Victoria Warder,

And Weekly Commercial Advertiser.

Published Every Wednesday by Joseph Cooper.] "OPINION IS THE GREAT PILLAR THAT UPHOLDS THE UNIVERSE." TERMS—One Dollar a Year in Advance.

Vol. XIV—Number 35.] LINDSAY, ONT., CANADA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1870. [Whole Number 709

The Victoria Warder
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY.
By the Proprietor,
JOSEPH COOPER,
at the low price of
One Dollar Per Annum.

A Liberal Discount Allowed on Yearly Advertisements.

Book and Job Printing,
in the latest styles, at
At Less than Toronto Prices!

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

THOMAS W. POOLE, M. D.,
CORONER, LINDSAY.
March 16, 1870.

A. W. J. De GRASSI, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
[illegible]
Residence—Brick Cottage lately occupied by Dr. Martin, Lindsay, Ontario.

J. R. COGAN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., at Medical Hall, from 9 a.m., to 12; and 2 to 5 p.m. Residence Lindsay Street.

E. A. BERRIMAN, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur, Wellington Street, Lindsay. Office and residence—in the Blue Cottage back of the Methodist Church.

E. BENSON, M. D.,
GRADUATE of Bellevue Hospital, Medical College, New York, and also of Victoria college, Canada, Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office, One door north of Boynton's Hotel, Wm. St., Lindsay.
Diseases of the Eye and Ear specially attended to.

DR. GEO. A. NORRIS,
GRADUATE of the University of Victoria College, Licentiate of Royal College Surgeons England, Physician, Surgeon, &c., Associate Coroner, County of Victoria, Ont.

C. L. COULTER, M. D.
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, Accoucheur, &c. Diseases of the heart and Lungs a Specialty.
OFFICE.—York Street, Lindsay, opposite Workman's Livery Stable.

LEGAL.

CAMERON & DORMER.
BARRISTERS, and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c.
Hector Cameron, M.A. | Geo. Dormer, B.A.

DENNISTOUN & HUDSPETH,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors, & Notaries Public. Near Ontario Bank, Lindsay.
J. F. DENNISTOUN. | A. HUDSPETH.

F. S. MARTIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Solicitor for the Ontario Bank. Office, over Foley's Hardware Store, Kent St., Lindsay.

ARTHUR O'LEARY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor, &c. Office, Knowlson's Block, corner Kent & Wm. Sts, Lindsay, Ont. Entrance, First Door on Wm. St.

SMITH & SMITH,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, Notaries, &c. Lindsay. Office, over Beall's Store.
HON. SIDNEY SMITH. | SETH SMITH.

WELLER & HATTON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c. Office, corner George & Simcoe Sts, Peterboro
D. G. HATTON. | C. A. WELLER

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS R. R. FRESHMAN, M.E.L.,
GRADUATE of the Hamilton Wesleyan Female College, wishes to intimate that she is prepared to give instruction in music, both Vocal and Instrumental, on the Piano and Melodeon. Also in Drawing.
For further information apply at the Wesleyan Parsonage, Lindsay.

MRS. H. T. STEPHENS.
LATE from London, England. Teacher on the Piano-Forte, Russel Street, Lindsay. Terms on application at her residence.
Lessons on the Organ and Melodeon given

WM. LLOYD RUSSELL.
LINDSAY, Ont. Office.—Corner of Kent & Wm. Sts, Land, Estate & General Agent, Auctioneer, &c. Lands, [illegible] and Mortgages, Bought and sold. Loans negotiated and investments made. Farm Lands and cultivated Farms in very desirable districts for sale. Special Attention given to procuring, (through Agent in Toronto) Land Patents, the settlement of land claims, timber licenses from the Crown Lands Department.
REFERENCES.—[illegible]

C. KNOWLSON,
AGENT for the Commercial Union Assurance Company, Issuer Marriage Licenses, Comissioner for taking Affidavits, Conveyancer &c.

WILLIAM FOSTER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses; and Commissioner for taking Affidavits for the Counties of Victoria, Peterboro', and North, and South Ontario. General Insurance Agent Mariposa, a [illegible] south of Oakwood.

"VICTORIA HOUSE,"
WORKMAN'S Brick Block, (opposite Messrs. Foley's Hardware Store, (Cor. Kent & York Sts., Lindsay. New house & Furniture. The travelling community will find every accommodation. The bar supplied with the best wines, liquors, &c. Large shed & good stabling. An Attentive Hostler always in attendance.
EDWARD VEITCH, Proprietor.

BRYAN GUNIGAL'S
NEW Livery Stable, York St. Lindsay.—Horses and Carriages for hire on the most reasonable terms.

