A Nocturn in Black and Blue.

The silver moonbeams flickered with the shadows on the floor,
And he covered both her rosy cheeks with kisses o'er and o'er;
But he never will go back again to do it any more,
For her father lay in wait for him behind the parlor door.

And the rustling rose leaves trembled in a sudden rushing roar,
And he felt a strange sensation that he'd never felt before;
And an anguish thrilled his being to its utmost mortal core,
And he felt as though his body was one vast and aching sore.

Now he'll never serenade her with the twanging of his lute;
From the tree of disappointment he has eaten bitter fruit;
And he's sworn that he will never never press his loving suit
Where the father of the family wears a number 11 boot.

Happy Love.

While they sat before the fire,
Nothing more did he desire,
Than to get a little nigher,
If he could;
And his heart beat high and higher,
And her look grew shy and shyer,
When he sidled up close by her,
As he should.

Then he ventured to inquire
If her sister, Jane Mariar,
And her mother and her sire,
Were quite well?
And from time to time he'd eye her,
As though he would like to buy her,
And his bashfulness was dire,
For a spell.

Then his husky throat grew dryer
When he told her that the 'Squire
To himself would gladly tie her
If she would;
Might he now go ask her sire?
And he thought he would expire,
When she said, to his desire,
That he could!

The Earth's Twin Sister.

Everybody must have noticed the brilliant star that shines in the west just after sundown. Long before any other stars are visible in the twilight, it sparkles like a diamond against the last glow of the sunset; and as the heavens darken it grows brighter and brighter, making even Arcturus and Capella look dim by contrast with its splendor, and attracting the eye like a signal lamp. Night by night it rises higher and glows yet more brilliantly. Those who watch it through the coming summer evenings will see it increase until, like a miniature sun, it casts shadows behind the objects upon which it shines. This splendid twinkler is the planet Venus; and it deserves the name of the Twin Sister of the Earth.

There are indeed many points of resemblance between the globe we tread and that beautiful star. They are both of nearly the same size, Venus being only about 300 miles smaller in diameter than the earth.

THE SEASONS ON VENUS

are believed to be very like our seasons, since her inclination to the plane of her orbit resembles that of the earth. The day on Venus, according to the best estimates of the period of her rotation, is only about half an hour shorter than our day. The weight of bodies on Venus is nearly the same as on the earth. Her year is only about 225 days long, instead of 365, and being nearer the sun, she gets considerably more light and heat than we do. She has an atmosphere more extensive than ours, which is visible at times as a ring of light around the edge of the planet. Certain spectroscopic observations have led to the inference that her atmosphere resembles ours in its composition. If she has an atmosphere like ours, she undoubtedly has oceans and rivers and clouds, and with them animal and vegetable life. In fact there is some reason to think from the telescopic appearance of Venus, and her excessive brightness, that her atmosphere is more cloudy than ours, for the upper surfaces of clouds reflect light as brilliantly as snow. If this is so, the clouds may serve to protect the planet's surface from the intensity of the sun's rays. Mr. Proctor says of the similarity between Venus and the earth: "Had Venus but a moon as the earth has, we might doubt whether in the whole universe two orbs exist which are so strikingly similar to each other."

THE QUESTION OF VENUS' MOON

is one of the most interesting and puzzling in astronomy. The evidence that Venus has a moon is very curious. Some astronomers pretend to have seen Venus' moon; others deny the possibility of its existence, not on the ground that there is any physical reason against it, but because the best modern telescopes have never revealed its presence. Mr. Proctor, after reviewing the evidence, is inclined to put Venus' moon in the category of astronomical illusions. But then astronomers used to talk confidently of the "snowy poles of moonless Mars," and now we know that Mars has two moons. Moreover, these moons have, since their discovery, been seen with many telescopes which never showed them before, so that the mere fact that big telescopes have not shown Venus' moon is not conclusive evidence that it does not exist. Most of the alleged observations of Venus' moon were made in the last century, when telescopes had not reached the perfection which they have since attained; yet too much stress cannot be laid upon that fact, for modern astronomers frequently have occasion to express surprise at the keen powers of observation shown by the star gazers of one or two hundred years ago. An example of this was the observation by David Rittenhouse, of Philadelphia, in 1769, of the circle of light which the refractive power of Venus' atmosphere throws around the planet when it is between the earth and the sun. The same phenomenon was not noticed again until 1866, and there are very few recorded observations of it in modern times. Yet nobody regards it as a deceptive appearance. Besides, it must be remembered that the large telescopes in the observatories are not very often employed in such searches.

