edward Storr, Ottawa.
G. W. Y., Lydia Newman, Paris.
G. W. S., T. W. Casey, Napance.
G. W. T., J. B. Nixon, Toronto.
G. W. C., Rev. E. Fossant, Centrailla.
G. W. M., J. J. Mason, Essex Centre.
G. W. G., Annie D. Yella, Toronto.
G. W. S., W. H. Gribble, Woodstock.
P. G. C. W., Rev. John Shaw, Peterboro.
Next annual session to be held at Toronto fourth Tuesday in June, 1881.

News from Lodges.

Morrisburgh.—The Morrisburgh Courier of last week says: "The Good Templars in this village are opening a fall campaign very hopefully. Proposals for membership are coming in by the half dozen. The entertainments are good, and the spirit for work seems to be taking hold of the members."

A Capital Appointment.—We are much pleased to notice that Bro. W. Boys, for many years the respected Lodge Deputy of Lone Star Lodge, Barrie, has been appointed by the Dominion Government Junior Judge for the County of Senical. Bro. Boys is a gentleman of intelligence and ability, and a lawyer of high standing and large practice. His appointment to the Bench is very commendable.

Matrimonial.—Bro. Thomas Flynn, of Napance, so many years one of the popular Grand Lodge Lecturers, having become weary of a lonely widowerhood, led to the altar Mrs. Brown, of Napance, a few days ago. Bro. Flynn, though considerably on the shady side of three score and ten, still possesses his old time Irish gallantry and dash, and took capture a lady's heart that younger men failed to capture. Long life and happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Flynn.

Practical Work.—An exchange says:—"The Good Templars have commenced a formidable raid against the saloon keepers of Washington, and have obtained a ruling from the District Commissioners that no new licenses shall be given to any saloons which have been fined for selling liquor Sundays or without license. The list of saloons which have been so fined includes most of the principal hotels and other noted bar-rooms of the city." Some such practical work would be of great service in Canada.

Richmond, Hill.—Last week Bro. W. H. Rodden was successful in reorganizing Richmond Hill Lodge under most favorable circumstances. In connection with the meeting Bro. F. S. Spence, C. D., of Toronto, gave a most eloquent lecture. This lodge was, for years, one of the largest and most successful in York County, and it will probably do again a good work.

Carlton County Lodge.—The regular quarterly session of the Carlton Co. Lodge, was held in the Presbyterian Church, Merivale, on Friday afternoon, 12th inst. Bro. John Jackson, C. Chief, presided, and there were about fifty delegates and members present. A very lively interest was manifested in regard to the progress of the temperance work. Bro. Edward Storr presented an able and elaborate report, making several important suggestions in regard to extending the work in the County. Among them was one proposing that arrangements be made for holding a few mass meetings at the principal centres for the purpose of awakening fresh interest in the minds of the people. A very intelligent committee, two of whom were ministers, was appointed to

consider Bro. Storr's report. The committee paid a high compliment to the zeal and ability of the W. Secretary, and recommended that the Executive be authorized to make the necessary arrangements for the proposed mass meetings. An excellent committee of ladies was appointed on the state of the Order, and their report was enthusiastically received. At a later stage it was announced that Mr. O'Callaghan, the Provincial License Inspector for Carlton County, had just arrived with Bro. Casey, G. W. S., and as the Inspector is not a member of the Order, business was suspended for a time so as to allow a free discussion in regard to the enforcement of the License law. The Inspector asked the co-operation of the Templars and other temperance workers, and assured them that any information any of them would furnish him at any time would be thankfully received and promptly acted upon. On motion of Bro. E. Storr, seconded by Bro. J. M. T. Hannum, the following resolution was adopted:—"The members of this County Lodge hereby record their appreciation and thanks to John O'Callaghan, License Inspector, for the manner in which he has discharged his duties thus far, and they pledge him their support in all matters appertaining to his duties in enforcing the restrictions of the law." The Inspector expressed great pleasure at the cordial reception he received and the cheerful co-operation tendered to him.

At this stage the members were all freely entertained with a bountiful supply of refreshments by the members of Merivale Lodge. It was resolved that the next meeting be held in Munster, the last Friday in January next. The Executive have already made, in part, the arrangements for the mass meetings, and it is confidently expected that four or five working lodges will be added to the list before long. "Work" is the motto of the members of this County Lodge.

In the evening a mass meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church. Bro. John Jackson presided with his usual excellent ability and short and pointed speeches were made by Bros. T. W. Casey, G. M. S., Rev. M. Phillips, Rev. W. Whillems, J. M. T. Hannum, J. Henderson, W. Henderson, R. Chambers, and E. Storr. The meeting was much enlivened by several pieces of appropriate temperance music by the Choir of Merivale, and the members of Ramsey and Salamander lodges.

ENGLAND ADVANCING.—The Chicago Signal says:—"The temperance question is coming to the front in England as a factor in politics. English conservatism will thrust it back among social questions if possible, but the growth in political intelligence will not permit it to remain there. In a recent speech that famous hero of the people, John Bright, spoke of the cause of temperance as "a great cause more intimately connected with the advantage of the people than almost any other public question that can possibly be discussed." This appreciation of the vital importance of the question is the most hopeful sign of the times in England.

A Good Move.—Tennessee has adopted a new plan to diminish drunkenness, by passing a law to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors to minors without the written consent of their parents or guardians, or to husbands who are common drunkards unless their wives give their consent. The operation of this law will be watched with interest. Our new Dominion license law prohibits the sale to minors under sixteen years of age, but we would like to see increased restrictions in that direction.

"GOOD OF THE ORDER."

Curing a Drunkard.

REV. M. B. MOORHOUSE, M. A.

A wise old Earl of former days,
Kind-hearted, but tenacious
Of certain notions, words, and ways,
Yet wishful to seem gracious,
Hit on a plan to save his mind
Much worrying opposition,
By seeming deaf when disinclined
To change his fixed decision.
Thus might the clever noble seem
His course unheeded to steer,
Not by what others said to him,
But what he wished to hear!
One favorite servant, born and bred
On his estate, rose faster
Than all his men, till he was made
Head coachman by his master:
But one sad fault did John possess—
The fatal love of drink,
And oft this habit of excess
Brought him to ruin's brink.
"Discharge him!" would my lady plead,
In accents loud and fervent;
My lord still answered, "Yes, indeed,
He is a first-rate servant!"
"No, no!" she cries, with anger wild,
"He drinks in manner fearful!"
"Ay, ay! he's been here from a child,
And is both clean and careful."
"I'm glad your ladyship has come
On generous thoughts to start us,
For, as you say, a paltry sum
Of wages should not part us."
But John upset the coach one night
While home his lady driving;
Though not much hurt, except with fright,
She thought this past forgiving.
Straight to the Earl she rushes in,
Resolved this time to make him
Know all the blackness of John's sin,
When vengeance must o'ertake him.
"Behold!" she says, "Your John's last
crime;
An angel it would vex;
He's overturned the coach—next time
He'd surely break our necks!"
"Ay?" quoth my lord, "is poor John
sick?
Alas, I'm sorry for him."
"No!" screams my lady, passion-quick,
"A drunken fit's come o'er him!"
"Ay!" sighs my lord, "above all price
Are all such faithful men,
We'll have the very best advice
To put him right again."
Out rushed the lady in a fume,
And sent word to the stable
Straight to his lordship John must come,
Although to stand scarce able.
Kindly his master looked at him
As if he saw no error;
While poor John quaked in every limb
With alcohol and terror!
"Why! John! they tell me you are ill,
I see you cannot stand;
You must to bed, and there lie still
To wait the doctor's hand."
"For you I have a great regard,
So have no apprehension;
While you behave so well, 'twere hard
If sickness lacked attention!"
John, thus dismissed, was borne upstairs,
And put to bed instant;
While out of sight, like frightened hares,
Went bottle and decanter.
For head and shoulders blisters raw
The Earl's command pronounces;
And from the arm he bids them draw
Of blood some sixteen ounces.
John found himself, when he awoke,
In pitiful position;
And heard, with feelings past a joke,
The cause of his condition.
No company, but one old dame
To nurse him—kindness cruel!
No solid food, but still the same
Dull round of water-gruel!
No remedy by John was seen
But to submit with grace;
Better have fifty blisters keen
Than let so good a place.

Twice every day, with formal care,
His lordship sends enquirers,
To know how his dear patient fares,
And how the fever's fire is.

"What, what? poor John no better yet?
Well, tell him he must tarry
In bed till he the turn doth get;
These bouts are dangerous, very!"

Then to her ladyship he states
The fever's slow abatement,
And gravely both congratulates
On prompt and skillful treatment!

Seven weary days John slowly passed,
Of strength almost bereft him,
When the Earl thought fit to hear at last
The fever now had left him.

An altered man in truth he came
When summoned by his master,
In every look he bore the shame
Of barely 'scaped disaster.

"Well, John, I'm glad to see you thro,
I hope this bout is over;
And now we trust with further care
You'll perfectly recover."

"I humbly beg," here John broke in,
"Your lordship's gracious pardon,
I promise never to repeat the sin
So be not me too hard on."

"Ay, my good fellow, you say right,
We can't prevent all sickness;
But you must own my physio light
Cures it with magic quickness.

"So mind, if you are ill again,
Be sure that I shall see it,
Even if yourself should not complain,
Upon my conscience be it.

"I promise you shall always have
The same advice and nursing,
For we must use strong means to save
Some men their lives from cursing."

"I thank your lordship from my heart,
There shall be no more need.
The medicine made my body smart,
But cured my faults indeed."

The Earl replies, "I hope so too,
But long as you stay here,
While you do your part, I'll to you
Do mine, John, never fear!"

Henceforth my lady rode in peace,
John's driving no more shocked her,
For Temperance made his drinking cease,
And quite escaped the doctor!

The Water Drinkers.

I passed a garden where roses bright
Were clustering close to the lilies white;
The noonday sun was ablaze o'erhead,
"We're very thirsty," the flowers said.

"Thou lovely lily so fair to see,
O wherefore shouldst thou thirsty be?
For gladly into thy cup I'll pour
The sparkling wine from my choicest store!"

The lily folded her pure white cup,
And closed each ivory petal up!
The rosebud shook in the breeze her head:
"We drink the rain and the dew," she said.

I took my wine to the birds that flew
Around the bank where the flowers grew;
They would not come of my glass to taste;
The lark flew up to the sky in haste,

The thrush sang "no" from her leafy spray,
The robbin hopped with a chirp away;
The blackbird raised from the stream his head,
"Our drink is that of the flow'rs," he said.

I saw a child, on that summer's day,
Amid the flowers and birds at play;
I brought him wine, but he answered "no"
With rosy lips, as he bade me go!

"I do not care for the red hot wine
While water fresh from the stream is mine!"
He smiled, and merrily shook his head;
"My drink is that of the birds," he said.

I turned; his father was watching near,
His step was firm and his eye was clear.
He took my cup, but he dashed it down,
And quickly cried, with an angry frown,

"I will not look on the cup whose glow
Has lured so many to deepest woe!"
The mother smiled, as she shook her head;
"Our drink is that of our child," she said.

Temperance Department.

The Time of Our Rejoicing is at Hand.

BY ANNE HOLYOKE HOWARD.

Phil. iv. 1: 2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.

Rejoice, rejoice, believer,
The conflict is not long;
To-day we fight the battle,
To-morrow sing the song.
To-day we strive in sorrow
The promised land to gain,
We reach the goal to-morrow
Forever free from pain.

To-day we part in sadness
From dear ones gone before
To-morrow meet in gladness
To part, oh, never more!
To-day we bear in silence
The buffetings and scorn,
To-morrow hail with triumph
The resurrection morn.

Then cheer thee, Christian soldier!
Though hard the battle press
Thy Captain's ever near thee
To aid, direct and bless.
To-day we toil in sadness,
Nor may the conflict cease;
To-morrow rest in gladness,
When all is perfect peace.

Rejoice, rejoice, believer,
The conflict is not long,
To-day we fight the battle,
To-morrow sing the song.
To-day we strive in sadness
The promised land to gain;
We reach the goal to-morrow,
Forever free from pain.

"Fast and Loose."

Reader, do you know what that term means, or are you intending to come to Canada? If so, I will tell you. In order to thoroughly find out and appreciate the technicalities of the term it is necessary that you should be of a convivial disposition, and drink and treat the "boys" who you will find in plenty around each bar. Soon you will have a reputation, which is the commencement of the "game." In order more fully to follow out the working, suppose some kindly dispositioned fellow goes into an hotel at any port of entry and treats a stranger or two: he will soon find himself acquainted with the leaders of the "dogs," who in turn gamble with the "farmers." These "farmers" and their gangs of "painters, whitewashers, and builders" follow every new arrival in order to work him, and when well "worked" the victim will find himself "given away" to the D. D. s of either the U. S. or of Canada for them to have the picking of his bones or whatever is left, to make the most of. On leaving by the cars, these thugs follow him, and by the time he arrives at his destination he finds himself simply notorious. Then comes in the harvest of the "farmer," for now they have to sell him, so while some are spreading their reports and betting against him in the city, the others alternately watch the house, or secure rooms close by, and then in succession begins the history of the victim, such as had been gathered, interspersed by crimes attributed that had no existence. "If we don't take him we'll kill him" is a favorite expression. "He's got money and the N. T. D. D. s will give \$1,000 for him" is another. "Who is he, anyway? lay for him in a gang. He's sold; no, he isn't, he's straight, you bet. He's sold. What am I going to do about all I've laid out? I've been after this thing over six months," with other expressions covering every possible act. Reiterating such things constantly, no wonder it plays considerably on the nerves of a man trying to brace himself up from a spree, or steady his nerves already high strung and imaginative to the last degree. Is it any wonder, then, that men of weak nerves rush off to the Mayor's office and claim protection

as we constantly see and hear of them doing? For the traps that are set for young and old who are ever noticed taking a glass or two of spirits are something indescribable. A visit to two or three saloons and partaking but of liquor, without even an association with the crowd, is enough. A reputation is secured and your ruin has commenced. So beware before you start, both young and old, of the consequences you incur by drinking liquor in Canada and allowing the "dogs," "thugs" and "farmers" to play fast and loose.

Business Wisdom.

It is an encouraging indication to notice that many of the great industrial corporations of the country, "with no souls to save," are earnestly working for the prohibition of the drink traffic, from purely business considerations. The hard logic of facts has demonstrated to them that it does not pay to employ men who drink, if abstainers can be obtained. The only wonder is that any business man, employing labor, should ignore this fact.

The Grand Trunk railway encourages all its employees to sign the pledge, and all are prohibited from drinking at all while on duty. The Hon. Minister of Railways for the Dominion issued an order to discharge any employee of the Intercolonial railway found intoxicated at any time, whether on duty or not. Several of the leading American railways require total abstinence of all those in their service. The Grand Trunk officials prohibit the sale of spirituous liquors at all the refreshment rooms under its control, and they are using all the influence they can to prevent the License boards in the Province from granting any liquor licenses near any of their stations, because of the increased danger to the passengers and to the road.

The Kingston and Pembroke railway company have, this year, set themselves earnestly at work to prevent any tavern licenses being issued along their line, but have not been, as yet, entirely successful. Within a mile or so of one licensed house on this line two unfortunate men have laid down on the track while inebriated, within a few weeks. One of them was badly maimed for life and the other was killed. In both cases there are wives and children left in poverty, unprovided for. Surely such causes, producing such effects, must yet be removed by the strong arm of the law.

A Word to the Boys.

Water is the strongest drink. It drives mills; it's the drink of lions and horses, and Samson never drank anything else. Let young men be teetotalers if only for economy's sake. The beer money will soon build a house. If what goes into the mash-tub went into the kneading trough, families would be better fed and better taught. If what is spent in waste were only saved against a rainy day, poorhouses would never be built. The man who spends his money with the publican, and thinks the landlord's bow and "How do ye do, my good fellow?" mean true respect, is a perfect simpleton. We don't light fires for the herring's comfort, but to roast him. Men do not keep pot-houses for laborers' good; if they do, they certainly miss their aim. Why, then, should people drink "for the good of the house?" If I spend money for the good of the house let it be my own, and not the landlord's. It is a bad well into which you must put water; and the beer house is a bad friend, because it takes your all and leaves you nothing but headaches. He who calls those his friends who let him sit and drink by the hour together is ignorant—very

ignorant. Why, red lions, and tigers, and eagles, and vultures are all creatures of prey, and why do so many put themselves within the power of their jaws and talons? Such as drink and live riotously, and wonder why their faces are so blotchy and their pockets so bare, would leave off wondering if they had two grains of wisdom. They might as well ask an elm tree for pears as look to loose habits for health and wealth. Those who go to the public house for happiness climb a tree to find fish.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

NEWS AND NOTES.

LORD LORNE ON TEMPERANCE.—On Tuesday last a Committee of ladies representing the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Montreal had an interview with Lord Lorne and invited Princess Louise to attend their meeting to hear Miss Frances Willard on the temperance question. The Marquis met them in person and gave them a most cordial reception. He explained that the previous engagement of the Princess in connection with the ball would prevent her acceptance of the ladies' invitation. He remarked, peculiarly, "there are many things we do which are better than dancing." The Marquis thanked the ladies most heartily for their kind invitation and expressed his warm sympathy with the noble work they are doing in behalf of temperance. He spoke, from his own personal observation, commendably of the wisdom of the Canadian Government in giving to the North-west Territory a stringent prohibitory liquor law, and gave it as his opinion that for this reason the Territory possessed a great advantage, to the proposed settler as compared with the Western States, where spirituous liquors are sold in abundance, to the great injury of the settlers. The ladies were greatly delighted and encouraged by their interview with His Excellency. It may be here remarked that Lord Lorne expressed similar views in regard to the great advantage of our prohibition law in the North-west, to his fellow countrymen during his last visit to Scotland. His father, the Duke of Argyle, is also a great admirer of the temperance work, and gave from his own estate, the site for the first Good Templars Hall erected in Scotland.

BEER DRINKERS.—It appears that the Germans are not the largest consumers of beer and other malt liquors, as has generally been supposed. The *Chemical Review* figures out that the production of beer in the German empire amount to 92 quarts per capita, but a large proportion of this beer is exported. In Austria the amount is 34 quarts per inhabitant. In Great Britain 115 quarts of very strong beer is the ratio. In the United States the beer per inhabitant is 40 quarts. The consumption of malt liquors is increasing faster here than in any other country. The consumption, however, is chiefly limited to the Northern States. South of the Ohio River there are few breweries.

IOWA.—In Iowa the temperance workers achieved an important victory during the late State elections. They had previously made their influence so strongly felt, that the Republican party this year made prohibition a plank on its platform, thereby obtaining the sympathy of the temperance electorate. We understand, too, that reliable temperance men were selected as candidates for the principal State offices, and they have been elected by good majorities. Over a year ago the prohibitory constitutional amendment was carried by a majority of the electorate of the State, but it was afterward declared void by the courts, in consequence of some legal informality. It is now evi-

dent, however, that final success is near at hand. The recent votes in both Ohio and Iowa indicate a rapid advance in public opinion in favor of prohibition in the Western States.

OHIO.—The temperance workers in the State of Ohio have not been successful in obtaining a majority for the prohibitory amendment to the State constitution. The vote polled in its favor was so large, however, as to plainly indicate that the day is not far distant when prohibition will be a law in that State. We have not yet seen the exact figures, but the vote polled for the amendment was something like 310,000, out of a total available vote of 703,335. Of course the temperance people will be encouraged to persevere, and those engaged in the liquor interests will have timely warning to stand firm under. The whole question has been so thoroughly agitated that matters will not long stand in their present shape.

STRONG TEMPERANCE STATES.—It is said that Georgia is one of the strongest temperance states in the American Union. There are already eighty-seven counties in Georgia where no legal authority can be obtained to sell liquor, and the sentiment continues to grow. In Maryland, of the twenty-three counties fourteen have prohibition, and but nine license.

SERIOUSLY ILL.—We much regret to state that the Rev. Thomas Gales, for many years the well-known and much respected Secretary of the Dominion Prohibitory Alliance, is now lying so seriously ill at his residence that but poor hopes are entertained of his recovery. Mr. Gales has been out of health for some time past, of heart disease. He is now entirely confined to his bed, and is suffering very much from dropsy as well. He has been, for years one of the most reliable and most intelligent temperance workers in Canada.

SOUND THEOLOGY.—Gladstone says that one of the most encouraging signs of the times is that the ministers are becoming aroused to the importance of the temperance work. Many of the leading dignitaries are becoming more and more outspoken. Recently Bishop Ireland of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Minnesota said:—"The need of the hour is a grand tidal wave of total abstinence sweeping over the land. The strongest protest possible must be made against intemperance. Total abstinence is the protest. Will it be made with sufficient force to save the people? This is the vital question for the future of America, and I might add, for the future of religion." We understand that a number of the bishops now require a pledge of total abstinence of those being confirmed.

"What shall be done with the American saloon?" you ask. Make it a place where better liquor can be found, elevate its moral and intellectual atmosphere, and as a component part of this great nation's economy, endeavor to so regulate it that the greatest good can be given to the greatest number. That can not be done by following out the line that has marked the progress of the temperance movement in the past. Freedom and intelligence walk hand in hand, therefore strive not to shackle men's consciences, and persecute free citizens by unlawful enactments. Teach men to curb their passions themselves rather than seek to curb them by legislation. Do all this, and the accusation made against us that we are a drunken nation will lose the greater part, if not all of its significance. The low, pestilential groggeries will be swept from the land, and a new era will be ushered in. This is what should be done with the American saloon.

STELLA: OR, AT CROSS PURPOSES.

CHAPTER XXX. (CONTINUED.)

LADY HONORIA DOES HER DUTY.

"I shall get over it very soon," she said to herself once more, "and I am glad no one need ever know the truth—everybody will believe that I killed him—that is bad enough, but not so bad as the truth. I could not bear to be pitied as a forsaken damsel—that would kill me!"

It will be seen that it was Lady Honoria's vanity that suffered throughout far more intensely than her heart.

Presently Mrs. Norton came into the room.

"Is Sir Edward gone already?" she asked her, kindly.

Lady Honoria did not lose a minute in telling the truth to her hostess.

"Yes, he is gone. He will not dine here to-night, Mrs. Norton. The fact is, I have just broken off our engagement altogether."

"Oh! my dear!" cried Mrs. Norton, agitated, "how dreadfully sorry I am for you?"

"You need not be sorry for me," said Lady Honoria, quietly, "because it is entirely my own doing. We found that we were not likely to make each other happy, so I thought it best to break everything off. I have done quite right, and require no pity at all. Will you please tell your husband and daughters, Mrs. Norton; and would you kindly send these letters to the post for me?"

And that was all the information the family at the Rectory ever received concerning Lady Honoria's broken engagement. Only long afterwards, when they heard of another event, which as yet was in the dim future, then the two girls, talking the matter over to each other, thought that they could put two and two together, and a little more of the truth of the business became clear to them.

Meanwhile, in the desolate little sitting-room in Mrs. Wilson's green-shuttered lodging-house there were that morning two people who were very happy indeed, in spite of many stabs of conscience for the mistakes of the past on one side, and for sundry misgivings concerning the troubles of the future on the other.

"I think I have behaved abominably throughout both to you and to her," said Edgar to the little head that lay safe and happy upon his shoulder. "I wish I could feel more penitent and more unhappy; but just now, I can only feel insane with joy and delight!"

"Oh! what will Lady Dyson say!" cried poor Lily, for the hundredth time.

"Well, I think she will forgive you, Lily. Do you know, that I believe she got very fond of you during your illness?"

"She was very good to me," murmured Lily.

"And now, my little darling, I must go—I shall leave Sandyport this afternoon; and when you are quite strong again, and the whole of this business has blown over, then you will come back to Barfield, and then—"

"Please do not do that any more," was Lily's only rejoinder to a course of action which, to people accustomed to the manners and customs of lovers, may be better imagined than described.

He left her and went back to the inn, and there, upon his table, lay a telegram awaiting him.

He tore it open. It was from his mother, and ran thus:

"Please come home at once. Your brother has left home with Miss King."

CHAPTER XXXI.

HER LAST CARD.

Old Mr. King left his bed unusually early on the morning of the 1st of May, wrapped his dressing-gown about his lean figure, and went eagerly to the window and looked out. It was a lovely spring morning; the trees were all covered with tender green leaves, the dew lay thickly upon the grass, the hawthorn and laburnums were fast bursting into bloom, and the birds carolled gayly their greeting to the new-born summer.

Never had Mr. King felt happier or in better spirits. It was Norman's wedding-day. Everything had been settled according to his wishes; there had been no hitch

and no disturbance in the programme he had laid out for his grandchildren's lives. Within a few hours he would stand within the flower-decked chancel of the village church, and he would give Cecily away to her cousin, and the "Wedding March" would strike up, and the wedding-bells would ring, and the darling wish of his old age would be fulfilled; and then the bride and bridegroom would be whirled off in a carriage and four to the station, on their way to the Continent, for their wedding-tour, and he and his Stella would be left alone in the big house together. He would send Harriet Finch away, and Stella should keep house for him.

"It has all gone off well," said Mr. King, to himself; "but I am glad I put that codicil into my will—it will do no harm—by twelve o'clock to-day it will be invalid, and it has kept my mind easy all this time, for I had a misgiving that the girl was going to play me false, but I suppose I was mistaken; still it has kept me from fretting, and, as Graham is always telling me, if I want to go on living I must not fret myself. Ah, well, I am happy enough now! Everything has turned out just as I wished it!"

At that minute a slender figure, wrapped from head to foot in a long cloak, and wearing a thick veil, was creeping slowly and cautiously across the dew-drenched grass at the back of the house.

She went very slowly, turning round every now and then to listen and look back at the house. It was quite early—only about half-past six—and nearly all the blinds of the house were drawn closely down. Only from one distant window there was somebody with sharp eyes, and a keen, eager face, who saw that solitary figure stealing along under the shadow of the orchard wall. And the owner of those sharp eyes, who had only just got up out of bed, straightway began to huddle on the first clothes that came under her hands at her utmost speed.

But Cecily, who was creeping along under the shadow of the orchard wall, did not know this.

Cecily was playing her last card. She had come to the end of the serio-comedy she had been acting so long—and now she was ready to stake everything she had so long striven for upon this last desperate action. Last night the will that was to do so much for her, was signed. (So far all was safe. Now nothing was left to her save to deal the death-blow to the old man whose house had sheltered her treacherous and wicked self for so many months! All night long she had sat up writing—writing the letter that she had laid on his library table before she stole forth from the house, so that he might see it the first thing when he came down stairs—and writing too, to Stella, to tell her the truth of everything. As to Norman, she had not even gone through the form of writing to him—"Norman," she said to herself scornfully, "will console himself very easily; he and Stella will never be rich—but then they are the kind of people who do not care in the least for money; they will be perfectly content to be poor all the days of their lives—whereas I—I could not have done without it. I have worked hard for it too—oh! what hard work it has been!—but thank goodness, it is all over now!"