JOHN JOHNSTON,
THE oldest established tailor in Lindsay, (Shop on east side of Wm. St.) is prepared to execute all orders. All work warranted to give satisfaction at reasonable prices.

MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA.
Offices in Keenan's New Block KENT STREET.
Office hours from ten a.m. till three p.m., closing at one o'clock on Saturdays.
WILLIAM HAMILTON, Agent
Lindsay, 20th Aug., 1870.

Advertise and Prosper

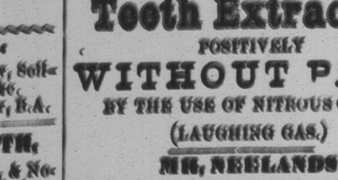
Fort Hope, Lindsay & Beaverton Railway.
AND
PORT HOPE & PETERBORO RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

ON and after Monday, Nov. 22, 1869, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.—MAIL.
Lindsay, depart .... 9:35 a.m.
Millbrook, arrive .... 11:35 "
Fort Hope, arrive .... 1:10 p.m.
TRAINS MOVING NORTH.—MAIL.
Port Hope, depart .... 3:00 p.m.
Millbrook, arrive .... 4:35 "
Lindsay, arrive .... 6:30 "
TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.—MIXED.
Lindsay, depart .... 12:35 p.m.
Millbrook, arrive .... 2:35 "
Fort Hope, arrive .... 4:20 "
TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.—MIXED.
Fort Hope, depart .... 5:45 p.m.
Millbrook, arrive .... 7:20 "
Lindsay, arrive .... 9:10 "

PETERBOROUGH SECTION.
TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.—MAIL.
Peterborough, depart .... 3:30 p.m.
Millbrook, arrive .... 4:20 "
Fort Hope, arrive .... 5:[illegible]0 "
TRAINS MOVING NORTH.—MAIL.
Fort Hope Depart .... 10.10 a.m.
Millbrook, arrive .... 11:35 "
Peterboro' arrive .... 12:35 p.m.
TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.—MIXED.
Peterborough depart .... 5:30 a.m.
Millbrook, arrive .... 6:20 "
Fort Hope, arrive .... 8:05 "
TRAINS MOVING NORTH.—MIXED.
Fort Hope, depart .... 3:15 p.m.
Millbrook, arrive .... 2:35 "
Peterborough arrive .... 3:20 "
A. T. WILLIAMS, Supt.



Tooth Extracted
POSITIVELY
WITHOUT PAIN,
BY THE USE OF NITROUS OXIDE
(LAUGHING GAS.)
MR. NEELANDS

While in New York, having spent some time in the rooms of the Colton Dental Association, studied fully under Dr. Colton, the proper mode of manufacturing this gas, also the best manner of administering it to patients. Dr. Colton was the first person who ever used this gas for extracting teeth. He has an establishment in the Cooper Institute devoted entirely to extracting teeth, and in six years he has successfully administered it to forty-four thousand persons whose names are registered on a roll.

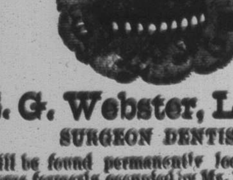
Mr. NEELANDS having had several years' experience in administering this gas, can, with pleasure and confidence, recommend it to the public as a safe and valuable anaesthetic.

Beautiful gold fillings inserted on a new principle.

All the operations connected with dentistry skilfully performed.

OFFICE—Next door to S. & O. Bigelow's store, Kent street, Lindsay.

DENTISTRY.



S. G. Webster, L. D. S.
SURGEON DENTIST,

Will be found permanently located in the rooms formerly occupied by Mr. L. M. Cather, over Mr. Watson's Store, Corner Kent and William Streets, Lindsay.

Teeth inserted in all the latest improvements of the art, as cheap as the cheapest, and as good as the best. Teeth filled with Gold and Silver in a skilful manner.

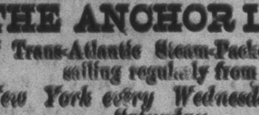
Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

An excellent Tooth Powder Always on hand.

Please call and examine specimens, learn my prices, and favor me with a portion of your patronage. All work warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Lindsay, June, 1870.

ANCHOR LINE.



THE SAFEST ROUTE!

Cheap passages to & from Europe

THE ANCHOR LINE

of Trans-Atlantic Steam-Packet Ships, sailing regularly from

New York every Wednesday and Saturday.

☞ Passengers Booked in Lindsay at cheapest currency rates to and from every Railway Station in Europe and America.

Apply to
R. S. PORTER,
Bookseller, Stationer and Newsdealer

ROYAL MAIL STAGE,
BETWEEN
Minden & Bobcaygeon.

The Stage will leave Bobcaygeon every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6 o'clock a.m. and return the same evening.

Fare Moderate. Parcels at the risk of owners unless booked and paid for.