PROFESSIONAL ASTRONOMERS,

especially those who draw salaries from Governments, have made up their minds that Venus has no moon, and it would do no good to their self-complacency to have one discovered. Amateurs may do better. The last reported observation of Venus' moon that we recollect was made by a Pennsylvania amateur astronomer named Smyth, in April, 1878. The earlier observations were made by such men as Cassini and Short, who were among the most famous astronomers of their time. Upon the whole, it may be said that while the existence of Venus's moon has not been established, it has also not been disproved, and every such opportunity as the present, when Venus swings into the neighborhood of the earth, should be employed in the search for it. It is noteworthy that one of the observations of the supposed moon was made during the transit of the planet across the sun's disk in 1761. No similar observation has since been made, but during the transit of next December an opportunity will be offered to test the matter again.

THE GREAT BRILLIANCY OF VENUS

renders it exceedingly difficult to study her appearance with the telescope. Some skilful observers have drawn maps of the spots seen upon her surface; some have seen, or thought they saw, mountains. Others equally skilful have denied that any spots are visible. Their visibility seems to depend upon the state of the air, and they have been best seen in the sky of Italy.

The most interesting result that could be obtained by the study of Venus would be the answer to the question, Is the planet inhabited? At present astronomers appear to be pretty unanimous in the opinion that if any one of the sun's family of worlds besides the earth is inhabited, Venus is most likely to be that one. The faith of those who believe in the doctrine of the plurality of worlds, having been driven from the airless and waterless orb of the ancient moon and repelled from the fiery furnace of the sun, from the deserts of Mars, and the tumbling vapors of Jupiter and Saturn, and being unable to penetrate the mysteries of far away Uranus and Neptune, may yet rest upon Venus There is the same round of seasons and the alterations of day and night; there is air, there is water, and the force of gravity is almost precisely the same as on the earth. Arguing from analogy, it may be assumed that Venus is the dwelling place of a race like ourselves, who look with admiration upon the earth as the chief ornament of their midnight skies.

FIVE MINUTES FUN.

The commercial traveller is called a drummer because he has a snare head.

A "bitter" disappointment: "Very sorry, sir," said the bartender, "but we're out of tansy."

If we can't be sublime let us be something. It isn't every one who knows how to be ridiculous gracefully.

A physician says alcohol has killed more people than yellow fever. Well, doctor, more people have taken it.

"Here waiter, bring me some water to put in my wine. I always like my wine watered." Waiter—"Oh, then, sir, you wont want any! I put plenty in before bringing it to you!"

Down in Texas, when they want to express loathing for a man, they say he's mean enough to hand a pint bottle filled with water to a friend on a dark night.

A Western judge has decided that a husband is responsible for what his wife says. No wonder the young men of to-day hesitate about assuming the responsibilities of married life.

Heartless: "But," continued Mrs. F., "there is reason in all things, you know." "Excepting, of course, most of the things you say," replied Fogg, the hard-hearted monster.

An article in an exchange is called "A Woman After All." Insatiate female! would not ten thousand or so suffice? She may be after all, but it is hardly probable that she will catch them.

A Chicago clergyman says that unless his collar sets well and he knows his hair to be all right he can't half preach. And yet he will allude to the fondness of his congregation for their earthly vanities.

Extract from a letter written by an actor to a critic: "My dear fellow, my success here has been phenomenal." Extract from a letter in reply: "My dear fellow, your success anywhere would be phenomenal!"

"Can you tell me the names of the railroad lines in Texas?" asked an Austin teacher of a pupil who was the son of an editor. "I dunno," was the reply. "On what does your father travel when he goes from here to Houston?" "On a free pass."

A Texas man was married while dying, and the fashion jounals, after a lengthy discussion, have decided that, although his widow must wear full mourning for thirteen days, etiquette, under the circumstances, will permit her to have clocks on her stockings.

"Mercy! how the wind blows!" exclaimed Mrs. Fenderson. "Did you ever know the wind when it didn't blow?" asked Fenderson, contemptuously. "Very true," replied Mrs. F., "and some people do a good deal of blowing without ever being able to raise the wind."

Professionally ruined: "Yes," said the doctor, "I'm wretched, absolutely miserable. What's the matter? Why, I predicted that Gallagher couldn't live anyway, and here he's gone and got well. No, I haven't any personal feeling that I want Gallagher to die, but there's my reputation ruined."

"Have you a copy of 'Milton's Paradise Lost?'" asked Gilhooly of Colonel Schneider McGinnis, one of our Austin aristocrats. "What in the world is that?" replied McGinnis. "It's a book," responded Gilhooly. "No, sir; I have not got such a book. Whenever I find anything that's lost I return it to the owner. When did Mr. Milton lose his book? What reward is he offering for its return?"

Prehistoric Remains.

