

MARRIED LIFE.

Some Plain Talk on Failures in Connubial Blessedness and Their Cause.

"You will only regret it once, and that will be all your life," is the congratulatory boon companions often tender to a young man on the approach of his marriage; and though his companions may be ready enough to follow his example, each flattering himself that he is to be the happy exception to the above prediction, yet matrimonial bliss, apart from each one's own case, seems hard to reach.

That marriage, so fitted by nature to confer happiness on mankind, often turns out a lamentable failure—a huge mistake—needs scarcely be stated; but marriage in itself contains all the elements to the securing of that quota of happiness allotted to mortals here below.

Hasty marriages are generally predicted failures, and though they need not necessarily turn out so, yet, if unhappiness follows such acts, where so much is left to chance, it need hardly surprise any one. But many marriages which are not hasty—where courtship has extended over even years—do not confer on those so united that happiness which was fondly hoped for; nay, often, fall to bring even contentment, but are rather a heavy yoke, which is at all times irksome, and often almost unbearable. Failing to have discovered the true disposition of each other is one cause why there are so many unhappy unions.

The first class of marriages may be dismissed with what has been said, but surely in the second there must be errors of conduct, the removal or toning down of which would lead to greater happiness than in many cases prevails. In a well-assorted union, the first year of married life is generally the most trying. Either party may start by expecting too much of the other, forgetting that life is a real and earnest business, and that time ought to be more profitably employed than in always making tender speeches or indulging in a gushing fondness. These expectations or tendencies are sure to result in disappointment and vexation, but they are errors that will be quickly got over. The kindly tone and tender look in all intercourse, the constant endeavor to please and gratify, and the ever ready sympathy, will early be recognized as the fruits of a true affection, and be received in loving sympathy by a kindred sentiment.

The change of manners which is often noticeable after wedlock seems to be one of the causes of unhappy marriages. There is, and unquestionably ought to be, much greater freedom of manners between husband and wife than between lovers; but as unquestionably respect for each other to be an absence of respect for one another's feelings, opinions or evenrotchets, where such may exist. The husband should show his respect for his wife's judgment and sympathy, by explaining to her, at least in outline, his business affairs or professional prospects. Nothing will wound a wife more than a carelessness, though it be only apparent, of her sympathy; and many a well-meaning husband, anxious to spare his wife annoyance, or it may be pain, will raise a feeling of distrust in her breast by hiding from her the cause of his irritability or preoccupation. The wife, on her part, should lend interest and sympathy to the discussion, and never affect or show indifference. Life cannot be expected to be free from cares, or every-day affairs to flow always smoothly. A man in business, or engaged in professional duties, will find much to try, much to worry and annoy him. In most cases the irritability, or at least a feeling of languor, will cling to him in spite of himself; and where there is a want of proper sympathy between husband and wife, on arriving home, instead of the affairs of the day being talked over in a way calculated to smooth the ruffled temper, if not restore cheerfulness, the wife's indifference or his own carelessness of her anxiety may seal his lips, and leave his irritability ready to break out in reproaches on the most trivial occasion. His wife's temper is sure to suffer, and pride is ever ready to step in and widen the gulf which this habit may soon enough render all but impassable.

Of stubbornness, standing on one's rights, and such like, nothing need be said. Their effect in every-day life will prove the evil consequences of their presence in a household. How many an unseemly altercation would be avoided by one party being able to refrain from indulging in reproach and calmly placing the affair in dispute in its true or best light before the other! Estrangements and distrusts might never arise could husband and wife form the habit of yielding cherished pleasures to the unexpressed wish of the other. The want of this self-discipline is the bitter cause of many a matrimonial separation.

Sympathy once broken, unlovable qualities are not slow in developing themselves. Cynicism is too often affected, and sneering indulged in, to belie the sobbing of the heart; and thus become apparently such prominent traits of character that belief in better qualities is well-nigh impossible; for as it is much easier to believe in appearances than to arrive at a knowledge of the true motives of the actions of others, if we are judged at our own showing we have little reason to complain.

