

ROYAL LITTLE FOLKS.

The Pretty Daughters of the Princess Alexandra.

THEIR DOMESTIC LIFE.

"There is luck in odd numbers." This is the expression invariably used by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, when referring to his five children—his two boys and three girls. Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise is the most amiable of the three, and is a miniature copy of her mother. The Princess Victoria, her father's pet, has a temper of her own, impetuous, ardent, hot, smiling through tears like a sunbeam in showers, while Maude, whom Queen Victoria idolizes, has a disposition somewhat like that of her right royal grandmother. None of the Princesses fear the Queen, although everybody else has a wholesome dread of Her Most Gracious Majesty, who is as exacting as she is severe. The daughters of the Prince of Wales, after the first formal deep courtesy down to the ground is made, romp with their grandmother as they would with one of the governesses; and it is a matter of apprehension to the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, who, with the exception of the late Duchess of Sutherland—the Grand Duchesse—is most intimate with the Sovereign, when the young princesses pounce upon the Queen, and dare to pull about the ruler of an empire upon which the sun never sets. The Princess Louise is the most talented and Princess Maude the smartest. All three have a talent for languages, and are always delighted when their uncle, the Crown Prince of Denmark, is with them, as they can chat in Danish. He is said to be their prime favorite, and as they dearly love a romp, the good-tempered uncle indulges them with the *elan* of a lad of fifteen. The Princesses are all musical, inheriting this taste from their mother, who is a superb pianiste, and who never plays outside of her own immediate family circle. She is a devout follower of Rubinstein, and performs that wonderful waltz after a fashion that would have enchanted the maestro could he but have had the pleasure of hearing her play it. The Princess of Wales carefully watches the musical education of her daughters, and nearly every day, after Mademoiselle Gaynard-Paoni, the premiere pianiste of the age, who is their instructress, has concluded her lesson, she asks how each demoiselle acquitted herself. The Prince is no musician. "I leave all that sort of thing to Edinburgh," he laughs. The young Princesses having been promised a visit to the Tower of London in May last, which they were nearly crazy to see, the Rev. Tegumouth Shore, one of the Queen's chaplains, was ordered to act as their escort. "I won't go if I can't go like any other little girl," said the Princess Maude. "I hate to have great big soldiers saluting, and everybody bowing down to the ground. It's no fun, and I want to go like any other little girl." The Princess Maude carried the day, having been warmly supported by her sisters, and the happy trio did the Tower "like any other little girls," to their unbounded satisfaction. The Princesses are made to keep early hours, 5 a.m. in summer finds them out of their beds, and in flannel suits for calisthenics. Then breakfast is very simple, as much strabout, oatmeal and milk as they like to eat. No hot rolls, no heavy meats, consequently no dyspepsia. Their dinner at 2 is equally plain. A nutritious soup, a fish and a joint, with vegetables, and one pie or pudding. Their greatest dissipation is waiting up to help dress mamma for a ball. The Prince when away writes to each of the girls in turn. The writer was amused at seeing a letter, a charming, affectionate letter, too—on the envelope of which was written:

H. R. H.,
THE PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES,
A. E. SANDRINGHAM.

and although the initials of the heir to the throne were in the left-hand corner, because he had failed to attach two postage stamps inside of one, the post-office stamp 2d. for extra weight was sprangled all over the envelope. What Radical will rejoice at this! The letters from their brothers while cruising in the *Bacchaute* are always sources of unbounded delight to the young Princesses. George is the favorite, and such exclamations as "Oh, won't we have fun when George comes back! What romps we'll have with George!" were to be heard all through July, both at Marlborough House and Osborne, whither the little ladies were invited to assist at the debarkation at Cowes. The Princesses are incessant talkers. They rattle away from rosy morn to dewy eve, and the resident governesses, extremely elegant ladies, are occasionally driven to the verge of despair by the incessant prattle of these little royalities. The elder governess they call "Mam," the younger "Selie," dexterously cutting the word *mademoiselle* in two. They are admirable mimics, and every new "swell" who arrives is pretty certain to have his or her "precious weakness" admirably reproduced by these natural and charming children. They are very fond, like other children, of inspecting visitors from the regions of the staircase, and a favorite rarely escapes without some furtive recognition. When *en famille* the young princesses are always dispatched by their parents for the wraps of the guests, when the latter are about to take their departure. "Louise, run and get Lady So-and-so her cloak." "Maude, where is Mrs. —'s shawl?" "Victoria, go and find the Duchess's wrap." The Christmas pantomime is looked forward to for six months, and fondly recollected for the rest of the year. The facetiousness of the clown is admirably reproduced, while the knocks down received by the enduring and ever-amiable pantaloons are practised with scrupulous fidelity. It is after the witnessing of the pantomime that the governesses have to call upon all their reserves in order to bring under control the explosive animal spirits of these healthy young misses. The Princess of Wales dresses her daughters in the plainest possible way, calicoes, gingham, muslin and flannel being *de rigueur*. No corsets, no tightness of any kind, and as for ornaments, such as rings, earrings or bracelets, Her Royal Highness would be astounded if such an idea were so much as mooted. She is very particular about having the girls instructed in sewing, embroidery and all manner of woman's domestic work, and continually holds up her sister-in-law

Lorne as a model in that respect. Little does the passer-by imagine, as he glances up at the lightest widow of Marlborough House, that behind the blind is seated the future Queen of England, lovingly surrounded by her daughters, to whom she is reading some refined and instructive story, while her husband, his cigar in his mouth, gazes at this home-picture with a pleasure appreciated only by a father's love.

DAISY BUSH.

The Winning Telephone Girl.

There was something winning about Daisy Bush, and as she stood up at the telephone box and yelled "Hello" to some invisible creature in the dim far away the wild winter winds didn't howl in sweeter tones. Poor Daisy Bush! Here was a hard lot. Through the bitterness of misfortune she was driven to the wire, but she toiled on uncomplainingly, save when some subscriber to the company by which she was employed gave vent to righteous indignation because she did not respond as quickly as he thought she ought to, when he slammed back at him with a spirit that testified to her observation of better days, when the sun shone brightly for her, and no one was allowed to sauce her back.

Poor Daisy! Those days had fled into the deaf and dumb past, and she was adrift on the unfeeling telephone wires in search of a bare subsistence.

"Hello! hello!" rang out over the line, one crisp morning about two weeks after our story is printed.

Daisy glared at the box, but made no answer.

"I wonder what this is, and what he wants," murmured the pouting lips. "It may be that fellow around the corner who always wants the other fellow up the street; if it is, he can just wait," and the sad child of misfortune went on putting up her frugal back hair, as if there were no such things as telephones.

"Hello! hello!" shouted the customer again. But Daisy made no sign.

"It may be the fellow up the street who always wants the fellow around the corner," she mused. "I wonder which it is," and as she pondered over the question the more she was bewildered.

"What's the matter with you?" howled the voice once more. "Deaf? Can't you hear?"

"And this is fate!" muttered Daisy, rising and strolling toward the box with a languid air so natural to her.

"Hello! Hello, yourself! What's your hurry? Who are you?" she demanded in ringing tones that shook the roof of the impatient caller.

"I'm the President of the Telephone Company. Don't you know me, Daisy?" replied a meek voice, in a tone of humble beseeching.

Daisy laughed bitterly.

"Yes, I know you," she responded. "You're always calling somebody and wanting 'em quick. Now you just wait till I get ready," and Daisy shut off the connection, and hung up her receiver with a fatigued motion that showed how unfitted she was for the battle of life.

"Daisy! Daisy!" called the obnoxious President again. "I want the Secretary of the company. Please turn him on!"

But Daisy never stirred.

"Daisy!" begged the unhappy man, "Give me the Secretary, quick, that's a good girl. I must talk to him, or the company will go to smash."