In the excavation necessary for laying down a drain in the centre of the city of San Francisco, near the church, *The Antiquary* says, perhaps one of the largest "finds" of prehistoric bronzes ever made was unearthed. At a small distance below the surface, under a stratum of ashes and charcoal, the pick and shovel laid bare one of those immense urns in terra-cotta. The urn broke on contact with the air, displaying inside an extraordinary collection of bronze objects all carefully packed, so as to occupy the least possible amount of space, the heaviest and the largest at the bottom and against the sides, the lightest at the top and in the centre. There were found literally several hundreds of hatchets, representing all the Mediterranean and Danubian types—sickles, chisels, saws, files, gouges, knives, razors, bracelets, *plaques*, covered with embossed ornament, more than 2000 *fibulæ*, lanceheads, poniards, swords, and ingots of metal. Altogether there were 14,000 objects, the weight exceeding a ton and a-half. The greater part was well worn or purposely broken up. Some of the jewellery had been mended with iron rivets, that metal being then doubtless considered as precious. It was easy to recognise that either a foundry or the stock of a bronzesmith of the first Iron Age had been unearthed. This large quantity of old bronze, belonging to preceding periods, had, without doubt, been gathered in the neighborhood by some industrious metal-worker, who was perhaps on the point of resmelting the whole, when, surprised by a war, by a siege, or by an invasion, he determined to bury the mass in his workshop, hiding the place with the ashes from his fireplace. The danger over, he intended to unbury his treasure; but the accidents of war, his death, or that of those to whom he may have confided the secret, prevented the discovery of the store, which was left to the present generation, to show us something of the otherwise undiscoverable existence of 3000 years ago. Competent authorities agree in declaring that nothing comparable to this "find" of prehistoric antiquities has ever been made.

An Indian Legend of Silver Proved True in Georgia.

An old Indian legend proved to be a veritable story. Col. James Callan is a prospective bonanza king. The earliest settlers of Cherokee County, Ala., used to hear strange and marvellous stories from the Indians of a great silver mine, which was said to be located on the banks of Chatooga River, in the vicinity of Gaylesville, but they could never be induced to point out its exact locality. Few believed the story, though the Indians displayed many roughly carved ornaments of silver, which they said were taken from the mine in solid blocks. Several years ago Mr. Callan, in some way, received information that the mine was located on his farm, and he immediately set to work to discover it, and has spent much time, labor and money, in his vain search. Learning these facts, Col. Sherter, Capt. Turner, Lawyer Clemons and others, of Rome, Ga., sent to the Indian Nation for an Indian named Holland, who was supposed to know all about it. He soon arrived and with the party of Rome gentlemen came down to Mr. Callan's. Holland says there is a vein of silver, three feet in diameter, running through Mr. Callan's farm and extending several miles, worth, at least ten millions of dollars.

Mission progress: A Montreal paper mixed up an account of mission progress in Africa and a receipt to make tomato catsup, viz.: "They (the missionaries) are accustomed to begin their work by buying heathen children and educating them. The easiest and best way to prepare them is to first wipe them with a clean towel, then place them in dripping-pans and bake them till they are tender."

Restigouche Salmon.

The Restigouche, a river of New Brunswick, is famed for its salmon. It is a lusty stream, fed by five branches, and when it pours into the Bay of Chaleurs it has a width of three miles. It has all the characteristics of a salmon river, with its rapids, its deep pools, silent reaches, and is the resort of anglers from all parts of the country. New York has a club devoted to salmon fishing, who own a very handsome property on the Restigouche, with extensive fishing privileges. Some years ago Mr. Arthur, now President of the United States, frequently fished the Restigouche, and to his credit is placed some very notable catches of salmon.

In an economic sense New York is largely dependent on the Restigouche River for its stock of fresh salmon. These fine fish, which will average twenty-five pounds, generally reach the Northern markets about the 20th of May, and are plenty in the first week of July. But, very unfortunately, for the last two years there has been a dearth of salmon in the Restigouche. Whether the river has been overfished, or that, as civilization, with its saw-mills, advances, salmon refuse to ascend the river, it seems quite certain that there will be less salmon this year than in 1881. The first salmon which ever came to New York from this river were sent in 1876, with the opening of the Intercolonial Railroad, as the fish by this route can be forwarded in thirty-six hours.

In fishing the Restigouche, the salmon, as in all other rivers, resort to the pools, where the water is deep and quiet. This inclination toward a short period of repose can be understood when we study the habits of the fish. The salmon has come up from the sea, and is doing his best to reach some point high up the river for the purposes of reproduction. Breasting a rapid river, bounding up the falls, his existence has been so far one of toil. In the quiet reaches he takes it more leisurely, but here he rarely rises to the fly.