BRYAN GUNIGAL.

LAMB'S
FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE
Knits over Seventy Articles of Wearing Apparel.

It will knit a pair of lady's stockings in 30 minutes, and better than by hand. Call and see it work and you will be convinced.

T. GOURLEY,
William Street, Lindsay,
has been appointed agent for the South Riding of the County of Victoria.

Poetry

An Episode in the Italian War.

"Shot through the heart. Dead."
There was no more to be said!

That was his epitaph. That was all
Set down in the corporal's hasty scrawl
Of the wounded one missing. There you read
Merely—"Shot through the heart. Dead."

He was killed in the first attack
When the Austrian Centre was driven back.
You could have seen he was badly hurt
By the purple blood on the scarlet shirt;
But he struggled on in some wonderful manner
Until he seized on the Austrian banner,
But as soon as he seized it down he fell
Yet he managed to drag it down as well;
And e'en with the effort he was sped,
And tumbled. "Shot through the heart. Dead."

The battle passed over the place where he lay,
Cold and white in the gory clay;
For foot to foot, and hand to hand,
Though the Austrians made a desp'rate stand,
We pushed them back, we cut them down,
And planted our flag in the captured town!

He was an Englishman, they said,
This volunteer with the shirt of red,
Worn by those Garibaldi led.
Well, he was shot through the heart. Dead!

Lo! when we opened his shirt and vest
We found a woman's name on his breast.
The Austrian's bullet had chanced to hit
Just where the woman's name was writ.
We noted the track of the fatal lead
As he lay "Shot through the heart. Dead!"

One of the first to perish was he,
In the cause of Italian liberty.
We buried him just outside the town,
Under the shades of the olives brown,
And wrote on the cross we placed at his head—
"English. Shot through the heart. Dead."

Der Voodman's Answer

TO DER FEY BOLITE BUT VOOLISH REQUEST TO SPHARE DAT DREE.

Dat dree I canst nix sphare,
I must shop off each pranch;
So it's no use sthanding dere,
You'd best vamoose der ranch.
Dat your forefader's hand
Set it, is nix to me;
D'd eight faders dere sthand,
I shoult gut down dat dree.

Dat old vite oak dree
I'll root its root out now;
Dough bowed mit age it be,
I'll shop off effery pough.
To dake mine axe away,
You ax me now in fain;
You've saw it blane each day,
Now twill get der saw and blane.

Dough often mit mine vrow
I've sat beneath its shade,
Ve'll sit upon it now
Ven into shtools it's made.
A trunk 'twill make for me,
Its trunk of bark bereft;
I'll nefer leafe dat dree
Vile der ish one leaf left.

Young man, vy should you let
Dat dree your heart so sthir?
A gal you'd better get,
Und go make lofe mit her.
Vipe off dat dear und dake
Some goot old prandy hot;
Nor drouble n it me make,
Vor I can sphare it not.

Literature.

A Morning With Gamblers.

BY REV. J. M'CLINTOCK, D. D.

In the earlier years of my ministry I formed a special fellowship with a very intelligent and pious family. The father and mother were of the vigorous Scotch-Irish stock—clear-headed and sound-hearted people. The children inherited strong health of mind and body, and were quick-witted and lively. I loved them dearly, and came at last to make their family destinies, their joys and sorrows, as my own.

One of their sons, Edward, was a fine fellow of eighteen, exuberant in life and strength, but full of sweetness and good humor. Young as he was, he showed great talent for business, and already was a trusted clerk in a large mercantile house, with a liberal salary for those times.

I was called out of bed one morning at about four o'clock to see this young lad. He was in great distress, and could hardly tell his story; but it came out at last, and was bad enough.

'I have been spending the nights at faro tables, and have lost about three hundred and fifty dollars.'

'Whose money was it?'

'It belonged to my employer. I must go to the office this morning and account for it. What shall I do?'

I found, on questioning him, that he had been gambling two or three months. He had begun by learning to play cards of a fellow clerk—played at first merely for the fun of it, but soon found that a small stake was necessary to give interest to the game. In short he had gone the road which thousands have trod before him. From innocent card-playing to betting at whist, from the whist table to the faro bank.

Of course I was very angry at the boy. But I was sorry too, as I looked into the fair face, now agonized with fear and shame—sorry for him, and still more sorry for the proud father and mother, who must soon know of their dishonor.

But to brush away these emotions and answer the practical question, "What shall I do?"

It was quite plain that the first thing to be done was to get the money back, if possible.

I dressed rapidly, went to the house of a legal friend, and woke him up. His advice was soon given:

"Don't try law with these people. Go to them yourself, alone, and demand the money on the ground that they won it from a minor.'

I decided to try.

