

FREMONITORY DREAMS.

Incidents related in Real Life that may be claimed to discount Fiction.

"One of the most remarkable occurrences I ever heard of was related to me this morning," remarked a broker in Boston, the other day. "I have heard of a good many wonderful dreams, but this has some features about it which border on the marvellous."

"What is the story?" queried another broker, whose business was apparently dull enough to allow him plenty of time to study the miraculous, since he had almost forgotten how to buy and sell.

"Well, replied the first speaker, "I was told by a leading city hall official, whose trustworthiness is undoubted, that a daughter of the late Harvey Jewell (who was so well and favorably known in Boston in legal and business circles, and was a brother to the late Marshall Jewell) had recently a very queer and unusual experience and one calculated to make a deep impression upon the strongest mind. Some weeks ago she had a dream in which she distinctly saw an undertaker drive up to her residence with a hearse. He was a peculiar looking man. His queerly-shaped nose, which looked as if it had been broken and was twisted on one side, gave his countenance an expression which would have made identification easy and certain. He came directly toward her, and, as he said 'Are you all ready?' she suddenly awoke.

"The dream seemed a peculiar one, but did not attract very much attention in the household until a few days or a week later it was repeated, with exactly the same characteristics, down to the 'Are you all ready?' and the awaking.

"And now comes the strangest part of the story. Some little time afterward the young lady was visiting in Cincinnati, and went to an apartment hotel to call upon a friend. She stepped into the elevator with others, and was startled to hear 'Are you all ready?' from the man in charge. She was still more startled on looking around and beholding the exact picture of the man of the dream, even to the mis-shapen nose. It made such an impression upon her mind that she requested to be let out of the elevator at the first landing. She stepped out and the other occupants went out at the next landing, and the man remained. The elevator machinery gave out; suddenly the car went up, and then down, and the man was instantly killed.

"You have all heard of the warning of dreams. All I can say is this is the first well-authenticated case I have ever known, and if it does not border on the supernatural I do not know what does. It was a good way to restore one's peace of mind, but a most remarkable sequel."

Philip Hart, a notion dealer in Trenton, N. J., has been missing since last Thursday. He left for New York on that morning, and has not returned. His wife tells a singular story, writes a correspondent of the New York Times. She says her husband was in the habit of going to New York every month to pay bills for goods and to order new lots. He always stopped at the house of his parents, in Greenwich street, near the Cortlandt street ferry. When he left home Thursday morning, at 7.30 o'clock, he had in his possession \$140. He reached his parents home in New York at 9.30 and remained there until two o'clock in the afternoon. It was his intention then to go and pay his bill, and he asked his sister to accompany him. She was feeling unwell and did not go, and he then left. This was the last seen of him. He had a sister living in Seventy-seventh street, whom he intended to visit, and as he did not come back to his parents' house on Thursday night, they concluded that he had staid at her house. Next day a member of the family visited the sister and found that he had not been there.

The most singular thing about the whole affair is the part two dreams play in the matter. Both the wife in Trenton and the sister in Greenwich street, in New York, dreamed on Thursday night that they saw the missing man on a bridge, with a railing on one side of it, struggling with another man, and saw him fall off, while the other man ran away. Mrs. Hart described her dream in a vivid manner. She said she had no uneasiness about her husband's going away when he left, as he had been in the habit for the past three or four years of going to New York every month. But on Thursday night about midnight she says she had the dream. She saw him on the bridge plainly, saw his face, and saw the man he was struggling with. The dream distressed her so that she woke up and slept very little the rest of the night. Next day she felt depressed all day and looked forward anxiously for the hour when he was expected to arrive at home. He was to have left Jersey City at about 7 o'clock and was looked for at home by 9. When this hour arrived and he did not come the wife grew more uneasy, but thought he would be back on the midnight train, and she sat up waiting. As he did not come she sat up till 3 in the morning, and lay down on a lounge, but slept very little. In the morning a telegram came from his sister in New York, asking if he had arrived at home. In great suspense than ever she sent back a telegram that he had not, and at once started for New York. When she arrived at his parents' house, the sister of the missing man without knowing anything about Mrs. Hart's dream, related her own dream. When she had finished and Mrs. Hart told her dream both were astounded, the dreams were almost identical, even to the railing on the bridge. The New York police are endeavoring to find some trace of him. His wife thinks he has been murdered for his money.