She had got safely round the corner of the orchard wall by this time, and she was out of sight of the house. She walked quicker and breathed more freely now. She carried a heavy dressing-bag in her hand; into it she had crammed all the jewellery that had been given to her as wedding presents, including the family diamonds from her grandfather, and the set of pearls and rubies that were Norman's wedding-gift to her. Cecily had no remorse of conscience at all in doing this. She had also a little money, about ten pounds, with her.

Presently she reached a low wooden gate that led out of the park into the road; here, behind a clump of trees that had hidden it from her sight until she came close to it, stood a Stanhope phaeton with the hood drawn up. As she reached the gate, Walter Dyson's face peered out from behind it.

"Here you are at last," he said, in a whisper. "I thought you were never coming—is everything right?"

"Yes, so far all has gone well—the will was signed last night."

"Is this all your luggage?"

"Oh! my boxes are ready packed; I dare say I shall get them to-morrow. I have got the diamonds here!" tapping the bag with a laugh.

"You are an uncommonly clever girl, and I must say I am very glad to get hold of you at last. Now jump up quickly, and let us be off before the alarm is given; and besides, we have not too much time to catch the train at the Junction—it is ten miles at the very least."

There was no servant, and he helped her up into the phaeton. She drew herself as far back as she could into the shadow of the hood, and Walter Dyson took his seat by her side.

"Off at last, my dear wife!" he said, bending down to her with an affectionate smile, for he was fond of her after a fashion.

And then Cecily uttered a cry. "Good gracious! there is Mrs. Finch!" she exclaimed. "Drive faster, Walter, or we shall be stopped!—hateful woman! she must have followed me!"

The phaeton dashed off rapidly, and was soon whirled out of sight round a sharp corner of the road.

And there stood Mrs. Finch by the gate, in the long damp grass, in a short, dark woollen petticoat and a red flannel dressing-jacket, with her scanty hair all flying loosely in the wind about her thin neck, shouting and waving her hands vainly after the departing couple.

But for all her shouting she was not able to stop them. When the phaeton was quite out of sight, Mrs. Finch turned round and fled to the house. There was a glance of malicious delight upon her face.

"Wicked, abandoned girl!" she cried to herself, triumphantly; "I always knew she was false and deceitful. She has eloped with one of the Dysons! I could not see which, but I know the gray horse and harness well enough. And now, at last, I can be revenged upon the old man who has ground down my life for so many years, and treated me like an upper servant instead of a relation! Now, at last, I can repay him all the rough words and the insulting sneers he has cast at me for so long! Oh! what a blow this will be for him!—his darling schemes overthrown—his nephew tricked out of his bride—his beautiful plans for everybody all shattered at a stroke! How delighted I am to think I shall be the first to tell him—perhaps even he will be grateful to me for revealing to me this iniquitous proceeding to him, and he will add something to his will in acknowledgment—who knows!"

And this latter thought still further quickened Mrs. Finch's returning footsteps towards the house.

In another minute she was knocking loudly at Mr. King's bedroom door, quite oblivious, in her excitement, of her own very remarkable, and not very presentable costume.

"Mr. King, I must speak to you at once!" she cried.

"My good woman, I am just out of my bed—you must wait."

"I cannot wait a moment, my dear cousin—I positively must speak to you! I have something of the utmost importance to reveal to you!"

"What a nuisance an impatient woman is!" grumbled the old man from within. "Wait a moment, then, and I will open the door."

After a few seconds he did so, and appeared enveloped in a long flowery dressing-gown, in which his gaunt figure looked leaner and more attenuated than ever.

"Now what on earth is it?" he began, confronting the strangely-attired figure who came in as he opened the door, "what have you got to say that you couldn't wait till I was dressed? I suppose the confectioner hasn't sent the cake, or the cook has spoiled the jellies, or some such rubbish?"

"Mr. King, it is no rubbish at all," said Mrs. Finch, eagerly. "I have a very terrible piece of news to tell you!"

The old man frowned uneasily; but he had no serious apprehensions as yet.

"You women think everything terrible—there is no end to the fuss made about every trifle. Out with it, then!"

"I assure you this is no trifle," she said, earnestly, and with such evident agitation, that his attention was arrested to it. "You must prepare yourself for a great shock, Mr. King."

The old man trembled.

"Don't go beating about the bush," he said, hoarsely, "but in Heaven's name tell me what has happened at once! Is it Norman?"

"Norman is quite well. It is Cecily King who has gone away."

"What!" shouted the old man, wildly, catching hold of her hands.

"She has run away with one of the Dysons—I am not sure which—I could not see; but they have driven off together not ten minutes ago."

The old man was livid.

"They must be folk wed at once—instantly; they can be stopped! Where is Norman? Ring the bell. What are you standing staring here for? Let me go!" He was struggling to reach the door; he shivered from head to foot. Mrs. Finch tried to quiet him; he shook her off wildly. "They must be followed at once," he repeated. "It is not too late; they can be stopped."

And then suddenly Stella, white as a sheet, stood behind them on the threshold, holding an open letter in her hand.

"Oh! grandpapa—dear grandpapa—it is no use!" she cried; "they cannot be stopped—it is too late. Cecily has deceived us all; she has been married to Walter Dyson ever since she came here!"

He stopped short and gasped for breath; the blood rushed back in a flood to his face, his eyes stared blankly for one minute before him. Then he flung up his arms wildly into the air; one short gasping cry burst from his lips; and he fell face forward all his length upon the floor.

Cecily's evil work had prospered. She had killed her grandfather, but it was Stella's loving lips that all unwittingly had given him his death-blow.

From that instant all was confusion and terror; the fugitive couple were forgotten; there was a wild hurrying to and fro through the flower-decked house. Instead of the merry laughter, and the good wishes, and the happy faces that were to have filled Wrexham Hall that bright May morning, there were scared looks and terrified whispers, and the grave face of the hastily-summoned doctor pressing through the frightened cluster of servants towards the chamber of death.

By and by Sir Elgar came over from Barfield, in great distress of mind concerning his brother's conduct, but the greater anxiety about the master of the house had absorbed all lesser troubles.

They had got the old man into his bed; he did not die at once; he lingered till the afternoon, but he was never conscious again. At three o'clock he died, and Norman led the weeping Stella away from his death-bed.

These two, who had comforted each other throughout these terrible hours of horror and misery, had no other consolation upon earth now save each other.

Oh! how horrible it was to Stella to pass along the passages and staircases all wreathed for the marriage festivities with satin ribbons, and trails of flowers and greenery; to see the long table laid out in the great dining-room below, and the waiters, with white and hurried faces, clearing away the preparations for the wedding-feast! And then there was the open door of Cecily's room, and her boxes standing already packed in the middle of the floor.

"She has killed him—she has killed him!" moaned Stella in her misery. "Oh! Norman, what did she do it for? How could she deal him such a cruel blow?"

Stella, in the absorption of her grief, did not even think of how great an alteration in her own life Cecily's conduct was likely to effect.

"She could not have known that he had heart disease," said Norman, gravely; "She could never have realized that such a shock would kill him."

But Dr. Graham, who stood by the sorrowing cousins, and who heard the words, remembered very well that Cecily knew all about her grandfather's heart-disease, and he could have told them so, had he not been too kind-hearted to make unnecessary mischief in the already afflicted family.

"What did she say to you in that letter?" asked Norman of his cousin, as he stood at the door of her room with her.

"I think you ought to read it," said Stella.

She went into her room and found it, and bringing it out to him, placed it in his hands.

"Thank you," said Norman, simply.

And then he took the letter out-of-doors and read it by himself in the garden among the budding trees and the carolling birds, and all the bright summer sights and sounds that were going on without, just the same as if death and sorrow did not come to visit Wrexham Hall.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BY THE FOUNTAIN.

This was Cecily's letter to her sister :

"MY DEAR STELLA.

"I suppose you will be very much shocked and horrified at me when you find out that I have run away from home with Walter Dyson. I think long ago you must have guessed that I had some secret which I was keeping from you, and now the time has come when I must tell you the truth. Last winter, when I stayed with the Halevys, I met Walter Dyson in Paris. We fell in love with each other, and he proposed to me. But Walter is a younger son, and I had nothing. Marriage under such circumstances would have been folly. To be poor, you know, would never have suited me; the most devoted husband would weary me out in six weeks had I to live in a cottage with him. Yet I was fond enough of Walter to be unwilling to give him up. Then it came into my head that I had only to promise to marry Norman in order to get our grandfather's money. I did not much think about the future, nor where it would lead me to; but I proposed to Walter that we should cancel our engagement, and that I should go to Wrexham, and feign to consent to marry our cousin—for I knew that you had refused him, and therefore it would not be taking anything from you. Well, Walter did not like the plan at all, not from any scruples of conscience, but because he is very jealous. The only way in which I could gain his consent was by agreeing secretly to marry him at once, in order that, he said, I might be bound irrevocably to him. We were married at the English Chapel in Paris. I left Madame Halevy's ostensibly to join you on the very day of my wedding.

"Two college friends of Walter's witnessed the ceremony, and one of them gave me away. Afterwards we crossed over to England, and spent three days in London together. Walter and I came down home together, and on the evening of my strange appearance at Wrexham, when you were so startled and puzzled at my unexpected arrival on foot outside your window, my husband had just dropped me, not a hundred yards from the house, from the fly in which he was going on to Barfield.

"Well, now, you can easily guess the rest. I have not had a very happy time of it, as you may imagine. What with working out my plans, and pretending to be fond of Norman, and having to meet Walter at all hours of the day and night, to keep him in good temper; and then having to elude Mrs. Finch, whose keen eyes began to suspect me; you may imagine that I have had my hands pretty full. Do you remember the night we dined at Barfield, when Walter took me in for dinner? You may guess what a good joke the whole thing was to me; and yet, I assure you, I have had many a sleepless night and many an anxious day, especially since that horrible Finch has taken to watch me; for if she had found me out and betrayed me to any of you, all my trouble would have been thrown away.

"Well, now it is all over, and grandpapa's will is signed; and by the time you get this letter, Walter and I will be away on the road to France, and Norman will have learnt that the whole of my engagement to him has been a farce. As he does not care a farthing about me, and is over head and ears in love with—well, I won't say whom!—I don't think it even necessary to apologize to him for taking myself off.

"And now, Stelle, I have only to ask your forgiveness. Don't think worse of me than you can help, and when all this has blown over, I hope some day to come over to England and to have a good laugh with you over the whole story.

"Your affectionate sister,
"CECILY."

The letter fluttered from Norman's hand to the ground, and a strong feeling of disgust took possession on him. Selfish, unprincipled, and shameless—how different was Cecily from Stella! Not a vestige of remorse for her duplicity and her deceit—not a particle of shame for her love of wealth and the greed with which she had grasped at the money of which she was in truth defrauding Stella—only a light wish that they might enjoy a "good laugh" over the discreditable story, and an unseemly reading of the "joke" it had been to outwit and deceive all her relations and friends.

Nothing could exceed the contempt which Norman felt towards her, excepting his own

deep thankfulness for having escaped from such a wife.

Cecily had in a postscript given an address to which she entreated her sister to write, within the next few days, to tell her what had happened at Wrexham after her departure. It was at an hotel at Rouen, and there she stated that she and her husband would remain for a fortnight, and look anxiously for news from home.

In point of fact, the success of Cecily's whole scheme depended upon the news she was to receive from Wrexham; if her grandfather lived, he would certainly alter his will. But if he died—Cecily was ashamed to own even to her own heart, how earnestly she desired that her wicked scheme might have succeeded.

There came a telegram from Stella to the hotel at Rouen on the very day after their arrival there. Oh! how Cecily trembled as she opened it—and how the words danced before her eyes before she could read them! But there they were, as plain as daylight before her:

"Grandpapa is dead—the news has killed him—the funeral will be on Friday—will you come home?"

"Everything is safe!" said Cecily, white with agitation, to her husband, "but I won't go home for the whole world—I should feel like a murderer!" she added shuddering.

"Nonsense," said her husband "you have nothing to do with his death at all; an old man with heart-disease may drop down dead any day. You must not think of it any longer—the money is all right, they will telegraph to us again, of course, as soon as the will is read."

So Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dyson waited at the pleasant city on the Seine, and beguiled the days of waiting by many excursions in the neighborhood, and many rambles through the streets and churches of the interesting old town.

On the Friday, there was, however, no telegram, and Cecily began to feel uneasy.

"You will hear to-morrow morning; they will write," said her husband, consolingly. "Don't fidget yourself about it—it is quite sure to be all right—there is nothing to be anxious about—you are sure to have a letter in the morning."

Saturday morning came, and with it a black edged envelope with the Loughton postmark. Cecily tore it open breathlessly, and remained speechless, staring at it.

"Well, what is it?" said Walter, taking it from her hand.

And then Cecily uttered a wild cry of despair, flung up her arms madly into the air, and then fell down prone and unconscious into a heap at her husband's feet.

This was the letter:—

"MY DEAR MRS. DYSON,

"I have great pleasure in writing to tell you that your dear sister has inherited the whole of your grandfather's fortune, with the exception of the house, furniture, pictures, plate, &c., and twenty thousand pounds which are left Mr. Allingham. The greater portion of his fortune was originally left to you, but by a codicil to the will, it was so left conditionally only upon your marriage with your cousin; failing that, it reverts to your sister; under the circumstances, of course, you are quite unprovided for.

"Your sincere friend,
"BARRIET FINCH."

Two months have passed away since Mr King's death, and Stella King and Mrs Finch now are the only inhabitants of Wrexham Hall.

Directly after the funeral, Norman had gone away. He had expressed a wish that Stella and Mrs. Finch would continue to make Wrexham their home for the present, but had said no further word about his future plans.

Stella remained therefore all alone. She sorrowed at first deeply for her grandfather and for her sister's treachery; but by and by another grief began to settle at her heart.

Why did not Norman come to her—what was there now to keep them apart? Had he forgotten his old love to her, and the passionate words he had spoken to her that day when he had rescued her from the gypsy on Loughton Common? Was all that a dream that is past to him? or had he been so thoroughly disgusted by her sister's conduct, that unconsciously he had recoiled from her also, and had included her in the just blame due only to Cecily?

Stella could not answer these questions to herself; but she was very sad, for Norman remained up in London, and neither wrote or came to her.

By and by an event happened which shed a little brightness and pleasure over her monotonous life. There was a wedding at Barfield, and Lily Finch was the bride; and no one rejoiced more sincerely in her happiness than did Stella, although her deep mourning precluded her from being at the ceremony. Lady Dyson had at last given her willing consent to Sir Edgar's marriage. It had been a great blow to her when his engagement to Lady Honoria had been broken off; but as she never quite understood the rights of it, she believed to her dying day that the Earl's daughter had behaved very badly to her son; and she felt such a sincere compassion for his supposed disappointment, that she was the more ready to listen patiently to him when he spoke to her about Lily.

"I suppose it is fate," said Lady Dyson, resignedly. "It is evident that it is to be, so I had better make the best of it. And after all, Lily is a dear girl, and she behaved wonderfully well during her illness."

So one fine June morning Lily was married to Edgar in Barfield Church, and, amongst the handiwork of her wedding presents, there figured a diamond locket from Lady Honoria Rossett.

Mrs. Finch, of course, was very great on the occasion, and talked so incessantly afterwards of "my daughter Lady Dyson," that Stella got very tired of the subject. Mrs. Finch, of course, forgave her old scores against the Dysons in consequence of her daughter's marriage.

"I never thought he would have married her, you know," she explained to Stella; "and though I could see that Lily was foolish about him, I discouraged it in every way, thinking he meant nothing serious. However, I must say the girl played her game better than I gave her credit for."

"I think her own sweetness and goodness is the only 'game' Lily has ever been guilty of," said Stella, a little indignantly.

Then, when the wedding was over, and the newly married couple gone away, and the neighborhood had settled down again after the commotion, Stella became very lonely and very sad. She received frequent letters from Cecily, but they were very unsatisfactory ones. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dyson were drifting about from one gambling-place to another upon the Continent. Walter, apparently, had taken to Rouge-et-Noir as a profession—sometimes he won, but oftener he seemed to lose; and then Cecily wrote very despondingly. She was evidently far from happy—the love founded on selfishness and want of principle, which might have flourished and increased in sunny and prosperous conditions, was fast perishing utterly under the cold winds of poverty and adversity.

Stella at last determined to do something substantial for her sister and her husband. Out of her own abundance she would provide for them. It was however, impossible to do this without consulting Norman; and so, after a great deal of hesitation, one day she wrote to him to his club in London, propounding her scheme of making to Cecily an annual allowance out of her own ample fortune, that might enable her to live in comfort if not in luxury, and she begged him to come down and see her, that she might consult with him about it.

The letter was sent, and two days went and no answer came. Stella was very unhappy.

One afternoon she sat alone on the edge of the stone basin in the garden. The fountain was still, and the clear pool shone in the sunshine—every little gold-fish looked like a jewel as it darted across the transparent water.

Stella looked down lazily at them, and dipped her white fingers into the basin. She did not hear the approaching footsteps across the lawn behind her, only all at once a shadow was thrown across the fountain, and looking up quickly, she found Norman standing by her side.

"Oh! Stella, what a long time you have been in sending for me!" he said reproachfully, as he took her hands in his; but his face was beaming with delight and happiness.

"In sending for you, Norman!" she repeated, wonderingly. "Did you expect me to do that?"

"Of course I did. Do you think I would have obtruded my own selfish hopes into your days of mourning for the old man you

loved so well? I waited for you to write to me. Besides, you are a rich woman now."

"Oh, hush!" she interrupted, quickly. "Do not pain me by saying that!" and then, with a deep blush, she added, slowly, "Norman, I would like to share all that money with you!"

"I only know of one way in which you can do that, my darling!" he said, with all the glow of his love in his eyes; and then he knelt down beside her, and put his arms around her. "Stella, will you not give me that long waited for kiss now, and with it your dear self?"

She bent her face, rosy as any flower, towards him in silence, and their lips met in a happiness too deep for words.

"Oh! Stella," he said, presently, "how much of our lives you and I have wasted! We might have been happy long ago!"

"Yes," said Stella, smiling out of the fullness of her content. "But then, we were playing in the dark, for we have all been at 'Cross Purposes!'"

[THE END.]

Volcano of Krakatoa.

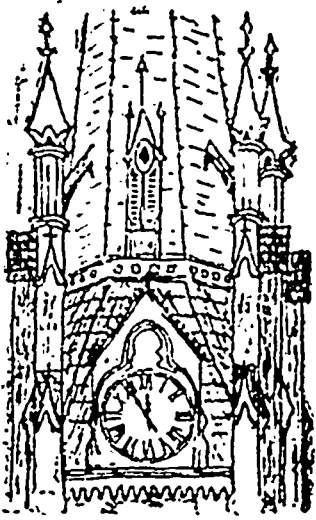
Before the last fatal eruption of the volcano of Krakatoa it would seem that the mountain for some time past had been in a state of violent activity. The following graphic account of its appearance was supplied by an officer of the *Almira* to the *Brisbane Courier*:—

"The volcano was on the island of Krakatoa, at the entrance of the Strait of Sunda, and one magnificent blaze of light was proceeding from its height. Higher and higher the blaze seemed to mount as we drew closer to its base, while the sound had now become one continuous roar, like hundreds of blasts from some mighty furnace, and a volume of black smoke extended for miles from it, like a funeral pile. As we passed through, some of the fine dust and strong sulphurous fumes of the subterranean upheavals got into our eyes and filled our throats, causing us to keep under the awnings till we passed—glad to leave the island on our lee. We could then admire its splendid upheaval and listen to its mighty roar without fear. There seemed to be a strange vibration in the water and ship while we were passing. The flames looked grand, as, leaping high into the heavens with a mighty roar, they sent their sulphurous fumes apparently miles upward, and then, dying out till they seemed expended, would leap upward with renewed force and fury. This continued till the ship took us further and further away, the sound got weaker, and the light soon appeared like a lighthouse on the shore. We passed about three or four miles from it, and had the wind been blowing from the southward, I dare say we should have felt considerable annoyance from it. As it was it only gave us a grand volcanic spectacle that will never be forgotten."

Invention of an Electric Gun.

One of the most interesting novelties at the Vienna International Exhibition is an electric gun. The powder is fired by means of a piece of platinum in the cartridge, and the electric current necessary for heating the platinum is obtained from a little accumulator, which must be worn in a belt especially devised for the purpose. Besides the accumulator and the belt, a glove and a shoulder strap are necessary. The glove is worn on the left hand, and is connected with one pole of the accumulator, the strap with the other. All this would, it must be confessed, be a rather formidable addition to a soldier's accoutrements, and one is hardly surprised to hear that the inventors do not expect their patent to be immediately adopted in all the European armies.

Meanwhile they point out that the electric gun affords several advantages besides the charm of novelty, which ought to commend it to the sportsman. In the first place, it is said to be very economical; and what new application of electricity is ever said to be anything else—at first? There is no great saving on the gun or the cartridges, but then only a quarter of the ordinary charge of powder is necessary. Moreover, the gun is economical of time and trouble. The cartridges serve many times over, and there is none of the bother of taking off the old caps. But the crowning merit which is claimed for the electric gun is that it is warranted never to "kick." If this warranty be really true, the application of electricity to sport ought not to be long delayed.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.



THE TICKING OF THE CLOCK.

About Whipping in Factories—Concerning Banks Stocks and Margins—The Rectory Land Squabble—And sundry other matters.

Is it really true as some people allege, that girls in factories are sometimes whipped in this Toronto of ours? The *Clock* will not say positively whether such is the fact or not. But this is beyond all doubt, that, however naughty girls may be, and however aggravating, it is perfectly out of the question to give irresponsible parties such as forewomen, and so forth, the right to inflict upon their girls anything like corporal punishment. The very idea is simply atrocious and ought not to be submitted to for a moment. Some are sufficiently exercised over dull, case-hardened blackguards who commit criminal assaults upon little girls, being flogged pretty severely, though they deserve all they get and a great deal more. What might it be supposed they would be over young girls, almost women in some cases, being stripped and flogged for a mere infringement of factory regulations? Is there no one whose official duty it is to see to it that this shall on no pretence be permitted, whether with or without the consent of the victims? It is said that these girls will rather be flogged than dismissed. Well don't give them the alternative, and then they will think better before breaking the rules.

Curious that some weeks the *Clock* does not well know how to say all that needs to be said, while there are others which are barren as the ribbed sea sands.

This week the great subject of talk has been the shrinkage in the value of bank stocks. Of course there has been speculations about the causes of such an untoward occurrence, and the general opinion has been that stock gambling has been chiefly at work, while another as evidently has been the tight squeeze of D. Morrice & Co., and the danger of the Board of Montreal losing heavily. But the *Clock* does not take much account of these matters, though of course people will talk, and the *Clock* cannot choose but hear. The amount of stock gambling by margins is perfectly appalling. People of all classes and of all degrees of riches down to something like poverty try their hands at this supposedly rapid way of making rich. Of course it is gambling, pure and simple, though it gets some other more respectable name. Say that Federal Stock is selling at 150 per cent., a man can buy "on margin" at 125 per cent., or at five per cent. premium. But

HE DOES NOT PAY DOWN THE CASH.

He only pays his five per cent. of margin and gets as many shares as he has of five

per cents. That payment covers the purchase and makes the broker safe. He can always sell and make a profit. But supposing the shares fall five per cent. the margin is then gone, and he immediately calls upon his client to put up "more margin" so as to cover the decline. Another fall and another margin, and so on till the unfortunate speculator cannot "put up" any more. Then the broker sells his shares, pays himself and pockets the margins that are between the price at which he purchased and that at which he sold. If the shares go up of course the speculator gains and some speculator loses correspondingly. The whole business of margins is in short immoral and dangerous in no common degree. However it is attractive, and bank clerks and poor fellows in government offices with many others equally impecunious and equally anxious for a haul are continually staking all their little savings, with of course in most cases most disappointing results. Moral: Don't gamble in shares, and don't put up "margins" under any temptation.

The struggle over the Rectory lands continues, and is not the most edifying spectacle possible. When the arrangement was first made there was no Rectory but one in Toronto. Indeed no other Episcopal Church whatever. Still that Rectory land was given on the broad principles of honesty for the Episcopalian people of Toronto, and whether it be law or not law

IT IS NOT COMMON HONESTY

for any one to try to keep it for the advantage of a small section of Episcopalian and leave the rest out in the cold.

The *Clock* wonders at Sam Blake and others standing on mere law, if it be law, and not taking the broad ground of ordinary equity to say nothing of that which is Christian.

Then there is the appointment of Parliamentary Librarian. A good deal of rot has been talked about Mr. Houston being unfit, and the appointment not being good because the appointee belonged to the *Globe* staff. Did even any one hear such nonsense! It was a thing of course that the Ontario Government would give that place to one of its friends and supporters. Well, could any one mention the name of a single soul, either Grit or Conservative, who would have been better able than Mr. Houston to fill the place with efficiency? The *Clock* does not believe it. Some might be inclined to mention the late unsuccessful candidates for the Toronto Public Library. Pshaw, there is not one of these who, in point either of scholarship or efficiency is to be mentioned in the same day with Mr. Houston, not one who would make half so good a Librarian any way you take it. The whole thing is in a nutshell. The place was vacant. Somebody had to be appointed, and who had a better claim either on account of service or efficiency than the man who got it? Let any one please say. It does not follow because a man blows and brags about his knowledge of books, that he has the very finest prerequisites for a good Librarian. Certain sure the *Clock* is that one or two who have been proclaiming on the house tops that Toronto would be eternally disgraced if this one or that were not constituted as Librarian of some kind, would no more have filled the bill than, than—, well every one may fill in the blank himself.

And so *Truth* wishes to encourage Bible study by giving prizes for the same. That is good. So all ladies and gentlemen had better go strongly in for that gold watch. Many no doubt would like it. Who is to be the happy man or woman?

The *Clock* has but one parting advice before shutting up for the week. Dear friends

sweet friends, listen to one of your best benefactors, and do not only hear but obey. Have you paid your water rates? If not go immediately. The *Clock* charges you all upon pain of much that is disagreeable not to put off till the last or the later day. Pay these rates and be happy. So shall you read *Truth* with comfort, and bless

THE CATHEDRAL CLOCK.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The question of a grand musical festival in connection with our Semi-Centennial celebration next year, is now being agitated, and is apparently meeting with great favor. The greatest trouble in the matter is the want of a suitable building, in which to hold such festivals. The Horticultural pavilion lacks the necessary acoustic requirements; the Grand Opera House is too small, the Rink are unsuitable, and the Exhibition Building is altogether out of the question, being at too great a distance from the city. But really there ought to be no difficulty in obtaining funds for the erection of a suitable building. In New York seventy gentlemen subscribed \$20,000 each to build the Metropolitan Opera House now about to be opened. We may not have such men here, but surely we have some enterprising citizens who would be willing to undertake the task. There is time, but not too much, in which to erect the building; and the sooner the matter is gone about the better. We can get the material for a musical festival if we have only a building wherein to hold it.