I confess that the decision made me nervous. I had never handled a card, never been in a gambling house, nor spoken with a professed gambler. Moreover, it was not six in the morning. I went home, swallowed a cup of coffee, and went out on my strange errand.

Edward had lost seventy dollars at Franklin's gambling house, one hundred and fifty at Hodgson's, and one hundred and thirty at Dufour & Clark's. He gave me each address, street and number; my task was to go to these men, talk to them face to face, and get the money—if I could.

Franklin was my first man. When I knocked at his door it was [illegible]. A maid admitted me after some parley, and led the way into the back room, when I found Franklin shaving before a little glass hung at the window. His appearance was not prepossessing—a bullet head, covered with a heavy shock of iron gray hair, and set strongly on a pair of brawy shoulders; a bulldog expression of face, the whole figure indicating animal force, brutality and obstinacy. His gruff 'What do you want at this hour in the morning?' did not tend to reassure me very much.

The upshot of my conference with him was a blunt refusal.

'The fellow took his risk, and must stand by it.'

With that I left him

Hodgson was my next man. His place of business was shut, but a negro who was hanging about told me where he lived, in a distant part of the city.

A carriage soon set me down in front of a grocery store, with the sign, "W. B. Hodgson." A decent, even handsome woman, with a good, honest face, presided at the desk. The place was in perfect order, with all the air of prosperous trade. She told me that Mr. Hodgson had gone down town on business.

'I must see him this morning on private business.'

The word 'private' arrested her; an expression of fear and trouble gathered over her honest face. It was clear that she was no partner in the gambling trade except to share its shame. I then told her my errand plainly.

'You will find my husband at his place by this time, and he will give you back the money.'

I found Hodgson, a man of thirty-five or thereabouts, with the look of a well-to-do tradesman, and an open, frank, expression. My story had hardly begun, when he asked the question,

'Do you recognize me?'

'No,'

'Well,' said he, 'You paid me my wages many a day, when I worked in the Methodist Book Concern, and you were cashier.'

He told me the steps of his fall; hoped some day to give up this part of the business, and bore the lecture I gave him with the best possible feeling.

'As for Edward,' said he, 'I often warned the boy not to come into this or any other such place. Here is the money.'

He handed me out one hundred and fifty dollars.

I told him of my failure with Franklin.

'Go first to Dufour & Clark's—you will get your money there. They have no principal, but are arrant cowards. Then tell Franklin that both Hodgson and Dufour have paid up, and say from me that he had better.'

There was an emphasis on the 'had better' which was full of meaning.

In five minutes I reached Dufour's. He was not at home, but I would find him at No. 23 Jones Street.

'Whose place is that?'

'Oh, it's a house where many of the gambling fraternity gather together in a morning.'

To Jones street therefore I went, and found No. 23—a smart, three-storey brick house. The front door was open, but the way was soon stopped by a green baize door. At my approach and rap, it was opened a little.

'Is Mr. Dufor here?'

'Yes, up stairs.'

I could see that the ground floor was nearly full of men; the second contained a similar lot; and I confess to a little tremor when I was told to go a storey higher. Here again a green baize door barred the way, but the door-keeper called Dufour out.

'What do you want with me,' he asked.

'Come down stairs; I will tell you my business below.'

A little to my surprise, he put on his hat and came quietly down to the front door. He there stopped, and then demanded my errand.

'Walk on with me,' said I.

'Not a step till you tell me what you want.'

He was a young man, apparently about twenty-five years, and of good person and manners. I put my arm within his, and said:

'Now, if you walk quietly with me, like a gentleman, toward your place, I will tell you my errand as we go; if not I will call the police.

My grip of his arm was pretty firm; he looked at me for a moment, and submitted.

At first he scouted my demand for a return of Edward's money, but by and bye he softened and told me his own story. It was the old story of temptations and weakness, with the old excuse and palliations. He gave me a half-promise to reform, but would not fix a time to begin.

We reached the door of his den in the second story of a very good house. Without rapping he walked in, and I followed. A stout, ruddy man, of thirty or so, sat at a table writing, or casting up accounts.

'Well, Clark,' said Dufour, 'we must shell out freely for last night's work.

Clark looked up from behind his desk, saw me behind Dufour, and in a sudden access of cowardly fright, ran out of the door, and hurried down stairs. In a moment more I saw him scaling the fence in the back yard. Dufour burst into a hearty laugh.

'He's off. He took you for a judge or a policeman; to say the least. But that don't stop our settlement.'

He drew out a drawer of the desk, counted out the money in gold and handed it to me.

'Tell your young friend never to enter this place or any of the sort again.'

'And let me tell you,' I replied, 'that this place is just as bad, and will be just as fatal, for you as for him.'