It is well for a young man to remember that after marriage he cannot retain the freedom of a bachelor with the benefits of a settled home. He has serious and responsible duties to perform; has to secure the comfort and well-being of the woman who has confided her happiness to his care, to seek her sympathy and confidence, to avoid neglect, or the seeming to prefer, much more the preferring, the company of others to hers; to contribute to her intellectual culture, to ease her burdens, and in all things to be her guide and support. He must bear in mind that the society of those who were his companions in youth and early manhood must now be enjoyed at his own home, and that the hunting for pleasure in his former haunts will leave a dearth of it at his own fireside. Duties, professional or business gatherings, will call him away often enough, but of these absences no real wife will complain. Pleasure parties which are unsuitable for his wife are equally unsuitable to him. In all things, though not in all places, she is his companion—the companion of his joys, of his sorrows, of his hopes and of his fears.

—A young lady threw down her book in disgust when she read in Carlyle, "Never; or hardly ever."

Will She Walk?

Will most of the fashionable New York girls, now that spring has come, take a three-mile walk every fine morning from end to end of Central Park?

No. They will not. Why not? Because most fashionable New York girls are not now made to go on foot.

Why so? Because their artificial heels are too high and their real heels, toes and ankles too weak to carry them so far.

How will they get through the park? They will be hauled through the park by prancing steeds in covered carriages, which shall keep the sun's impertinent rays from damaging their complexions.

What else would the sun do if they allowed it to shine upon them a little?

It would get into them and go through their skins into their blood and from thence into their delicate and lovely bones. It would enrich their blood, tone up their nerves, strengthen their muscles, stiffen their bones and make them elastic their beautiful joints.

How will these poor helpless girls try to get at this needed tonic into them which the orb of day is ready to give without money and without price?

By taking pills and powders at \$5 per doctor's visit.

How many out of the thousands of young ladies of leisure in New York could have been found walking in Central Park yesterday?

Perhaps fifty. How many on horseback? Perhaps 100.

Where were the rest?

They were at home, breathing maybe sewer gas, or carpet and bric-a-brac dust, or they were on Broadway, or on Fourteenth street breathing "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning" dust, or they were shopping in close, stuffy stores, breathing dry goods dust, or they were packed in air-conditioned street cars, breathing all sorts of dust.

What may be seen on any fine day in the public gardens of Vienna and Berlin?

There may be seen many elegantly dressed ladies sitting for hours under the trees or in the sunshine, sewing, knitting or reading.

And then?

And then, at 4 or 5 o'clock, they dine at another garden in the open air, while a large orchestra pours through trumpets and bugles and fiddles and flutes music into their ears, and all about visions of flowers, shrubbery, trees, statues and fountains are poured into their eyes, while they leisurely place the foaming Columbar or Pilsner, with the nourishing kalbfleisch or wiener schnitzel, within reach of their digestive apparatus.

And how do they look?

They seem robust and healthy, and the bloom on their cheeks looks as if it had artuok in and had come to stay.

And why are they thus robust and healthy?

Because they live so much out of doors and breathe pure air, and pure air is pure life and pure food.

Well, what is the matter with us that makes 800 people die in one week in New York?

Maybe it is because, as Dr. Hamilton said in his lecture the other night, that "science does not keep pace with civilization," and maybe because our closely built, crammed together civilization, knocks down more pins than it sets up, and sends so many of us to Greenwood Cemetery, which, during the past year, according to the annual report, has shown such cheering and gratifying evidences of prosperity through the sale of the narrow houses prepared for all the living.—New York Graphic.

How an Empty Stomach Saved a Life.