Daisy laughed a hollow laugh and took a bite of an apple.

"If you will call him, Daisy, I will marry you!"

And then Daisy rattled up that Secretary until he thought every hair on his head a band of music, and all playing different tunes.

And so Daisy Bush was married and torn from rude contact with the cold world. At her request her husband made her Superintendent of Operatives, and didn't she make it warm for the other girls, driven by fate to work in a telephone office? Well, we should smile.

The Two Great Rival Statesmen.

According to the Paris correspondent of a German newspaper, M. Gambetta had only one opportunity of seeing Prince Bismarck. M. Gambetta told the correspondent that in 1867, at the time of the great exhibition in Paris, he was sitting one evening with a friend at a little table before a restaurant in the Place de l'Opera. Every seat near them was occupied. M. Gambetta, while carrying on conversation, put out his hand for his beer glass, but found that it was gone. "He has taken Hanover from you," said his friend. At this moment two men by his side—one of them a tall and imposing figure—rose and went away. "There!" said M. Gambetta's companion, "the big one—that is Bismarck; and it was he who emptied your glass. When I uttered the word Hanover he saw that he was recognized and walked off." "Since then," Gambetta said, when relating the incident, "I have had much to do with Prince Bismarck, but that was the only time I came into personal relation with him." The same correspondent says that M. Gambetta had the highest admiration for Prince Bismarck's great qualities. "So long," he declared in 1880, "as Prince Bismarck remains what he is—a man of genius—unless his health breaks down, he will be the master of Germany."

Many-Wife Thrift.

The Mormons may be knaves, but they are by no means fools. When a Utopian husband houses his numerous wives he puts the one who can be most easily dispensed with on the top floor, and if you wish to see her to discover how she enjoys the sixteenth part of a man you find this notice on the door: "Ring the top floor bell for wife number one." If you ask why number one is under the roof the reply is "Thrift, thrift, sir." The Milwaukee fire has disclosed the awful fact that those who live on the first floor are comparatively safe, while those who occupy the upper storey cannot possibly escape. The Mormon has utilized this information, and in cases of fire he loses the least valuable part of his household.

For the work of his department next year, Commissioner of Health DeWolf, of Chicago, asks the Council for \$121,527.50; the largest item being \$18,000 for 20 sanitary police, and \$6,500 for six tenement house and factory inspectors.

PECULIARLY INTERESTING.

How a Portage Man Will Make \$3,000 Out of an Investment of \$5.

A case of peculiar interest to many of those who are engaged in real estate transactions during the late boom has just been decided. The facts of the case are as follows: On or about the 16th day of Nov. 1881, Mr. John Boulbee, of Portage la Prairie (formerly of Hamilton), purchased from Messrs. Boyle & Washington, real estate brokers, also of that town, a lot on Saskatchewan avenue, the property of Mr. Ed. Shore, for the price of \$85 per foot cash, and deposited the nominal sum of \$5 to clinch the bargain. Messrs. Boyle & Washington telegraphed news of the sale to the owner, requesting that deeds should be sent. At this time, however, property was rising very rapidly in value and the following week Mr. Shore having received an offer better by some \$500 than Mr. Boulbee's, sold the lot and conveyed it to the new purchaser. Mr. Boulbee not liking to be caught in this off-hand manner, lost little time in entering an action for damages, and after pushing his cause through all the tedious prolixities of a chancery suit, eventually gained his point. The court held Shore to be guilty of a gross fraud, and adjudged the plaintiff to be entitled to damages to the extent of the difference between the price at which the lot was first sold, viz., \$85 per foot, and the highest price which would subsequently have realized. Evidence was produced before the Master in Chancery on Tuesday proving that the lot could at one time, subsequently to sale to Mr. Boulbee, have been sold at from \$180 to \$200 per foot, and accordingly this favorite of fortune will eventually receive from \$2,800 to \$3,000 as the result of his \$5 investment.—*Winnipeg Sun.*

THE FIRE RECORD.