The poor fellow seemed softened and saddened as he bade me good bye.

It only remained for me to see Franklin again. I told him that the other two had disgorged.

'What is that to me? You will get nothing here,' he replied.

'Mr. Franklin,' said I, 'Hodgson says that you had better pay up.'

He looked at me for a moment, opened his pocket book, and counted out seventy dollars.

By ten o'clock in the morning the money was in Edward's hands, and he was spared the shame of acknowledging himself a defaulter. But I made it a condition that the fact should be made known to his parents and employees, with strong promises for the future. One would think such a lesson as this might have saved him. Alas, the poison was in his veins; in a few months he was bankrupt in purse and character, and has never risen again.

Riel's Flight.

BROTHER JONATHAN'S OPPORTUNITY LOST.

When it was stated that an agreement had been entered into by which the Canadian Red River military expedition was not to interfere with the half-breed Riel, so-called governor of Winnipeg, the "World" expressed its doubt of the accuracy of that information, and mentioned that the governor might find it advisable to vacate his domains on the approach of the expedition. The latest intelligence from the Red River country fully confirms the justice of this surmise. Whether Riel was actually in danger does not appear, but certain it is that in conjunction with his grand vizier, O'Donohue, he took to the woods shortly before the British Colonel Wolseley's arrival, and while working his way to the Minnesota line sends this word out of the wilderness: "Tell them that he who ruled in Fort Garry a few days ago is a wanderer, depending for food on two dried suckers." At date of this message the scout bringing it reports the prime minister busy tying some logs together with his shirt, that the governor might, after his farewell oration, depart in company with himself across Pembina River. Two dried suckers and a shirt-tail raft thus seem to be the end of Mr. Grant's diplomatic manoeuvres for the extension of American jurisdiction into the great Canadian Northwest.—*N. Y. World.*

Adam left Paradise in the Fall.

Russia contains 900,000 nobles.

Advice to doctors—Live and let live.

The "equinoctial" is now due. Let's protest it.

The Princess of Prussia makes her own dresses and bonnets.

The Methodists are about to establish a seminary at Salt Lake City.

A bevy of impatient Rondout, N. Y., girls have organized a society for the encouragement of young men desiring to marry.

The Jackson County (Mo) Fair offers two prizes, one for the most beautiful blonde, and and another for the loveliest brunette.

An economical man, who bought a coat much too small for him, did not sell it again, as he was advised, but very wisely let it out.

A Maine woman was so affected with her husband's eloping the other day that she got drunk and drowned a litter of nine pigs.

Moths may be kept out of furs and woolen cloths by wrapping the fabric in calico. Moths cannot eat through calico.

WOOLWORK.—A gentleman in the constant habit of knitting his brows wishes for some remunerative employment in that line.

Clamour arises in Prussia. A winter campaign, for which preparations are being made, is much dreaded by the people.

A wild man, who had no clothes on to speak of, and who is partially covered with hair and climbs trees like a squirel, pervades the bush in Southwold Township.

A refrigerator car, loaded with 9,000 dozen eggs, has been despatched from Chicago to San Francisco, and on its return will bring California pears and other fruit.

The mud around Belleville is so tough that the hogs go along the streets rooting up the sidewalks instead. Judging by the complaints made the sidewalks are bad enough already.

A man in Philadelphia says he will climb Trinity church tower, New York, to a heighth of one hundred feet and jump to the pavement beneath for $500. The price the foolhardy wretch charges for the perilous feat is low enough, and there should be no objections to his making the jump if it did not muss the pavement so. Five hundred dollars will buy a good coffin and leave something for his happy family.

A young rural lawyer is going to take the stump during the fall campaign, and proposes to "grasp a ray of light from the great orb of day, spin it into threads of gold, and with them weave a shroud in which to wrap the whirlwind which dies upon the bosom of our Western prairies."

A party of respectable Chicago ladies have formed a society for reclaiming young men, and they go about the streets at night and pick up young men who show signs of dissipation, and invite them to their houses, and treat them to ice cream, chicken salad, &c., and let them go home sober. As the result, it is reported that half the young men in town lie around the streets at night to be taken in.

A Tough Goose Story.

There once lived in one of the Northern towns, not many miles from Conway, New Hampshire, an eccentric indivdual by the name of Fogg, whose fame as a story-teller was known for many miles around.