It is unnecessary to dwell at any length on a play like the "Lights o' London," with which our readers were last season familiarized. Some of the remarks we made last week regarding "The Silver King" are applicable to the "Lights o' London" in a modified form. It depends more upon the scenery, and while full of pathos and passion lacks the strong literary merit of the former, and is not as carefully worked out dramatically. Of the company it is unnecessary to speak. It is with few exceptions the same company that presented the play last season, and the changes in the cast, if they have not strengthened, it have not materially weakened it.

While orthodox Christians in this country very generally frown on the stage and all its belongings, it is not to be disguised that the prejudice against actors and theatres is not as marked as it was, say, twenty years ago. One of the most beautiful and successful theatres in New York is owned by a couple of clergymen who are also proprietors of the *Churchman*, the official organ of the Episcopal denomination. The Rev. Robert Colyer and other liberal, as well as Episcopal, clergymen openly visit the New York theatres and no scandal is caused thereby. In England the Bishop and clergymen of the national church attend operas and theatres the same as other people; but more remarkable than all, the *Christian World*, the leading London organ of the Nonconformists, recently contained a leading editorial, giving Mr. Henry Irving a "God speed," apropos of his departure to America. Mr. George Macdonald, the English novelist, is a clergyman, yet he frequently appears as an amateur actor on semi-public occasions. The theatre is growing in popularity in this country. A large space is given to dramatic news in all our journals. It is for Christian people to say what course they shall pursue in the future. It is idle to ignore the stage or to condemn it by wholesale. After all, why not try and moralize it and free it from objectionable associations?—*Democrat's Magazine*.

Jacobs' Novelty Company at the Adelaide Street Rink—which pressure on our space prevented our noticing last week—is doing a splendid business. The entertainment is a really meritorious one, and the low price of admission has proved a big card. The building is crowded every afternoon and evening, and the midgets—most of whom are old acquaintances here—and the excellent company by which they are ac-

companied, are proving most popular. Several additional attractions have been added during the present week, which add considerably the interest of the entertainment.

The refusal of Maggie Mitchell to play on Sunday night in Cincinnati sets a good example to other stars. A day and night of rest are needed by professionals as well as other people, and it is unfair that they should be expected by the people of Western cities to act without cessation during their engagements in that section. Entirely aside from a question of morality of piety, we believe that Sunday should be set apart by the profession as a time for recuperation after the work of the week.

At the Grand next week the attraction will be a combination of variety artists travelling under the name of "Castle's Celebrities." Most of the artists comprising the company are more or less familiar to our theatre-goers, and a superior entertainment of its class may be looked for.

Fanny Davenport's new play "Fedora," is pronounced one of the strongest dramas that have been produced in New York, and the star has made a complete success in the title role. Robert Mantel, her leading support, has made a great hit as "Louis Ipanoff," "Fedora's" lover.

The Birmingham (England) *Gazette* says: "Miss Minnie Palmer's manner, quaintly humorous as it always is, is withal so natural and spontaneous that it never seems forced or strained, but to be the natural outcome of a nature overflowing with animal spirits."

"How does Henry Irving compare with Booth?" was asked of Dion Boucicault by a Kansas City reporter the other day, and the veteran replied:—"You can't compare them; one is brandy and the other is champagne."

Mrs. Zelta Seguin Wallace, well known upon the operatic stage, proposes to appear next season as an actress in a new version of "Oliver Twist," and a translation of the French play, "The Boyhood of Richelieu."

Sarah Bernhardt claims that she got married because matrimony was the only thing in life that she had left untried. After her marriage she indulged in divorce for the novelty of the thing.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND MEDITATIONS, OR FLOWERS FROM A PURITAN'S GARDEN. By Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon. New York: Funk and Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey St.

This is a new book from the vigorous pen of Mr. Spurgeon. From the twenty-two volumes of the staunch Puritan, Thomas Norton, the renowned editor has culled a collection of figures and metaphors rich in thought and fertile in illustration. The terse sentences and pithy phrases of the old writer have a freshness about them that is morally invigorating. Mr. Spurgeon has added to each saying remarks of his own, giving much additional interest to the volume. An index of subjects accompanies the volume, and will be helpful to public speakers and writers.

DIO LEWIS' MONTHLY. No. 3. October. New York: Frank Seaman, 63 and 69 Biblio House.

This vigorous and well conducted monthly fully sustains the standard set before us in the first number. We know of no publication in which affairs of health and sanitation are so popularly treated and rendered interesting. The present issue contains a good likeness of the sturdy editor, and there is not a dull article in the magazine.

A Crushed Porter.

We are happy. The porter of the parlor car has been crushed.

"Beg yo' pawdon, sah," he remarked with impressive grandeur to one of the occupants of his car, "dat was a trade dollah you handed me a minute ago."

"Ah, was it?" replied the plebe as he took it from the outstretched hand and examined it. "Take this for your honesty, my friend," and pocketing the dollar the traveler handed the abounded potentate of the road a lead nickel.

The inescapable body of the porter was left at the next station, and after physicians had worked at him for two hours he recovered sufficiently to murmur incoherently:

"It wa'n't de money what pah-lized me, boss; but he called me 'sly fren'!' Boss, dat tak me down cial!"

Our Young Folks.

The Green-coated Soldier.

BY DAVID KER.

Many a long year ago three or four regiments of Russian soldiers were encamped on a flat sandy plain upon the shore of the Gulf of Finland, not far from a new town which had just been built at the mouth of the river Neva, and called St. Petersburg. The sun was beginning to set, and the men, having finished their marching and exercising, were having a rest after the day's work or beginning to get ready their supper.

Most of them were strong and sturdy fellows who looked as if they could stand a good deal of hard work, and hard fighting too, before giving in. But they certainly did not wear a very soldier-like appearance, for all that; they moved heavily and clumsily, and handled their muskets as if they had been more used to ploughs and spades than weapons of war.

Awkward though they seemed, however, these very men were to be able, only a few years later, to give King Charles of Sweden (who was then thought to be the best soldier alive) such a beating that neither he nor his army ever meddled with Russia again. But as they were now, they made a poor figure enough; and so, no doubt, thought a big red-haired man in Russian uniform, who, with his arms folded on his broad chest, and a scornful smile on his face, was watching half a dozen of them light a fire.

"Pretty fellows you are to call yourselves soldiers!" cried he, in broken Russian, "when you can hardly tell a butt of a gun from its muzzle, and don't even know how to kindle a fire yet. We manage things better in Silesia, where I was born and bred."

"Well, if your country is so much better than ours, why didn't you stay there? asked one of the Russian recruits, sulkily.

"Because I was wanted here to make you Russian lubbers into soldiers," answered the Silesian fiercely; and a mighty hard job it is."

The recruit muttered something between his teeth, but did not venture to make any direct reply; for this Silesian, Michael Kratsch, was a noted bully, and the strongest man in the regiment, and any one who tried to argue with him generally ended by getting a broken head for his pains.

While Kratsch was still fuming and finding no one to vent his anger upon, a little drummer-boy, coming past with a can of water much too heavy for his thin arms, stumbled against him by accident. Like lightning Big Michael faced round and dealt the poor little fellow a kick which sent him to the ground, screaming with pain, and caused him to spill every drop of precious water that had cost so much trouble to bring.

An angry murmur ran through the group of Russians, and the Silesian turned savagely upon them.

"What are you growling at, you dogs? If you have anything to say to me, say it out. You ought to know by this time, I should think, that one honest Silesian is a match for half a dozen such as you!"

"Are you quite sure of that?" asked a deep voice behind him.

Every one looked round with a start, for nobody had noticed a soldier standing near the group, and listening to the Silesian's boastful talk with a smile of quiet amusement.

The new-comer picked up the little drummer boy very tenderly, refilled his can from a bucket that stood near, and sent him away rejoicing. Then he came up to the tall Silesian and looked him full in the face.

Kratsch eyed the stranger from head to foot, and did not altogether like the look of him. His dress was nothing grand, to be sure, being simply the plain green coat of a Russian private, so soiled and threadbare that an old-clothes man would scarcely have taken it as a gift. But he was as tall as Big Michael himself, while his huge limbs and brawny chest made such a show of strength that most people would have thought it wiser better to shake hands with him than to fight him.

"So!" said the green-coated man, quietly, "one Silesian is a match for half a dozen Russians, eh? Well, I can see that he's their match at bragging, anyhow!"

The Russians chuckled at this unexpected hit, and one of them laughed outright. Kratsch's face flushed purple with rage, and

for a moment he seemed just about to fly at the speaker's throat. But there was something in the stranger's bearing, and in the calm, steadfast glance of his keen black eye, which cowed even the fierce soldier, who drew back with a sullen growl.

"Well," said Greencoat, quietly, "we Russians have a saying that corn doesn't grow by talking. If you are a match as you say, for any half-dozen of us, let us see what you can do."

"Could you throw that stone farther than I can?" as the Silesian, pointing to a heavy stone at his feet.

"I can better answer that when I have seen you throw it," replied Greencoat, as coolly as ever.

Michael Kratsch threw off his coat, and baring an arm as thick as an ordinary man's knee, hurled the stone seven good yards away.

The Unknown threw, in his turn, so carelessly that he seemed hardly to exert himself at all, yet the stone fell a foot beyond Kratsch's mark.

The Russians raised a shout of triumph, and Michael's face grew as black as midnight.

"Are you as nimble with your feet as with your hands?" growled he, through his teeth.

"Try," answered Greencoat, simply.

Kratsch pointed to a broad ditch a little behind them, and taking a short run, shot through the air like an arrow. The ditch was fully fifteen feet wide from bank to bank, yet he alighted several inches from it.

"Pretty fair," said the Unknown, smiling; "but I think I can match it."

And so he did, for his leap overpassed Kratsch's by six inches at least. At the sight of the heavy Russian faces grinning from ear to ear over his discomfiture the Silesian's eyes flashed fire.

"You haven't done with me yet," he roared, "smart though you think yourself. Dare you wrestle a fall with me?"

Without a word the stranger threw off his coat and stepped forward.

It was a grand and terrible sight to see the two giants strain their mighty limbs and cease each other with their iron arms, both faces growing suddenly hard and stern as they grappled. Every man among the lookers-on held his breath as the great struggle began.

Thrice did the Silesian make a tremendous effort to throw his enemy with a strength that seemed able to tear up an oak by the roots. But the Russian, though shaken, stubbornly kept his feet, until Kratsch paused, breathless and utterly spent.

Then the watching eyes all round saw the stranger's arms tighten suddenly, the Big Michael's huge broad back bend slowly in. Furiously he struggled against the overmastering clutch, but he had no more chance than an ox in the coils of a boa. At last the Unknown lifted him fairly off his feet, and hurled him backward with such force that he fell with a dull crash against a large stone behind him, and lay stunned and motionless.

Just then was heard a cry of "There he is! there he is!" and several richly dressed men, running up to the spot, bowed reverently to the green-coated soldier.

"We have been looking for your Majesty," said one of them, "to give to you these dispatches which a courier has just brought from Moscow."

At the word "Majesty" the Russian recruits all fell on their knees, considerably startled to find that this shabby-coated private was no other than the Czar himself, Peter the great of Russia.

"Up with you, lads!" cried Peter; "kneel to no one but God. You are Russian soldiers, and I'm your General; that's all."

Then he turned to Kratsch, who lay groaning on the ground, with his left arm broken.

"I'll forgive thee this time, fellow," said the Czar; "but if ever I catch thee ill-treating a child again, look out! As for these soldiers of mine at whom you laugh, within five years they shall be the wonder of all Europe."

And so they were.

Prof. Kedric of the Michigan Agricultural College is making experiments that thus far show that growing plants in a close room are not injurious to human life. He says that the notion that it is unhealthy to sleep in a room containing plants is sheer nonsense.

A Hashish House in New York.

We paused before a gloomy-looking house, entered the gate, and passed up the steps. The windows were absolutely dark, and the entrance-way looked dirty and desolate. Four pulls at the bell, a pause, and one more pull were followed by a few moments' silence, broken suddenly by the sound of falling chain, rasping bolt, and the grinding of a key in the lock. The outer door was cautiously opened, and at a word from my companion we passed into the vestibule. The outer door was carefully closed by some one whom I could not distinguish in the utter darkness. A moment after the inner door was opened, and never shall I forget the impression produced by the sudden change from total darkness to the strange scene that met my eyes. The dark vestibule was the boundary line separating the cold, dreary streets and the ordinary world from a scene of Oriental magnificence.

A volume of heavily scented air, close upon the heels of which came a deadly and sickening odor, wholly unlike anything I had ever smelled, greeted my nostrils. A hall lamp of grotesque shape flooded the hall with a subdued violet light that filtered through crenated disks of some violet fabric hung below it. The walls and ceilings, if ever modern, were no longer so, for they were shut in and hung by festoons and plaits of heavy cloth fresh from eastern looms. Tassels of blue, green, yellow, red, and tinsel here and there peeped forth, matching the curious edging of variously colored bead-work that bordered each fold of drapery like a huge procession of luminous ants, and seemed to flow into little phosphorescent pools wherever the cloth was caught up. Queer figures and strange lettering, in the same work, were here and there disclosed upon the ceiling cloths.

Along one side of the hall, between two doors, were ranged huge tubs and pots of majolica-like ware and blue-necked Japanese vases, in which were plants, shrubs, and flowers of the most exquisite color and odor. Green vines clambered up the walls and across the ceiling, and catching their tendrils in the balustrades of the stairs (which were also of a curious design), threw down long sprays and heavy festoons of verdure.

As my companion, who had paused a moment to give me time to look about me, walked toward the far end of the hall, I followed him, and passed into a small room on the right, where, with the assistance of a colored servant, we exchanged our coats, hats, and shoes for others more in keeping with our surroundings. First a long plush gown, quilted with silk down the front, and irregularly ornamented in bead and braid with designs of serpents, flowers, crescents, and stars, was slipped on over the head. Next a tasselled smoking-cap was donned, and the feet incased in noiseless list slippers. In any other place or under any other circumstances I should have felt ridiculous in the costume, but so in keeping was it with all I had seen, and so thoroughly had I seemed to have left my every-day self in the dark vestibule, that I felt perfectly at home in my strange dress. We next crossed the hall to a smaller room, where a young man, apparently a Frenchman, furnished us on the payment of two dollars each, with two small pipes and a small covered bronze cup, or ura, filled with a green dry shrub, which I subsequently learned was gawch (the dried tops and leaves of the hemp plant), for smoking. My friend, on the payment of a further sum, obtained a curious little box which contained some small black lozenges, consisting of the resin of hemp, henbane, crushed datura seeds, butter, and honey, and known in India as *Majoon*, amongst the Moors as *El Noga*.

Passing from this room we ascended the richly carpeted stairs, enshrouded by vines, and passed upon a landing from which three doors opened. Upon one a pink card bore Dryden's line,

"Take the good the gods provide thee." The nob turned by my friend's hand allowed the door to swing open, and, welcomed by a spice breeze from India, we were truly in paradise.

"This," he said in a whisper, "is the public room, where any one having pipe or lozenge, and properly attired, may enter and indulge—eat, smoke, or dream, as best suits him."

Wonder, amazement, admiration, but faintly portray my mental condition. Prepared by what I had already seen and experienced for something odd and Oriental, still the magnificence of what now met my

gaze far surpassed anything I had ever dreamed of, and brought to my mind the scenes of the *Arabian Nights*, forgotten since boyhood until now. My every sense was irresistibly taken captive, and it was some moments before I could realize that I really was not the victim of some dream, for I seemed to have wholly severed my connection with the world of to-day, and to have stepped back several centuries into the times of genii, fairies and fountains—into the very heart of Persia or Arabia.

Not an inharmonious detail marred the symmetry of the whole. Beneath, my feet sank almost ankle-deep into a velvety carpet—a sea of subdued colors. Looked at closely, I found that the design was that of a garden; beds of luxurious flowers, stars and crescents, squares and diamond-shaped plots, made up of thousands of rare exotics and richly colored leaves. Here a brook, edged with damp verdure, ran beneath which peeped coy violets and tiny bluebells; there a serpentine gravelled walk that wound in and out amongst the exquisite plants, and everywhere a thousand shrubs in bloom or bud. Above, a magnificent chandelier, consisting of six dragons of beaten gold, from whose eyes and throat sprang flames, the light from which, striking against a series of curiously set prisms, fell shattered and scintillating into a thousand glancing beams that illuminated every corner of the room. The rows of prisms being of clear and variously colored glass, and the dragons slowly revolving, a weird and ever-changing hue was given to every object in the room.

All about the sides of the spacious apartment, upon the floor, were mattresses covered with different colored cloth, and edged with heavy golden fringe. Upon them were carelessly strewn rugs and mats of Persian and Turkish handicraft, and soft pillows in heaps. Above the level of these divans there ran, all about the room, a series of huge mirrors framed with gilded serpents intercoiled, effectually reflecting off the windows. The effect was magnificent. There seemed to be twenty rooms instead of one, and everywhere could be seen the flame-tongued and fiery-eyed dragons slowly revolving, giving to all the appearance of a magnificent kaleidoscope in which the harmonious colors were ever blending and constantly presenting new combinations.—H. D. Kane, M.D., in *Harper's Magazine* for November.

A Foolish "Dare" that Resulted in a Wedding.

Quite a party of girls were at the station, Delaware Water Gap Railway, one day awaiting the arrival of the evening train, when, in a spirit of mischief, one of them dared the gayest of the party, a girl from Pittsburgh, to rush up behind some new arrival, seize him by the arm, and exclaim, "Oh, George! I'm so glad to see you!" The lady "took the dare," as the saying is, and, selecting a good-looking fellow, went through the programme; but by the time the words were uttered her confusion was so genuine that the gentleman really thought she had mistaken him for some other person. He accepted her stammering apologies, watched her take the bus for home, and took the same route himself. The next morning they met at breakfast, a most unromantic meal; but Cupid had done his work, and a mutual liking ensued, which several weeks of constant companionship strengthened, and now they are discussing trousseaus and marriage bells.

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The Workman's Song.

BY CLARENCE A. FOKKIDEN.

I will write the songs of the workingman.
And I'll sing them, too, for am I not one?
Yea, I belong to the brotherhood.
And I'll work and sing till the work be done,
Till the whole be finished, spick and span,
And rounded off in the homely shop.
Where honest toil and sweet content
Give life and Time their noblest prop.

Then, comrades, come, and sing with me,
To the heart of the toilsome, weary days;
Blend our songs with the din of work
Till the whole world join in labor's praise;
With the hammer's twang and shovel's thud,
And the steaming engine's whistle shrill,
Let the song of the workman be heard
Till the heavens and earth with the echoes
fill.

'Till the plow, to the plow, in field or in shop,
Go we to the task with a merry song,
And the toil and toil shall be all made sweet
To the heart and hand of the working throng.
And anon when brawn and brain unite
In God and Nature's righteous plan,
The world shall give all honor due
To the honest, upright workingman.

Who tills the ground with his own right hand,
And makes his bread with the might of
brawn.

Shall awake from slumber's sweet repose
Refreshed and blest on the morning dawn;
Who rips the ax and whirrs the saw,
As rigidly beneath his who can,
Proclaims to the world in his homely way,
There is honor due to the workingman.

The meekest men on earth to-day
Are they who work and still rejoice;
Who well life's brunt and burden bear
And hymn its praises with grateful voice;
Each treads the earth as a noble man,
God's likeness in his honest face,
And shall in the whited light of time
In the rank of heroes take his place.

JANET'S LOVE.

BY LOUISE ALEXANDER.

Mr. Angus Loring paused in the midst of his solitary breakfast to meditate gloomily on the contents of a letter before him.

"A comfortable life I shall lead," he soliloquized, as he pushed back his chair and strode back and forth the room. "A pleasant life it will be, with a dancing, prancing girl, let loose about the house, and eternally jingling 'La Fille de Madame Angot,' on my Erard piano. I wish to heaven, Arthur Lynde or I had been at the bottom of the Red Sea, before he induced me to become the guardian of his daughter."

From which misanthropic utterances, it may very readily and slightly be inferred that Mr. Angus Loring was a bachelor. Certainly there was nothing very prepossessing about this gentleman's tall, spare figure, and gray eyes, that were cold and searching; or evidently his was a nature without tenderness or sentiment. In fact, Mr. Loring was a solitary man, who sought no companionship, male or female; whose one passion was music—his idol, literature. Not a very congenial spirit then, it may be imagined, for a young school-girl, freshly recovered from a serious illness, which rendered a change of surroundings imperative, and further study impossible. Such was the necessity that was bringing Janet Lynde to the home her father had destined her, when he died. And Mr. Loring, who, when the prospect of taking her in charge had been in far perspective did not consider the idea so formidable, now turned in utter repugnance from the duty immediately before him. However, the arrival was yet a wreck off, and in the meantime Mr. Loring played his most intricate and classical music, as though to banish from his soul all memory of the disagreeable future.

It was in the twilight of a winter's afternoon that Mr. Loring's ward arrived, accompanied by the maid that had been sent to fetch her; and as her guardian received her with formal and punctilious courtesy, he had to admit that in exterior appearance, at least, there was nothing formidable about Janet Lynde. Very small and quiet she looked in her simple black dress, as she answered with monosyllables his words of greeting, and then asked permission to retire. And soon Mr. Loring began to discover, that the elements he had dreaded in his ward's nature were not forthcoming, and except that they met regularly at their breakfast and late dinner, it would have been difficult for Mr. Loring to remember there was a feminine presence in the house. Gradually there grew up in his mind an odd curiosity concerning this mute young person, who sat facing him at the table. Could it be possible, he speculated, that she was satisfied to live, solitary as himself, in a large house, without human sympathy or

companionship? Never yet had he found indications of sadness, or discontent disturbing the tranquillity of her face, nor had he heard the tones of the obnoxious "Madame Angot" brought forth by the agency of those slim hands. How did the soft little fingers employ themselves? And what sweet serenity there was in the curves of her red lips! More than once Mr. Loring surprised a quickly suppressed smile, or a sudden flash of the dark eyes, and it had come to pass that the reserve which, at first, had been a source of self-gratulation to Mr. Loring, now gave way to a tantalized annoyance, as the days and the weeks went by, and found him no nearer understanding the unusual young person who still obeyed the precept of childhood, "to speak only when spoken too."

Coming home one day, much earlier than customary, Mr. Loring's steps were arrested on the threshold of his library by certain sounds issuing from behind the heavy oak door. Surely it was a woman's voice singing Beethoven's "Adelaide" in tones of purest, clearest soprano. How it thrilled Angus Loring's music-loving nature, as he listened to the liquid intonations and cautiously opened the door far enough to inspect the intruder within. There she was—his ward—on the topmost round of the ladder, apparently selecting a volume from the well-filled shelf, while the melody of her song came as readily from her lips as a bird's notes. What a morse! she looked up there, and how delightful it would be to help her down from her high perch! At the thought Mr. Loring pushed open the door wide, an entered. The song ceased suddenly, and Janet's cheeks were flushed carnation pink, as she asked pardon for her intrusion, in the tones of a naughty child. Then, book in hand, she would have slipped away, but her guardian's voice arrested her at the door.

"By the way, Janet," he said, "do you never feel the need for more amusement in your life? You must find yourself very dull at times, I fancy."

"Not when there are such delightful books to be had," answered Janet, with a quick, bright smile, holding up the "Mill on the Floss;" "I do not even feel the necessity for some one to whom I might remark that solitude is a fine thing."

Mr. Loring's eyes flashed a delightful smile. Here was a young person who evidently read Balzac. He would further test her literary discernment.

"Sit down, and let me catechise you a bit, Janet," he said, as he headed a chair. "It's one of my beliefs that the great keynote of character is in one's choice of books. Of course, being a young lady, you do not like Dickens?"

"I have read every book of his twice over," said Janet, with the enthusiasm of youth; "indeed, so much did I like David Copperfield, that I might remark with Mrs. Blumber, that if I could have known Dickens I should die happy, as I do not care particularly for an acquaintance with C. Cero."

And Miss Lynde's eyes were raised demurely to his, and gave Mr. Loring his first opportunity to observe how exquisitely clear they were.

"On any word you remember something of what you read," commented her guardian, with an amused smile, as he folded his arms and surveyed with furtive criticism the small head, crowned with red brown hair that rippled into irrepresible waves and curls, while Miss Lynde diligently employed the pause by turning over the leaves of a magazine on the table before her. So Mr. Loring had time to reflect that it could not have been altogether timidity that hitherto had kept this dogmatic young lady silent. What then was it, unless a repugnance towards the man who buried her alive in his great silent house?

Mr. Loring came out of his reverie with a start, and consulted his watch. "I must not forget that I am going away," he said, with something very like a sigh; "it is impossible to say when I may be back—certainly not under a month. I have made arrangements with my cousin—an elderly but very agreeable lady—who has just returned from abroad, to remain with you in my absence; she will probably remain permanently, as some time ago, I asked her acceptance of a home here. Now I must insist on you having more society—more amusement in your life. Ask one of your old school comrades, or as many as you choose, to come, spend a month or two with you. Turn the house inside out, if you will. I make but one proviso, Janet—be glad to see me when I come back—it will be a new

and delightful experience to have some one welcome me home."

As he finished, Mr. Loring held out his hand, and as Janet returned the clasp, he answered gaily: "You shall be obeyed sir, in every particular. Good bye!"

As the door closed after her, involuntarily Mr. Loring sighed. It was impossible to hide from his penetrating eyes that she was glad he was going away, and indeed, as he argued impartially, why should she be sorry? Truly, there was nothing he had done to make either himself or his house so agreeable that she should be loath to part with either the one or the other. But when he returned, he decided it should be quite different. He would commence the careful study of this demure, charming little girl, whose reserved and yet ingenuous manner had stirred up strange feelings in his calm breast. Even in the midst of the important case that required his utmost vigilance and intellectual ability to bring to a favourable conclusion, the memory of that bright animated face and uplifted eyes haunted him. There were possibilities of intellect in that young ward of his, he reflected. How was it he had not found it out sooner? Here then would be a study more interesting, more satisfying than science, for she held the key as well as the index to the volume. So it was with great inward satisfaction that Mr. Loring found his case in the Supreme Court sooner reached, and more speedily concluded than he had thought possible, and himself on the way home again. Hitherto he had always telegraphed for rooms to be aired, and preparations to be made for his arrival, but all these considerations were swallowed up now, in the prospect ahead, of a certain youthful person coming forward to meet him with words of welcome. Where should he find her? In the library where they had parted? No; there all was silent and dreary, as it had been before her existence was remembered. The whole house was silent as a tomb, Mr. Loring soliloquized impatiently, while he mounted the stairs to his own apartments. His feet preened the thick carpet noiselessly, and just then voices in conversation issued from a room, whose door was slightly ajar.

"So this is Mr. Angus Loring," said a strange voice, manifestly feminine. "Mr. Angus Loring would be more appropriate I should say, from the look of his picture; and such eyes! Why, Janet, I could almost fancy he was looking at me in the flesh. How can you make a hero out of such an old and ugly man, is beyond my conception."

Mr. Loring seated himself in an easy chair, just where he could see and hear unobserved, with a total indifference to the fate of eavesdroppers.