No regiment from New Hampshire suffered more in action than the 12th, and a narrower squeak for life than that of Capt. —but better known as Elder—Durgin is not often recorded. In one of the many engagements that the 12th participated in he was struck by a bullet, which literally bored a hole through him just above the stomach. He fell amid a heap of killed and wounded, and was left for dead on the field. A column of the enemy advancing with a quick step moved directly over the ground, and as they were marching by, he was barely able to make a motion sufficient to attract the attention of a Confederate captain, who stopped, looked at him pityingly, and said: "Poor fellow, you are booked through. I can't help you, but I'll at least put you out of the way of further harm," so, suiting the action to the words, he took him tenderly in his arms, carried him some distance one side, and placed him in a sitting posture, with his back against a tree. This saved his life, as he was shortly afterward found, treated for his wound, and ultimately recovered. The surgeon said that had he had his breakfast that morning he would assuredly have been killed. Thirty-six hours' abstinence, being short of rations, had contracted the stomach and saved his life. So the elder lives, and is the life of the annual reunions.—Manchester (N. H.) Mirror.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF has finally resigned as Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs. Old age and poor health have had a stubborn man to conquer, but have triumphed. He is 84 years old, and has been in active official service 53 years, beginning as Secretary of the Russian Embassy at London in 1824. He served as Minister at nearly every European court, and represented Russia in the famous Vienna conferences of 1856. In 1856 he became Foreign Minister. His greatest single act was his bold circular of 1870 setting at defiance the treaty of 1856, which closed the Crimean war. He thus opened the way for the Russo-Turkish conflict of 1876-'77-'78, ending with the celebrated Berlin Conference, where were gathered the greatest diplomats of Europe. Gortschakoff must be ranked with Bismarck, Disraeli, Andrassy and Gambetta.

—A scientist says that few people know that in bad seasons honey is apt to be poisonous; that is when flowers are scarce, the bees are obliged to gather it from poisonous flowers.

Von Molike has gone to Switzerland, and rumor says he is examining the passes in the Alps through which the French will have to go in case of certain military possibilities.

CROMWELL'S HEAD.

The Protector's Cranium as it is Preserved To-day.

It is not generally known that the embalmed head of Oliver Cromwell is extant. Some few years since, at any rate, it was said to be in the possession of Mr. Horace Wilkinson, of Sevenoaks, Kent. It was then in good preservation, and its phrenological aspect presented several striking peculiarities. Thus the length, from the forehead to the back of the head, is quite extraordinary—far greater than in ordinary men. The forehead or frontal portion, is low, but very broad; the orbits of the eyes are very large, the cheek-bones and the bridge of the nose are high and the lower jawbone, which is ordinarily curved, is short, straight and forming a right angle with its point of insertion. The head is one indicating a brain (which is but an instrument of the mind) of great activity and great capacity, corresponding with the remark of Cromwell's Secretary, who said that "it was at once a shop and a storehouse." From its being embalmed, such flesh as remains on it is of the consistency of hard brown leather. The eyebrows meet in the middle, and between them was a small wart, and now worn away—one of those which Cromwell, when sitting for his portrait, ordered the painter on no account to omit representing, as his duty was not to flatter in any way, but paint what he saw exactly. In life his complexion was fresh, and of the one known as salmon colored. The hair, which was of a fairish or reddish tinge, has mostly been cut off, and the beard is now stained brown by the embalming fluid, and drawn under the chin, where, when it was exposed on the top of Westminster Hall, it was tied close to the spear-head which had been run through and mounted on it. Several teeth remain and the eyelids, but the brain was removed during the embalming process.—Dublin Times.

Fecular Steerage Passengers.

Time, 2 p. m. Scene—Castle Garden. Enter R. C. Antoine Pommeret leading a huge bear, followed by seven comrades each leading a bear. Both bears and men were steerage passengers on the steamship Chateau Leoville, from Bordeaux.

Custom-house officer appearing from L. accosts first ruffian—Hold on, you'll have to pay duty on those bears.

Antoine—Me no got ze monnaie, so you take ze bears.

Officer—No, no! Don't leave the creatures here; they will eat us up.