Many are the wonderful devices of the salmon angler, and marvellous is the tackle he uses. With a fish of forty pounds it seems almost miraculous that such a slender rod should ever gain the mastery, for the salmon is a determined fighter, and the gamest of all game fish. The fly is gracefully tripped over the pool, there is a gurgle, a rise, and the strike, quick and sharp, follows. Then comes the first mad run. The reel whizzes as the long and delicate but strongest of all lines is given him. The salmon rarely sulks, though he may try and find refuge under the bowlders. At last he tires, then it is time to urge him to a renewed effort. It is one long fight. A half-hour may elapse before your fish lose his vigor. Then how gradually and cautiously you must manœuvre him, until, when exhausted with this struggle for life the cruel gaff is affixed in his silver sides, and he is landed.

Salmon culture in the Restigouche has been attempted, and at Motapediac there is a provincial hatching-house. How long this river will continue to be the resort of the salmon angler will, of course, depend on the fish. In the provinces, salmon rivers are carefully preserved, and the Restigouche particularly so. It is therefore difficult to account for the scarcity of salmon for the last two years in all the Canadian streams. It would be, however, quite premature to advance any idea in the sense that these rivers would not be productive in the future. The particular phenomona which govern fish are not as yet fully understood, save that anadromous fish, being found in a certain locality, are sensibly diminished by overfishing, and this, according to the opinion of the Canadian fish commissioners, has too often been the case.

There is no more beautiful fish in the world than the *Sælmo solar* of this river, for its peculiar elegance of shape, beauty of color, and gamy qualities. Last year, just about this date, a New York gentleman a member of the Restigouche Salmon Club, took, in a few hours' fishing, five salmon, which would average twenty-five pounds each.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Pug-Nosed Girls.

A young man who has evidently not one on his hands writes as follows concerning pug-nosed girls: "Any girl in the world can have a snub nose without any trouble at all, but not one girl in ten millions attains to the ravishing delectability of a dear little pug. There are inconsiderate, superficial observers who aver that snubs and pugs are very much the same thing. This is absurd. It would be as rational to assert the identity of one of Camoens' dainty shepherdesses and a respectable but uninteresting colored washerwoman. The pug-nosed girl is a distinct type, and she knows it. Possessing a pug-nose, she possesses certain privileges and immunities to which no other sort of nosed girl can lay claim. Occupying this peculiar and elevated position, she is at once fascinating and harrowing. With her nose by right divine, goes a rosebud mouth that anybody can see at half a glance was made principally for kissing. Nobody ever dreams of kissing lips which have a long Roman nose sternly standing sentinel over them. But the pug-nosed girl's lips are not guarded at all; on the contrary, they are most temptingly accessible. And when she smiles—and she has a great way of smiling, the dear thing! and her nose sympathises with the muscular movement and tips itself a little higher—it seems just like a formal invitation. That is the fascinating part of the performance. The harrowing part of it is when, encouraged by what seems to be so encouraging, you try to accept the invitation—and find that she is not that sort of a pug-nosed girl at all! It is a dismal business this, when the pug-nosed girl is put to the test of actual kissing, and her rosebud mouth is proved to be but a delusion and a snare. The little ray of hope that illumines the gloomy horizon under these melancholy circumstances is that success can be compassed by trying again. For, while she is known all too well to be a nettlesome, unmanageable little body, there are facts recorded concerning the pug-nosed girl which prove that she is not persistently and irrevocably cruel. In a moment of contrition, herself sorrowing because of the sorrow which she caused, she has been known to pucker her pretty lips as they ought to be puckered, and so to yield them allies to the invitation extended by her angelic unprotecting nose. Humanity is strengthened and staid in this sorrowing world by the fact that the pug-nosed girl lives in it. She may be, indeed she is, at times rasping; but in the long run she is a source of exceeding cheer. Light-minded, little-knowing folk may rail at her nose, and affirm that no charm whatever appertains to its puggishness. But the wise are not swayed from their wisdom by the patter of fools, and those philosophers whose field of study is the world know that the pug-nosed girl is a delicious ethnologic success.

There's nae Luck aboot the Hoose.

I was reading this song to a friend, as well as a tongue not Scottish would let me, while an intelligent young person, below the rank that is called a lady, sat at work in the room. She smiled as I concluded, and said, half to herself, "Singing that song got my sister a husband." "Is she a fine singer?" inquired my friend. "No, ma'am, not a fine singer at all; only somehow everybody likes to hear her, because she seems to feel the words she sings, and so makes other people feel them. But it was in her choosing that song that won William's love. He said that a woman who put so much heart into the description of a wife's joy at getting her husband home again, would be sure to make a good wife herself. And so she does. There never were a happier couple. It has been a lucky song for them, I am sure." Now it seems to me that this true story is worth all the criticisms in the world, both on this particular ballad and on the manner of singing ballads in general. Let the poet and his songstress only put heart into them, and the lady, at least, sees her reward.

