

FOR THE LADIES.

Useful Household Hints and Fashion Notes.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

'Tis but a little Bible,
And the cover is old and worn,
The leaves are dark and yellow,

And though I've munched that's costly,
And I've munched that is wonderful,
There's naught I hold so precious,

And there's naught so beautiful
To me—as this small Bible
With its cover so old and worn,

And though you deem it worthless,
And there's many—more grand and fine—
There's naught I love so truly

As this dear book of mine.
It was my mother's Bible,
And she read it in quiet there,

In days of joy and sorrow,
Alone in her old arm chair.
It was my mother's Bible,
And she gave it long ago,

And told me of its comfort,
In her times of joy or woe,
And so I love and prize it

More than gems of the earth or sea,
And in my heart forever
It shall ever a treasure be.

You know then why I love it,
Though its cover is old and worn,
And though its leaves are yellow,

And its edges stained and torn.
Tales of Two Royalties.
Another girl is just from the Berlin

Court, says Margery Deane in the Boston Transcript.
At her feet are a group of maidens

lying on rugs, plying her with questions.
Now tell us about the Empress.

She is so old, can she look regal any more?
comes from an unmistakable Philadelphia maiden.

"Poor thing!" replied the American girl, who is never greatly impressed with royalty.

"She is a good old thing," this very patronizingly,
"but she is a guy on State occasions."

And thou she vividly drew a picture for us of the aged German Empress, nearly 80,

unable to stand, thin almost to a skeleton, withered and pinched, clad in pale green

satin and velvet, with garniture of gay autumn leaves on her train, with diamonds

and emeralds innumerable on her poor neck, which is hidden only by tulle,

and wrinkled Barnhardt gloves on her poor, bare arms, this toilette surmounted by a

high head-dress of feathers. She is wheeled in a sort of chair-throne or throne-chair.

It is not a pleasant description of old age.
And the Crown Princess, Queen Victoria's daughter, makes her own

dresses! "Oh!" from a chorus of maidens.
"And a Crown Princess?"

"Yes, she makes them herself, and the seam down the back meanders just as it

always does on home-made dresses, and she doesn't sew them very nicely, either."

It is true that this Princess does out and make clothing for herself and daughters, and superintends the housekeeping.

by mixing one part of muriatic acid and two parts of water; free the article from all grease and dirt and apply the diluted acid with a cloth; when dry, polish with sweet oil.

For varnished paints save some tea leaves for a few days; then steep them in a tin pail for half an hour; strain through a sieve and use the tea for cleaning the paint.

The tea acts as a strong detergent, and makes the paint nearly equal to wash in appearance; it will not do to wash unvarnished paints with it.

To polish slate floors, use a smooth flat piece of pumice-stone, then polish with rotten-stone. Washing well with soap and water is usually enough to keep the slates clean,

but by adopting the above method, not only do the slates become polished, but any stains are taken out.

A very complete filling for open cracks in floors may be made by thoroughly soaking newspapers in a paste made of one pound of flour, three quarts of water, a tablespoonful of alum, thoroughly boiled

and mixed; make the final mixture about as thick as putty, a kind of paper putty, and it will harden like papier-mache.

To clean frosted (lead) silver ornaments, dissolve a lump of soda in a saucepan of boiling water and place them in it, and leave for a few moments; then add a small piece of yellow soap and rub the articles with a soft tooth-brush; when taken out of the water place in a hot oven on a brick

until the desired effect is produced. The Fashion o' It.
Gros grain or faille is now considered preferable to satin.

High collars made to meet in front and fasten by two hooks or loops are the proper neckwear.

Theater parties are considered the proper thing among those who wish to perform social duties but are limited in house-room.

Entire birds of a size smaller than mallards, with little toes turned up toward the heavens, are quite the thing to make hats expensive.

Sleeves are trimmed with a v-shaped inserted piece. In cloth dresses basket-woven braids extend from the armhole to below the elbow.

The position basques made by English tailors have the middle forms of the back an inch and a fourth wide at the waist line and wide side forms.

It is reported, though by whom and under what circumstances we do not deem it proper to state, that young ladies are now wearing golden bands about their ankles.

But of course they are never seen except by "the girls." Their purpose in the world is merely to provoke envy.

"Et I Had Knowned."
The New York Sun describes a scene in the Times office which modestly forbade the latter paper to mention.