Antoine—Ah, oui; zay will not eat like ze cannibal. No necessaire for frighten; ze animals are perfectamenta tame. See I put my hand in ze mouth.

Officer—No, no. You cannot leave them here; we have no place for them. Take them away from here.

The eight Frenchmen with their eight bears then marched in single file into the rotunda, and after the name, age, birth-place, destination and occupation had been taken, they filed out of Castle Garden up Broadway, toward Baxter street. Pedestrians seemed only too anxious to give them right of way, and either crossed the crowded thoroughfare or took refuge in the doorways. Pommeret said it was absurd that anybody should be frightened at the animals, as they were perfectly tame. They were not to be used for exhibition, but would be employed in the West for drawing small carts, as they had been trained to do that work.—N. Y. Tribune.

How Queen Victoria Travels.

Of Queen Victoria's journey to France the London World says: "Though the strictest privacy characterized the embarkation of Her Majesty in the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, yet the Queen showed that the recent attempt on her life has not in any way rendered her nervous. When cheered at a public railway crossing at Portsmouth Her Majesty rose from her seat in the saloon carriage and bowed her acknowledgments from both windows. Since the death of the Prince Consort the Queen has positively refused to be received with royal salutes. The run from Portsmouth to Cherbourg was most enjoyable, the water being almost as still as a millpond. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice promenaded the deck and spoke to both officers and seamen, the Queen, when in her yacht, showing a disinclination to ceremonious observances. While Her Majesty was in the pavilion a pretty little bird flew on to the quarter-deck, and after eating a few crumbs, thrown to it by the Princess Beatrice and one or two of the officers and members of the royal suite, went forward and made friends with some of the crew, returning to the pavilion, where it was caught by command of the Queen, who sent it back in the yacht to Windsor Castle, proposing to keep the bird as a memento of her pleasant voyage."

Oiling the Waves.

The ship Airline, of the Dundee Clipper Line, arrived in the Tay the other day from Calcutta with a load of dye. Captain Foreman reports that on the 28th February the ship encountered a terrific gale, which lasted four days. For an hour and a half the vessel lay on her beam ends, and in order to save the ship the master decided on trying to ally with oil the violence of the sea, which was running mountains high. A number of bags were filled with oil, and the bags having been perforated, so as to allow the oil to escape gradually, were towed for forty-eight hours to windward. Captain Foreman reports the experiment to have been eminently successful, the water in the immediate vicinity of the vessel becoming "quite smooth." A big mountainous wave would have been seen bearing down on the ship, and when about two ships' lengths or so from the vessel, when it came amongst the oil, it would suddenly fall. Had it not been for the oil experiment, the captain is of opinion that if the vessel had not altogether foundered, she would have had her decks cleared and sustained considerable damage.

Rev. Dr. Bevan, of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York, who is about to return to London, has just received a pleasant farewell gift from his parishioners. It takes the form of a purse of over \$6,000, contributed by members of his congregation.

OUT ON THE PRAIRIES.

Illusions as to Winnipeg Wages Exposed.

PAPER MONEY, SPECULATION, BLIZZARDS

Five hundred persons belonging to Millbrook, Peterboro, recently left for the Northwest.

There is a great dearth of school teachers in Manitoba, and high salaries are offered to qualified teachers.

Messrs. E. & C. Gurney, of Hamilton, are doubling the capacity of their warehouse in Winnipeg. They are importing a number of brickmaking machines.

Mr. Walter Buchan, late of Durham, recently sold his farm there and started for Manitoba. Before reaching there, however, he lost the balance of his reason and had to be detained in an asylum at St. Paul.

A private letter from Emerson, Man., says at a funeral a few days ago, during the snow blockade, the corpse was pushed or drawn over the snow for nearly two miles, to reach the cemetery, as it was impossible for horses to get through the drifts.