Here is one:

"My house was situated in a glen, some six miles distant from the stage road. Between Conway and where I lived was a pond six miles in circumference. It so happened one time early in the spring that I had been out late, and in coming home I discovered a flock of geese as they were just alighting in the pond. Rising early next morning I built a fire in the fire-place, and taking down the shooting-iron, I started to the pond to try my luck. Arriving at the shore I found to my sorrow that they were out of gun shot, and to fire at that distance would be a sheer folly. While I stood contemplating what to do, a fox came down the water's edge and stood snuffing the air. My first tho't was to shoot him, but on reflection I concluded to see what he would do. The fox in the mean time entered the water and was swimming for the geese which were huddled together about half a mile from the shore. After swimming within a few yards of them, he suddenly disappeared, and in a few moments a goose was drawn under water, then Reynard returned on his homeward passage and landed his burden on the shore; and then returning again brought another, until finally he got the whole flock: when he brought the last one, I shot him. When I came to pick up the geese I found that I had fifty good nice ones, which I lugged home together with my fox and gun. The old woman had not got breakfast quite ready then."

"But Mr. Fogg, the fox to capture these geese, had to swim a mile for each goose; consequently the fox swam fifty miles, and as the geese averaged six pounds apiece, making the sum of three hundred pounds, to say nothing of the fox and gun; the thing was imposible.

"Impossible or not, every word of it is truth," exclaimed the old man, "and I can prove it by more than a dozen of my neighbors, to each of whom I sold feathers enough to fill a bed."

Tight Boots and Weak Eyes.

There is something after all in the notion and belief of our old lady that tight boots produce weak eyes. Since the fashioned boot made for, and worn by ladies has come in use, we have been consulted in various instances for a weakness of vision and stiffness about the ocular apparatus, which we found a difficulty in accounting for, since we were unable to detect any abnormal conditions of the eye to cause this disordered vision, or to trace any constitutional disturbances likely to provoke functional phenomena. A mother, wise in her generation, given to bestowing roses to Harpocrates, the god of silence, asked us if the tight boots worn by her daughter might not produce the distressing symptoms of *Asthenopia* complained of. To this we assented, and on the tight boots being dispensed with, discovered that the cause of the mischief must have been removed, for the injurious effect upon the eye ceased. However disposed our fashionable ladies may be to wear the high built, conical-shaped heeled boot of the period, with narrow toes and light top soles, which throws the foot so prominently forward, and tends to compress in a space which the boot closer narrowly limits, and however anxious they may be to imitate the lady Hester Stanhope, whose foot, it is stated, betrayed a royal race, for water flowed beneath the instep, this we tell them, in the hour of splendor and fashion that the localized pain suffered by the compression of the foot, and the consequent productions of corns, bunions and destorted toes, so patiently endured in the self-sacrifice to outward show, are nothing compared to other symptoms which undue and persistent pressure provokes, and which may be readily recognised in the unsteady bashful look about the the eyes and perpetual winking of the lids, and the protracted brow so pathognomonic of approaching weakness of sight—the asthenopia of the oculist.

Mrs. Teazle,

Mrs. Teazle lives at the upper end of the High Street, as if Destiny posted her there in order to keep "her weather eye open" on the sayings and doings of that little town. What Mrs. Teazle does not know about her neighbors is certainly not worth knowing. It seems, at times, that information must have come through the keyhole of her front door, of itself, so thoroughly is she acquainted with the minute particulars of transactions which most people, as a rule, feel inclined to keep to themselves.

She knows what the Brown's had for supper, and what the Green's are likely to have for breakfast; she can tell you the exact price of Mrs. White's last new dress, and the reason the bonnet Mrs. B had ordered from London, through her milliner, did not come. She understands all about Smith's failure in business, and Thompson's divorce from his wife. The history of Mrs. Jenkin's new brass stair rods is no mystery to her; and as for the piano that has been sent from London to the surgeon's wife, she knew all about *that* before the idea of purchasing it even entered the surgeon's head. Regarding these ostrich feathers that Miss Belle Wiggins wears, Mrs. Teazle could tell you a tale, if she chose, that would make your stand on end with terror; those who wish to know the particulars of the unseemly quarrel in the church choir, that has set the Dorcas Society and half the town by the ears had better come to her.

Mrs. Teazle is especially severe upon "the young people," in her eyes they can do nothing that is correct. If a young couple take a moonlight stroll of a summer's evening, she wonders "what her mother would have said to see her and Mr. Teazle going on like that." Dancing in Mr. Teazle's eyes, is one of the seven deadly sins; and on private theatricals, acting charades, and tableux, she looks with eyes of horror. "People never tho't of wickedness like that in my young days," she sighs. "And what is this world coming to, if the young people are to go on in this manner, who shall say?"

Mrs. Teazle calls herself a good neighbor, and is very anxious to be called, in case of sickness. If anyone is unwary enough to do this, they repent it in sackcloth and ashes forever after. For Mrs. Teazle pokes, peers, and pries in every direction while she stays, and edifies the town with her discoveries when the patient is killed or cured by her care. 'The things I found out when I was there, my dear! Ah, it isn't for nothing that Mrs. Jones has red eyes now and then, I can tell you! There were *bottles* on the top shelf of the pantry! She said there had been medicine in them. I say nothing—but there were bottles there, and a good many of them, that's all!