One George Ripley, feeling himself aggrieved at some statements the police reporter had found it necessary to make in connection with his

career, climbed to the editorial room in search of a vindication. He wore a nice hat, brought along with him a big black-thorn stick weighing over two pounds, a big ohm who weighed somewhere about two hundred, and a marked copy of the Times.

He slapped the latter upon the desk at which Harry Loewenthal, the city editor, sat reading, and dropped heavily into a cane-bottomed chair. His tall and weighty chum stood up for two minutes in imposing silence, while fifteen reporters became fully alive to the physical importance of the visit.

"Dat's all wrong," cried Ripley at length, depositing his forefinger on the newspaper account. "I ain't no thief and no convict, and yer must take it back, what yer stuck in de paper."

"You hear him talking," interpolated the tall ohm in a massive guttural. "I will investigate this, gentlemen," replied the city editor, suavely, as he applied his lungs to the telephone which communicates with the marble palace of the police on Mulberry street.

Ripley rang to his feet and pounded the desk with his blackhorn with great energy. The city editor beheld this with the reserve of a man with large resources in the way of messenger calls and policemen, and merely rang a call. The calls wouldn't work, and the policemen were all at the other end of the beat.

Mr. B. A. Finckelstein, a reporter of considerable avoidance, arose at this juncture and expostulated in Greek with Mr. Ripley upon such a useless waste of energy. He mildly suggested that the new table of the city editor was not in any way responsible, and should not be pounded without reason.

"You are a our," exclaimed Mr. Ripley. "You hear him," added the tall and weighty chum, admiringly. The fist of Mr. Finckelstein found its way into Mr. Ripley's left eye with resounding emphasis, and his hat and blackhorn walking stick became floating parts of the surrounding scenery.

Mr. W. E. Simmons played a Dutch roll with marked success upon the massive features of the impinging ohm, and while Mr. Miller, the editor-in-chief, and Mr. John C. Reid viewed the passing show from a convenient editorial periscope with evidences of intense approval, Mr. Ripley and his imposing but ineffectual peeler were swept out of the building. Mr. Ripley paused on the sidewalk and coated thirteen distinct bruises on his face and head. His large associate subsequently returned with one eye closed, and begged for the return of Mr. Ripley's hat and stick.

"Et I had knowned he would do this," he said apologetically, "I wouldn't a brung him." "Don't mention it," exclaimed fifteen reporters. "We'd be pleased to see you again at any time."

END OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

One of the Best Known Reporters in the Country Dead - "Tom" Maguire Passes Peacefully Away - Sketch of His Life and Achievements. (Boston Herald.)

During the last quarter century the best known journalist from the Hudson river to the jumping off point in Nova Scotia was Tom Maguire. "Poor Tom's a'old."

After a few days of painful illness at the home of his mother in the Bunker Hill district, he died at 6 o'clock last evening of pneumonia, at the age of 48 years.

Thomas Maguire was a cosmopolitan, in the sense that he claimed no country as the place of his nativity, having been born in mid-ocean while his parents were making the passage in a sailing vessel from Ireland to America in 1841.

He was a citizen of the world - at home everywhere and with everybody from the earliest days of his career. Soon after arrival in this country, Mr. Maguire's father died, and Mrs. Maguire located in Hinsdale, Berkshire county, where young Tom attended school and acquired the common education with which he began his journalistic career some years later.

His genial disposition made him a great favorite among railroad people, and he eventually cast his lines with them, becoming a water boy, and subsequently a brakeman on the Western Railroad, which has since been merged with the Boston & Worcester, under the general name of Boston & Albany.

By contributing news paragraphs to the columns of the Springfield Republican, Maguire became a great favorite of the elder Bowles, who gave him an opening as a reporter with the oracle of Western Massachusetts newspaper readers. After a successful apprenticeship with the Republican, he began contributing for the New York Herald, and coming to Boston secured a place on the Journal, "covering" the Massachusetts work for the New Herald as well.

In his earlier career as a journalist, he had a great faculty of making hosts of friends, who were always glad to see him and to favor him in every possible way, and he was quite well known in every State in New England and in the large cities of Canada and the Provinces.

He had most peculiar qualities as a news gatherer and correspondent, and early practice at the keyboard of the telegraph office in Hinsdale made him very valuable in emergencies calling for an operator to take the place of the then imperfectly educated telegraphers of country towns and villages.

