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, there 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 Russia 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 wirh 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 much 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 graw 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 band, 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 seize 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 arme 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! 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.

The New Silks.

Every little while there is an odd little announcement through the columns of fashion journals that plain black silk has re-asserted 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 elderly 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 gros-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 formi 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 other combinations. Upon these are brocaded flower 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 undescribable 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 plushes are reappearing 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 sthe 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 these 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 woollen suits, deciding whether braiding is or is not to be, and how a cloth suit can best be made to look jaunty and becoming.

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 98 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 equable circulation means good health, and that the loss of it means bad health? Let us see. You have a headache. Your head is hot; it throbs. Your feet are icicles. 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 about 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.*

The Queen, we are 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 impecunous Royalty?

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

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 exquisine 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 this 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 urn, filled with a green dry shrub, which I subsequently learned was *gunjeh* (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 Mogen*.

Passing from this room we ascended the richly carpeted stairs, enarbored by vines, and paused 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, from 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 shutting off the windows. The effect was magnificent. There seemed to be twenty rooms instead off 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.*

Dyeing the Hair.

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 Toronto is guilty of this dyeing practise. 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.

We have 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.

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 Ikelambu, 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.

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.

Where to see the Great Trotters of New York.

(*Cincinnati Times-Star.*)

No two men in America have had more experience with fine trotting stock, and none are better judges than Calvin M. Priest, of the New York Club Stables, 28th street near Fifth avenue and Dan Mace, of the Excelsior Stables, West 29th street, New York, the champion double-team driver of the United States. Both of these gentlemen say, that for painful ailments in horses, such as cuts, bruises, swellings, lameness, stiffness, St. Jacobs Oil is superior to anything they have ever used or heard of. This is also the opinion of Prof. David Robarge, the celebrated horse-shoer of the metropolis, and thousands of stock-owners throughout the country. As a pain-cure for man and beast St. Jacobs Oil has no equal. Mr. Priest recites the case of a valuable trotter, so stiff from rheumatism, that he could not move an inch. By one thorough application of St. Jacobs Oil at night, the animal was completely cured, and was fit for the race-track the next day.

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."

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.

Stanley seems still pushing his discoveries in Equatorial Africa. If what he states may be relied on, a great field for commerce is being opened up in those fertile and thickly peopled regions. May it be so, without the usual cheating and shootings so marvellously common in the intercourse between white and black.

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 gentleman 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-batting 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 fe.

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

The most incredulous are forced to admit that for perfection in colors the Triangle Dyes have no equal. Ask for three cornered package, and see that you get it. 10 cents.

Jack Frost doesn't say anything, but he indulges in freeze peach.

THE BEST DRAFT HORSE.—M. Newgass, one of the principal extensive horse dealers of Chicago, says as follows of the grade Percheron-Normans: "Of draft horses I handle more Normans than any other breed. They are more enduring, have better feet, are finer built, more attractive, and are true to work. They are broken before they are ever harnessed. They will sell in New York, conditions being equal, for from $50 to $75 more than a Clydesdale. I advise farmers to breed their mares to Percheron-Norman horses in preference to any other breed."—*Chicago Tribune.* About 1,400 Percheron-Norman horses have been imported from France by M. W. Dunham, of Wayne, Ill., 390 of which the present season.

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

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

WHAT! LIMPING YET? Why should you go limping around when *Putnam'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 Putnam's Corn Extractor, made by Polson & Co., Kingston, for many substitutes are being offered, and it is always better to get the best. Safe, sure, painless. A.P 148

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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.

Mrs. Tennyson, it is said, has a face like the Santa Monica of Ary Scheffer.

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.

A despatch from Govi Kanuka, Japan, states that the threatre 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. 8th, 1883.

MY DEAR SUTHERLAND: Some two months since I became so 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*

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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.

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

Important.

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WELLS' WINDOW SHADE CLASP (PATENTED 1875.)

Used for holding WINDOW BLIND SHADES without rollers, pins, or cords. Saves blinds, money and patience. Looks orderly and neat. Is durable and Cheap. Retailed by all dealers everywhere. Trade supplied wholesale by the manufacturers. The TORONTO INDUSTRIAL WORKS CO., 96 Church street, Toronto.

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Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

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TRADE MARK.

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