"At least, he has very good taste in furnishing his house," said the strange voice presently, from another quarter of the room. "These mantle ornaments are superb—but how you manage to get away with your time, is a mystery to me. It is certainly barbarous of your guardian to have kept you shut up in this great prison, away from all civilized society. Either he is very selfish, or you are remarkably precious to him."

"Indeed, I shall not let you run down Mr. Loring," interrupted Janet, with a certain sound of decision in her voice. "He is very kind to me, does not interfere with my time or the way I employ it, and even at school, Jessie, you know I was never gregarious. I have been quite engrossed, this winter in my painting and music. But you should hear Mr. Loring! Many a time, he would have been horrified to know that I was sitting on the stairs, listening to him play Beethoven's and Schuman's great works. You should hear him render the 'Moonlight Sonata'—You would never doubt but that he had a grand and noble soul." Mr. Loring nearly betrayed his presence, in an effort to see Miss Lynde's face, as she spoke those rapid and enthusiastic words. "Bad symptoms" said Miss Vinter, shaking her head astutely, with the air of a person who knew all about such matters. "And how old might the interesting monster be?" with youthful insouciance. "Jessie, I really will not listen when you speak of my guardian so disrespectfully." And Miss Lynde turned with offended dignity to the piano.

"Oh! very well," responded the corrigible Jessie, with a light laugh. "But here under his own fig-tree, Janet, I will predict, that you and the Angular being of your veneration will wind up, by getting married." But Miss Lynde had forthwith commenced, with great energy to play a polonaise

iso of Schubert's, and there was a precision and firmness in the touch of those slender yet strong fingers, sufficient to surprise at once the man who for a year had lived in ignorance of the treasure, that his house had held.

"Mr. Loring!" The white hands came down with a crash on the ivory keys, in her surprise and consternation. "I am so sorry, I mean I am so glad to see you home again," with timidly extended hand, "Jessie, Miss Vinter this is my guardian, Mr. Loring." Rather a lame introduction, but Miss Vinter went through the ceremony of hand-shaking with great coolness, pursued a commonplace conversation for a few minutes, and then with a mischievous look at Janet, excused herself and withdrew.

"What will you think of me, Mr. Loring?" burst forth Janet, with almost deploring deprecation as soon as they were alone. "We are to have a party to-night, and music—what shall we do?" "What shall you do?" echoed her guardian with an amused and indulgent smile at her almost tragic tone of dismay. "Why promise me to enjoy yourself, with all the gaiety of your innocent heart." He had got possession now of both her hands, and was looking deep into those haunting, limpid eyes. "And what have you been doing with yourself?" He asked presently, when the long lashes began to droop. "Has my cousin treated you well?"

"She has been very kind," Janet answered, "and since Jessie came, we have been to the opera twice, the Art Gallery and a reception. Oh! yes, I have seen a great deal of amusement since you went away, but I am very glad that you are come home again."

Mr. Loring was restlessly pacing up and down his flower-decked drawing room, with his eyes upon the broad stairway beyond, watching for the slight figure that was now constantly in his thoughts. But the plain, black-robed young lady did not appear. Instead there came gliding down a wonderful vision of *tulle* and silk—her lustrous robe garlanded with snow-balls, fresh roses on her cheeks, and innocent delight in her brown eyes. Angus Loring felt a momentary impulse to take her in his arms, snow balls and all, but instead, he folded his arms, and viewed her with a pleased criticism. Truly, she reminded him of some small, beautifully plumed bird, in this new attire, and as he raised the slim, gloved hand to his lips said, "Janet, I fear I shall have occasion to mourn lost opportunities the rest of my life; the chrysalis state is over, you have emerged a gay young butterfly, that will soar away beyond me." And when Janet would have answered him, guests were announced, and Miss Lynde entered upon the duties of her first evening, as hostess. A very successful party it proved. And Janet found herself in a new and delightful atmosphere. As if in a dream she heard herself uttering gay speeches, and knew that she was surrounded by a throng striving for her smiles and bright words of repartee. Even Miss Vinter in her superb pink brocade, was not sought after to the extent of this small youthful creature in her pure white robe. At length, however, the evening was over, with all its excitements and pleasure, and even Miss Vinter had disappeared upstairs. Janet was going too, when her guardian detained her with a word. "It is needless to ask if you have enjoyed yourself," he said kindly, with a look at her pink cheeks and the brightness of her eyes.

"How will you be able, Janet, to go back to the every-day dullness of your life?"

"Oh! it has been very delightful," said Janet, gaily; "but one cannot expect life to be always a holiday—" "Spoken like a sage," answered her guardian with amused gravity. "Nevertheless, I have a mind to test your philosophy. Suppose I ask my cousin to chaperone you into society for the rest of the winter? Ah! I see that you would like it. Well then, consider it a thing accomplished, but there is a provision, before the contract is ratified. Six months from to-night you will come to me, in my study, confess your experiences, and consider whether peace be declared, or war still continued in the enemy's country." And so they parted for the night.

Very speedily the quiet mansion of Mr. Loring was besieged with gay callers, and cards for receptions, reunions, and all manner of amusements, and at all these festivities Janet came rapidly into favor. Her innocent and happy looking she was, beside

those others, thought her guardian proudly. There were moments when he longed to snatch her away from all these people, before they had time to dim the freshness of her nature, or taste its sweetness. But he had set a guard upon his impulses, in the steadfast purpose, to be generous to the young life, he held dearer than his own. Gradually he withdrew himself to the old quiet solitary evenings of music and literature. It was more than he could bear—he told himself, to witness the triumph of another man who had won the prize he coveted. Yet he could not but acknowledge that this young Marcelle—whose attentions were so marked, that he, as her guardian, was constantly being asked when Miss Lynde was to be married—he could not but concede that this young gentleman was entirely suitable in age and fortune, and character. But it was none the less hard to bear for that reason, and Mr. Loring concealed his disappointment in an accession of unapproachableness, that was both alarming and inexplicable to Janet.

There was a light tap upon the library door, where Mr. Loring sat, ostensibly reading, but in reality speculating as to the chance of Miss Lynde's remembering a certain agreement, entered into between them six months before.

"At least, it is proper, this Mr. Marcelle should acquaint me with his intentions," he was thinking, and then Janet slowly opened the door and advanced. There was a beautiful flush in her cheeks, and the delicate shade of her *ciel-blue* silk contrasted well with the pale roses in her hair.

"Do I disturb you?" she said timidly, "I feared perhaps you had forgotten—and as I am going to the opera with Mr. Marcelle, I thought I would remind you—it is just six months to-night—"

And then Miss Lynde quite broke down and stood like a beautiful bashful girl, pulling her *bouquet* to pieces.

"Come here Janet," said her guardian quietly, as he placed a chair beside him.

"Do you realize, my child, that I stand to you in a father's place? Tell me, Janet, is Mr. Marcelle the happy man, to whom I shall be asked to give you? I had hoped you would have given me your confidence, but I am aware there is nothing in my manner to call forth confidences," and Mr. Loring made a difficult effort to smile.

Janet had listened to this sufficiently long and measured speech, with a slowly deepening flush.

"How could you think it?" she asked with rapid utterance, and rather irrational indignation. "Why, Mr. Loring, he is hardly more than a boy. How could I respect a man who has no positive ideas of life, whose very ideas are unformed and of course it is impossible to love, if one does not respect—"

"Logical as ever, I see, Janet," said Mr. Loring, smiling quite easily this time.

"I may as well tell you, Mr. Loring," remarked Janet, with an air of injured dignity, "that it is Jessie Vinton whom Mr. Marcelle is anxious to marry, but that is not known just at present."

"Then Mr. Marcelle is disposed of, as far as I am concerned, Janet," and, with great magnanimity, "he is certainly a very estimable young gentleman, from all I hear."

Then more seriously: "And you have nothing further to confide in me? No advice to ask or favor to request?"

"None whatever, sir," Janet answered faintly.

"But Janet," he went on hurriedly, "you must not imagine that I am blind; quite unintentionally I have come across evidence that your heart is engaged—some verses, very pretty ones too, in a book you had been reading. You may rely upon my indulgence, child, and if your love is given to a man capable of appreciating the gift, my consent shall not be wanting."

"You are very kind," said Janet, with great bitterness, "and if you are endeavoring to let me know, in a polite way, that you are tired of your position as my guardian, I can go away—back to school, any place you please, only I shall never marry, not even to please you," and suddenly Miss Lynde's lovely eyes brimmed over with tears and called into requisition a diminutive lace handkerchief.

Here was the spectacle of a woman in a situation Mr. Loring had always provisionally abhorred. But could this be the cold and proud man who now so passionately and extravagantly entreated this tearful young lady to dry her eyes and weep no more?

"Pray, pray, don't cry," he besought her. "What have I said! Why should I want you to go away? Do you not know that from the hour I lose you, I'll be a very desolate and empty affair to me? Have you not seen that I love you with all the force and fullness of a nature that love never before had reached? Janet, I had not meant to frighten or distress you, but I am not made of stone, child, that I can listen to such words when you should know that the treasure of your heart would make mine supremely happy."

And what did Janet answer to this rhapsody? A wondering gladness had slowly usurped the place of tears, and the large eyes raised to Angus Loring's face were beautifully tender.

"And you can really love me?" she whispered softly, as they stood there, face to face, beneath the clear glow of the chandelier. "You, so far above me in intellect and culture, can really love me? God has been very good to me." And the low voice was very reverent as it spoke these words.

"What is this you have said?" exclaimed her guardian, as he grasped Janet's hands in a strong pressure. "Tell me at once, that I was mistaken; that I am already ripe for my dotage, in the mad notion you would consent to marry me."

Surely there was nothing cold or searching now, in those long gray eyes, though there was an air of strongly enforced repression in his manner, as he uplifted the round chin, to gaze at the delicious mystery of Janet's face. But that was surely delighted, radiant happiness that curved those red lips in lines of infinite content. And what words were those he heard, so softly uttered, that he must hold her close to catch them?

"I shall never love any one but you, and if you will take so small and insignificant a creature to be your wife, I shall be unspeakably happy."

So Mr. Marcelle went alone to the opera that night, and presently the fashionable world received their wedding cards.

A Belle's Account of Bathing at the Seaside.

How splendid it is! Half the globe is our bathing tub. You sit on the edge of it and paddle your feet in the water, which on the other side is paddled by people you will never see, and couldn't understand if they spoke. The great waves that dash over you, and would reflect a pine if they could get near enough, are substance of the same waters that swoon, as the poets say, under the palms. I go down to the beach to bathe, and foreign countries seem close to me. I touch the water, and by the liquid chain I hold the spice islands in my hand. But what coolness, and freshness, and liteness, when you come out! I always feel sinuous, like a snake; not as if I had hard bones, but only flexible, massive muscle. Bathing makes people graceful, I think, by the sense of suppleness it induces. How natural the story of the mermaid is! As children we used to say that hairs left in the water became water-snakes; and I am sure if I were left in the water alive long enough I should taper off into a fish. As long as the brine is in my skin I perfectly understand the smooth sinuosity of piscatory motion.

I think these things and laugh while Marie brushes my hair after the bath. I have a novel in my hand, to be sure; but I think of the novel in which I am living, and of which I am one of the characters. Then I take a little nap—yes, a morning nap in the sea air after a bath is the very balm of roses. Just try it. When I wake, Marie, who has brushed my hair already takes it from under the cap and dresses it. There are girls here who positively have it dressed immediately after brushing and without the nap; and at dinner they wonder where I get my color and spirit.—*Boston Glob.*

The Sun Turns Green in India.

A remarkable phenomenon has been observed lately at several places in the Madras and Bombay Presidencies, and has caused much interest, mingled with not a little alarm among the superstitious. For some days the sun presented a distinctly green color. Several explanations have been put forward, of which the most plausible appears to be that offered by the Government astronomer, that it is due to the passage across southern India of clouds of sulphureous vapor from the Java telesepta.

How Long Twenty Seconds may Seem to be.

At the trial in New York, of Eugene A. Mouille, a bartender, for shooting Chris Moore, a gambler, Mr. Morriac, a bookkeeper in the Fourth National Bank, was asked what time elapsed between the striking of Mouille by Moore and the shooting of the latter.

"It all occurred in about two minutes." "Are you sure?" asked Judge Gilder-sleeve.

"Yes." "Now," continued the Judge, as he took out his gold watch and gazed at its face, "I've got my watch, and will time you. Recall the circumstances and tell me when you think the shot was fired, fixing this moment as the time of the first blow."

The audience and jury waited while the witness sat silent.

"Now!" he cried, after an interval.

"Just twenty seconds," said the Judge, looking at the watch. "I congratulate you upon your accuracy. Your's only a minute and two-thirds out of the way. Witnesses say in court repeatedly that certain things take two or three minutes when really it is only about ten seconds. They forget how long a time two minutes is. A horse can run a mile in two minutes."—[New York Sun.

The New Public Executioner of England.

A telegram was recently received at Bradford from James Berry, who was in London, stating that he had been appointed public executioner for the Corporation of the City of London only, and that he was going to the Home Office, as he stated, to "receive and sign." Berry is about 30 years of age, is at present employed as a messenger by Mr. Joseph Wilson, boot and shoe dealer, Ivegate, Bradford, and was some time ago, for a short time, a member of the Bradford Borough police force. He was a friend of Mr. Marwood, and had frequent discussions with him on the best and most effective modes of "despatching" criminals.

Autumn Leaves.
It is stated by those who ought to know that the autumn coloring of the leaves of the maple, oak and other trees on the American Continent is not due to the action of frost, but to certain chemical changes which accompany the ripening of the leaves. American maples taken over to Europe will perfect their foliage for a few years—that is, the brilliant coloring will be put on—but they rapidly lose the habit, and in a few years the leaves will fall from the trees while still green, according to the habit of the European species. Mr. T. Mehan, the well-known Philadelphia horticulturist, now says that in the New Jersey marshes there are many trees of European species which, though failing to color their leaves at their home, manage to put on the most brilliant hues here. He also mentions from his knowledge that, in some parts of this country, imported European trees do not assume the autumn colors for several generations.

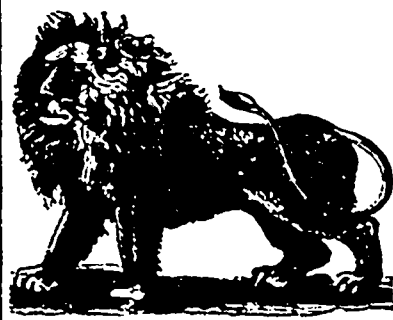
IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

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 service 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 cleverest physician in Toronto to give advice and tell you how to cure yourself and avoid ever being sick.

Correspondence invited.
Address
NOTMAN PAD Co.
120 King St., East, Toronto.

R. WALKER & SONS

—MAKE A—
GREAT DISPLAY THIS MONTH



In Mantles,
Silks and Velvets,
Dress Goods,
Carpets,
Blankets, &c.

TAILOR-MADE MANTLES

In all the most fashionable styles, are imported by us from the best makers in Germany and England, and we have a First Class Cutter constantly employed in the Ordered Department. Our stock of MANTLES for children of all ages, as well as ladies of all weights, is this season in advance of any we have held heretofore, and no lady who can possibly reach the GOLDEN LION, should think of purchasing until she has seen through our GIGANTIC STOCK. Wholesale Prices are the rates here as elsewhere through the house.

An Immense Stock of Velvets, Plushes, Silks, Velvetens, etc., in all the Prevailing Colors.

The Cheapest Line of All-Wool Blankets

—IS AT—
R. WALKER & SONS, 33 TO 37 KING ST. E., TORONTO.

The Love of the Shamrock.

As Sung in 'Fritz in Ireland.'

SONG.

Words by Wm. CARLETON.

Music by J. K. EMMET.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano

Musical notation for the first system, including voice and piano parts.

1. Three lit - tle leaves of I - rish green U - nit - ed on one stem,..... On
 2. When I - rish soil re - ceived the plant, The el - fin kings can tell,..... Love
 3. To thee I give the trip - le leaf, As em - blem of my love,..... I

I - rish soil are oft - en seen, They form a mag - ic gem.....
 Truth and Val - or wan - dered there, And liked the soil so well.....
 on ly hope the mod - est gift May not un - wel - come prove.....

.... One leaf is Truth, and Val - or, one, The oth - er one is
 Each left an em - blem in - a leaf, And these to - geth - er
 A flower of more pre - ten - tious worth Could not more plain - ly

2

Love; And these three mag - ic leaves are wet By dew - drops
grew, Sus - tained by heav - en's warm - est beams And nur - tured
tall The trip - le faith I have in thee, Than Sham - rock

REFRAIN.

from a - bove..... Oh, the Sham - - - rock, the Sham - - - rock, The
by its dew.....
of the dell.....

Sham - - - rock im - mor - - - tal and green, By ev - 'ry nook and

ev - - 'ry brook Grows Shamrock so green. Oh, do you love, oh, say you

Slower.

love the Shamrock, em - blem of love, Oh, say you love the Sham - rock so green.

EATON'S NEW STORE!

190, 192, 194, 196 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

New Goods and Low Prices. Cash and Economy.
Light and Room.

Dress Goods.

You can buy at Eaton's for cash retail at the very lowest wholesale cutting prices.

Velour cloths in navy, brown, myrtle, prune, bronze, cardinal, and grenat, for 17½c a yard.

You can buy 20 yards of good colored dress goods for \$1.

You can buy heavy cloth dress goods in navy, prune, brown, myrtle and bronze, for 12½c a yard.

You can buy Welsh homespun dress goods, in navy blue, for 25c.

You can buy fashionable tweed mixed dress goods for 25c., 30c., 35c a yd.

You can buy new Oriental dress goods at 25c., 35c., 40c. a yard.

You can buy handsome patterns in tycoon reps, for wrappers, for 20c. a yd.

You can buy beautiful shades of blue-black cashmeres for 25c., 30c., 40c., 45c., 50c. up.

You can buy black brocade dress goods for 12½c., 15c., 17½c., 20c., 25c a yard.

Velveteens.

You can buy at Eaton's new store extra value in black velveteens; the quantity being sold proves they are appreciated, at 25c., 35c., 40c., 45c., 55c., 65c., 75c. up, beautiful finish.

You can buy navy, myrtle, peacock, brown, electric, mouse, cardinal, grenat, or prune Velvet, in a good quality, for 50c. yard.

Mantle Cloths.

You can buy at Eaton's Store, retail, for the lowest wholesale job price, all shades in Melton Cloths, 54 inches wide, for 65c., 75c., 85c. a yard.

Mottled Melton Cloth, 65c., 75c., 85c.

Heather Mixed Tweed, in plain and fancy check, 85c., \$1, \$1.25.

Black Diagonal Cloth, double fold, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50.

Black Crossover Cloth, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50.

Plain Black Cloth for 75c., \$1.

Black and Brown Beaver Cloth, 54 in. wide, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75.

Black Napped Cloth, \$1.05, \$1.25, \$1.50.

Black Presidential Cloth, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.

Black Embossed Cloth, very handsome, \$1.25, \$1.50 to \$1.

Plain and Striped Vienna Cloth, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.

Blue and Scarlet Petersham Cloth, \$1, \$1.25.

Shawls.

You can see at Eaton's an immense variety of Shawls, suitable for light evening wear, or warm wraps.

Large size woven Shawls, 2 yards square, grey, with fancy border, good weight, \$1.25.

Ladies' Vienna all-wool Shawls, 2 yards square, and pretty shades of grey and drab, selling for \$2.50.

Ladies' heavy camel's hair shawls, 2 yards square, in greys, browns, and drabs, \$3 each.

Ladies' heavy reversible cloth Shawls, with rainbow fringe, \$3.75.

Ladies' heavy Himalayan Shawls, extra weight, only \$4.

Ladies' extra heavy camel's hair check Shawls, warm and comfortable, \$4.75.

Ladies' cloth wool Shawls, a job line in grey and brown fancy plaided, 2 yards square, selling for \$2.50.

A large stock of Palmyra, Vicuna, camel's hair and cloth Shawls, good sizes and extra weight, selling at \$4, \$4.50, \$5, \$6, \$8, \$10, \$12.

If you want a shawl of any description, or for any purpose, go to Eaton's New Store.

Silks.

You can get at Eaton's splendid value in Black Silks, in the best known and most favorite makes, for 55c., 65c., 75c., 95c., \$1 a yard, upwards.

Handsome Black Brocaded Silks, warranted pure, 90c. a yard.

Black Ottoman Silks for 85c. to \$1.50.

Jerseys.

We have just received a splendid stock of Cashmere Jerseys, in black, seal, navy, grenat, bronze, claret, and myrtle, at \$3, \$4.50, \$5.50, \$8.

Comfortables.

Eaton's are selling a large size Comforter, filled with flax batting, a sure preventive of moths, for \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, up.

Blankets.

You can buy at Eaton's cheap store the very best all wool white twilled Canadian Blankets, for 55c. per lb. Come and see them.

Gloves.

Eaton's are selling the best makes in Josephine Gloves, with double-stitched sewing, \$1 per pair. Every pair warranted.

A special line of black and colored Kid Gloves for 50c. a pair.

The Housekeeper.

A simple and suitable way to dress lettuce and tomato salad, is to beat up a fresh raw yolk of egg, add a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, three tablespoonful of best oil, a pinch of salt, a soup spoon of red pepper, and vinegar to taste. These proportions are enough for four persons; increase according to number.

TO BROIL OYSTERS.—Procure large ones, wipe dry and broil over bright coals; do not bread them, and place them on a hot dish upon toast. Serve very hot.

Reception biscuits are made by mixing self-raising flour with cream, which roll into a thin, smooth paste; prick, cut and bake immediately. They should be kept dry in a close tin box. If the flour is not self-raising, salt it lightly and mix with it a dessert-spoonful of baking powder.

LUNCHEON DISH.—Trim the beards from as many oysters as may be required, wrap each in a very thin shaving of fat streaky bacon (cold boiled bacon is the best); run them one after the other on to a skewer, and hold them over a toast in front of a clear fire until the bacon is slightly crisp; serve on the toast immediately.

VEAL FRITTERS.—For these the remains of cold veal should be cut in small neat pieces; dip each in batter and fry a light brown; in serving pile them high on a dish, pouring over them a good brown sauce, well thickened with tomatoes when in season, or, if not, the gravy must itself be thick and strongly flavored with tomato sauce.

FRIENDLY LOAVES.—Beat half a dozen mealy potatoes with a quarter pound of grated ham, two eggs, a little butter, and a little cream, taking care not to make it too moist; form it into balls or small loaves, and fry them a nice light brown; they should be fried in butter. Pile them on a napkin, and serve with a garnish of fried parsley.

MINCE MEAT.—One pound finely-chopped beef suet, two of rump steak (slightly broiled), three of apples, two of currants, two of raisins, one nutmeg, tablespoonful of cinamon, rind of two lemons, quarter of a pound of mixed candied peel, one pound of sugar, two quarts of cider boiled down to one with a quart of maple syrup, a glass of raspberry jelly; a heaping teaspoonful of salt.

BAKED BEETS.—Wash them perfectly clean; put in a pan with a little water, and bake until they are tender; the time varies with the size of the beet, an hour being small enough allowance for a beet of medium size. When they are done remove the skin and serve in the same way that you do a boiled beet.

FARMER'S TEA-CAKE.—To two cups of sour milk allow one large teaspoonful of soda; dissolve this in a little hot water, then stir it in the milk; half a teaspoonful of salt is required, and enough buckwheat flour to make a stiff batter. Put this in a well-buttered tin and bake for half an hour in a hot oven.

TRAVELLER'S TOAST.—Mince any scraps of meat and season nicely; mix it with sufficient milk or cream to make it moist, and stir it over a gentle fire for five minutes. Draw it from the fire a moment, and mix with it the yolk of an egg well beaten. Keep hot, but without simmering in the least. Cut thin a slice of bread, and toast it on both sides; cut off the crust, spread the hot mince upon it, heaping it high in the middle.

GENTLE HOT SLAW.—Chop half a small cabbage very fine; put in a saucepan half a teaspoonful of vinegar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and the same quantity of pepper, one well-beaten egg, a piece of butter the size of a butternut, three-quarters of a tablespoonful of sugar; stir well; when it begins to thicken pour in cabbage, and cook until the cabbage is tender, stirring all the time to prevent burning.

The tradesmen of Florence are rejoicing at the prospect of having Ismail Pasha and his harem settled in their city. The ex-Khedive has just concluded the purchase of the Gheradesca palace, one of the finest in Italy. It is an enormous structure, with extensive outbuildings, and stands in very spacious gardens. The price for the whole was \$25,000, or less than half the amount which would have been demanded at the time when the Government was located at Florence.

Fashion Department.

Gray felt is the rage of the moment for hats and bonnets.

Sometimes a fresh trimming suffices to transform a dress.

Tiny cloaks are fashionable in both silk and woollen fabrics.

Combinations of stuffs are as popular for cloaks as for dresses.

Combinations of brocade and shot glace are very fashionable.

Dots, macaroons and stars are popular designs in wool broches.

Bisque figures, unless they are very fine, are excessively vulgar.

The blouse redingote will be the favorite with tall and slender women.

A singular English fancy is to combine ashes of roses with gold color.

Velveteen is the favorite fabric for trimming old woollen dresses.

Checked and brocaded fabrics are prettily combined with plain stuffs.

Imported hats and bonnets are noticeably larger than those of last fall.

Dark Russian furs—black fox, hare, otter and sable—will be much worn.

Capes or large collars are worn on tight walking jackets by young ladies.

New shoulder capes are out to produce a full epauletto effect on the shoulders.

Moss green, roseda, sage green, and all shades of dark green are very fashionable.

Hats have high crowns and small brims, or else moderate crowns and broad brims.

Ladies spend their spare change for fine glass ornaments this fall instead of bi-que.

Many new felt hats are high crowned with narrow brims and the trimmings all on one side.

Egyptian red is the most lasting of all the æsthetic colors; it will be as popular as ever this winter.

The combination of velvet or velveteen with woollen fabrics grows in favor as the season advances.

Large bonnets are worn to excess on the other side, but American women will not give up the Fanchon.

Velvet epaulettes mounted on stiff mullin and wire appear on many handsome imported dinner costumes.

There is a tendency toward the revival of colored wraps for occasions of high ceremony and for carriage wear.

The most exclusive and fashionable dress-makers of Paris announce the arrival of the short waists of the first empire.

Wide worsted braids are much used in trimming fall suits. Sometimes a line of fine gold soutache edges the wide braid, but this is only for home wear.

Among the new winter materials are woollens, with patterns in chenille; these patterns are flowers or leaves in cameo shades on plain grounds; some are outlined in fine cords around the chenille figures.

Amber-tinted velours of long, strong pile, with marabout fringes of the same color form many elegant sortics de bal, the ornamentation consisting of passementeries of brown and old gold silken cords, outlined with gold soutache; pendants of rat-tail chenille showing gold and brown complete the decorative effects.

IMPORTANT.