As a war correspondent, while the rebellion was in progress, he was not without daring, and took chances which few of the army correspondents of the time would hazard; yet he was not only unscathed, but his quality of his work more than compensated for the danger he exposed himself to.

On the occasion of the Fenian raid into Canada in 1866, Tom was at the front for the Journal, and two years later he was again in Canada with the "Irish Revolutionary Army," having meanwhile left the Journal and become New England correspondent for the New York Herald.

On the second raid his despatches were sent from all points between St. Armand and Trout River in Canada and St. Albans, Vt., and Malone, N. Y., on the American side. Of the many journalistic feats which brought Mr. Maguire into prominence, his greatest was that in connection with the loss of the White Star steamship Atlantic on the coast of Nova Scotia about fourteen years ago.

On learning of the disaster he started by special train for Halifax, and on arriving there chartered the only steamer that could be obtained and went to the wreck. In that way he recovered over 100 bodies, and these, with many others recovered of the 562 lost, were claimed by their friends solely through the complete and systematic description of the dead that Mr. Maguire gave to the public in his long despatches to his paper.

Owing to the condition of the roads along the coast at the time, it was impossible to reach the wreck except by boat, and, as Mr. Maguire had chartered the only available one, he had the field to himself, and his fellow correspondents were unable to get any nearer the scene of the accident than Halifax, a distance of thirty miles. Each 11 h., while the excitement lasted, these correspondents were forced to stand about on the Halifax wharves and pick up message items, while Mr. Maguire sailed up in his steamer just from the wreck, and telegraphed column after column of the last particulars.

It was a feat that made Mr. Maguire a hero, and called forth the admiration of the core or more of New York and Boston correspondents who were outgeneraled by his enterprise. He occasioned a great deal of discussion and controversy at that time by his descriptions of scenes in the hold of the wrecked steamer, many professional divers declaring that no expert could stay so long and do so much under water as the New York Herald novice claimed to have done.

After two days of newspaper war on the subject, the Herald's correspondent received a peremptory order by telegraph from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, directing him to "go down in the bell again." Next day the Herald had another description of scenes witnessed in the second exploration of the wreck, and the vividness of the portrayal was even more shocking than the first. The last description silenced, but did not convince, the New York divers, some of whom stuck to it that the Herald man had never been under water. Col. Rogers, of the Boston Journal, soon after scoured the services of the deceased, who proved a fitting collaborator to the then veteran Dave Leavitt, who at the time was in the zenith of his fame.

Beside attending to his reportorial duties on the Journal, he became correspondent for the New York Herald, as well as an especial favorite with the elder Bennett and New York journalists in general. At the opening of hostilities in 1861, he happened to be in New York State, and was sent to West Point to look after a meeting between General Wool and President Lincoln, touching matters concerning the war.

He was the only correspondent present at this meeting, which he has often taken pleasure in narrating among his fellows. While the President paraded a troublesome corn with a razor belonging to General Wool, the whole situation was discussed, and the order for the first call for troops was drawn up by the general, and immediately signed by the President. The New York Herald the next morning published an "exclusive" which astonished the world, and

which was at first doubted, until confirmed later by the official call as promulgated from Washington. In 1861 and 1862 he was with the Army of the Potomac as correspondent of the Journal, and spent a good portion of his time at Acquia Creek, the depot of supplies, as well as at army headquarters. He was intimately associated with the leading generals, and had the confidence of all who knew him, officers and soldiers alike. He proved himself a most efficient correspondent, and, after Fredericksburg, started for Fort Mifflin, in anticipation of joining the expedition to Newbern, but, owing to contagious diseases prevailing in the Carolinas, he gave up that trip, and resumed his duties with the Army of the Potomac.