\$60,000 Conflagration in Montreal.

A last (Thursday) night's Montreal despatch says: At about 11 o'clock this evening a fire was discovered in the premises of the City Coffee and Spice Mills, 42 Notre Dame street east, and the alarm quickly brought the Fire Brigade and police to the scene, as it was almost directly opposite the Notre Dame Hospital. The flames spread rapidly, and soon had control of the rear part of the building and communicated to the store of D. C. Brosseau, grocer, and owner of the building. When the firemen arrived the dwellers in the adjacent buildings were escaping in their night dresses. Captain Buckingham, of the Salvage Corps, asked if any residents were in the burning building, when he was told that Charles Chapleau and his wife were sleeping in the second floor. Buckingham made his way through the smoke, smashed the door, and with the help of Sergeant Richard, of the police, carried the now half-suffocated man and wife down stairs, whence they were taken to the Central Station in a nude condition. Meantime the residents from the other houses adjoining were safely lodged in the Notre Dame Hospital. The firemen then turned their attention to the houses, and the brigade had by this time arrived. A strong wind was blowing from the northwest and toward the river, threatening to do further damage. The firemen at 1 o'clock had the fire well under control. The loss will probably be \$60,000 on the building and stock. It is believed both are fully insured. The damage to Chapleau, printer, and other residents adjoining, will be great from water. At one time it was believed that Fireman Wood had been lost, but he was found afterwards on duty on the roof.

A Nice Young Lady.

Miss Hattie Crocker, who stands as the richest young lady in the United States, was dressed more simply than half the poor and ambitious girls at the ball. Miss Crocker is tall and slender, with a fine, clear complexion, blue-gray eyes and auburn hair. Her expression is one of great dignity and sweetness, and her fine, delicate features and modest and graceful bearing are indicative of anything but the supercilious and flamboyant spirit that has brought so many of these Western heiresses into a certain disfavor. Miss Crocker is one of the most natural and unaffected young girls, a devoted church member, and given to many charitable works and serious pursuits. Miss Crocker wore a short dancing dress of pink satin, with a high corsage, and drapery of white satin brocaded with daisies. The pointed neck was filled with Valenciennes lace, and the elbow sleeves ruffled with the same fine web. A single strand of large pearls encircled her throat, and the richest young lady in the United States was as quiet and pretty a picture of maidenly grace as one could wish for.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Human Hair for Carbon Filaments.

Mr. William Stanley, jun., of Bergen, New Jersey, has recently patented a mode of preparing human and other hair, preferably human, for making carbon filaments for incandescent lamps. In his patent he remarks: "It has been found that the hair of the human head is superior to that of the lower animals for making carbons for the purpose indicated, and that the hair of Chinamen gives the most satisfactory results. This is probably due to the circumstance that the hair of the Chinese, so far as it has been examined, is coarser than that of most races, and is remarkably straight and uniform in cross section."—*Electrician.*

—The editor who saw a lady making for the only empty seat in the car, found himself "crowded out to make room for more interesting matter."

—A GIDDY YOUNG COUPLE.—Mr. Samuel Grey, Township Clerk of Chingacousy, Peel county, was married to a widow named Ritchie at Mayfield a few days ago. The blooming bride is 65 years of age and the bashful bridegroom 75.

Mrs. Ah Foy is a pretty Chinese lady, but she dare not appear in the habiliments of her sex "for fear of the bad boys" of New York. She is compelled to wear man's apparel. This may seem comical, but its truth is avouched by good authority, says the *Telegram*.

"I have seen a good deal of husbands and wives in my time; and if I have any faculty of observation it has generally led to the conclusion that the happiest marriages are those in which the bride, when she comes to the altar-rails, has in the way of the world's goods precisely what she stands upright in, and no more."—*Mr. Sala.*

FLOODS IN BRITAIN.

Hurricanes and Rainfalls Extraordinary.