Already we have had cases of small-pox and other contagious diseases brought into the Province by immigrants. Can nothing be done by arrangement between the Dominion and Provincial Governments whereby proper and efficient immigrant inspection can be carried out? What is our newly-created Provincial Board of Health doing to bring united action about?

And now we are fairly into the season for sports. Races, boating, cricket, baseball, lacrosse, lawn-tennis, and a half-dozen other games, all have their devotees. We hope the young fellows may all enjoy themselves this summer, but warn them against making any form of amusement a regular profession, or allowing it to take up the time that should be devoted to other matters.

The Marquis and the Dominion.

The session of the Dominion Parliament has been closed, and that Parliament prorogued quite a week ago. The usual ceremonies were varied by the presentation of a special address to the Governor-General, who is about to leave us. In it there was expressed our sense of the interest which the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise have always shown in the welfare and extension of Canada, and the care, assiduity, and diligence which our present Governor-General has exhibited in attending to the duties of his high position. Gracful allusion was also made to the patronage which both the Marquis and Princess have shown to Literature and Art in our young and growing country. The address had been accompanied in the Commons by able and appreciative speeches from the leaders of both the Government and Opposition sides of the House, and is well-known to express the heartfelt sentiment of the whole Dominion. The Governor-General's reply was exceptionally good, and he sums up our constitutional advantages in the following pithy manner:

A judicature above suspicion, self-governing communities entrusting to a strong central Government all national interests, the toleration of all faiths with favor to none, a franchise recognizing the rights of labor by the exclusion only of the idler, the maintenance of a Government not privileged to exist for any fixed term, but ever susceptible to the change of public opinion and ever open, through a responsible Ministry, to the scrutiny of the people—these are the features of our rising power.

He is able to say regarding himself and the Princess:

In asking you to accept my gratitude, I thank you also for your words regarding the Princess, whose affection for Canada fully equals mine. It will be my pride and duty to aid you in the future to the utmost of my power. Now that the pre-arranged term of our residence among you draws to its end, and the happiest five years I have ever known are nearly spent, it is my fortune to look back on a time during which all domestic discord has been avoided, our friendship with the great neighboring Republic has been sustained, and an uninterrupted prosperity has marked the advance of the Dominion.

His closing aspiration will find an echo in the heart of all our readers:

I thank you once more for your words, which shall be dear to me forever, and may the end of the term of each public servant who fills with you the office which constitutes him at once your chief magistrate and the representative of a united empire be a day for pronouncing in favor of a free national Government defended by such Imperial alliance.

The Irish Question.

It was a most laughable suggestion sent by the correspondent of one of the New York papers all the way from St. Petersburg—situated this time in a saloon in the basement of a printing office on Broadway—that the Russian Government were about to offer to send a large portion of the disaffected Irish population to the Afghanistan frontier. Doubtless the joke was an American way of contrasting the Russian and Irish questions. Both are vexed ones. But the former admits of solution along the lines laid down by history in the case of other constitutionally governed communities. The latter requires for its solution new endeavors for which there are no precedents. If the state of Ireland is not known in the world it will not be the fault of her sons. It is a pity that they could not point out some common-sense way by which they can be remedied. It will never come by the way of agrarian murder and cowardly assassination. Another of the Phoenix Park murderers has gone the way of all the earth during this week, and soon that cowardly deed will have been fully avenged.