The Arme Water Color Co, at 31 King st. West, Toronto, are teaching their new and beautiful art of PAINTING, and guarantee satisfaction or no pay. This is a lovely accomplishment, and a profitable business to the following it. All are invited to come and investigate. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

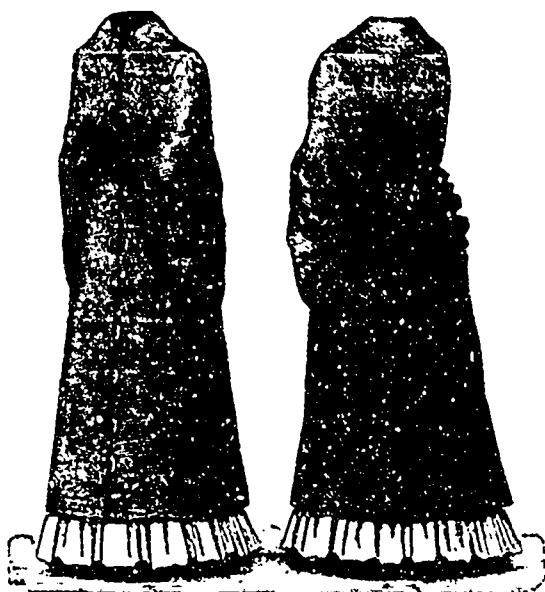
Harper's Bazar Pattern House

All Cut Patterns published in Harper's Bazar New York (WHOLELY), 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. J. THORNHILL, 374 Yonge-st., Toronto.

TOURISTS should call on W. J. BEN 25 Queen St. West, opposite Shaftesbury Hall. Here Old China, Antique Bronzes, Old Coins and Old Paintings, Spectacles, Terry Old Books,

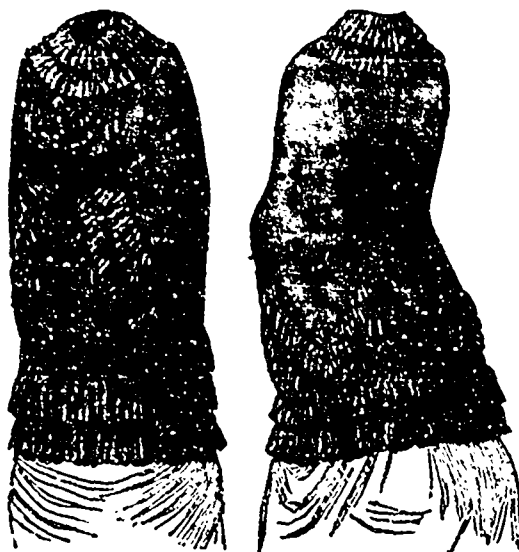
CASH FOR EVERYTHING.

T. EATON & CO., 190 to 196 Yonge St.



FAIRMOUNT RAGLAN.

Of the usual length of radingotes or ulsters cut with sacque shaped fronts, sleeve or shoulder pieces inserted in dolman style, and a curved seam down the middle of the back, which is cut quite short and the skirt portion added in a full breadth gathered on. The sleeves are plaited at the back, and fall in a rounding shape below, while a large, round collar completes the model. This raglan may be made up in any of the goods usually employed for out-door garments, silk and velvet not excepted. Woolen goods may be finished with rows of stitching, or any trimming can be selected that will correspond with the goods. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.



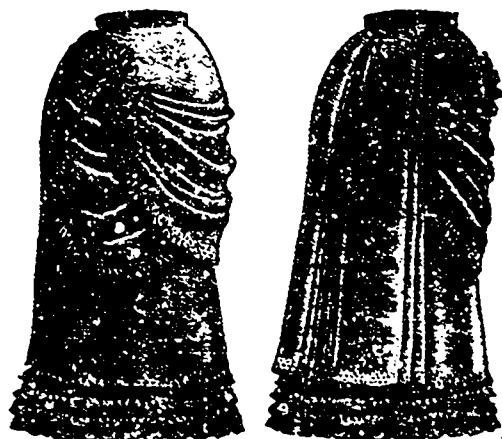
NICOLETTE VISITE.

In dolman style, this graceful *demisaison* wrap is cut with sacque-shaped fronts, a back slightly fitted by a curved seam down the middle, and large pointed sleeves. This model is suitable for silk, *satin duchesse sicilienne*, cloth, cashmere, and many other materials which are used for wraps, and it may be of the same material as the costume if desired. It may either be trimmed with fringe, as illustrated, or lace, or any other garniture adapted to the fabric of which it is made. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.



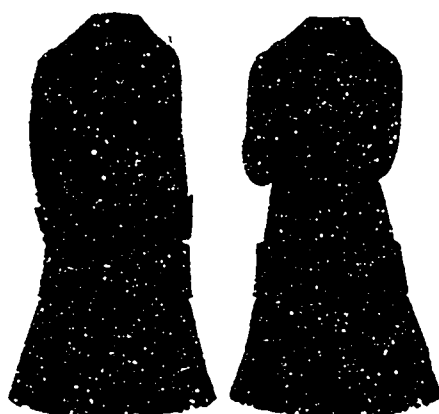
SOLISA POLANAISE.

Exceedingly simple and graceful, is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The front falls perfectly plain, and is buttoned all the way down, while the back drapery is rather bouffant near the top and plain below. Almost any class of dress goods may be made up after this design, although it is especially desirable for cloths and woollens, for which machine stitching would be the most suitable finish. Any other preferred trimming may be selected, however, that corresponds with the goods. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



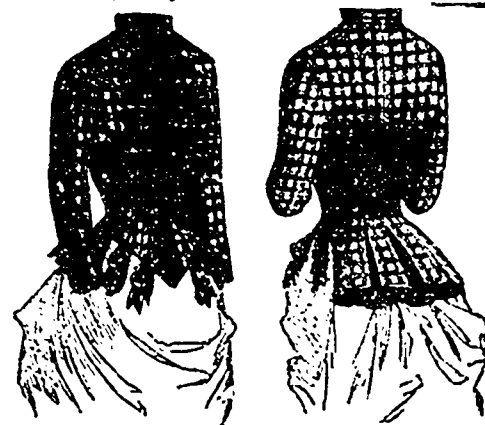
EFFIE SKIRT.

A simple yet stylish design for a walking skirt of light or heavy material. The foundation is a plain gored skirt, and upon this is arranged a valance, or deep flounce, which is tucked at the bottom and falls over a narrow box-plaiting. The short, full drapery on the front is arranged in a novel manner, and the back drapery consists of two, broad box-plaited sashes hanging straight down. The design is suitable for almost any class of dress goods. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, 25 cents each.



LINDA DRESS.

Dressy, and yet exceedingly simple, this costume consists of a sacque-shaped blouse, with loose fronts, gorcs under the arms, and a French back, to the bottom of which is attached a skirt arranged in double box-plaits. Rovers are added to the bottom of the sacque, and a deep collar and cuffs complete the model. This design is suitable for almost any of the goods used for children's dresses, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with rows of braid, or any other trimming may be selected that corresponds with the goods. Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, 20 cents each.



ELSPETH BASQUE.

Dressy in design, this rather jaunty basque is tight-fitting, and opened in front over a narrow, pointed vest; with the back cut in tabs falling over a double box plaited skirt. It has the usual number of darts in front, side gorcs under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. A standing collar and close sleeves complete the model, which is adapted to almost any class of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination of materials. The trimming may be of velvet loops and ends, as illustrated, or may be chosen to correspond with the material selected. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Velvet in Demand.

Velvet is in extraordinary demand this season, and to supply the wants of those who cannot afford to purchase silk velvet the greatest efforts have been made to produce a velveteen that shall give the effect of a pure velvet and possess wearing qualities. More or less success has attended several of these undertakings, the production of the broche Nonpareil velveteen last year being attended with signal and deserved success, for it is a woven fabric; and therefore superior to stamped velvets of a more costly kind, for they will not stand exposure. This year the same company have brought out a new make of solid velveteen as a fine substitute for the famous Genoa velvet, which it resembles in appearance—thickness of surface, closeness, and depth of pile, and purity of color. The new make of velveteen is called the "Bavero," and we advise ladies who intend to purchase velveteen suits—jackets or dresses for children—to order the "Bavero," which is a really handsome fabric, and particularly good in the new "Masco" (copper color), plum, ruby, mouse, blue-gray and brown shades.

The broche Nonpareil velveteen appears in distinguished patterns, and will be in high vogue for winter cloaks and combination costumes. It is particularly effective for theatre cloaks and wraps, and being cut in the long, close patterns which are now so fashionable, with high shoulder and short dolman sleeves, the single width, which is that of ordinary silk velvet, is no objection, as it cuts to equal advantage with the double, and may be lined with a quilted silk that is sold by the yard. The fact that the broche patterns are woven into the fabric is an advantage to be duly estimated, as patterns merely stamped in look common and "shiny" to begin with, and have a faculty for getting mixed up and leaving a ridge, which is a shabby and disagreeable substitute for a pattern.

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Fanchon bonnets will remain in vogue.

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.

Mrs. McMahon, a woman of seventy, saved from drowning the other day a child who had fallen from the Yantic River bridge, near Norwich, Connecticut.

MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.

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

Health Department.

House Drainage.

Col Waring of Newport, in his paper on "Plumbing and House Drainage," read before the Social Science Association at Saratoga, said. It is not possible in the present state of the art of house drainage, to have a stationary wash-stand in every bed-room of the house, a bath, sitz-bath, water-closet, urinal and wash stand in each of several bath-rooms on every floor, to have a slop-hopper in every dark closet, with sinks and laundry trays and servants' closets scattered here and there at whim, and at the same time protect the household against all the possibilities of "bad drainage." A most important step in sanitary reform is to be sought in the subjection of house-building fancies to sanitary security. In this case, "security" is very largely a synonym of "simplicity." It is convenient of course, to have a water supply and waste pipes at every turn; but here an excess of convenience is to be purchased only with an increase of risk. In this case especially, the judicious builder will hold a firm rein on the desire for a luxurious diffusion of conveniences.

The production of waste is an inevitable incident of human life. The excretions of the person, the discarded portions of food, the water of ablutions and of the laundry, and the various organic dust and effluvia of the household, are all then liable to become a nuisance dangerous to life unless properly removed. They are rarely dangerous when first produced, but they become dangerous as they enter into the decomposition which is the fate of all discarded organic matter. This refuse must, in one way or another, be removed before decomposition develops its power for mischief. Regarding the waste-pipe through which the refuse must be removed, it should be of such material and construction that it will permanently carry away all water that may reach it. The joints of this conduit must be secured against leakage. Col. Waring tells us that he has tested very few soil-pipes under a head of water in which leaks through imperfect joints had not been developed.

The interior of the conduit should be as nearly as possible in the same atmospheric condition as the air outside of the house. That is to say, there should be a circulation to facilitate the rapid decomposition of the inevitable sliming of the walls, and the immediate dilution and removal of the gaseous products of such decomposition. In working towards this condition, we first carried up small vent-pipes from the tops of our soil pipes; later we continued the pipe, full bore, to the top of the house; later still, we introduced a supply of fresh air at the foot to maintain a complete circulation; and last of all, we enlarged the soil pipe at its top to increase the draft.

As with the conduit itself, so with the receptacles and connecting pipes leading to it. These should be sufficiently ventilated in every part, and all closets and sinks of every sort should be so freely exposed to the open air that no suspicion of "closeness" can ever attach to them.

At every point, the water used for the transportation of the wastes that are to pass through our pipes, should be used in the most effective way. A thread of water running from an imperfect faucet is practically of no value whatever. It follows a narrow and uncertain course a long the side of the soil pipe or drain, with no power to wash its general surface, and with no power to remove accumulations. It is pure and unadulterated waste. Incidentally, it may be

said that in very many houses its total volume is far greater than that of all the water used, and that in many towns, including New York City, the aggregation of these ineffective dribblings is almost the sole source of insufficient water supply. It is hardly practicable, under any ordinary head, especially on the upper floors of houses, to deliver into a water-closet or into a slop-hopper or sink, a sufficient stream of water to secure the efficient cleansing of its waste-pipe. It is in this direction that one of the most important of modern reforms is being exerted, working rapidly towards a most effective improvement in the whole practice of house drainage. The watchword of our best present movement is the word "Flush." It will not be long, we may be sure, before it will be universally understood that, after pipe ventilation the great secret of good drainage lies in the use of abundant volumes of water delivered in a mass along with each contribution of filth. A perfect system of drainage and water supply would be one where, at all ordinary times, not a drop of water flowed through the outlet channels, only occasional dashes of several gallons, lubricating the walls of the pipes, and carrying along completely and with velocity substances which, under the old system, smeared their sluggish road along the pipe, and left material for infectious decomposition at every step.

In the discharge pipes of house building, great simplicity should be borne in mind.

Drainage works may be introduced into a house in such a manner as to be, to all intents and purposes, absolutely safe. The shade of apprehension which they may justify cause, is, in the case of simple and well arranged work, practically not to be considered. It is, however, a case suggesting something like the mathematical expression, "inversely as the square of the distance." If a certain amount of piping is in the least degree dangerous, twice that amount is four times as dangerous, and four times that amount sixteen times as dangerous, and so on—not absolutely, of course, but relatively.

In other words, while we make our drainage works as perfect as possible, let us limit ourselves in all cases to the very *smallest* amount of piping, the *least* amount of ramification, and the smallest number of water-closets and other vessels consistent with reasonable convenience. A stationary wash-stand in a bath-room, having a short and well flushed connection directly with the main-soil pipe, need never be objected to. A stationary basin ten or twenty or thirty feet distant, with a long connection pipe, should always be avoided. The luxury of an abundant flow of water in every bed-room seems, at first blush, to be worth all its cost. If we mean cost in money, this is true; if we mean cost in risk, it is *by no means* true. Practically, it is one of those luxuries in which a considerate person appreciating all the bearings of the case would think of indulging himself. One of the leading arguments of the trap ventilation school is that such ventilation leads to the complete aeration of long literal wastes. My remedy would be to *abandon*, as we always may, in new work, the use of long lateral wastes.

I should give an abundant supply of water at one convenient point on every floor. In larger houses, where bath-rooms and water-closets may be required at considerable distances from each other, I should give each its independent soil pipe. Wherever a soil pipe was constructed, I should permit a good deal of license as to the conveniences in its immediate vicinity. But the moment the question arose of giving a wash-stand, or a sitz-bath, or a urinal, to an apartment

even ten feet away from the soil pipe, I should exert all my influence in opposition to it. I should even oppose too generous a distribution of soil-pipes themselves; bearing always in mind the cardinal principle that the more we concentrate our discharge of wastes through single channels the better. One water-closet is better than two, if it will afford reasonable convenience. A bath waste is kept in better condition the more frequently the contents of the bath-tub are discharged through it; therefore the fewer bath-tubs the better; and so throughout the whole range of plumbing appliances. Many "sanitary engineers," and more plumbers, will tell their clients that is pure theory, and will advise, or consent to, a wealth of conveniences all about the house. Plumbers are proverbially slow to learn; but they learn, nevertheless, and they will in due time accept the pure theory as the wisest practice. Their clients will do well to anticipate them.—*Dio Lewis Monthly.*

Meat.

The value of meat as a food is due in a degree to its heat-producing properties, though in this respect it is surpassed by fatty and amyloid substances. It is as a tissue-building material, and as an excitant of assimilative changes in the tissues, both with regard to itself and to non-nitrogenous foods, that it is most useful. It is stimulant as well as nutritive, and it therefore holds a deservedly high place in the daily dietary. Experiment has shown that three quarters of a pound of lean meat fairly represents the quantity per diem which, taken with other less nitrogenous matter, suffices to maintain a person of average size and weight in a normal state of health. Some there are who largely exceed this standard, eating freely of meat at every meal, and living all the time quiet, sedentary lives. Such carnivorous feeders sooner or later pay a penalty by suffering attacks of gout or other disorders of indulgence. But it is equally important to note that many others, especially women, healthy in all points but for their inattention, are apt to err as far on the other side. Thus one meets with people who consume about a pound of butcher's meat in a week, or not even that. The fact has been fully brought out by Dr. Graily Hewitt, in his address to the Obstetrical Section at the recent meeting of the British Medical Association. He has likewise with much probability assigned this defect of diet as the chief cause of that general "weakness" which is so common among the antecedents of uterine displacement. The experience of many practitioners will confirm his observation. Different causes are at work to produce this kind of overfeeding—too rigid domestic economy, theoretical prejudices, the fastidious disinclinations for food which comes of a languid indoor life without sufficient bodily exercise, tight lacing perhaps, and many more. These difficulties are all more or less removable, unless, indeed, where absolute poverty forms the impediment. No effort should be spared to remove them. The advantages derived from a diet containing a fair amount of solid animal food could not be obtained from a purely vegetable or milk regimen without either unnecessarily burdening the digestive system with much surplus matter, or, on the other hand, requiring such revolutionary changes as to quantity and quality of food and times of eating as would probably altogether prevent its general adoption, even were that desirable, into household management. In our opinion, such changes are not desirable, as being inadequate to secure their purpose.—*Lancet.*

Have You a Headache?

Take the glass part of a thermometer out of the frame; hold the bulb under your tongue; wait one minute. Now look. It is 99 degrees. That tells you how warm your blood is. Now hold it against your foot. Don't be in a hurry; give it a chance to feel the exact state. Down it goes to 65 degrees. That tells you how warm your feet are.—33 degrees between your tongue and your feet.

Don't you know that equal circulation means good health, and that the less of it means bad health? Let us see. You have

a headache. Your head is hot; it throbs. Your feet are ice-cold. Now put your feet in a pail of hot water. In six minutes you say, "O mother, how good I feel! That rush in my head is all gone!" You have headache above half the time? No? Well, then, pain in your side? No? Well, I venture that every day you have some bad feeling about the head and neck or chest or back? Now let me tell you something. It is very rare that a hot foot-bath will not remove all these bad feelings for the time being. What does this mean? Why, it means that there is too much blood in the head or neck or shoulders or back, and that there is a lack of it in the feet and legs. A hot foot bath draws the blood down below, and takes the excess of blood from the upper parts. That's exactly the philosophy of it. Of course the hot foot-bath is a bad thing, but it serves to illustrate the law.—*Dio Lewis.*

Hot Fomentations.

Hippocrates recommends these for the relief of chest, abdominal, and other pains. To the present time, hot fomentations have been the favorite remedy for a great variety of affections. If I were asked to select from all possible methods of treatment one, and one alone, with which I would undertake to combat human suffering, without a moment's hesitation I should select hot fomentations. For pains in the spine and shoulders, for pains in the head, for pains in the chest, stomach, and abdomen, for pains in the limbs, for pains in any and every part of the body, hot fomentations constitute the best and single remedy.

The old-fashioned method, with flannels wrung out of hot water, is a good one. A happy way of protecting the nurse's hands is to dip the flannel in boiling water; then lay it upon a towel, roll the towel and ring it.

The nurse who understands the hot fomentation art, and applies it industriously, will often accomplish more than the doctor with all his drugs.

Recently, rubber bags have been devised, holding a gallon which, filled with hot water, constitutes a perfect way of applying heat to the body.—*Dio Lewis.*

Memory.

A man's memory is like his stomach. To do its best work it must have good treatment. It must neither be neglected nor overloaded. It can easily be so abused by neglect, or by irregular and unsystematic employment, as to become chiefly a cause of annoyance and discomfort; or, again, it can be so overworked and heavily taxed that it becomes practically the chief organ or agent of the entire system; every other portion dwindling in its comparison. The latter course is the great danger of those who value the help of a tenacious memory.

Both memory and stomach are valuable, not in proportion to the burdens they can carry, but in proportion to their training for their part in the work of the system as a whole; and either of them is made effective as much by what is kept from it, as by what is packed into it.—*S. S. Times.*

The Great Dr. Virchow

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, England, and branch offices Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Detroit, Mich., using Dr. M. Souviello'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. Souviello & Co., 173 Church street, Toronto, or 13 Philips Square, Montreal.

Lost Everything.

"Dennis, I understand your grandfather is dead?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he leave anything?"

"Lose anything? An faith he left everything. What would you do think such an old man could take wid him?"

Bicycle Department.

A Holiday Trip.

BY R. S. MCBRIDE, CAPT. T. B. C.

On the morning of the 5th October I started on a trip which had been planned nearly a month before, for a party of six members of the Toronto Bicycle Club, but business preventing five of the party from the enjoyment of the trip, I was under the necessity of giving it up or going alone. I decided upon the latter course, and 7 a. m. on above morning saw me at the Don Bridge drinking in the heavy, frosty air, and settling down to a pace that was calculated to get me over a good deal of ground in the course of the next twenty-four hours. Some two miles out I passed several members of the Club, taking their constitutional spin, and having bidden them good morning, I went my way to the eastward. The air was frosty, and what little wind there was came from the east and seemed to strike straight for my throat and chest. This gave me a little uneasiness, which was not misplaced, as I found myself afterwards saddled with a sore throat and severe cold. Half-way House was reached over a fair road at 7:50, but as I did not yet feel the need of lubricating I passed on. Teams were making their way into town. The drivers, as a rule, were very courteous, one exception being met with who "was not going to turn out for that scarecrow of a thing," the majority of them, however, giving me half the road with apparent pleasure, the more readily if their horses manifested any appearance of being frightened. Just here I would say that my own experience goes to prove that the horses are less apt to do any damage to vehicle or driver if driven steadily on, as the danger is generally past before they have time to understand what it really is. When a timid driver stops his horse, he naturally commences backing away from the dreaded object, and the occupants of the vehicle are in considerable danger. I had only to dismount once for a case of this kind in the whole of my trip.

Highland Creek was passed at 8:35, and in 20 minutes more Rouge Hill came into view. I had taken a good breakfast before starting and did not consider it incumbent on me to lunch again until I had put a good many more miles behind me. When I reached Whitby at 10:25 I felt somewhat tired, but attributed it to the tightness of my hose which I thought did not allow the blood to circulate freely enough. I tried to stretch them, but did not obtain much relief. I remained in Whitby only ten minutes, during which time I managed to spoil some very fine pears, presented to me by Mr. Lawler, and pressing forward I reached Oshawa at 11:20, after a laborious climb over several hills. The road between Whitby and Oshawa is very poor, and, to add to the discomfort, has about as many hills as can be comfortably crowded into the four miles of road. At the latter place I obtained a good lunch of bread and milk, which seemed to freshen me up considerably, and feeling that my 20 minutes stop had been well applied, I remounted in the midst of an admiring crowd, at 11:40. For two miles here the road is good, and then sand is struck, so that wheeling becomes rather heavy, and the rider is fain to dismount and trundle his wheel. Walking and riding for about four miles the road begins to improve, and on approaching Bowmanville, nine miles from Oshawa, the bad road is left behind and from this onward the road becomes very much better.

Bowmanville was reached at 1:10, and here I made a stay of one hour and ten minutes for dinner at the Ruebottam House, where I was well entertained at a moderate expense. Here I took a room, and having divested myself of all my clothing, had a good sponge bath, which tended to freshen me up for further exertions. Leaving here at 2:20 I passed Newcastle, six miles, at 3 p. m.; Newtonville, 5 miles, at 3:45; Port Hope, 12 miles, at 5:15, and reached Cobourg, 6 miles, at 6:10 p. m., just as darkness was setting in. I found some magnificent stretch-

es of road between Newcastle and Port Hope, and as by this time all stiffness had left my limbs, I indulged in some very fast riding, and seemed to fly through the air without a jar or vibration to disturb my speed. Some two miles west of Port Hope the road again became rough, and continued so till the town was left in the rear and I was again on the high road for Cobourg.

I left Cobourg at 6:15 for Grafton, 8 miles distant, and as it had now become quite dark I had to ride cautiously, but the road continuing good I did not have any fear of accident.

About 5 miles from Cobourg, feeling the need of some refreshment, I dismounted at Mrs. Burns' house. Here I was very kindly treated and made welcome to some excellent milk and home-made bread, which was a luxury to one accustomed to city fare.

As her sons seemed interested in the bicycle, I remained some little time pointing out the merits of the wheel, and then remounted, reaching Grafton at 7:45, feeling in good trim and good for twenty or thirty miles further, if daylight had served. Having telegraphed home, I turned my wheel northward and commenced to explore the country road, which I found no exception to the general rule, and out of three miles I was forced to walk about two and one-half. In daylight I could have ridden all but about a quarter of a mile. However, the last mile was covered, and about 9 p. m., after having covered about 83 miles, I found myself at the comfortable farm house of my relation, Alex. McBride, of Halimand township, where I was most hospitably received, and felt at once at home. After a good tea and a general conversation about family matters I retired to bed, feeling that I had earned a good night's rest, and I was not disappointed. In the morning I received a telegram which caused me to change my original programme, and instead of proceeding to Belleville as I had intended, I wheeled farther north to visit some more relations, and returned in the evening back to Mr. McBride's. Here I spent Sunday nursing my cold, but my throat was so bad I could hardly speak above a whisper. On Monday morning it had encumbered somewhat to the doctoring my kind friends so persistently recommended, and I was able to speak again, though in a somewhat husky tone. Hearing of some relations north of Cobourg that I had never seen, I concluded to pay them a visit and at the same time run up to Rice Lake, which I had visited once before and was charmed with the beautiful scenery. Starting about 10 a. m., I soon reached Cobourg, 11 miles distant, and then struck the northern road leading to Cold Springs, which I did not find as good as represented. At times, in order to escape the heavy sand, I was forced to ride in the ditches, and finding myself continually ascending, over roads not of the best, the enjoyment was not as great as I had anticipated. The scenery was very fine, the land being of a rolling nature, but after hill following in quick succession, until about four miles from Cobourg, at Camburn village, I commenced the ascent of the last one, some three miles long, winding in and out but ever ascending. Half way up I came across an ever-running stream of pure, cold water, and having quenched my thirst I was fain to confess I had never tasted better in all my experience. I am informed that on the highest ridge of land here beautiful cold spring water can be obtained at a depth of twenty or thirty feet. I thought surely the name of the village was well chosen, "Cold Springs." Here I found my sought-for relations, and on making myself known to them was most royally treated. Having ascertained the nature of the road by my morning's experience, I was content to be driven the rest of the way to Jones' landing, where I spent a short time with Mr. Wm. McBride, who owns several fine islands in the lake, some of which are used for summer resorts by Americans and others who find the scenery and healthiness of this lake very attractive. General Sheridan, I was informed, had spent several seasons there, indulging in fishing for Muscalonge, for which this lake is famed. A rain storm having set in, I was forced to content myself at Mr. McBride's, of Derry, as he terms his place, and the next morning turning out fine, I enjoyed an early run into Cobourg, where I took the train home for Toronto, business requiring my presence here on that day. I felt sorry I had to curtail my trip, as I was beginning to realize the benefit of it, and am satisfied, if I could have extended it for a week, my health and strength would have been much the gainers.