Mary Anderson will not play in any small cities, and will have no "return engagements," this season.

How to Get an Umbrella.

An interesting incident, says a Boston paper, which seems to furnish a hatful of morals to any one who is in search of such articles, occurred at one of our depots during a recent stormy day. A gentleman who had no umbrella, and who had just come into town on a local train, perceived before him as he stepped into the street, a person whom he took to be an acquaintance, and who had a fine new umbrella hoisted over his head. Running up to him, therefore, he clapped him on the shoulder, saying, as he did so, by way of a joke "I'll take that umbrella, if you please." The individual thus addressed, looked round and disclosed a perfect stranger, but before the other could apologise, he said hurriedly, "Oh, it's yours, is it? Well, I didn't know that. Here, you can have it," and broke away leaving the utensil in the hands of the first party to the conversation. This narrative, which is strictly true, affords a valuable hint to persons who may be caught out without protection from the rain.

The "Tin King" Talks.

From Maine to Manitoba, from St Johns to British Columbia. Mr Thomas W. McDonald, the Tin King of the Dominion, whose large works extend from 153 to 157 Queen street, Toronto, and cover a solid block is recognized and respected. Mr Mc Donald's experience with the Great German Remedy is thus announced by him. "It is very gratifying to me to be able to give a written testimonial respecting the unequalled merits of the world renowned remedy, St Jacobs Oil, as an alleviator of pain. I was for years sorely troubled with a swollen leg. In vain I tried all the prescriptions of medical men. At last in deep despair I resolved to test the virtues of St Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, and to my great joy before one bottle had been exhausted I *found myself completely cured.* Trusting that St Jacobs Oil may meet with the success it deserves, I close this statement, by reiterating my indorsement of its efficacy.

Deportment.

The acquisition of an affable deportment is an important part of education. Some think that if they have a spirit of kindness its expression is of little consequence, but "manners are a compound of spirit and form—of spirit acted into form." The first law of good manners, one that epitomizes all the rest, is "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." True courtesy consists in the observance or application of this golden rule in all social conduct, defined, "real kindness kindly expressed." True courtesy is often met in the huts and hovels of our land, and something found wanting in the parlors of the rich.

Electric (not Eclectric) Oil.—The two words have very different significations, as will be seen by reference to Webster. The Eclectric Oil has no claim to Electric properties only by the picture on the wrapper, which looks like begging the question. The popularity of Briggs' Electric Oil is such as to induce unprinciplad persons to appropriate all the law will allow to them to do. The proprietors of the original Electric Oil have no claim to the words "Eclectric" or "Thomas," but to the words "Briggs' Electric" they do claim, by right, as they have made them of value to themselves. The sales of Electric Oil are increasing daily.

It Stands the Test of Time.

Time tries all things, and few are the customs, habits, or adjuncts of life that are not swept away before its remorseless march. —Remedy after remedy for corns has been introduced, tested, and found wanting. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor alone holds undisturbed sway, gathering new strength as years roll on, and holding it with the power that merit alone can give. Take no substitute. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails to make a complete cure. Sold everywhere. N. C. Polson & Co., Props., Kingston.

"Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate
Most, them fully satisfied."

Both justice and mercy are almost unknown virtues to the common class of Photographers. Always get the best and you will get the cheapest. Wait until you visit Toronto and then be sure and go to Bruce's Photographic Studio, 118 King st., West where you will get justice and mercy artistically blended and be fully satisfied.

Gray hairs prevented, dandruff removed, the scalp cleansed and the hair made to grow thick by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer

No person can enjoy health while suffering Constipation of the Bowels. Harsh purgatives always do harm. Burdock Blood Bitters is Nature's own Cathartic. It regulates, purifies and strengthens the system. Trial bottles 10 cents.

A. P. 79.

Time Testers and Burden Bearers.

From time immemorial the horse has been man's best friend. But a few years back we can all remember the comparatively little attention paid to this most indispensable of animals. We say comparatively little attention, for the horse was as well groomed, and certainly as well fed, as now; and at those great gatherings—agricultural societies—he was the pride of the county and State stables and farms assembled. But there was a conspicuous want of noble draught horses, and as for speeders—well, 2:30 was the great ultimate limit that owners in those days desired to strive for. But now a 2:30 animal is esteemed a fair roadster, and fine animals only deserve the name when they can shade the first quarter of the third minute. There have been immense strides forward in the high development of horsefleshs in the civilized countries of the world, as shown by the time-records of the racers and