LOSS OF LIFE AND OTHER GREAT DAMAGE.

A London cablegram of Tuesday night's date says: The gale which commenced on Thursday night has continued, except for short intervals, and to-day it rages as fiercely as ever. Considerable damage has been done by the rainfall, which in the Provinces was excessive, and great loss has been caused, not only by the gale, but by the floods. A number of shipwrecks have been reported and some loss of life. Tidings of disaster come from all points. At Salisbury the wind was accompanied by violent rain, and there was much damage to property. The low-lying lands were flooded. The gale has continued with great violence throughout the east and north. At York, on Saturday, snow fell six inches on the wolds; floods covered the outlying districts; large trees were uprooted, sheep were drowned or strayed and farm buildings were blown down. The sea defences at Bridlington were much damaged. A huge wall of brick and masonry at Driffield was overturned. At Preston walls were blown down, and chimney stacks were blown through the roofs of houses. At Fleetwood, which seemed to be directly in the region of the cyclonic disturbance, the gale was felt most severely. A large chimney fell, demolishing a building. At Chorley some buildings sustained great damage, and a chimney thirty yards high was blown down. At Chester the wind had the force of a hurricane. Snow fell during the morning, and chimney stacks were overturned. At Weston a church tower was damaged and haystacks blown over. The Irish mails were delayed, and passengers across the Channel experienced most tempestuous weather. Snow fell for several hours on Saturday in North Wales, succeeded by a heavy downpour of rain. The rivers overflowed their banks. The low-lying country in the central and western parts of Ireland, particularly Tipperary and Queen's counties, were inundated. At Waterford on Saturday night great damage was done to property; several old houses were blown down, and the harbor was crowded with vessels seeking shelter. At Ennis the principal streets are flooded, the river Fergus having overflowed its banks; the main thoroughfare looks like a canal, and all business is suspended. The effects of the storm in the neighborhood of Enniskillen have been very great, and much damage has been done to the town. The waters of Lough Erne reached a great height, and the river Dce overflowed its banks. In the vale of Llangollen many acres of land have been submerged. The inmates of the houses flooded by the waters had to leave their homes and find places of safety. In the country districts trees were uprooted and thousands of acres laid under water. In Birmingham a phenomenal darkness prevails and some of the streets are strewn with debris. In North Staffordshire the rivers along the Trent valley and Churnet valley overflowed in some places and miles of land are submerged at Newbury. At Kennet valley and Wakefield rain has fallen in torrents, accompanied by very high winds, during the night and this morning; the lower parts of the valley have been inundated and the waters are still rising. The River Calder overflowed its banks, and the lower floors of some of the large grain warehouses and malt kilns have been flooded. A terrific gale swept over the Lower Severn valley last night. Large tracts of land are inundated. At Cardiff the storm continues and several fresh casualties are reported. In the Bristol Channel a steamer is said to have gone down with all hands off Porthcawl. There is much delay in telegraphic communication between Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Scotland and Ireland.

NEWS FROM ROME.

Missions to the Papal See—Matrimonial

M. Bouteneff, the Russian diplomat who signed the articles of agreement between Russia and the Vatican, was received for the first time by the Pope on New Year's Day.

The English newspapers are at fault concerning Mr. Errington's visit to Rome. The *Moniteur de Rome*, the new pontifical organ, says that Errington represents nobody but himself.

The Pope has granted a plenary indulgence for pilgrims to Lourdes for the year 1883. It is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the appearance of the apparition of the Blessed Virgin in the grotto.

Count Domenico Antonelli, nephew of the late Cardinal, was married this morning to Mary Maachi, Countess of Cellere. The Duke of Fiano and Prince of Serignano were witnesses.

A committee has been appointed by the Holy Father for the revision of the Greek-Ruthenian liturgy. The President will be Mgr. Sembratowicz, a learned Oriental prelate. Ruthenian clergy received this news with great joy.

The Importance of Reading Before Signing.