And now a word as to my faithful friend, which was a Semi-Roadster Special British Challenge, 52 in., weighing ready for the road about 39 pounds. It carried me safely without an accident during the four days' riding, ran without noise or rattle, and required not the first thing to be done to it during the whole trip. As this was somewhat of a test to the wheel, being ridden over all kinds of roads, I am satisfied with its performance and consider I have never ridden one that has suited me so well. For a pleasant trip I can confidently recommend to brother bicyclists the route I have described, which for scenery and good roads can hardly be surpassed. I am confident that once acquainted with the road, so that riding after dark could be safely indulged in, one hundred miles would be an easy matter within 15 hours, including all stoppages for meals, or to go farther, I consider it possible to cover the distance between Toronto and Belleville, 114 miles, within 17 hours.

The Torontos were out on the Kingston Road Saturday week, and went out as far as the Half-way House, where apples, milk, etc., were indulged in, the bicyclists getting home in time for tea. Fast time was made by five members of the club on the return trip, the run from the Half-way House to the corner of Bloor and Yonge streets, a distance of about nine miles, being done in 50 minutes, which was good considering the state of the roads. Possibly the prospect of tea ahead accounts for this time.

Talking of roads reminds me that the roads about Toronto are now in wretched condition. I don't think I have seen them so bad in the two seasons I have been riding. The Kingston road for the first four miles is abominable. Nothing but ruts and dust, and beyond that, where we usually rely on getting splendid riding, it is not nearly up to the mark. The Don and Danforth road is all sand, and so is the Lake Shore, while Dundas street and the Davenport are both dusty, varied with ruts and loose stones. Yonge street is better than usual, which is not saying much, but the hills on the way make this anything but a desirable route with the clubs.

The Toronto Bicycle Club Annual Races to-day (Saturday) promise to be the most extensive races ever held in Toronto, the club having determined to spend over \$400 on them. It will probably be a losing game, but it will pave the way for future events, the races last year being a great success. There will be a number of open events, among which are a five mile race, one mile, and hurdle race, and a three mile handicap. Bicyclists should turn out in full force for these races, as the T. B. C. deserve encouragement for their efforts. CYCLIST.

The Belleville Bicycle Club has 93 members, and a sixth of-a-mile track is being prepared on a centrally located lot in the city.

Liles and Gaskell, the two fastest English amateur bicyclists, had a close shave a couple of weeks ago at Kildare club sports at Lillie Bridge, Liles won by a foot at the end of the five miles, which were covered in 16 mins. 4 3 5 secs.

W. O. Owen, C. S. Greenbaum, and W. E. Sinclair, members of the Laramie Bicycle Club, recently returned from a tour of the Yellowstone Park on their machines. They feel a pardonable pride in having taken the first bicycles into that wonderland.

In the Bicycle Races at the new Athletic Grounds Monday last, W. G. Ross, of Montreal, won the one-mile race in three minutes thirteen seconds, the fastest time ever made in Canada, defeating Fredrick Westbrooke, of Brantford, and others. Fred Westbrooke beat Parry Doolittle, of Aylmer, and a couple of Toronto men in the 3-mile race in 12 minutes 16 seconds.

Riders of bicycles are sometimes in peril. A half-dozen of them were gliding down Threadneedle Street, London, a few days ago, when a horse attached to a wagon slipped on the asphalt pavement, and in falling caught his leg in the wheel of one of the bicycles, throwing the rider so heavily as to render him unconscious. The next rider, unable to stop his machine, rode on to the prostrate animal, which kicked him violently, breaking his right thigh and right arm.

The traveller in England seems much struck with the number of tricycles one sees everywhere. The errand boy, house-builder, and, indeed, almost every trade and profession use the tricycles in their daily avocations.

It is easily managed and perfectly safe, and so is the bicycle for that matter but the tricycle seems safer. You will notice gentleman leap off their tricycles and go into shops and offices in the most matter-of-fact way, leaving the machine in perfect safety in the street. Perhaps some, more cautious than the rest, will attach the chain and padlock to the wheel. But usually they dismount, leaving their carriage without fear of losing it in their absence.—*The Wheelman for October.*

Out of Doors.

There is great variety as well as luxury in the cloaks and mantles of the present season. "Carriage" cloaks—that is, visiting-cloaks—take the plissé form, and are of embossed or brocade velvet, or brocaded satin, with cash, and high, open sleeves, or short dolman sleeves. New cloak-fabrics are of satin, or velvet with plush spots, flowers or large leaves, and these are lined with plush and trimmed with heavy chenille fringes and passementeries. A superb black velvet pelisse is showered about the throat and down the front, as well as upon the sleeves, with soft, "marabout" chenille fringe. The lining is quilted apricot satin. A cream cloth mantle, for theatre and opera wear, is richly trimmed with passementeries made in silk and gold; and a still more costly one, of white brocaded velvet, shows the design exquisitely outlined with gold embroidery against a lining of gold satin, and lovely fringes of gold and cream white chenille.

Braded cloth garments will doubtless be more popularly employed than for many years past, so many new effects having been produced by the intermixture of different kinds of braids, and the greater skill in the use of them. Narrow double-fold braids, combined with narrow Hercules braid—the latter set on end in what is known as the "knife-blade" pattern—are highly effective; and though these styles are yet confined to imported garments, and therefore expensive, because done by hand, yet there is a probability that the inventive genius of a woman has solved the problem of how to execute these difficult and artistic combinations by a simple machine attachment, and if this is the case, braiding as ornamentation, is yet in its infancy, and a new lease of life may be anticipated for it. Some beautiful effects have been produced upon the new light Vicugna cloths by embroidery braiding in coral silk and gold. These are expensive, but the gold does not tarnish, and such styles never become common.

India Cashmere visiters are in as high vogue as ever; they, also, are expensive and uncommon, and one is considered a necessary part of an outfit, much as a Cashmere shawl was formerly.

The new cloth redingotes are in different tones of color from those which prevailed last year—smoke-grays, fawn-brown, mouse-color, and snuff-brown are in high vogue, the newest style has a cape, and the recent addition of plaits or fullness in the back gives all the freedom required for the slight tournure or drapery.

The cape, is added to some cloaks with good effect, but it is, of course, for those that are most suitable for wraps, and that are made in checked cloths—mixed checks, such as bronzo, brown, garnet, and black, with coral lines. Epasalets for the shoulder are a feature of some of the new coats, and festooned cords, a shoulder ornaments, thrown across the breast, are quite frequent.

Fitted capes are a pretty autumn novelty, which achieved immediate popularity. They are set high and gathered on the shoulders, are lined with silk, and often richly trimmed with beading or embroidery. Capes made entirely of feathers are a little too suggestive of the primitive man or woman to become popular. In silk plush they are beautiful.

A Newsdealer's Wonderful Mustang.

Anderson Dudson has delivered newspapers through Pleasant Plains, Staten Island, every morning for 12 years. He rides a thoroughbred Indian mustang. Three weeks ago Mr. Dudson was taken ill, and sent word to his customers that the horse would come round as usual, and asked the customers if they would go out and take the papers from the bundle in the horse's pack saddle. Every morning, it is averred, the mustang goes alone over the route, and in three weeks has only missed two of the fifty-four places his master stopped at. *New York Sun.*

FORTY BILLION GERMS.

A Wonderful Theory that Concerns the Welfare, Happiness and Life of Everyone.

In his quiet and cosy library at the close of a busy day sat a gentle man and his wife, he absorbed in a new book and she in the newspaper. Quickly glancing toward her husband, she asked, at a certain point in the article,

"John, what is the germ theory?"
 "The germ theory—well—yes; just look in the encyclopedia under 'Germ,' that will explain it so much better than I can."

Accordingly his wife opened the book at the word named and read: Germ Theory of Disease—A theory advanced by the ablest and best investigators and scientists of the times. It supposes the surface of the earth, the air and water to be inhabited to a greater or less extent with a peculiar growth of the lowest form of fungi—commonly termed bacteria, whose power of reproduction, under favorable conditions, is so great that a single germ will increase to fifteen million in twenty-four hours time, and unchecked in its increase would grow to a mass of eight hundred tons, in three days' time, if space and food be furnished. There is no condition under which it can be said to be absent, unless it be from fire or air filtered through cotton-battling in numerous layers. A single drop of water containing a germ, put into water, boiled, filtered and thus freed from bacteria, will grow murky in a day or two from the development of new germs. When it is considered that it requires about forty billion to weigh one grain, some remote idea can be had of the capacity of germ reproduction. Professor John Tyndall, in a late work, elaborately treats of the influence of germs in the propagation of disease and charges upon this cause, the inception and development of very many of the ailments most injurious to man. Professor Pasteur, an eminent French savant, has carried his original and beautiful experiments so far, and from them deduced such practical results as very greatly to diminish the number of cases of anthrax among sheep and chicken cholera among fowl,—proving his theory that these are essentially and actually germ diseases. These germs are carried into the system through the lungs, the stomach and possibly the skin, but through the lungs chiefly. Once in the system, they begin to develop, poisoning the blood, invading the nerve centres, disturbing the functional activity of the great organs of the body and inducing a general impairment of the vital processes. They are the cause of fevers, rheumatism, Bright's disease of the kidneys, pneumonia, blood poisoning, liver disease, diphtheria and many other ailments. Lately Professor Koch, a famous German physician, has proved that consumption of the lungs is due to this cause—the presence of a peculiar germ.

When the circulation is bounding, the nerves elastic and the system all aglow with life and energy, the germs seem to develop poorly, if at all. But with weakened nerves, poor digestion or malassimilation of food or a lowering of vitality from any cause, a change ensues, and in this impoverished and weakened fluid the germ finds a genial home and develops until symptoms of disease are distinctly manifested. This is seen in the everyday experience of all. The healthy man resists the influences around him and does not take cold, while those whose systems have become weak from any cause readily contract colds. This is on the same principle as the germ theory. The germs attack any weakened spot in the body, and fixing themselves upon it, begin their propagation. It is plain therefore that it is only by fortifying the weak portions of the body that the germs of disease can be resisted and driven from the system. But this has proved almost an impossibility heretofore, and it has been the study of physicians for years how best to accomplish it. Within the past few years, however, a preparation has been attracting great attention, not only throughout the entire land, but among the medical profession and scientists generally, which is based upon this theory, and it may safely be said, no remedy has ever been found which can so successfully place the system in a condition to resist the germs of disease as Warner's Safe Cure. This article is unquestionably the best and most efficient that has ever been discovered for this purpose, and—

"John, say, John! does the encyclopedia advertise Warner's Safe Cure?"

"I should not wonder, dear, it's a grand remedy, and that pamphlet we received the other day stated that Dr. Gunn, of the United States Medical College, endorsed it. At all events the wonderful cures it is accomplishing entitle it to be honorably noted among the great discoveries of the present century."

However the facts above stated may be, the truth remains, that the germ theory of disease is the correct one and that the great remedy mentioned is the only one which has ever been found that can put the system in a condition to kill these germs before they obtain a hold upon the body, and undermine the life.

HE WOULD INVENT.

The Woes of a Woman whose Husband was an Inventor.

"It is all very well to talk about working for the heathen," said one, as the ladies put up their sewing, "but I'd like to have some one tell me what I am to do with my husband?" "What is the matter with him?" asked a sympathetic old lady. "William is a good man," continued the first, waving her glasses in an argumentative way, "but William will invent. He goes inventing from morning till night, and I have no peace or comfort. I didn't object when he invented a fire-escape, but I did remonstrate when he wanted me to crawl out of the window one night last winter to see how it worked. Then he originated a lock for the door that wouldn't open from midnight until morning, so as to keep burglars out. The first time he tried it he caught his coat-tail in it, and I had to walk around him with a pan of hot coals all night to keep him from freezing." "Why didn't he take his coat off?" "I wanted him to, but he stood round till the thing opened itself, trying to invent some way of unfastening it. That's William's trouble. He will invent. A little while ago he got up a cabinet bedstead that would shut and open without handling. It went by clock-work. William got into it and up it went. Bless your heart, he stayed in there from Saturday afternoon till Sunday night, when it flew open and disclosed William with the plans and specifications of a patent wash-bowl that would tip over just when it got so full. The result was that I lost all my rings and a breastpin down the waste-pipe. Then he got up a crutch for a man that could be used as an opera glass. Whenever the man leaned on it up it went, and when he put it to his eye to find William, it flew out into a crutch and almost broke the top of his head off. The other day I saw him going up the street with the model of a grain elevator sticking out of his hip pocket, and he is fixing up an improved shot tower in our bedroom."

Slavery in Brazil.

The British consul at Pernambuco, in his report, writes: "A strong agitation is now in movement toward the more prompt abolition of slavery in this and the northern provinces, that of Ceara taking the most prominent position. It is, however, expected that the planters and others in this province will offer a strong opposition, appealing to the law of the 28th of September, 1871, promulgated during the ministry of the late Viscount Rio Branco, and the emancipation fund established by the imperial government to protect their interests, declaring that any other action at present will ruin the agricultural interest of the province. So far, however, the abolitionist societies do not appear to have flagged in their endeavors, and the agitation is without doubt on the increase. The number of slaves existing in the province on the 30th of June, 1882, was stated at 85,091, and toward their freedom the sum of 200,000,000 reis, or £20,000, was allotted from this emancipation fund. This is the fourth allotment made from the above fund. It is at the rate of about 2,350 reis per slave."

He Was Such a Fresh Young Man.

"Aw, yas, Miss Eveline, you know I came to the sea shoah because, you know, I felt that I needed such a twip, you know."

"Ah, indeed, Mr. Du Dee?"

"Yas, Miss Eveline."

"No doubt you will be benefitted. Some people need salt air more than anything else."

Then everybody snickered, and Mr. D. wondered what was funny in a simple health report like that.



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—wherever 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.

Scene in a Light-House.

The first lights that flashed out over the stormy waves were the beacon fires on a hill, by whose blaze the mariner steered clear of rocks that environed him. These were not "inextinguishable lights," therefore recourse was had to something better. The Egyptians built their fire towers and dedicated them to a divinity. On the summit they placed a bronze apparatus in which a fire was continually burning.

Other nations followed the example of lighting the mariner's perilous way, and thus light-houses were established all over the world; one of the most ancient and most celebrated being that on the island of Pharos, at Alexandria.

The system of lighting has varied at different times and in different places. There are five varieties of lights—the "revolving," the "flashing," the "fixed," the "intermittent," and the "double lights" placed in one tower. Wood and coal fires were at first used, then candles, and subsequently lamps, with metal reflectors. The greatest care has to be observed to keep the lamps and reflectors free from dust, or the light would be obscured. They are either washed or burnished, and sometimes stoves are introduced in the room to equalize the temperature, and prevent a mist gathering on the glasses.

The light-house keeper lights the lamps every evening as soon as the sun goes down, and care has to be taken that they remain lighted until the sun reappears. The watchers relieve each other during the night, and to prevent any lapse of duty nothing to recline on is allowed in the lantern-room. Thus these lonely watchers in their sea-beaten towers keep watch and ward over the lights whose friendly rays direct the mariner on the sea.

The glass of the lamps is sometimes shattered, not by the waves, but the sea-birds dashing against them, attracted by the light. Sometimes it becomes necessary to protect the lamps with a network. This scene is not an unusual one. The birds, bewildered and dazzled by the light, fly at the glass, dashing themselves with so much force against it that they not only break the panes, but injure themselves in the onslaught.

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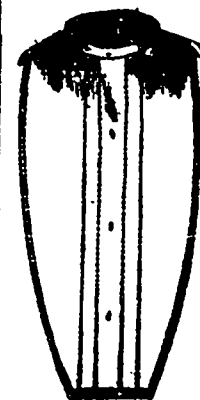
Gone Never to Return.

GARDINER, Mx.—Mr. Daniel Gray, a prominent lumber merchant writes that his wife had severe rheumatic pains; so severe as to render her unable to sleep. From the first application of the famous German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, she experienced unspeakable relief, and in two hours the pain had entirely gone.

A Chicago maiden has embroidered the motto, "Walk in Love" on tarleton, done with 100 cotton, very fine. After she gets a fallow she will embroider in a comma after the "Walk in," and then it will be super-fine.

Canon Farrar has been a total abstainer from wine and spirits for six years, and John Bright has been for ten.

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 Underclothing. Troy Laundry in connection.

G. R. GRANT & CO.

402 QUEEN STREET, WEST, TORONTO.



146 & 148

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TORONTO

WE INVITE YOUR

Confidence and

PATRONAGE.

TORONTO SHOE CO.

146

Special 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.



Trade mark stamped on all Hollow Ware, such as Tea Sets, Cruets, Butter, Fruit Stands, etc.

1847 ROGERS BROS. A1,

1847 ROGERS BROS. XII.

This trade mark is stamped on all knives, Forks, Spoons, Ladles, Cake Cutters, etc.

OUR SILK INDUSTRIES.

The following interesting account of silk culture and of silk manufacture in Canada is given by the *Montreal Herald*:

The silk moth lays its eggs on the leaves of the mulberry tree upon which the caterpillar feeds, and these caterpillars form the cocoons from which the silk is manufactured. The eggs are hatched in an apartment heated to the proper temperature by a stove. When the hatching process commences, as soon as the young caterpillars make their appearance a paper perforated with holes, and covered with mulberry leaves, is spread over the basket in which they are placed, and in passing through the holes to get at the mulberry leaves they free themselves from their shells. The worms speedily settle on the leaves and strips of mulberry, and are thus easily transferred to trays, and removed to a cooler room called

A NURSERY.

This is a dry room, the temperature of which is regulated, and which is well ventilated to purify the air from the noisome exhalations produced by the excrement of the caterpillars and the decayed leaves, which are not infrequently, unless due precautions are taken, fertile sources of diseases amongst the worms. In this room wicker shelves are arranged at convenient distances, lined with paper, on which the worms are placed. The mulberry leaves presented to the caterpillars are chopped. Four meals a day as a regular rule, and luncheons between, when the worms are particularly voracious, is the liberal allowance for their subsistence.

The silk worms live in the larval state from six to eight weeks, during which period it moults or changes its skin four times, increasing its size and voracity with every moult, and when fully grown is about three inches in length. When about to spin, the silkworms are provided with little bushes of broom, heath, or other flexible substance, from which they suspend themselves after spinning a few threads. By continually twisting their bodies they gradually envelop themselves into a thick, silken

OVAL SHAPED COCOON.

Specimens of these bushes laden with cocoons appeared in the London Exhibition of 1851, like diminutive trees bearing golden fruit.

The silk itself is a secretion of a pair of tubes, which terminate in a prominent pore or spinneret on the under lip of the caterpillar. The two fine filaments are glued together by another secretion from a small gland, so that the apparently single thread, which forms the cocoon is really double.

The cocoons, when completed, are thrown into warm water, which dissolves the glutinous matter, causing the threads to adhere, and separate them. The end of the thread is then found and placed upon a reel, and the silk wound from off the cocoon into what is called a bank. The length of the silken thread obtained from a silken cocoon is sometimes from 750 to 1,150 feet long, or of an average length of 300 yards. Twelve pounds of cocoons yield one pound of raw silk, from 200 to 250 cocoons going to the pound weight. About

ONE OUNCE OF SILKWORMS' EGGS will produce one hundred pounds of cocoons; 16 pounds of mulberry leaves are food sufficient for the production of one pound of cocoons, and each mulberry tree yields about 100 pounds of leaves.

The Chinese were the first who understood how to rear silkworms, unravel the threads spun by them, and manufacture the silk thus obtained into articles of dress and ornament. Silk appears to have been worn by the Chinese and Japanese from time immemorial—even 2,000 years ago, when our ancestors were naked savages. The silkworm moth and the mulberry tree are in fact both natives of China, whence both were brought to Europe during the sixth century in the reign of the Emperor Justinian. At first the culture of silk was confined to Greece, particularly to the Peloponnese, where it spread so much that this part of Greece derived its modern name *Morea* (Latin *morus*, a mulberry) from that circumstance. From Greece

THE SILK MANUFACTURE SPREAD

into Sicily, Italy, Spain and finally France. As the breeding of this valuable insect is only possible in warm climates the silk culture is necessarily confined in Europe to Italy, the south of France, and Spain. From these countries it is exported to England, the United States and now to Canada,

where it is manufactured into threads and textile fabrics.

In 1863 the firm of Belding Brothers & Co. commenced the manufacture of sewing silks and twist at Brookville, Conn., where they have two mills, each 300 feet long and four storeys high. They have also mills at Northampton, Mass., for the manufacture of silk fabrics and hosiery, with warehouses at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis. They rank among the largest houses, if they are not actually the largest house, in the silk manufacture in the United States and their goods bear the highest reputation.

In 1867 a branch of this establishment was organized in this city. Mr. F. Paul becoming resident member of the firm and manager of the establishment, the business being carried on under the style of

BELDING, PAUL AND CO.,

for the purpose of manufacturing sewing silks, threads, ribbons, and handkerchiefs. At this time the production was limited as the intention was so to speak "to feel the way," the manufacture being from 50 to 100 pounds per week. From this, however, it has rapidly developed into what may be termed a nice business, now producing 1,000 lbs. per week with a rapidly and constantly increasing demand for a more enlarged production. At the outset it was necessary to observe caution, owing to the fact that the fashions change rapidly and it was undesirable to have manufactured stock on hand. No apprehension is now felt on this account, inasmuch as the demand exceeds the supply. At first it was impossible to procure skilled labor here, and it was found necessary to import it from the mills at Brookville, Conn., but, one by one these gradually returned to the States, and now the operatives, with the exception of the foreman, consist of those engaged and trained here. These consist of representatives of all nationalities, but principally of French-Canadians, who are found to be very quick, docile and excellent operatives.

THE BUILDINGS NOW IN USE

are two in number. One of these, built of brick and iron, fronts on St. George street, being number 30. It is 45x75 feet, four storeys high, with basement. The basement is used as a machine shop and store-room, the ground floor as an office and sample room, the second floor as a spinning room, and the fourth as a weaving room. The machinery is operated by steam power, which is obtained from the adjoining establishment of Messrs. Rogers & King. The second building is located at St. Gabriel Locks, on the south bank of the Lachine Canal, adjacent to the McGee Bridge. It has a frontage on the canal of 100 feet, with a depth of 45 feet, is of brick and is four storeys high. It was formerly used as Tees' chair factory, and has been altered and fitted up for its present purpose.

THE MOTIVE POWER

here is derived from the canal, the machinery being operated by a water wheel. Great inconvenience is experienced from having the works thus divided up, and to obviate this the firm is now erecting a new building at the canal, running parallel with the one it now possesses there. This will be 140 feet long by 45 wide, four storeys high, with an entrance tower in the centre, in which will be placed closets, wash rooms, &c., &c.; for the use of the operatives. Between the new and the old building there will be a clear space serving as a passage 47 feet long. Each floor will be unobstructed from end to end so as to secure a perfect light, the floors above being supported by two rows of pillars which will form an alley, on each side of which will be ranged the different machines. The first floor will be devoted to spinning, the second to winding, the third to doubling, and the fourth to weaving. While the building will be a plain structure in so far as appearance is concerned, it will be fitted up with the latest and most approved appliances. There will also be a dye house on the canal front, separate from the mills, covering a space of 2,200 square feet. There will be two boilers, 5x16 feet, for supplying the necessary steam required in the operations.

Having described the buildings, the next and by far the most interesting is

THE MANUFACTURE.

The raw silk is obtained from the New York House. On its arrival here the raw threads are sorted, an operation which requires a quick eye and proficiency. This is done by the eye. All the threads of the same cocoon are not alike but vary considerably at times. It is then soaked in water

at a temperature of 110° F. to soften the natural gum and facilitate the process of winding. This done, it is wound on bobbins, an operation which though apparently simple requires great care, owing to the fact that the silk thread is very fine. It is then doubled, that is two or more threads according to the purpose for which it is intended, are joined together. It is then put on the spinning machine and spun, after which it is twisted, which consists in doubling and spinning three of these threads, the twist being reversed to make the thread stronger. The number of threads depends upon the

FINENESS OF THE RAW SILK,

and also upon the character of the goods to be woven. It is then taken to the stretching machine, the patent for which is controlled by the firm, to remove the rough or knotty appearance which appears. It does not, as its name might imply, stretch the silk, it evens it out, removing the lumpy appearance, and imparting to it a uniform tension. It is made up into skeins preparatory to being dyed. This is done by reeling, each skein consisting of 350 yards. It is then put upon delicate scales, and its weight marked, after which it is ready for the dyer. It has now reached the condition of thrown silk and the process is completed. The

DYEING PROCESS

is the next adopted. In this there are three hundred colors, requiring a large stock and assortment of dyes to be kept on hand. From the dye-house the silk is again taken to be spooled in the lengths and sizes required. The dyer first boils the silk in soap and water, to free it from any remaining gum, and to give it a more lustrous appearance. By the boiling process the silk, if pure, loses about 24 per cent. of its weight, so that a pound of silk will weigh about 12 ounces. This is the reason that American silk is put up in 12 ounces to the pound. Sewing silk thread runs from 150 yards to 1,800 yards to the ounce, while silk for ribbons, which is much finer, runs from 6,000 yards to 10,000 yards per ounce.

THE COLORED DYES.

The ribbon manufacture is one from which more is expected than that of handkerchiefs, plain goods in the latter article being only now made up.

The operatives employed average 300. The remuneration to these is \$2 per week for green hands from the day of engagement, to \$6 and \$7 per week for more advanced ones.

The Montreal firms derive no little advantage from its connection with the American house referred to, from the fact that they can procure from them the newest and latest patterns and all desirable information, in addition to which they allow the American firm to test new appliances and when success attends them they avail themselves of the others experience.

This firm manufactures heretofore the same brands of sewing silks that have become so universally popular in the States, and if ladies see that Belding, Paul & Co's name is stamped in the end of the spool they may depend on getting an excellent article.

Nearly all the silk manufactured is for the Canadian market, the remainder being sent to Newfoundland, where there is an excellent market, considering the number of the population.

The firm have had samples of their silk manufactures on exhibition at Toronto and St. John, where we understand they took high honors.

The Dominion Steamship Line.

On the arrival at Quebec of the steamship Oregon, the following congratulatory testimonial signed by the steerage passengers on board, was presented to Captain Williams, in command of that vessel:—We, the undersigned steerage passengers, beg to return our sincere thanks to Capt. Williams, officers and crew, for their prompt and careful way in navigating this good ship, leaving Liverpool, July 26, 1883, for Quebec, and for their genial kindness toward us throughout the voyage, and which, we feel, could not possibly be exceeded. Especially would we record our gratitude to the chief steward, Mr. Duffin, and Dr. Henderson, for their unceasing attention. We would also say that the food we received has been good and plentiful, and, should we again desire to cross the Atlantic Ocean, would not wish for a better boat than the steamship Oregon.