draught capacity of the humbler, but really more useful, work-horse. Many things have contributed to effect this desirable end, chief among which have been the intelligent care and consideration bestowed upon the animal in his every relation—in a word, upon the breeding. And this has not failed to include a very serious modification of the old methods of treatment, doing away, in many cases, with the inhuman and really savage plans pursued in the eradication of even simple disorders and ailments, and substituting rational measures of relief instead. A prominent factor of this reform, and one indorsed by owners, breeders, farmers and stockmen the country over, is St. Jacobs Oil, recognized by all who have used it as an exceptionally good remedy for the ailments of the horse and stock generally, meeting more indications for its use and effecting far better results than any article of a curative or remedial nature ever introduced. Such breeders and horsemen as Aristides Welch, Esq., of Erdenheim, near Philadelphia; Mike Goodin, Esq., Belmont Park, Pa.; Calvin M. Priest, formerly in charge of Mr. Robert Bonner's stock, New York; and thousands of others throughout the country, who could be named, are on the list of unqualified endorsers of the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil.

MOULDINGS, PICTURE FRAMES, MIRROR PLATES, CHROMOS, &c. Price List to the trade on application. H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO., 93 Yonge St., Toronto.

TORONTO.—Mr. J. M. Mayne Campbell, Barrister, Solicitor, etc. 9 Victoria-st Near the Post Office.

EARTH CLOSETS.—THIS COMPANY'S automatic closets minister to health, comfort, and cleanliness; send for circular. Earth Closet Co., 13 Jarvis street, Toronto.

APPLICATIONS PREPARED AND PATENTS secured in Canada, United States, and foreign countries. DONALD C. RIDOUT & CO., Engineers, Mechanics Institute Buildings, Toronto. **Mention this Paper.**

BENGOUGH'S SHORTHAND BUREAU, 11 King-st, W. Toronto. Tuition personally and by mail. Books, all systems. Situations secured. Thos. Bengough, **(Official Reporter, York Co. courts), Manager.** Mention this paper.

If you would have a clear complexion, a freedom from Blotches, Pimples, Boils, and foul humors, purify and regulate the blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels with Burdock Blood Bitters. Trial bottles 10 cents.

The New World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel at Buffalo, N.Y., is now completed and ready to receive patients.

Lotta will astonish Londoners during the present month.

"In a Decline."

Dr. R. V. Pierce: *Dear Sir*—Last fall my daughter was in a decline and every body thought she was going into the consumption. I got her a bottle of your "Favorite Prescription," and it cured her. Mrs. Mary Hinson, Montrose, Kan. Of all druggists.

"So Garibaldi is dead," said a——avenue lady. "I remember his name perfectly, because he invented those Garibaldi waists we used to wear a few years ago. Some relation to Worth, wasn't he?"

Weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption, and kindred affections, cured without physician. Address for treatise, with two stamps, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Murderers in France are frequently compelled, in addition to death or the galleys to pay a heavy compensation in money, when they have it, to their victim's family.

Vegetine—When the blood becomes lifeless and stagnant, either from change of weather or of climate, want of exercise, irregular diet, or from any other cause, the Vegetine will renew the blood, carry off the putrid humors, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels, and impart a tone of vigor to the whole body.

Many suffer from supposed Organic diseases of the heart, when the trouble is only an irregularity in the circulation of the vital fluids, which Burdock Blood Bitters will promptly remedy.

The best preventive and cure for Piles and all diseases caused by Constipation, is Burdock Blood Bitters. Purifying, Regulating, and Tonic in its action. Sample bottles 10 cents. Large bottles one dollar.

Vegetine

Says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Hearing of its many wonderful cures after all other remedies had failed, I visited the Laboratory, and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is prepared from barks, roots and herbs, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

Vegetine

Is the great Blood Purifier.

Vegetine

Will cure the worst case of Scrofula.

Vegetine

Is recommended by physicians and apothecaries.

Vegetine

Has effected some marvellous cures in cases of Cancer.

Vegetine

Restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

Vegetine

Relieves the cause of dizziness.

Vegetine

Relieves faintness at the stomach.

Vegetine

Is the great remedy for General Debility.

Vegetine

Is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world.

Vegetine

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Toronto, Ont.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

TO BLACKSMITHS AND WAGGON-MAKERS—best opening in Ontario for a general blacksmith and carriage shop, in the flourishing town of Listowel: very little opposition; stand first-class; premises commodious; property will be sold cheap, and upon easy terms. For particulars apply to J. E. CARSON, Listowel.

AGENTS—LIVE—TO SELL "ILLUSTRATED Lives and Adventures of Jesse James and Younger Bros.;" best selling book published: write quick, as counties are rapidly being sold. General Agent, 9½ Telegraph Block, Detroit, Mich.