A Winnipeg report says: Mr. R. Brown sold east half of section 25, township 11, range 22 west, and south half of section 85, township 13, range 23 west, and northeast quarter of section 19, township 11, range 23 west, at \$5 per acre, cash, to Mr. William Walker, of Brantford. Also resold for Mr. Walker east half of section 22, township 11, range 22 west, for \$6 per acre, to Mr. J. Hutchison, Woodstock. Also sold lots 750 and 751 Pritchard street to Mr. J. Hay, of Listowel, for \$400 each.

Thirty men, with teams, have arrived at Winnipeg from the woods twenty-eight miles north of Whitemouth, where they had been cutting saw-logs for Stubbs' mill. The cause of their breaking up camp was want of provisions. For a week previously to their starting for the city they had had only flour, molasses and tea; and for five days they had had neither hay nor oats for their horses. The hay which had been used for the men's beds was all devoured; also the refuse which had been lying around the yard, when the party left the camp. The men say that another camp, twelve miles north of the place where they were working, will break up soon.

Mr. James Gillies, stonecutter, late of Toronto, writing from Winnipeg, says: Carpenters in Toronto will be thinking they will make their fortune here if they come up and get the wages that I see stated in the Toronto papers. I read in one yesterday that carpenters were going to strike for \$7 per day, but that is all stuff, as they have given up all ideas of striking, as there are too many of them here just now. The rates of wages going now are: good carpenters, \$3; hammer and saw men, \$2.50; stonecutters, \$3.50 to \$4; bricklayers, from \$3 to \$3.50. These will go up once the buildings get started. Laborers got \$2 to \$2.50. Board runs from \$5 to \$7. Some boarders have to put up with a good deal of inconvenience. Two young fellows I know have to sleep on a stretcher, and they are the only ones out of fourteen that are above the floor. The rest have to do the best they can in a room of about 12 x 12, which has not been swept out since the house was built. The boom in town lots has burst for the present. The auction rooms are deserted, and few sales are reported.

THE PLOT OF RASCALS. Interpreters who Swindled Italian Railway Laborers.

A FATAL RIOT.

A despatch from Fort Plains, N.Y., says: Four hundred Italians who have been working here on the West Shore Railroad congregated around the Zeoler House, where the contractor is stopping, and commenced stoning and firing into the house. The Grand Army post dispersed the rioters, but not before they did considerable damage to the Zeoler House. None of the inmates were seriously injured. Some of the Italians were shot and wounded by the inmates.

To-day we have this telegram from the scene: One of the Italians concerned in the riot on Saturday was fatally wounded. Ten others were hurt. Many officers and citizens narrowly escaped, and several were injured. The trouble is attributed to Rose and Chase, interpreters, who were given money to buy food for the hungry Italians until the pay rolls were made out, but who, it is alleged, pocketed the money, told the Italians that they would get no pay, and advised them to kill the contractors. Rose and Chase escaped. The Italians threatened vengeance on them. Arrangements have been made to feed the Italians until they are paid. No further trouble is feared.

Venner's Prognostications.

The year 1882, with its Monday Christmas, has already commenced badly. Its long list of life and property destruction nearly everywhere is anything but cheering. The outlook for a healthy season—after such a season—is but a forlorn one, whilst, as we regard it, the agricultural outlook is of a still more formidable character.

A premature spring has never done a good turn yet, but many a bad one. Rapidly growing vegetation under the invigorating heat of the spring sun is a joyous picture when seasonable, but when this is in progress in a period which experience teaches us has to be followed by frosty and generally unfavorable weather, the picture, on the contrary, becomes a sad one.

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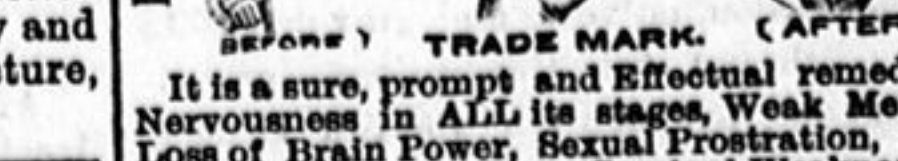
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