It is equally complimentary to the Dominion Company that on the homeward

voyage the following testimonial, the first signature in connection with which is that of L. A. Sontcal, Esq., was presented to Captain Williams, on the same vessel:—In view of the separation which will follow the termination of our voyage, the passengers on board the Oregon desire to express to you and the other officers of the ship our hearty appreciation of the admirable skill, judicious discipline, and uniform courtesy with which your duties have been discharged during the voyage now drawing to a close. Although the weather has been far from being propitious, and we have been exposed to the danger resulting from both fog and ice, yet by a constant attention on your part, aided by a knowledge and skill in the science of navigation, which we have never seen surpassed, our good ship has kept her course without variation or delay, and bids fair to make her port at the very hour anticipated upon her departure. Such qualities of good seamanship deserve more than passing notice, and it gives us great pleasure to express our appreciation of them in a form which we trust may be serviceable to you in your future relations with your company and the travelling public. The genial urbanity which we have so much enjoyed in our intercourse with yourself has shown itself without exception in the other officers and staff by whom the ship is so ably managed in all its departments, to all of whom we beg to tender our hearty thanks. Of the ship itself we can confidently say that she has given the best evidence of the two qualities most prized by the traveller—strength and safety. The rooms are unusually large and commodious and well ventilated; the supply of food has been bountiful, attractively varied, and admirably served, and, in every respect, we can heartily recommend the Oregon and yourself to the confidence and patronage of our friends and others whom business or pleasure may take across the Atlantic.—*Journal of Commerce.*

A Remarkable Result.

W. A. Edgars, of Frankville, was a terrible sufferer from Chronic Kidney and Liver Complaint, and at one time was so bad that his life was despaired of. He was cured by four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters.

Judge Black left by his will \$2,000 to his grandson on condition that he should drop the name of Jeremiah Sullivan and assume that of Henry Vantrias.

THE MOST SALEABLE HORSE.—Mr. Joseph Lamb, one of Chicago's best known extensive horse dealers, in paying a tribute to the superiority of the grade Percheron-Norman horses, said: "Most of my trade is with lumbermen and in the city. I handle more Normans than of any other breed, because they are more salable and eagerly sought after, the only drawback to the business now being that I cannot get them fast enough. They are possessed of more endurance than other breeds, give good satisfaction, and wear well; have better feet, last better on our pavements, and are more easily acclimated than any other breed. It is very rare, you get a Norman horse with bad feet. They are good, cheerful walkers, and more attractive and finer looking, with better action, than the other large breeds."—*Chicago Tribune.* M. W. Dunham, Wayne, Ill., has imported from France and bred in their purity about 1,400 Percheron Normans, and 390 of them within the past few months, particular attention being given to pedigree and French record.

Tom Hughes, who, by-the-way, is now sixty years old, says that eventually everybody on the other will come over to America to make money, and everybody here will go over there to spend it.

A Common Annoyance.

Many people suffer from distressing attacks of sick headache, nausea, and other bilious troubles, who might easily be cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. It cured Lottie Howard, of Buffalo, N. Y., of this complaint, and she praises it highly.

WHAT! LIMPING YET! Why should you go limping around when Paine's Painless Corn Extractor will remove your corns in a few days. It will give almost instant relief and a guaranteed cure in the end. Be sure you get the genuine Paine's Corn Extractor, made by Paine & Co., Kingston, for many substitutes are being offered, and it is always better to get the best. Safe, sure, painless.

The Queen has had telephone wires run from Balmoral to Aberfeldie, the Scotch place of the Prince of Wales, and to adjacent places, and between Windsor Castle, Frogmore Garden, and the Farm.

POPE LEO AT HOME.

Everyday Life of the Holy Father.—A Reception to Irish Pilgrims.

The *Capitan Fracassa*, of Rome, publishes a conversation which one of its correspondents had with the Rev. Philip Barry, canon of the Cashel cathedral. The canon is said to have spoken as follows:—"Leo XIII, is now seventy-four years of age. He is tall, thin, and bony. His face is of an ivory tint, and his eyes and lips are very expressive and smiling. He looks very firm. Simeoni says he resembles Voltaire, but Leo XIII's smile is totally different to Voltaire's smile. The Pope wears his age well, and walks remarkably straight. He has snow white hair and very finely marked eyebrows. His eyes are wonderfully intelligent looking and his voice is extremely harmonious. He speaks several languages as well as any professor of languages. He never says a foolish thing nor does a foolish thing, like poor Pius IX., whose policy was fatal to the Pope's temporal power. He rises very early and spends the first hours of the day in prayer, and generally in his bedroom. At six o'clock he says mass. At eight o'clock he breaks his fast with a cup of chocolate, reading his correspondence all the time. At nine o'clock he receives Jacobini and those chiefs of religious societies who may demand audience. At noon he receives those Roman patriarchs who have remained true to him and the Ambassadors. At one o'clock he dines, his dinner rarely costing more than two francs, or half a dollar." "And he keeps so many cooks!" said the correspondent. "He is obliged to keep up appearances," answered the canon. "Once upon a time Popes were great eaters and drinkers, and were given to every kind of extravagance, but Leo XIII, is nothing of all this."

IN THE GARDEN.

"After dinner he takes a little walk in the Vatican grounds, or he visits the museums and galleries. Sometimes he is carried in a chair quilted with white satin. He is very fond of the garden. He frequently receives visitors in the garden and talks of flowers to them to avoid other subjects. The first and second time I saw him was in the garden. When I went with the pilgrims he was preceded by three noble guards, and at his side was Mgr. Macchi, his secret chamberlain. He wore a wide-brimmed hat and a large red cloak. We were presented to him one by one. He looked at us and scrutinized us well, I saw, he recognized me, but he treated me like the others—as if he saw me also for the first time. 'Are you all Irish?' he said; 'I am happy to receive the faithful of that nation!' He then looked again at us as if he would have read into our souls. 'Your bishop,' he continued, 'brought me offerings from a people pressed with poverty.' Then, seeing me still on my knees, he offered me his hand to raise me. 'I had thought,' he continued, 'that the offering would have decreased, but it was not so. We live on charity' (and here he smiled sadly), 'for all we had has been taken from us. Oh, these persecutions!' he cried with a loud voice. 'They purify us, even when the heaven is pure and immaculate.'

AT AN AUDIENCE.

"I seem to see him now," said the canon. "His head looked like a relief on the blue sky. The sun was setting, and he looked up to the sky, as if seeking an inspiration there. 'I have heard,' he then said, 'that, notwithstanding the general state of anguish in Ireland the churches are full of people. May the Lord be praised and blessed, and may my prayers bring peace on the people! Lord hear our prayers and judge us!' He then blessed us, and the audience was finished. I have never seen so much power united to so much sympathy. At four o'clock the Pope resumes his official audiences in the Vatican. At seven o'clock only he takes a little rest, but at eight o'clock he returns to work in his private room, where he remains until ten o'clock, when he retires for the night, not always to sleep, though, for it is during the night that he reads and writes for his own pleasure, his favorite subject being the 'Science of St. Thomas' and essays on the work of that saint, which he receives from every part of the world, whenever and wherever published."

Aimee, the opera-bouffe actress, when here before, brought her young daughters, aged five and eight, with her and placed them at school, going often to see them. A teacher in the school said a more quiet-looking mother never visited the place.

The New Silks.

Every little while there is an odd little announcement through the columns of fashion journals that plain black silk has reasserted its supremacy and acquired new and distinguished prestige. The assertion is made at regular intervals every year, and has been for twenty-five years past, and it is always funny, and simply means that the writer of the paragraph has obtained a new black silk dress and is bound to give it importance. Every good black silk always has a character and a standing of its own which is unaffected by the changes of fashion, but it addresses itself mainly to those who make no pretensions to fashion—to dierly ladies and well-to-do women who want a solid dress which looks sufficiently handsome for all occasions and is not out of place upon any. To such persons no other fabric ever takes the place of a nice faille or gross-grained silk, and every lady, whatever her pretensions, likes one black silk in her wardrobe because of its convenience.

But of late there are new styles that dispute pre-eminence with old-time favorites—the black surahs, a soft, swilled silk with a satin finish, have established themselves in a place from which it will be very difficult to dislodge them. They are not high-class or remarkable silks in any way, but they are adaptable. They lend themselves to graceful arrangement, they are supple and youthful, which "rich" black silks of the gross-grain type are not, and they are not only durable but comparatively inexpensive. No wonder they are popular—no wonder they are in demand and have forced the New York manufacturer, John N. Stearns, to produce a "winter" surah of superior quality and finish in seventy-five different shades and colors, of which the wines, the garnets, and the new reds with a copper tint in them, promise to be the favorites for the present and coming season. The difficulty with the Ottoman silk is that it is less durable than silks less distinctively marked, but it is handsome and effective, and the late designs alternate with satin stripes, which are enclosed in lines of color, and combined with a plain Ottoman fabric.

But the brocaded silks and satins are best suited for a really elegant toilet, for the designs grow constantly more striking, more artistic, better contrasted, and more tastefully adapted for the purpose of display, without vulgarity or ostentation. The finest designs are large, and show conventionalized forms of fruits with leaves, or leaves and a flower. They are in solid colors, such as evening blue, pink, cream, white, and black, and they require but little addition—for the simpler the form in which they are made the better—but the little should, of course, be of the best quality. Much of the beauty of the design is derived from the contrast in texture, and the effects obtained from the combination of armure or Ottoman in the ground, with dull satin or amure leaves, and a veining which seems to be executed in embroidery stitch. The whole ensemble is very rich, and few will believe, when exhibited on the counters of leading dry goods stores, that they are of American (and New York) manufacture, the general impression in regard to American silks having been obtained from the spun silks, which has a finish so much like the obsolete poplin.

Other novelties produced by our own manufacturers consists of stripes—"hair" stripes—in two colors, black and another, as, for example, black and mauve, black and electric blue, black and old gold, black and bronze, and many combinations. Upon these are brocaded; other designs in a third color, which is in contrast to the ground tone, but produces no violent shock. On the contrary, the effect is rich, yet bright and cheerful, and seems to suggest them as suitable fabrics for dinner dresses or evening receptions at home. The richest among the stuffs intended for suits and costumes are very beautiful satin brocades in small figures, intended for combination with plain velvet or plain satin duchesse. The grounds are dark cloth shades, the figures look like jewels, are not only small, but in high colors—old gold, ruby, and amethyst—and would have the effect of embroidery upon satin, at a little distance. Sunset silk is a rich brocade in very handsome and effective patterns in white, with blue or pink color through it, which gives it an indescribable glow—a sort of reflection of color, which is infinitely more delicate than color itself. All the new brocades have amure effects—those that are imported as well as those that are made here—and the figured plaques are re-

appearing for cloaks, and combination with a new satin that is woven with a shorter loop than satin duchesse, and is, therefore, better adapted to give good wear, while it is equally thick and contains as much silk.

The tapestried silks are yet principally used for upholstery, but some ladies are beginning to combine them with velvet, and to use them for the fronts of "picture" dresses in conjunction with Watteau trains of dull, thick satin or velvet. The silver and gold brocades will doubtless constitute an important element this season, as last, in the construction of magnificent evening toilets—but those will occupy attention later on. At present it is the forehanded—those who have only one or two new silks of a season, and who know exactly what they want—who are providing them in advance of the gay season, while the majority are occupied in settling the present more important question of autumn cloth and woolen suits, deciding whether braiding is or is not to be, and how a cloth suit can best be made to look jaunty and becoming.

Shooting a Bear.

Even the oil excitement has failed to drive all of the wild animals out of McKean county. It is but a few years since the dense forests in the vicinity of Bradford were populated by bears, wolves, wildcats, panthers, and deer. Oil and civilization have combined to drive them away, and panthers and wildcats have disappeared. There are still left, however, a few wolves, a score or two of bears, and any number of deer. Jim Jacobs, the veteran Indian bear hunter, yearly visits his favorite haunts in the wilds of McKean county. He has probably killed more wild animals than any living hunter east of the Rocky Mountains. The stories of his exciting adventure would fill volumes. Not long ago a farmer living in the eastern part of the county reported that several of his sheep had been killed by wolves. Recently John Anderson, a farmer, living on Minard Run, five miles east of Bradford, on the line of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, was awakened by the barking of his Newfoundland dog. At the same time he heard a strange scraping noise on the roof of the shed in the rear of the house. Mr. Anderson and a hired man, George Tibbitts, armed themselves with guns and cautiously crept out of a side door. They found the dog barking at a big black bear which was perched on the roof of the woodshed. Mr. Anderson's gun was accidentally discharged, killing the dog. Tibbitts kept cool, and, holding the gun within six feet of the bear, shot it in the neck. With a howl the bear dropped from the shed and tumbled off into the forest. As the night was dark the men did not care to pursue the wounded animal. Its bloody tracks were seen the next day, and several men were soon searching the forest for it.

Didn't Know Who it was.

The talk drifted from ships to boats, and an officer in the United States army attempted to enlighten the most modest looking man of the lot on rowing. He told him how to rig a boat, how to balance himself in a shell, and how to measure his stroke. Mr. Frank Mayo, who was in charge of the stranger, became silent, then amused, and finally exclaimed: "For God's sake, captain, hold on! You don't know who you are talking to."

"Well, I did a little rowing when a boy and ought to know something about boating," replied the captain, with a flash on his face.

"Well," said Mr. Mayo, "you are talking to Edward Hanlan."

The captain removed his hat, then extended his hand.

"Mr. Hanlan, I beg your pardon. I did not catch your name at first. If I had stuck to my trade and talked army I should not have made a fool of myself. What shall it be? Yellow label?"

Proof Everywhere.

If any invalid or sick person has the least doubt of the power and efficacy of Hop Bitters to cure them, they can find cases exactly like their own, in their own neighborhood, with proof positive that they can be easily and permanently cured at a trifling cost—or ask your druggist or physician.

GREENWICH, Feb. 11, 1880.

Hop Bitters Co.—SIRS—I was given up by the doctors to die of scrofula consumption. Two bottles of your Bitters cured me.

LEROY BREWER.

A Beggar With the Wrong Trade Mark.

A miserable ragged fellow was seated on the low wall of St. Paul's Churchyard. Suspended from his neck was the familiar sign, "Please Help the Blind." A young merchant passing by looked at the beggar, paused, looked again, and then walked up to him and pretended to strike him with the cane he carried. The medicant dodged the blow. "Ha! ha!" the young man almost screamed; "you dodged that just as I expected. You humbug! you fraud! you scoundrel! Now will you go about your business or shall I call the police?"

The medicant's face showed alarm, but he uttered not a sound. The angry merchant bade him speak quickly. A crowd gathered. The beggar went into a paroxysm of earnest, almost frantic, reiteration. The merchant grew furiously angry, and as he stormed, and the beggar made pantomimic gestures, a policeman came up.

"What's the matter here?" the officer inquired. The medicant made signs that he did not know, and that he was ignorant apparently of everything.

"Why, the villain is no more blind than I am," said the merchant. "I saw him turn his head to look at me as I was passing by. I pretended I was going to strike him and he dodged the blow."

At this the medicant's face worked as if he were in mortal agony.

"Ooh, bad ooo to it, I must shpake or I'll bur-r-rat!" he said; "I'm not blind at all, at all. And have I the blind soign on? Sure it's all a mistake intiore. I thought I had the diff and doomb soign on me, so I did. Please let me go, gentlemen, that I may be after foinding my brother. Sure he'll be bringing disgrace on the family. Upon me word, sur, me brother is blind completely, and begorra he maubt be astanding somewheres wid me diff-and-doomb soign hanging onto him, and him a singing out: 'Please help the blind.'"

A Wonderful Street.

Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Windom is now in London trying to raise money for building an arcade under the whole length of Broadway, New York. If he succeeds, that will be the most extraordinary thoroughfare known to the history of cities. The scheme is to make a new street under the present surface of Broadway, extending to the houses on each side, and lit by electric lights at night and glass reflectors in the daytime. The middle of the street would hold railway tracks, not only for city travel, but to accommodate in-coming trains from every part of the country. The traveller in San Francisco or St. Paul would not only buy his ticket for New York, but the hotel on Broadway where he intended to stop. Freight and baggage would be conveyed directly to the warehouse or be received by the express car which was to convey it to any part of the country. Then traffic of all kinds could be carried on on each side of the arcade. There would thus be a double tier of stores. Provision could be made for sewers, water mains, gas pipes, and heating tubes. In short, it would become a double street and the value of the property quadrupled along the route. Engineers say the scheme is entirely practicable. There is business enough now on Broadway for two thoroughfares.

A Big River.

Lieut. Story, who went on the last trip of the revenue steamer *Cortwin*, to distribute among the Tchuckchee Indians, of Alaska, \$5,000 worth of presents, given by the Government in recognition of the shelter afforded to the crew of the steamer *Rogers*, burned in 1881, reports the discovery of an immense river hitherto unknown to geographers. The Indians informed him that they had traversed the river fifteen hundred miles, and that it went up still higher. It is Story's opinion that the existence of this river accounts for a large amount of floating timber in the Arctic, popularly supposed to come down the Yukon. The Indians stated that the river in some places is twenty miles wide. It is within the Arctic Circle, but in August, when Story was there, he found flowers and vegetation not hitherto discovered in a latitude so high.

The Queen did nobody any wrong in giving her grandson the Garter the other day, as there are an unlimited number of extra knights among the various royal families, the ordinary knights being only twenty-four in number.

SIX MONTHS ON THE CONGO.

Full Text of the Great African Explorer's Letter—Friendly Natives Give Stanley an Ovation—A Populous and Wealthy Land—The Natives Know Who their Best Friend Is.

Extracts of a letter from Stanley, the great African explorer, to a friend in Boston, have been published. The following is the letter in full. It is dated Stanley Pool, Congo river, July 14.

You must have read the sensational telegram that appeared in the English papers, stating that one of our stations had been attacked, and the chief of the expedition gravely wounded. It was sent by the Dutch house which, strange to say, has joined our numerous antagonists, and as the Dutch are located at the mouth of the Congo, the slightest rumor of trouble is exaggerated. It was to this silly telegram that I am indebted for being despatched so suddenly to Congo again, when I was very unfit as you know. The news was grave, it is true, but not of the character we were told. The chief had been shot in the arm, but no station had been attacked. Our chief was, however, heartily disliked, and it seems that the subs combined to discourage him. This proved successful, and he left the expedition without a responsible head, and for the post there were half a dozen clamorous claimants. It even became disorganized, for no one's orders were respected by the mass, and the chiefs of stations also getting discouraged from such a state of affairs, many of them had gone home. This was a sad state of affairs, but no station was in danger of attack.

Six months have brought wonders. The natives, after comparison, have begun to learn who their best friend is, and my short absence from the Congo did more to impress them favorably toward me than my three years' work of patient and just dealing. All along the line I received an ovation, and each district testified its joy quite characteristically. It would be unbecoming in me to dilate on this. Since I have arrived carriers have appeared by hundreds, and the question of transportation has lost its importance; that is, I am no longer anxious about the future. Our stations can be supplied easily with native help, though I once doubted that natives here would ever appear in force enough to do reliable and efficient service. Now I am hopeful.

Since I arrived on the Congo last December I have been up as far as the equator, and have established two more stations, besides discovering another lake, Mar tumba, and exploring for one hundred miles or thereabouts, the river known on my map as the Ikclambu, but which is really the Malundu. It is not as large as I stated in my book, but a stream the size of the Arkansas, deep, broad and very navigable. The big stream which I expect must drain the largest part of the south Congo basin must be somewhere higher up. Having become better acquainted with the country I am really struck with the dense population of the equatorial part of the basin, which, if it were uniform throughout, would give 49,000,000 souls. The number of products and the character of the people are likewise remarkable. The gums, rubber, ivory, camphor, wood and a host of other things would repay transportation, even by the very expensive mode at present in use. The people are born traders, and are, for Africans, very enterprising and industrious. They are bold in their expeditions, and risk everything to turn an honest penny.

My reception by this people was very flattering. Two incidents which occurred will keep my memory green for some time. A populous district was divided against itself, and there was nothing but war, throat cutting, carrying off of women, and much other atrocious evil. One of the chiefs in more prosperous times had visited one of my stations below, and we had purchased a fine, large canoe from him, which we had with us. He recognized it as we were sailing past, and called out. We went ashore and made up our minds to halt and buy provisions. It was then I learned that the chief was at war with his former friends, and among the names of the chiefs that he mentioned was one who had pledged brotherhood with one of my subordinates. The causes of the war and all else I soon learned, and I then asked:

"How long have you been fighting?"
 "Two months."
 "Can I not do something to stop it?"

"Oh, yes, if you will. They will all listen to you. We are well tired of it, because we lose money and life, but we dare not ask for peace first."

I sent two of my boats to the rival chiefs and told them if they wished to see me and to make brotherhood with me to stop the war. "We leave it to you," they said. "You decide as to who is wrong, and let the guilty party pay a fine." Three days' talk settled the matter, peace was declared, and I was elected father and mother of the country. A little below there was another populous district called Hoindi. They heard of what I had done and sent me a very hearty welcome. Here also I was elected father and mother.

I have been delighted with my trip and enjoyed robust health. Indeed I feel at this moment as strong and as active as ever. The only anxiety I have is for the new Europeans, who, before they are acclimated or before they have learned the simple art of doctoring themselves, are a great trouble, though I have two doctors to attend the sick.

Salmon Canning.

The firms or individuals who own the salmon canneries not run on co-operative principles furnish to each fisherman his outfit and pay him a fixed price for each fish, deducting one-third of the market rate for the use of his outfit. A boat properly equipped for the season costs \$750. This year the market price of salmon was ninety cents each, but a heavy run coming in, the price dropped as low as forty cents during the season. The price is fixed by mutual agreement, and partly owing to the wholesome influence of the co-operative concerns, the result arrived at is usually satisfactory all round. The fishermen are largely of foreign birth, Scandinavians, Italians, and Greeks being largely represented. Without Chinese labor, the canners say, the work could not be done, and Chinese fishermen are relied upon as being more steady than the proud Caucasians. As so large a number as 40,000 fish may be caught in a single day, at a market price not less than fifty cents each, one can readily see into what excesses the lucky fisherman may be tempted. The whisky shops of Astoria, Or., are almost as many in number as the houses of legitimate business and residence. The Chinaman never gets drunk, never strikes for higher wages, and never hesitates to work extra hours when a great run of fish comes in. The white man is less trustworthy in these respects. The Chinamen, too, are very expert in handling the fish. The "slitter," as he is usually called, is usually a stalwart Chinaman who ranges a long row of fish on the table before him, with the tails toward him. With a rapid movement he walks along the row, cutting off fins and tails as he moves. Then the fish are reversed, and, with equal celerity, he chops off each head with a single motion. Then he splits the fish open and removes the entrails. It seems to an observer that there is a great waste here, as no serious attempt is made to utilize the offal, which is rich in oil and fertilizers. The average weight of the live salmon is thirty-two pounds each, although fish weighing as high as eighty pounds have been caught. The dressed fish weighs just about one-half less than it does when caught.

The introduction of labor-saving machinery has greatly facilitated the operations of canning. Revolving knives cut the fish to the exact size of the cans into which they are to be packed, and an elaborate and ingenious machine fills each can as rapidly as sixty men could when working with their hands. Each can passes through many processes, the total number of handlings being about 200. And yet, so rapid is the labor and so abundant the supply of fish, that the canner is fairly satisfied if he can make a profit of ten cents per can.—Correspondence New York Times.

Railway Wages in British Columbia.

From the Victoria Evening Press the following official list of wages on the Canada Pacific railway (A. Ouderdonk, contractor,) in British Columbia: Overseers \$125 per month, rock foremen \$3 50 to \$4 per day, earth foremen \$2 50 to \$3 50, bridge foreman \$3 50 to \$4 50, bridge carpenters, 1st class, \$3 50, 2d do. \$3, masons \$2 50 to \$3 50, stonecutters \$3 to \$3 50, blacksmiths, 1st class, \$3 50, 2d do. \$3, bl cksmiths' helpers \$1 50 to \$2, drillers \$2 to \$2 50, laborers, \$1 75 to \$2, hewers, \$3 50, choppers \$2 to \$2 50, roopers \$2 50, of ten hours per day. The contractors leave it optional with the men to board with them at \$4 per week.

A Parrot Stung to Death by Bees.

A parrot belonging to a railway signalman named Jackman, living at Wimborne, Dorset, was stung to death by bees. The bird had been hung out of doors almost daily in fine weather, and had never been attacked before. It is supposed that it must have struck at a bee with its beak or wings, and that the bees near at once flew into the cage and attacked the bird.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
 With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I could not move!
 I shrunk!
 From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."
 Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.
How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

A million and a half dollars has been paid for a ranch in Greer County, Texas, by M. C. G. Francklyn, of the Cunard Line.

Smoke from the swamp fires near Westboro, Mass., has been so dense for some days that teams entering the town have lost their reckoning, and milmen have had to use a fox horn. A farmer got off his course and had to be piloted back to his starting place.

A PHYSICAL WRECK.—A hacking cough saps the physical constitution, not alone because it destroys the tissue of the lungs and develops tubercles which corrode and destroy them, but also because it ruins rest and impairs digestion. How important, therefore, is a resort to judicious medication to stay its ravages. A total physical wreck must inevitably ensue without this. In the choice of a remedy the pulmonary invalid is sometimes misled by specious representations, to the serious prejudice of his bodily well-being. The only safe resort is a tried and highly sanctioned remedy. The credentials of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda entitle it to the place it occupies, viz., that of the foremost cough medicine and lung invigorant sold on this continent. The testimony of veteran physicians, and a popularity based on merit, combine to give it the prestige of a standard medicine. In cases of asthma, weak chest and lungs, bronchitis, laryngitis and other throat and lung complaints, it may be implicitly relied upon.

Poker has almost superseded whist in what might be called its special domain—the Cavendish club, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin; indeed, so popular has the American game become that Stephen's Green has been christened "Poker Flat."

GET IT, SUKE!

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

The Mormon settlement of Stringtown, in Idaho, extending from Clifton to Oxford, is five miles long. The homesteaders' residences are within 300 feet of each other, and the farms are mere strips of land about 250 feet in width. The land was taken out in this manner to give every settler a frontage on the public road.

Mr. A. Fisher, of the Toronto Globe, says: "I take great pleasure in recommending Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure to the public. I have suffered with Dyspepsia for some time, and have tried several remedies without receiving any benefit. Being recommended to do so I used one bottle, and must say that I find the result perfectly satisfactory, not having been troubled with this distressing disease since, and would recommend others similarly afflicted to purchase a bottle at once and try it, as I am satisfied they will receive a benefit from its use."

Why go about with that aching head? Try Ayer's Pills. They will relieve the stomach, restore the digestive organs to healthy action, remove the obstructions that depress nerves and brain, and thus cure your headache permanently.

The usefulness of the American style of dress has greatly impressed the Corcan Prince, who, however, thinks his national costume the handsomer.

* Druggists say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy for female complaints they ever heard of.

FROM THE PRESIDENT

OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

Gentlemen:

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

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

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY CRANE."

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

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists.

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

NO SHAM, BUT REAL

WATER WAVES.



Copyright secured. (Copyright applied for.) 20,000 sold since I first introduced them. No Designs, Fresh Stock, No Old Trash. The only Fashionable Hair Store in Toronto. W. L. Switches, Coquettes, Bang Nets, Countess Nets, Golden Hair Wash, Novelties in Hair Ornaments, &c. Wholesale and retail at the Paris Hair Works, 103 Vancze street, between King and Adelaide streets.