Hodge & Williams,

4 Adelaide-st., East, Toronto, dealers in Pitch, Felt, Carpet and Sheating papers. Roofing done to order.

SEE that the patent number 1181, and the name Crompton Corset Co., is stamped on each pair of Coraline corsets, as there are base frauds in the market.

ASSAYING & ANALYSING

Done by a certified Analyst at reasonable rates. Special terms given to Medical Men

EDWIN A. SMITH,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST

THE CITY PHARMACY,

274 Yonge Street, Toronto.

VALUABLE MILL PROPERTY FOR SALE—consisting of flour, grist, and saw mills, store, hotel, blacksmith's shop, barns, stables, a number of dwelling-houses and outbuildings; also about 800 acres of improved and timber land in one of the best agricultural townships in the county of Lanark, and near the Toronto and Ottawa and Quebec and Ontario Railways, where a good business can be done in manufacturing of any kind; two separate water-powers a short distance apart; will be sold cheap; city property taken in part payment, balance on easy terms; good reasons for selling. Apply to WM. DORAN proprietor, American Hotel, Toronto.

THE MODEL WASHING MACHINE,

Science, Humanity, Labor Saver. Agents wanted in every town in Canada. Price $4. Send for circular to

C. O. W. DENNIS,

Manufacturer, Yonge-st., Toronto.

East Tennessee.

A new settlement, cheap lands, magnificent climate, good soil, good water, good Markets. Send for circular and map to M. H. ALLARDT & CO., Port Huron, Mich.

STEAM SAW MILL

—AND—

Timber Limits for Sale Cheap.

The undersigned offers for sale his Steam Saw Mill, now running, Store, Stables, Blacksmith's Shop, several Dwelling Houses, a number of other buildings and about 20 acres of land at Sharbot Lake, on the line of the Kingston and Pembroke Railway, and near the Quebec and Ontario, and the Midland Railroads, now building, as also his Timber Limits in Oso and Olden containing a large quantity of valuable timber. This offers a rare chance to a live man to do a good lumber and mercantile business. The facilities for getting logs to mill and shipping lumber are excellent. Good reasons for selling. Apply to WM. DORAN, Proprietor, American Hotel, Toronto.

The worst Scrofulous Sores, the most indolent Tumor, and the most foul Ulcer known, may be cured by the combined use of Burdock Blood Bitters and Burdock Healing Ointment. Ask your druggist for these infallible remedies.

THE

Upper Canada Bible Society

Sells Bibles of all sizes of type, and styles of bindings at net cost price. Catalogues sent free on application to **JOHN YOUNG, Depositary, 102 Yonge-st., Toronto.**

THE UPPER CANADA TRACT SOCIETY

Supplies non-denominational religious literature at low prices. Sunday School Libraries, and Periodicals a specialty.

Catalogues free on application to

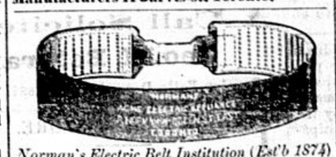
JOHN YOUNG,

Depositary 102 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOMES

By painting them with the Dominion Liquid Paint works, fine mixed paints. Any shade or color desired, ready for the brush, can be purchased from your general store keeper or Hardware merchants 20 per cent cheaper than any paints now in use. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. These paints are put up in qts. ½ gal. and 1 gal. tins and are beautiful, durable and economical. Cards of sample colors and circular with testimonials from some hundreds of the leading people in the Dominion, can be seen at all dealers in paints.

Our fire and water proof paints for painting roofs and sides of factories, barns, drive-sheds etc are unequalled for cheapness, durability, preserving qualities and appearance and are highly recommended by all who have used them. They are put up in bbls of 42 imperial gals. color brown and black. Agents wanted to handle this paint in all parts of the Dominion. **C. MILLER & CO., Manufacturers 11 Jarvis-st. Toronto.**



Norman's Electric Belt Institution (Est'b 1874) **4 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.** NERVOUS DEBILITY, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Neuralgia, Paralysis and all Liver and Chest Complaints immediately relieved and permanently cured by using these BELTS, BANDS AND INSOLES.

Circulars and Consultation FREE.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults

J. W. G. WHITNEY,

ESTATE AGENT,

Valuator, Arbitrator, &c.,

Money Loaned on city or Farm property. Properties bought and sold on commission.

Special attention given to farmers.

25 TORONTO ST., TORONTO.

Robertson's Publications.

ROBERTSON'S POPULAR PUBLICATIONS. J. ROSS ROBERTSON, Toronto.

Robertson's Ten Cent Books.

CHATEAU D'OR—By Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes.
FATED TO MARRY - By May Agnes Fleming.
MY WAYWARD PARDNER. 20th 1,000.
MR. AND MRS. SPOOPENDYKE—Full of fun.

Robertson's Fifteen Cent Books.