So she goes on—from East to West, from North to South—leaving the black trail of slander wherever she may pause. Mischief, heart burnings, and sorrow attend her footsteps, homes are laid waste, and loving hearts are wrung to agony; but what cares Mrs Teazle for such trifles? Nothing!

One day all this will end, for she must die, like the rest of us. Who will stand, a real mourner, beside that grave? Whose tears will fall for her? Not mine!

All the German female babies this year will be named Agusta.

Baptism by moonlight is one of the latest novelties out West.

He that despiseth small things shall fall by little and little.

A thief, who lately broke open a grocer's warehouse, excused himself on the plea that he only went to take tea.

Why is the female centipede supposed to the be most ingenious of insects? Because she's the least likely to count-her-feet.

There is a couple of sisters who have to be told everything together, for they are so much alike that they can't be told apart.

"Not for Josephus," as that worthy historian playfully observed, when some funny Jews attempted to cram him with stories from his own work.

The steam power employed in the U. S. is equal to 130,000,000 of men; but that of Great Britain is vastly greater, being equal to 400,000,000 of men.

There are several women surgeons in the French army, and it is asserted that they expose themselves to the greatest danger in running to the assistance of the freshly fallen.

Certain of the Kingstonians have been putting their heads together in order to get up a reception to Sir. John A. Macdonald when he returns to his constituency.

A newly discovered Chinese poem, 'Li Sao,' written three hundred years before Christ, is said to prove that the existence of America was known to the Chinese at that time.

Thirty Dominion flags have arrived from England; also a Union Jack, the Dominion Arms on a white field, surrounded by a wreath of Maple leaves, and surmounted by a crown.

The town councillors of Whitby agree admirably. At their last meeting the Mayor picked up the inkstand and threatened to throw it at the Councillor Draper's head, when the worthy Councilor subsided.

A rural English woman had the right idea when, finding herself unable to whip her husband, she shouted to her son, who was upstairs in bed: 'Bill! come down stairs and lick thi feyther, or else he'll be th' maister o' the whole house.'

Three ruffians, one a conductor, and the other two passengers on the car, indulged in pistol shooting in a third avenue car, New York which was filled with women and children. Two of the cambatants were wounded.

The cataract recently discovered in British Guiana, South America, which dwarfs Niagara, is composed of two falls, one of 770 feet, and another of 50. The volume of water passing over the falls is seventy-eight feet deep and one hundred yards broad during the dry season. The Colonial Government is arranging facilities for visitors.

Shipbuilding is resumed under special orders at Portsmouth, and on a scale surpassing previous exploits. Five hundred extra hands have been taken on, and the Devastation, the Blonde, the Comet, and the Blazer are being pushed forward with a rapidity that bespeaks earnestness.

A match between David Pamplin and Henry Coulter, both of London, to swim two miles in the Thames, for £25 a side and the championship at that distance, came off on Monday. Coulter took the lead, and spurting in good style towards the finish, he eventually won by nearly ten yards. Time, 34min. 30sec.

Dundas Town Council must be a nice institution. According to the *Banner* the members have a habit of calling one another 'd——d liars,' which isn't altogether parliamentary language, to say the least of it; and when even this style of discussion doesn't fully express their ideas, they proceed to punch each other's heads; until some member quells the tumult by ordering in beer and crackers for all hands.

An Arkansas paper says:—"On Thursday night, Mr. W. J. Bronaugh, of Madison, hearing a noise about twelve o'clock, arose and searched for the intruder. As he was about entering the hen-house the villain dashed the light out of Mr. Bronaugh's hand, and clenching him, gave Mr. B. several desperate wounds. Then began a terrible hand to hand encounter. Mrs. B. hearing the noise, came out, seized an axe, and with one blow nearly severed the would-be robber's head from his body. An examination was held next morning, and Mr. and Mrs. B. acquitted of all blame."

Strasbourg Cathedral and Clock.

One of the most lamentable results of the siege of Strasbourg, leaving out of view the loss of human life, is the injury which the bombardment has inflicted on its noble cathedral; and we may add, upon its wonderful astronomical clock. The vast cathedral which, perhaps, more than any other one thing, has made the name of Strasbourg celebrated, is considered one of the finest Gothic buildings in Europe. It was founded A. D. 504. The choir was built by Charlemagne, probably about A.D. 800—though it was not completed until 1439. The material of which the Cathedral was built is a brown stone, obtained from a quarry at Wassebonne, in the valley of Couronne, a few miles from Strasbourg. The architect was Erwin von Steinbach, of Baden. One John Huells, of Cologne, was the architect o the peerless tower. We state these facts because they have never before appeared in print. Its spire is the loftiest in the world. Its height, 566 feet surpasses St. Peter's, and is about equal to the Great Pyramid. The greater part of the entire structure was destroyed by lightning in 1007; and the restored edifice was begun in 1015, and completed in 1439. The cathedral is in every part richly decorated with sculptures, and the western front, rising to a height of 290 feet, is, or was, particularly fine with its wealth of statues, ornamental carvings and bas-reliefs. It has a circular window 48 feet in diameter. The Prussian artillery has, it is said, made a ruin of a vast part of the building.