An amusing anecdote reaches us from a village in the Indre et Loire, where a quarrel has been raging between the Mayor and the local schoolmaster. The latter was recently summoned to appear before the Prefect of the department, to whom he complained of the Mayor's negligence. In proof of this he showed an official report, written by himself, and containing the following passage: "We have no case of hydrophobia or madness to report, unless it be that of the Mayor and corporation, who are idiots and raving madmen." The Mayor signed and stamped the document without reading it, little dreaming that it would be used as evidence against himself with the Prefect.

—The following advertisement which appeared in the Milwaukee papers just before the great Newhall fire reads now like irony:

NEWHALL HOUSE, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—J. F. Antisdel & Son, proprietors. Great reduction in rates. Rooms and board \$3, \$2.50 and \$3 per day. Bako & Dwight's patent fire escape provides means of exit from every floor in case of emergency. The hotel employees are kept in training as a fire department on every floor, and every floor is supplied with water and hose.

COUNTY OF ONTARIO!

Sittings of Division Courts for 1883.

Published by order of the General Sessions.

WHITBY.—Jan. 2, Feb. 1, Mar. 1, Apr. 2, May 1, June 1, July 3, Sept. 1, Oct. 2, Nov. 1, Dec. 1.
BROUHAM.—May 2, July 4, Sept. 3, Nov. 2.
DUFFIN'S CREEK.—Jan. 3, Mar. 2, Nov. 2.
PORT FRARY.—Feb. 12, Mar. 19, May 7, June 12, July 31, Sept. 3, Nov. 5, Dec. 10.
UXBRIDGE.—Feb. 13, Mar. 20, May 8, June 19, Sept. 4, Nov. 6, Dec. 11.
CANNINGTON.—Feb. 14, Mar. 21, May 9, June 20, Sept. 5, Dec. 12.
BEAVERTON.—Feb. 15, Mar. 22, June 21, Sept. 6, Dec. 14.
UPPERMERVE.—Mar. 23, June 22, Sept. 7, Dec. 14.

By order, JNO. E. FAREWELL,
Whitby, Jan. 1, 1883. Clerk of the Peace.

Worth their Weight in Gold.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

THIS INCOMPARABLE MEDICINE has secured for itself an imperishable fame throughout the world for the alleviation and cure of most diseases to which humanity is heir.

THE PILLS

purify, regulate and improve the quality of the blood. They assist the digestive organs, cleanse the

STOMACH AND BOWELS,

increase the secretory powers of the liver, brace the nervous system and throw into the circulation the purest elements for sustaining and repairing the frame.

Thousands of persons have testified that by their use alone they have been restored to health and strength, after every other means had proved unsuccessful.

THE OINTMENT

will be found invaluable in every household in the cure of Open Sores, Hard Tumours,

BAD LEGS, OLD WOUNDS, COUGHS

Colds, Sore Throats, Bronchitis, and all disorders of the Throat and Chest, as also Gout, Rheumatism, Scrofula, and every kind of Skin Disease. Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford St. (late 53 Oxford St.) London, and sold at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 12s., 22s., and 38s. each Box and Pot, and in Canada 12 cents, 20 cents, and 30 cents, and the larger sizes in proportion.

CAUTION.—I have no Agent in the United States, nor are my Medicines sold there. Purchasers should therefore look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 633 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DYSPEPSIA, DROPSY, INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, JAUNDICE, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEADACHE, HEARTBURN, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, AND every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

F. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

TRADE MARK. GRAY'S TRADE MARK.



Before Taking THE After Taking.

—GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY—

An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a consequence of Self-Abuse; as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity, consumption and a premature grave. Full particulars are in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. THE SPECIFIC MEDICINE is sold by all druggists at 25 cents per package, or six packages for \$2.50, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money, by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE Co., Toronto, Ont.

HAYWARDS YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

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

The Woodville Advocate.

JOS. J. CAVE, PROPRIETOR. OFFICE—KING STREET, WOODVILLE, ONT.