A DAY OF FATE—By E. P. Roe.
A STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE.
A FAIR BARBARIAN—By Mrs. Burnett.
FARM FESTIVALS—By Will Carleton.
HOW IS YOUR MAN? or, Grave Y'd Insurance.
HAWKEYE TEMS—By Bob Burdette.
MRS. MAYBURN'S TWINS. Jno. Habberton.
ROSAMOND—By Mary Jane Holmes.
WORST BOY IN TOWN. Jno. Habberton.

Robertson's Twenty-Cent Books.

COUSIN MAUDE—By Mary Jane Holmes.
DRUMMING AS A FINE ART. 3rd Edition.
MY OPINIONS AND BETSY BOBBETS.
MADELINE—By Mary Jane Holmes.
QUEENIE HETHERTON—By Mrs. Holmes.
PRINCE AND PAUPER. Mark Twain.
LOVE AMONG THE GAMINS.

Robertson's Twenty-five-Cent Books.

WOMAN'S TEMPTATION. Bertha Clay.
A WIFE'S TRAGEDY—By Mrs. Fleming.
A TIGHT SQUEEZE. Adventures of a Tramp.
CURSE OF EVERLEIGH. Mrs. Pierce.
DIAMONDS—MAGGIE LEE—By Mrs. Holmes
LOVE WORKS WONDERS—By B. M. Clay.
PEERLESS CATHLEEN—By Cora Agnew.
REPENTED AT LEISURE—By B. M. Clay.
THE WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS.
UNSEEN BRIDEGROOM. M. A. Fleming.
FARM LEGENDS—By Will Carleton.
WHAT CAN SHE DO?—By Rev. E. P. Roe.

Robertson's Thirty Cent Books.

A MAD MARRIAGE—By May Agnes Fleming.
A CHANGED HEART—By Mrs. Fleming.
ALL ROUND THE HOUSE. Mrs. Beecher
A TERRIBLE SECRET—By Mrs. Fleming.
A TRAMP ABROAD—By Mark Twain.
A KNIGHT OF THE CENTURY. E. P. Roe.
A FACE ILLUMINED—By E. P. Roe.
ALL FOR HER; or St. Jude's Assistant.
A SECRET SORROW—By Mrs. Fleming.
BROWNIE'S TRIUMPH—By Mrs. Sheldon.
BETWEEN TWO LOVES—By Bertha M. Clay.
BEULAH—By Aug. Evans, author of St. Elmo.
CAMERON PRIDE—By Mary Jane Holmes.
DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT. Mrs. Holmes
DORA DEAN—By Mary Jane Holmes.
EVELYN'S FOLLY—By Mary Jane Holmes.
ESTELLA'S HUSBAND—By M. A. Fleming.
ETHELYN'S MISTAKE—By Mrs. Holmes.
EDNA BROWNING—By Mary Jane Holmes.
FAITHFUL MARGARET—By Annie Ashmore
GIVE ME THINE HEART—By A. S. Roe.
GUY EARLSCOURT'S WIFE. M. A. Fleming
HIS OTHER WIFE—By Rose Ashleigh.
HUGH WORTHINGTON—By Mrs. Holmes.
HOME LIFE IN SONG. Clips from Newspapers
HOMESTEAD ON THE HILLSIDE. Holmes.
JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE. 25th 1,000.
LENA RIVERS—By Mary Jane Holmes.
LADY LEONORA—By Annie Conkling.
MAGDALENE'S VOW—By May Agnes Fleming.
MILDRED—By Mary J. Holmes.
MEADOW BROOK—By Mary Jane Holmes.
MARIAN GREY—By Mary Jane Holmes.
MARK TWAIN'S SKETCHES.
PRIDE AND PASSION—By Mrs. Fleming.
ROSE MATHER—By Mary Jane Holmes.
SILENT AND TRUE—By May Agnes Fleming.
THE FORSAKEN BRIDE—By Mrs. Sheldon.
THE INNOCENTS ABROAD—By Mark Twain
THE DUKE'S SECRET—By Bertha M. Clay.
THE DINNER YEAR BOOK—By M. Harland.
TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE. Mrs. Holmes.
LEAVENWORTH CASE. Detective Story.
THE HEIR OF CHARLTON. M. A. Fleming.
THE BRONZE BRIDE—By M. A. Fleming.
THEY ALL DO IT—By the Danbury Newsman
WEST LAWN—By Mary Jane Holmes.
THE RECTOR'S WIFE.

Robertson's Thirty-five Cent Books.

A WONDERFUL WOMAN. M. A. Fleming.

Any of above forwarded on receipt of price, post free, to any address in Canada or U. S.

J. ROSS ROBERTSON Toronto Can.

BRICK MAKERS.

Send for **