But the state of Ireland is gradually becoming better. Very few agrarian murders are now reported. Here and there the repression of Crimes Act is being pretty severely enforced, and newspapers and travellers are brought within its strict provisions pretty sharply, and sometimes unjustly, but upon the whole its effect is pretty good. If agitation is to be carried on, by all means let it be constitutional. The hopes of Ireland's best friends lie in that direction. One can only hope, for the exertions of her so-called friends are very eccentric. In the British Parliament the Irish party are voting with the Tories—their sworn enemies—and against the Whigs who have proved themselves their sincere friends. In the United States the Irish Party are being courted by both political parties, and is metaphorically "breathing out slaughter" against Britain, whilst in our own Dominion we see the mouths of our great political parties shut, and those of our leading organs as well, by the existence here of an Irish Party. Could greater proof be needed of the sins of the fathers being visited upon the children, even to the fourth generation?

Enthusiastic Commander Cheyne lectured the other night in the Toronto Grand Opera house on his scheme for getting to the North Pole by means of balloons. The Lieutenant-Governor did well to get him to say a few words on the Hudson Bay route, if for nothing but to keep that question before the public. There can be little doubt that the summer route by Hudson Bay to Liverpool, will, within the next ten years, be the one by which the greater part of the overland freight from Japan and China will be carried, as well as the overplus products of the greater Canada in our own North-West. It is of importance that the capabilities and possibilities of that route should be tested. For that purpose Hudson Bay should be thoroughly explored, and its difficulties and advantages for navigation made known. Fort Churchill or some other port near the mouth of the Nelson will be one of our greatest sea ports within half a century. In this connection lies the value of this disputed territory about which we have had so much talk lately in our party papers. Could not our Ontario Government send out an exploring party to give us a correct account of all about and beyond the Height of Land?

Another fool nearly sent to his account by trying to walk along the wires of the Suspension Bridge. Who is worst? the man that tries such a thing, or the unconstructed moon-calves that goes to see the performance? We think the latter.

PERSONALITIES.

Pithy Paragraphs about Prominent People.

Prince Hanou, son of the Grand Duke of Hesse, has been declared bankrupt in Prague.

The house of William Penn in Philadelphia is to be taken down and erected again at West Fairmount Park.

The only known survivors in this country of the six hundred who made the charge at Balaklava are Mr. R. V. Gurney, of New York city, and Mr. Charles H. McKenzie.

"I know you," said King Theodore of Abyssinia to the English. "First you send a missionary; then you send a consul to look after the missionary; then you send an army to look after the consul."

Professor Johnson, of Trinity College, refusing an anodyne when he was dying, said, "I prefer in making the passage into paradise to go with my eyes open," and displayed a playful humor and cheerfulness to the end.

The wife of Sir John Rose, who twenty-five years ago was a Canadian lawyer, and is to-day a baronet, a knight of the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, and a millionaire, was an American lady named Temple.

A picture of Miss Ellen D. Hale, daughter of Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, called "An Italian Boy," has been accepted for the Paris Salon. It's painter has since been lying at death's door, and her father and mother, on the way to her, are still at sea, ignorant of her recovery.

Prince Gortschakoff has left copious memoirs behind him, dealing with both political and private affairs. If his sons propose to publish their father's reminiscences, they will do well to put themselves and their property out of the reach of the Russian Government. Prince Dolgorouky is believed to have received a large sum (half a million roubles, it is said) during her recent visit to St. Petersburg as a consideration for the surrender of the letters and papers of the late Czar.

The Duke of Argyll is a very hard man with his tenants. It is said that, strictly speaking, his land never did belong to him literally, but was the property of a clan over which his ancestors held political but not proprietary rights, and which clan little by little was converted into tenants at will, numbers being driven away and their holdings converted into sheep farms. A Mrs. Macphail is now to be evicted from her holding, although not in arrears, because one of the arbitrary rules of the estate is that no widow shall retain her husband's lease.

That Coronation.