A DOREN WARD,

Stopping a Paper Does not Stop the Paper.

Ever since newspapers have been published, certain individuals have attempted to squelch them by ordering their own particular copy discontinued. This has probably happened in the experience of every publisher at various times. Every editor who is manly and straight forward is apt to publish something in the course of every year which does not accord with the opinions of some of his readers, or, perhaps, a majority of them. Under our system of free thought and speech, this is expected and cheerfully tolerated by all reasonable people. But, occasionally, some one considers himself personally aggrieved by something published in his paper and hastens to "stop" it, thinking he has thereby given a retaliating blow to the publisher. There he labors under a mistaken idea. If the editor is consistent and guided by principle, he will listen to the complaints of his subscriber and give him the benefit of a reply to the offensive article; and furthermore, he is pretty sure to secure the friendship of two others by his consistency while he is losing that of the offended party. At any rate, the support of any paper—from the largest city daily down to the smallest country weekly—is not derived from its subscription list; a half-dozen subscribers more or less, are of little account to any publisher, so his support comes from the patronage of his advertising columns and job departments. Of course, all editors desire as large a reading audience as possible, but their hearts are not broken by the loss of one or even half a dozen. Therefore, if you have a grievance, go to the editor like a man and explain it to him. Ten times out of ten, you will feel better about it, and have your trouble much more satisfactorily settled than if you hasten to secure his ill will.—Wichita (Ill.) Independent.

The Maid of the Mist Lumber has been reported at Niagara Falls. She passed through the rapids successfully, remaining in the whirlpool about ten minutes. The feat was witnessed by ten thousand spectators, principally Americans. An excursion train, with about five hundred excursionists, arrived after the boat had gone down.

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

The Chinese Minister to France, Marquis Faeng, having seemed disinclined to treat with the French Ministers, believing them insincere, Mr. Ferry arranged with the English Earl Grenville to act for them.

Do Not Be Duped. A recently advertised and highly puffed remedy for deafness has lately been exposed as an unvarnished fraud. Not so with Haggard's Yellow Oil; none name it but to praise. John Clark, of Millbridge, testifies that it cured him of deafness.

When you visit or leave New York City take Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 400 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to 41 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse care, stables and elevated railroads to all depots. Families are live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

The debut given by Sir Michael Costa for years, and tipped with a coral effigy of Garibaldi, together with the manuscript scores of five operas and four ballets, has been given by him to the Naples College of Music.

A Great Source of Evil. Every farmer will admit that one of the most destructive evils to good crops is that of worms or parasites that prey upon vegetable life. Other species of worms infest the human system, and are precursors to much suffering and death. Freese's Worm Powders will effectually rid the system of this trouble, are pleasant to take and contain their own certificate.

Mrs. Booth, of the Salvation Army, was included to hold services in Geneva. She violated the order twice in twenty-four hours, was arrested in each instance, and conducted by the police to the frontier of the custom.

Tried in Toronto. Mrs. Mary To-mpson, of Toronto, reports the removal of eight feet of tape-worm by the use of one bottle of Dr. Lewis' Pleasant Worm Syrup. This medicine is reliable for all kinds of worms, that infest children of adults.

Caution. We advise all who are afflicted with a cough or cold to beware of opiates and all medicines that smother and check a cough suddenly, as serious results surely follow. Haggard's Pectoral Balsam loosens and breaks up coughs and colds in an effectual manner.

A.P. 147



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Sprains, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages. The Charles A. Vogeler Co. Sole Importers for Canada, U.S.A. & C.

YOUNG MEN learn steam engineering, and earn \$100 per month. Send your name and 10 cents in stamps to P. HENRY, Engineer, Bridgeport, Ct.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS OF PREPARED RUBBER, Light, Elastic, and Cheap. First prize at Provincial Exhibition, London. Testimonials on application. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address: J. DOAN & SON, Druggists, Ont.

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

HOW TO MAKE MONEY FAST OVER 5,000 SOLD! A Book containing 25 very valuable money making secrets, sent to any address post paid and sealed, on receipt of \$1.00. N. W. BOYD, Knowlton, P. Que.

WANTED—STEADY EMPLOYMENT and good pay given to every lady owning a sewing machine. Material sent and returned by mail. Send one dollar with your application as a guarantee that the material we furnish will be returned when finished. FINDLAY & CO. Manufacturers, Detroit, Mich.

DO NOT ALLOW YOUR CHILDREN TO grow up deformed or crippled, but call and examine our appliances for the treatment of Club Feet, and Malocclusion of the Spine, Hip, Knee and Ankle. Remember the world is progressing, and more can be done to-day than at any former period. We also manufacture Artificial Limbs, Trusses, and appliances for the relief and cure of all kinds of deformities. Will show at Toronto, Quebec and London Exhibitions. AUTOBROS & COX, 91 Church St., Toronto.

F. E. DIXON & CO., Manufacturers of Star Belting. Leather Belting! 78 King Street, East, Toronto. Large double driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Specimens.

JINSMITHS' GOODS. TIN PLATE—Different Brands and Sizes. TINNED SHEETS—do do CANADA PLATE—Pen and other Brands. INCOG TIN—Lamb and Pork and Straits. GALVANIZED IRON—"Davies," "Aven," &c. AND STAMPED GOODS, CHEAP. For Sale by COPLAND & McLAUREN, MONTREAL.

A FORTUNE. Any one who will return this copy to the address below, will receive 50 cents in stamps or cash, will receive 50 cents worth of goods or cash, which will enable them to clear from \$2 to \$25 per week. Money returned to you on the receipt. JAMES LEE & CO., MONTREAL, CANADA.

WELLS' WINDOW SHADE GLASS (PATENTED 1875.)



Used for holding WINDOW BLIND SHADES without rollers, pins, or cords. Saves blinds, money and paint. Looks orderly and neat. Is durable and cheap. Held by all dealers everywhere. Trade supplied wholesale by the manufacturers. THE TORONTO INDUSTRIAL WORKS CO., 26 Church Street, Toronto.

THE CROMPTON CORSET CO., 78 YORK STREET, TORONTO.

BEAVERS S. S. LINE. WEEKLY BETWEEN QUEBEC, MONTREAL, AND LIVERPOOL CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN AND BELFAST

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Are all of them without exception among the Largest and Fastest of Ocean Steamers. They were constructed with special reference to the convenience of passengers, and for Safety, Comfort and speed, and are unequalled. They are especially adapted for the regularity of their rapid passages in all weather. The stowage accommodations are of the highest order, the ventilation perfect, and every provision has been made for the comfort and protection of the passengers. In addition to the total and absolute separation of the single men and women, except on deck, the married compartment has been so rearranged and arranged that every married couple or family has a little private room to itself. For particulars apply to the company's agents at all towns in Ontario, or to T. W. JONES, General Agent, 23 York Street, Toronto.

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Given Away! Given Away!!

To every one who buys one of our GOLD WATCH STATIONERY PACKAGES price only 50 cents. Contents—5 Nicot's Commercial Note, 6 Sheets Superfine Toned Note, 6 White Commercial Envelopes, 6 Beautiful Tinted Envelopes, 1 Reversible German Silver Penholder, 1 Cold Water Pen, 1 Imitation Gold Pen, 1 Lead Pencil, 1 Key Ring, 1 Bone Button, 1 Glove Button, 1 Magnificent Chromo, also 1000, 1 Beautiful Crayon Drawing, 10 Popular Songs, 10 Beautiful Greeting Cards (blank) and a cash present of from 50 cents upwards. No Lottery. Every one gets a Cash Present who buys a package. Deal! Deal! Deal!!! With every 5,000 packages we give away FREE! 1 Gold Hunting Case Watch, 1 Lady's Silver Watch, 1 Gent's Silver Watch, 1 Nickel Stem Winding Watch, 6 Solid Gold Rings, 6 Rolled Gold Vest Chains, 6 7 and 8 Nickel Plated Revolvers, 12 Gold Plated Neckties, 21 pairs Alaska Ham and Kariags, 21 Beautiful Silver Engravings, Gold Dollars \$1, 20, and 5 cent pieces. Therefore by sending us 50 cents you will get more than 60 cents worth of goods, and perhaps one of the above handsome presents. Our profit is so small that we can give no discount whatever, no matter how many packages are ordered. DON'T BUY any Stationery till you have seen for one of our Gold Watch Packages, and we know you will always after buy of us. REMEMBER! The Stationery and other things contained in the package are well worth 60c, without the cash prize which is in every package and you also stand a chance of getting a handsome Watch or Gold Ring. When you want some nice stationery order of us and you will be sure to get value for your money, and probably a great deal more. A Complete Sample Package with a cash present of from 50 cents upwards in every package. By mail, post paid, for only 50 cents. Order now. JAMES LEE & CO., 517 LaGauchetiere-st, Montreal, P. Q.

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If you will send us with this slip 2c, or 2 three cent stamps, we will mail you post-paid a sample package containing 101 useful articles, which are required in every house, with instructions by which you can make from \$2 to \$1 per day. Suitable for both sexes. This is a humbug, as the samples are well worth the money, and may be returned if not satisfactory. Show this to your friends. JAMES LEE & CO., Montreal, P. Q.

OAKLAWN FARM, The Greatest Importing and Breeding Establishment in the World. Percheron-Norman Horses WORTH \$2,500,000.00

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Prices low for quality of stock, and EVERY STALLION GUARANTEED A BREEDER. 390 Imported the Past Three Months, consisting of finest animals, with choicest pedigree, registered in the Percheron Stud Book of France, and the Percheron-Norman Stud Book of the United States. Write for Free Illustrated Catalogue No. 20



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And all complaints of a Rheumatic nature, RHEUMATINE is not a sovereign remedy for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," but for NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, and complaints of Rheumatic nature.

IT IS A SURE CURE Sold by all druggists. The Rheumatic Man manufacturing Co., Niagara Falls, Ont. Messrs. Northrop & Lyman, Wholesale Agents, Toronto.



THE BEST HORSE REMEDIES

are those made by THE ELLIS SPAVIN CURE CO.

Every owner of one or more horses can save a large amount of time and money by having on hand a good supply of Ellis's Horse Remedies, and to supply a general demand we would announce that we will send the following by express (on receipt of the money or C.O.D.) and return charges: \$2.50 for \$3; 1 box, 12 pounds Medicated Food; \$1; 2 bottles Spavin Cure; \$2; 2 boxes Worm Condition; Powders \$1; 2 boxes Worm Powders; \$1; 1 box Hoofs Powder \$2c; 1 box Colic Powder; \$2c; 1 box Hoof Ointment; \$2c; \$2.50. J. H. Whitson & Son, 21th St., N. Y., says: "We have used Ellis's Spavin Cure in our stables for two years, and have tried it on the following with perfect success: Splints, curbs, ring bones, bunches on the neck, swollen ankles, also quins, sore throat, and for general stable ailments it is the best article we have ever used." For further particulars, free books, etc., write to ELLIS SPAVIN CURE COMPANY, 50 Sedbury Street, Boston, Mass.; or 276 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Woman and Her Diseases
is the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., sent to any address for three stamps. It teaches successful self treatment.

Preparations are being made in Montreal for the holding of a winter carnival similar to that of last year.

If your lungs are almost wasted by consumption Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure you, yet as a remedy for severe coughs, and all curable bronchial, throat and lung affections, it is unsurpassed. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's large pamphlet treatise on Consumption and Kindred Affections. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Gen. Campion, French Minister of War, has declared himself in favor of forcing throughout France a three-years' military service.

"Throw Away Her Supporter."
Dr. PIERCE.—A neighbor of ours was suffering from "female weakness" which the doctors told her could not be cured without a supporter. After considerable persuasion my wife induced her to try your "Favorite Prescription." After using one bottle she threw away the supporter and did a large washing which she had not done in two years before. JAMES MILLER.
4246 Jacob St., Wheeling, W. Va.

A despatch from Govi Kanuka, Japan, states that the theatre at that place was burned during a performance. There were 75 persons killed and 100 injured.

From MR. WILLIAM MAGRATH, Erindale, Credit P. O., Jan. 5th, 1883.
MY DEAR SUTHERLAND: Some two months since I became afflicted with Rheumatism of the neck and right shoulder as to render my right arm nearly powerless. I determined to try your "Rheumatine" and the result is that I am now free from pain, and enjoy the full use of my arm. My general health is also much improved by the use of the medicine. The first two bottles relieved me—the third bottle freed me from all pain.
Wm. Magrath.
J. N. Sutherland, St. Catharines.

There is as much variety in millinery ornaments as there is in shapes and materials.

The use of Pils, Salts, Castor Oil, &c. and other nauseous, griping Cathartics is unnecessary, as a pleasant substitute is found in Dr. Carson's Bitters, which act as a Cathartic without griping or causing nausea. All druggists sell it. 50 cents a bottle.

The ordinary restaurant waiter measures all his customers from tip to tip.

Show is not substance, realities govern wise men and the numberless certificates of wise men show that the great petrolcum Hair Renewer and Dressing Carbolino is a stern reality.

The Comte de Chambord's will began as follows: "I die a good Christian and a Catholic. I feel no hatred for any one. I forgive all those who have injured me, and I beg all those whom I have wronged in any way to pardon me. I pray Almighty God to save my soul."

The navy blue, seal brown, olive green and other rich dark colors of the Triangle Dyes are as perfect as the bright shades. They never disappoint the user. 10 cents.

Mr. Du Maurier so dislikes to be personal that if he finds he has a particular individual in mind while drawing, he immediately makes a thorough sketch of that person, so as to be able to avoid a likeness in his subject.

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

The distinguished Arctic explorer Sir George Nares thinks there is still hope that Lieutenant Greely may have reached Port Foulke late in the season.

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby 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.

An unusual incident happened at Belleville recently. When the case of Lawrence v. Spencer was called, which was an action for breach of promise, it was stated to have been settled, and it transpired that a minister was actually engaged in marrying the parties.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every alternate Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from Quebec:—
Toronto, 1st Sept. | Ontario, 22nd Sept.
" " 8th " | " " 29th " "
Montreal, 15th " | Dominion, 6th Oct.

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool \$50, \$60, \$65, \$70; return, \$90, \$108, \$117, \$121, according to steamer and berth. Intermediates, \$42. Steerage, \$24. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amiships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent, or local agents of the Company, or to DAVID TORRANCE & Co., General Agents, Montreal.

CONSUMPTION!

Asthma, Bronchitis, Throat Diseases, and Catarrh.

Together with diseases of the Eye, Ear and Heart, successfully treated at the Ontario Pulmonary Institute, 274, 276 and 278 Jarvis Street. M. HILTON WILLIAMS, M.D., M.C.P.S.O., 1101 21ST ST.
Our system of practice is by Medicated Inhalations, combined with proper constitutional remedies. Over 40,000 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, 274, 276 and 278 Jarvis street, Toronto, Ontario.

A Merciful Man is Merciful to his Beast.

Send 15 cents TO TRUTH OFFICE, Toronto, for a sample copy of a new HORSE BOOK. It treats all diseases of the horse and has a large number of receipts and is pronounced the best book ever printed for the price. Profusely illustrated and sells at sight. Agents claim it to be the best selling book they ever canvassed with. Copies for one dollar or to agents 75 cents per dozen. Try it.
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EXTRACT WILD
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CHOLERA
CHOLERA INFANTUM
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AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

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Endorsed by the FRENCH ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.


For Inflammation of the Urinary Organs, caused by Indiscretion or Exposure. Hotel Dieu Hospital, Paris. Treatment. Positive Cure in one to three days. Local Treatment only required. No nauseous doses of Cubebs or Copalva.

INFALLIBLE, HYGIENIC, CURATIVE, PREVENTIVE.
Price \$1.50, including Bulb Syringe. Sold by all Druggists, or sent free by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of price. Descriptive Treatise free on application. AMERICAN AGENCY "66" MEDICINE CO., DETROIT, MICH. or WINDSOR, ONT. Sold by all Druggists.

DALLEY'S SYRUP
OF HOREHOUND & ELECAMPANE
POSITIVE CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND ALL LUNG DISEASES.

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THE BEST FEEDER KNOWN
FOR
Stationary, Marine, or Locomotive Boilers.
All sizes lift water 25 feet. No adjustment required for the varying steam pressures.
THE INJECTOR PERFECTED.




Over 40,000 in use. Especially adapted for Portable Boilers, for Threshing, Sawing, and other purposes. THE HANCOCK INSPIRATOR CO., Montreal. Agents: Hertram & Co., Toronto, Stevens, Turner & Burns Co., London, John Taylor & Bro., Montreal, T. McAvity & Sons, St. John, N.B., Macdonald & Co., Halifax, N.S.

THE BOILER INSPECTION

—AND—
INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA,
Also Consulting Engineers. Insurance granted against Explosion, covering boilers, buildings and machinery. Inspections made at periodical intervals. Authorized capital, \$200,000. Head office, Mechanics Institute, Toronto. JOHN GALT, C.E. and M.E., General Manager. A. FLEASHER, Secretary-Treas. GEO. C. ROBB, Chief Engineer.

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PORTABLE & STATIONARY


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,
The E. & O. GURNEY COMPANY (Limited),
HAMILTON, ONT.

BLACKSMITHS' BELLOWS, ANVILS, VICES, PORTABLE FORGES, BABBET METAL
The Largest Assortment in the Dominion

WILLIAM DARLINT & CO.,
HARDWARE MERCHANTS,
MONTREAL P. Q.

BEST, SAFEST, AND CHEAPEST

GUN
IN THE WORLD

Double-Barrel, Break-Loading Shot Gun, Including Ten Brass Shells, Tools, and Case, Price \$13.

The Lefaucheur action of this gun is the strongest and simplest made. The shells are the same quality as the \$15 Break-Loading Shot Gun, but not so fine a finish.

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22 CHURCH-STREET, TORONTO.
Agent for the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. The only Store in the Dominion where a full and complete line of every description of Firearms and Sporting Goods is kept.
Send for our 96-page Catalogue, containing over 600 illustrations of Firearms, Silverware, Watches, Jewellery, etc.

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Sells all kinds of Black Silk at Wholesale price. A good Black Silk, wide width, at \$1.25. Send cash with order, and express will be paid to any part of Canada.
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Sells Black Cashmere at Wholesale Price. Our 50 cent French Blue-Black Cashmere is worth 67 cents. Send for 8 or 10 yards as sample, and see for yourself.
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Sells all Colors in Velvetons. Our 65 cent Black Louis Velvet is worth 90 cents a yard. Send for a Dress length, and see for yourself. All kinds of Dress Goods kept in stock. You can save \$1 a pair on good Lace Curtains, by sending an order to
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is the only wholesale man in Canada selling to consumers direct, and cash will be returned if goods are not as represented.
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SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS

will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases

SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS

enriches the blood and purifies the system; cures weakness, lack of energy, &c. Try a bottle.

SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS

is the only iron preparation that does not color the teeth, and will not cause headache or constipation, as other Iron preparations will.

SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS

Ladies and all sufferers from nervous debility, and kindred complaints will find it without an equal.

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, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system. For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numerous cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

ULCEROUS SORES "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcers running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore."
SORE EYES Physicians told us that a powerful cathartic medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a permanent improvement, which, by an adherence to your Sarsaparilla, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has been apparent of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any character was ever attended by more permanent or effectual results.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$6.

A School Girl's Suicide.

Floating in the Delaware near Fall street, Trenton, N. J. recently, was found the body of a young and very light complexioned colored girl neatly attired in black. Andrew S. S. Gordon, a colored barber, of 540 South Warren street had been searching for his youngest daughter, Mamie, who had left her home the previous evening. He recognized in the drowned girl his missing child. She was one of five unusually bright and intelligent children. Her home was comfortable, and the family respected in the neighborhood. With her brothers she attended the Centre street public school, they two being the only colored children allowed to go there. She was apt in her studies, liked by her teacher, and popular with her fellow pupils.

Early in the week a vulgar parody on "Over the Garden Wall" fell into the hands of the teacher of Mamie's class after it had been circulated around the room among the girls. The teacher took it to Principal Thomas M. White, and he talked to the class about it and expelled one girl, who was believed to have been most in fault. He threatened to send letters to the parents of the other girls. On the following day the expelled girl was reinstated, and the Principal again lectured the class and repeated the threat to send letters. Miss Gordon's good standing in school and her extreme sensitiveness about being thought to have done anything that would reflect discredit on her race made the prospect of the Principal's carrying out his threat very alarming to her. She seems to have got the idea that the note was to be sent to her house on Friday, and as that day approached her dread worked upon her so that she neglected her books, refused to play with her companions, and lost all of her habitually good spirits. Her parents noticed that she seemed to avoid being alone with them, but, knowing nothing of the circumstances, did not pay much attention to it. On the Wednesday also told her brother that if the Principal wrote the letter she would kill herself. The previous night she asked him if he knew whether her parents had got any letter yet. He told her he thought not, and she replied:—

"I can't stand this. I am going to drown myself or take poison."

Soon afterward she left the house, saying she would return soon. As she did not return at a late hour her father became anxious and began to search for her. When her brother told his story of her despondency and its cause, the anxiety of the family were doubled, the police were informed, and a search was kept up all night and until the body was found in the morning. There is little disposition shown to blame any one, as it does not appear that the reprimands of the Principal were unusually severe. County Physician Danham decided that no inquest was necessary.

It Looked That Way.

At one of the Northern depots lately an old lady, whom an inward train had just deposited, timidly approached a brakeman and asked if he knew whereabouts on the line her nephew was employed. "Abner" said the railroad man. "Oh! he's been changed about considerably lately. He fired the John Edward till she ditched the graves and he got stove in. When he came out they gave him the Owl for a while, then he broke the two-eight passenger till she jumped a know-nothing, and he got pinched somewhere, and now I believe he's spare round the yard. You see he's had hard luck." The old lady stood speechless for a moment as if trying to digest the idioms of the railroad, and then said softly, as if at a hazard, that she "thought he had."

A Would-be Suicide Caught on the Fly.

An extraordinary escape from suicide is reported from Birmingham. A tradesman in the town in a state of delirium jumped out of a bedroom window three stories high, but his nightdress caught upon a hook in the window sill and he hung suspended for ten minutes above the heads of the people below. His wife, hearing cries, ran upstairs, and had the precocious of mind to close the sash of the window, thus offering additional protection, as the garment from which her husband was suspended was rapidly giving way. Amid considerable excitement a ladder was procured and the man was rescued.

The New Postal Rates.

Congress in adopting a strictly first-class postal system at a still further reduction in rates, struck the popular chord of the people. The Manager of the Grand Union Hotel (opposite the Grand Central Depot), New York City, in conducting a strictly first-class hotel on a basis of reduced rates, was the pioneer in proving that Americans appreciate first-class service and accommodations at moderate prices. While the United States can now boast of the most perfect and cheapest postal system in the world, New York in possessing the Grand Union, can boast of the largest, the best, and cheapest hotel (on the European plan) in America. While the reduction in postage, which took effect October 1st, renders our postal system far more popular with the masses, it cannot outrival the firm hold that the Grand Union Hotel has gained, and retains, in the hearts of its thousands of patrons. Last year, with its 450 rooms, at \$1 and upwards per day, its 80,000 patrons helped to swell the revenues of the U. S. postal system. But this year, with its 600 rooms, at \$1 and upwards per day, its more than 100,000 guests will patronize the postal system now in vogue.

Nine million postal cards, which will weigh about thirty tons, have just been ordered from the factory in Castleton, N. Y.

A PROLIFIC SOURCE OF DISEASE.—A trifling indiscretion in diet may lay the foundation of confirmed 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. Their 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, &c., &c. Price \$1.00. Simple 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.

Near Tepalcatepec, Michoacan, is a natural bridge termed the Bridge of God. It connects two mountains, and beneath it runs a river.

N. McRae, Wybridge, writes. "I have sold large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; it is used for colds, sore throat, croup, &c., and in fact any affection of the throat it works like magic. It is a sure cure for burns, wounds, and bruises."

MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP.

Infalible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.

According to the Gaulois a marriage has been arranged between one of the royal princes of Portugal and a daughter of Prince Napoleon.

If you would have Appetite, Flesh, Color, Strength and Vigor, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which will confer them upon you in rapid succession.

Lord Ronald Gower says that Mr. Gladstone, even when on a pleasure visit at Coiswick, used to rise at 4 o'clock in the morning to work on his budget.

Mrs. O'Hearn, River Street, Toronto, uses Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for her cows for Cracked and Sore Teats; she thinks there is nothing like it. She also used it when her horses had the Epizootic with the very best results.

The Bible and lamps were stolen from the Presbyterian church in Greenville, Texas, the other night, and pawned to the barkeeper of the railroad saloon for half a pint of liquor.

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

A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N. Y., a strong temperance man "suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia, and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was told that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against "Bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.

Samuel Wilson of Washington County, Pennsylvania, has just picked the second crop of pears this season from a single tree.



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, Flooding, 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 marvellous in results as the Compound.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 23 and 25 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles for \$4. 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 3 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.—GK (7)

PIANOFORTE TUNING & REPAIRING.—R. H. DALTON, 211 Queen St. W. West. Leave orders personally or by post card.

FOR WRIGHT'S IMPROVED PILLOW Sham Holder call on or address MISS BENDERSON 20 Maliland St., Toronto.

THE KING OF ALL

THE LIGHT-RUNNING "NEW HOME" Sewing Machine.

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

Every Machine warranted for 5 years.

FOR SALE BY C. GENTLEMAN, 545 QUEEN ST., WEST.

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

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, TORONTO. Students can enter from October until January. **PROF. SMITH, B.V. Edin.,** Principal. Fees, fifty dollars.

ALBION BAKERY, 410 YONGE STREET. **HARRY RUTHVEN'S** is the place to get genuine Home-made Bread, also Vienna and Plain Bread. Baked Daily. Bronze Medal for Wedding Cakes at Exhibition, 1883.

PARKER & KVANS' INTERNATIONAL Boiler Compound eradicates scale from boilers instantly. One fourth the first dose prevents future incrustation. Perfectly safe and saves 25 per cent. in fuel. Send for circular to 509 St. Paul street, Montreal.

W. H. STONE, FUNERAL DIRECTOR, 181 YONGE STREET.

ARTISTIC HOMES

The leading work on House Architecture replete in Modern and Common-sense ideas. No visit at any distance for consultation. Circular of work sent on receipt of stamp, Price \$1.50.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for St. Lawrence Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on **TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next**, for the construction of a lock and regulating weir and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal.

Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapids Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canals.

Tenders will also be received until **TUESDAY, the 27th day of November next**, for the extension of the pierwork and deepening, &c., of the channel at the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the head or upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the upper entrance of the Rapids Plat Canal, together with the plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Dickenson's Landing, on and after Tuesday, the 30th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

A map, plans, and specification of the works to be done at the head of the Galops Canal can be seen at this office and at the lock-keeper's house, near the place, on and after **TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next**, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residences of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of **Two Thousand Dollars** must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheques sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
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Dept. of Railways and Canals, OTTAWA, 25th Oct. 1883.

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