The astronomical clock, the product of a German clockmaker, in about the year 1450, it is a marvel of ingenuity and mechanical skill, and has no counterpart. It performs not only the ordinary service of a clock, but exhibits the days, the months and the years; the process of the seasons; the signs of the Zodiac and the names and movements of the heavenly bodies. At each quarter of an hour an angel comes out and strikes one stroke on a bell; at every hour another angel comes out and strikes twice, and at twelve, meridian, a figure of christ appears, accompanied by the twelve apostals, all of whom move around a central point and pass in out of sight, by another door; the stroke of 12 had been given, a cock flaps his wings and crows. The clock is enormous in size, like everything else connected with the vast cathedral, and is invisible from the outside street—the spectator passing through the nave of the cathedral to see it. It has suffered from fire and violence before the present year, having been out of repair and motionless since the revolution of 1793, until the year 185?, when it was repaired by a watchmaker of Bas-Rhin, and has been in operation since. It is to be hoped that this ingenious piece of mechanism has not been irreparably injured by the present bombardment.

The loss of the Strasboug library—a vast collection of eight hundred thousand volumes including many collections of rare and curious monkish parchments—is total and irreparable. It can never be replaced by any collection hereafter made. It was the slow result ef over a thousand years; and its destruction by fire, caused by the Prussian hot shot, is like the burning of the Alexandrian library in this that of a great number of the works destroyed no duplicates can ever be obtained.

When our vices leave us, we flatter our selves that we leave them.

The new iron-clad steamer *Triumph*, built for the Royal Navy, was successfully launched on Tuesday.

Fix upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and habit will render it the most delightful.

Soft soap, in some shape, pleases all; and, generally speaking, the more lye you put into it the better.

Whenever a minister has preached a sermon that pleases the whole congregation, he has preached one the Lord won't endorse.

The night air is said to be particularly poisonous this fall, and physicians have warned their patients not to expose themselves to it.

Young lady physicians are multiplying rapidly throughout the States, and consequently the young men are more sickly than they used to be.

When the Parisian populace forced their way into the Hotel de Ville a fine portrait of the Emperor was on the point of being destroyed, but M. Gambetta caused it to be turned against the wall and prevented violence, exclaiming, 'It is useless.' Unfortunately such was not the case with the portrait painted by Horace Vernet, which surmounted one of the chimneys in the Salle du Frone. This painting was torn to pieces; and a panel in the hall of the Municipal Council representing the Emperor handing to Baron Haussman the decree of annexing the suburbs of Paris, was much lacerated. Such, apart from a few benches and busts broken, was all the damage done at the Hotel de Ville. The library of the Municipal Council, as well as the other adjoining compartments was respected, owing to the efforts of M. Dardenne, the librarian, and a few National Guards.

There is considerable uneasiness in British India. Not long ago a regiment of sepoys at Allahabad refused to obey orders of their commanding officer, and similar symptoms of disaffection have appeared in other parts of the country. The English press urges the government to search out and remedy the evil, that threatens to bring on another rebellion. The *Telegraph* remarks:—"We cannot afford the risk, however slight and however transitory, of renewing the horrors endured at Cawnpore and Lucknow; and extraordinary efforts must be at once made to anticipate the danger, by searching investigation into the state of regiments and by prompt disarmament where there is the smallest ground for suspecting that the taint of disaffection has crept in."

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.—Fanny Fern tells the following of her first meeting with Horace Greely. He had agreed to take tea at her house, and Mr. Parting gave her strict injunctions to have some stale bread on the table, as Mr. Greely, he said, never touched hot biscuit. That was accordingly done, and when the great editor sat down to supper, a large supply of dry bread was placed close to his plate. He, however, was not content with this, but peering across the table in a near sighted way at the biscuit opposite, he stretched out his arm and proceeded to help himself, and actually made his entire meal of them. Mrs. Parting expressed her surprise at this, and said: "Why, Mr. Greely, I have read the *Tribune* for so long a time that I thought you abominated hot bread," "Fanny," replied the sage Horace, helping himself to another biscuit, "do you always practice what you preach? I'm sure I don't."