And so the Czar of all the Russias is crowned at last. Everything has gone off smoothly and not a single Nihilist has put in an appearance. The preparations for the event were of the usual elaborate order, and never has the paraphernalia of royalty appeared to greater advantage. The precautions against Nihilistic plots were thorough and extensive. Four miles soldiers lined the streets four deep—two in costume and two in plain clothes. Police swarmed everywhere. The Imperial pardon had previously been granted to many prominent Nihilists, and a general feeling of expectation regarding a constitution pervaded all classes. The Czar's entrance into Moscow, amidst the huzzas of the crowd, his visit to the palace and the cathedral, his three days retirement and fasting, and the full account of his actual coronation, have all been fully given in our daily papers. The New York Herald has done a great deal of pardonable boasting over the fact of its representative being one of the six allowed in the cathedral at the ceremony, but has given us a good account nevertheless. The Czar and Czarina have the good wishes of TRUTH for long life and happiness. The certainty of both will be greatly increased if he turns out a good constitutional ruler.

The Big Bridge.

The East River bridge uniting New York and Brooklyn was opened after all on the 24th ult., and there is no fire from Heaven forthcoming to consume the audacious villains who dared thus to crouch before "Victoria Guelph" and insult the patriots of the Green sod. Of course there was not. On the contrary, there was not a single hitch from beginning to end. The morn was fair, the sky was clear, etc., etc. Even the president of the United States was there, and was struck neither with paralysis nor with leprosy. Our own private opinion is that O'Donovan Rossa himself was present and pattered a prayer for England's Queen. That he is a traitor to Ireland and is chiefly intent on the coppers is too manifest. When the secret history of the times is written it will be found that the largest-tongued yelpers of the whole pack were all the recipients of English gold. It has always been so. They are by much too noisy to be genuine. Those of courage don't bluster, and men of business don't threaten but act. Go, go, you fools!

The Republic of France, it would seem, is wakening up to the advantage of inaugurating an aggressive and vigorous colonial policy. It was not without reasonable apprehension that our Australian consuls sent off that solitary policeman to take possession of New Guinea.

Surely there must be incendiaries going round throughout our villages towns and cities, for the number of fires all over the Province have increased during the last few weeks to almost an alarming degree. A detective or two might advantageously be detailed to keep an eye on the matter.

Germany and the Vatican are still retaining their respective positions of armed neutrality. Neither is giving way, and so long as Bismarck lives Germany will remain firm. Were he out of the way, we are inclined to think that the Vatican would speedily triumph. The strife of parties in the German Reichstag is yearly becoming keener, and the Vatican party are taking sharp advantage of the dissensions. So great and so constant indeed have the latter grown that there is talk of dissolving Parliament altogether. But there is likely little foundation for such a rumour for autocratic though Bismarck is he is not a fool, whilst the Crown Prince is gradually becoming powerful in his father's councils at any rate.

A Contrasts.

Our readers will doubtless be rather thankful for the following rather lengthy contrast between the Church and the world of the first century, the more especially as it tells what is true of the world of the nineteenth century also, so far as that has parted company with Christianity and has ceased to be influenced either by its teaching or life. "To represent," says the writer spoken of "the Christian Church as ideally pure, as uniformly excellent and perfect, would be altogether a mistake. The Christians of the first days were men and women of like passions with ourselves. They sinned as we sin, and suffered as we suffer; they were inconsistent as we are inconsistent, fell as we fall, and repented as we repent. Hatred and party spirit, rancour and misrepresentation, treachery and superstition, innovating audacity and unspiritual retrogression, were known among them as among us. And yet, with all their faults and failings they were as salt amid the earth's corruption, and the true light had shined in their hearts, and they were the light of the world. The lords of earth were such men as Tiberius and Caligula, and Nero and Domitian; the rulers of the Church were a James, a Peter, a Paul, a John. The literary men of the world were a Martial and a Petronius; the Church was producing the Apocalypse, the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Gospel of St. John. The art of the world was degraded by such infamous pictures as those on the walls of Pompeii; that of the Church consisted in the rude but pure and joyous emblems scrawled on the soft *tufta* of the catacombs. The amusements of the world were pitilessly sanguinary or shamefully corrupt, those of the Christians were found in gatherings at once social and religious, as bright as they could be made by the gaiety of innocent and untroubled hearts. In the world, infanticide was infamously universal; in the Church the baptized little ones were treated as those in whom angels beheld the face of our Father in Heaven. In the world, slavery was rendered yet more intolerable by the cruelty and impurity of masters; in the Church the Christian slave, welcomed as a friend and a brother, often holding a portion of ministerial dignity, was emancipated in all but name. In the world, marriage was detested as a disagreeable necessity and its very meaning was destroyed by the frequency and facility of divorce. In the Church it was consecrated and honorable—the institution which had alone survived the loss of Paradise—and was all but sacramental in its Heaven appointed blessedness. The world was settling into the sadness of unalleviated despair; the Church was irradiated by an eternal hope, and rejoicing with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. In the world men were hateful and hating one another; in the Church the beautiful ideal of human brotherhood was carried into practice. The Church had learned her Saviour's lessons. A redeemed humanity was felt to be the loftiest dignity man was honored for being simply man; every soul was regarded as precious, because for every soul Christ died; the sick were tended, the poor relieved; labor was represented as noble, not as a thing to be despised; purity and resignation, peacefulness and pity, humility and self-denial, courtesy and self-respect were looked upon as essential qualifications for all who were called by the name of Christ. The Church felt that the innocence of her baptized members was her most irresistible form of apology, and all her best members devoted themselves to that which they regarded as a sacred task—the breaking down of all the middle walls of partition in God's immortal temple, the obliteration of all minor and artificial distinctions, and the full development of man's spiritual nature." There can be no doubt but that a good deal of the literature, art, and science of the present day is not only un-Christian, but anti-Christian. Some few even boast of what they call their revived paganism. We would not say that in every instance the preachers of this new *avatar* are sketched in the above portrait of first century Secularism. But in very many cases they notoriously are. They themselves often don't deny it, nay, they glory in the fact. "Living according to nature" is in their estimate living the life of a dog, or a cow, and a virtuous woman is by their standard as great an absurdity as a virtuous monkey, or a self-denying hog. They preach a crusade against marriage as a "pretty superstition," and they practice as they preach. The most thoughtful of them are the most despairing, and the most reckless and the most hopeful have no better refuge and no higher motive than "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Divorce is with such a virtue, and children are a curse and a cumbrance. Their great Gospel is "Let us not be bothered," and their only hope now, as eighteen centuries ago, is that death will take them back to the nothingness from which they sprang. No wonder that their aestheticism is still practically pitiless as death, and feelingless as the grave; that their amusements are now tasteless in their rapid realism as they were long ago, and if their morals can't be put side by side with those of Pompeii and other such places, their own theories and teachings are certainly not to blame.

His Estimate.

"Have you estimated the rainfall of the last twenty-four hours?" asked one citizen of another, as they met in front of the City Hall.

"Yes, sir, I have."

"What's the figures?"

"Why, sir, if I get eyes on him I'll knock him ten feet! A man who'll deliberately appropriate a \$4 umbrella and leave its owner to walk a mile in a pouring storm ought to receive no mercy. Ten feet is the figure, sir—exactly ten feet, not including a chill and a sore throat."

The proposal made by Mr. W. H. Howland for the establishment of Industrial schools is one which ought to commend itself to the cordial support of every true Canadian patriot. It is simply heart-breaking to think how many boys are being reared among the people of this new country in absolute ignorance and vice. Something needs to be done, and though it may be said that such an enterprise as that proposed will only encourage careless and unprincipled parents to neglect their children still more, yet this does not obviate the necessity for such schools one bit. The parents could not well be more careless than they are, and in the meantime the boys are going to perdition.

COUNTY OF ONTARIO!

Sittings of Division Courts for 1883.

Published by order of the General Sessions.

WHITBY—Jan. 2, Feb. 1, Mar. 3, Apr. 2, May 1, June 1, July 3, Sept. 1, Oct. 2, Nov. 1, Dec. 1. BROMHAM—1 May 2, July 4, Sept. 3. DUFFIN'S CREEK—1 Jan. 3, Mar. 2, Nov. 2. PORT PERRY—Feb. 12, Mar. 10, May 7, June 13, 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. UPTON—Mar. 23, June 22, Sept. 7, Dec. 14.

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