While here he performed invaluable service in connection with the work of the Sanitary Relief Association. On several occasions he took the risks of wandering within the rebel lines, but escaped all harm. While at the front he was on the best of terms with the agents of the Adams express, and through their courtesy was afforded "an underground railway," by which he managed to get through much important news which might not have seen the light of day if subjected to the eagle eyes of the censor who had charge of the matter of correspondents. He returned home in 1864, and resumed his labors on the Journal. At the same time he resumed his correspondence with the New York Herald, which soon began to compete with the Journal in the publication of New England news. This did not suit Col. Rogers, and Tom was given the alternative either to leave the Journal or discontinue his work for the New York paper. Tom decided to stand by Bennett, who about the same time became interested in establishing a bureau in this section in opposition to the Associated Press. His field at first comprised all the territory east of New Haven and including the Provinces, and later was extended as far north and west as Toronto, Ont. In 1868, or thereabouts, he accompanied Prince Arthur in the latter's tour from Halifax throughout the country. His description of this trip in the New York Herald attracted general attention, and was exceedingly creditable to the author, as well as intensely interesting. He acted as secretary and agent for F. S. Gilmore during the World's Peace Jubilee, and Mr. Gilmore was so impressed by his genius and accomplishments as a writer that he composed and dedicated a piece of music to him. The description of the loss of the same Atlantic off Halifax and the Fenian raids have been alluded to. In 1870 he accomplished another piece of fine work for the same journal in connection with the "Mill River disaster," still well remembered in the western part of the State. He accompanied the Duke Alexis, the son of the "Czar of all the Russias," in the latter's trip throughout the country from the moment that season of royalty landed until he left again. Tom especially distinguished himself on this trip on behalf of the New York Herald. On reaching St. Louis, some 68 correspondents were on hand - representing as many different journals - to accompany the Duke on the grand buffalo hunt which had been arranged in his honor by Gen. Phil. Sheridan. At the last moment Sheridan decided that it would be impossible to take all the correspondents with the party by reason of lack of horses for transportation and, not to show any partiality, the general decided to have none of them go. He proposed to furnish an epitome of each day's sport for all the papers, and that settled it, to all appearances, for the poor correspondents, many of whom had travelled hundreds of miles to describe the antics of a live prince hunting down a live buffalo. Tom, however, was not satisfied, and felt obliged at having to turn back to New York and meet, perhaps, the disapprobation of the stern old Scotchman who presided over the welfare of the Herald. He cogitated, soon saw his way clear, and offered himself to Sheridan as a telegraph operator who might be wanted to assist in getting the report of each day's hunt through to the papers. This was done unknown to his associates, and he accompanied the party, which was headed by the lamented Custer, with whom poor Tom was on the best of terms, and the result of a friendship formed on the battle fields of Virginia. Tom did his duty as an operator to perfection, and when the hunt was over, it was found by the party that the New York Herald each day had nearly a whole page of matter descriptive of the sport, to the exclusion of other journals. It is enough to say that Tom favored his own paper only in his capacity as operator. Sheridan, of course, was angry when he discovered how he had been outwitted, but later on forgave the enterprising journalist. During the first fire in 1872, Tom again distinguished himself, and again he made a hit in his description of President Grant's trip to the Vineyard and Cape in 1874. "Old" Grant and Tom were as fast friends as if brought up together at West Point, and during the trip the bond of sympathy between them was impressed upon other correspondents of the party. In connection with the centennial celebration of the battles of Lexington and Concord in 1875, Tom made another "big hit" by preparing the matter for a special edition of the New York Herald, which was sold all over New England during the day of the celebration. This issue of the New York Herald embraced a historical sketch of the battles from the pens of the late lamented Ralph Waldo Emerson and other prominent men of the time, direct descendants of the patriots who met the British soldiery. Documents which had a bearing on those great events, as well as upon the epoch which they marked, were produced for the first time in fac-simile, together with illustrations of weapons, relics and instruments used in the battles, as well as of the historical houses and spots. Pictures of the leading patriots of the revolutionary days were also given, and poor Tom again came in for his share of fame.

The editor of the Boston Journal of Chemistry has learned by observation that the ant is an active and efficient destroyer of the canker worm. The little creatures would seize the worms which were feeding upon the leaves of an elm tree and bear them in their powerful grip to their nest in the ground.

No less than 61 manufacturers, devoted solely to the manufacture of playing cards, are located in the German Empire, and 17 of the number are in Saxony.

Too Weak to Live.

New York Journal: "Why is this butter like Samson?" asked the young man at the foot of the table. Everybody except the landlady was about to say something concerning its strength, when the proprietor of the conundrum, who taught a class in Sunday School, gleefully remarked:

"Because it was shorn of its hair after it fell into the hands of the Philistines." As the joke was as weak as the coffee there were no grounds for hilarity.

An Untactful Father.

A bevy of girls were looking at a bridal trousseau.

"How exquisite!" "How lovely!" "How supremely sweet!" etc., ad nauseam, were the exclamations made. "You ought to be very happy, Clara," said one of the girls to the bride elect. "I suppose I ought," said Clara, discontentedly, "but papa won't bring a newspaper reporter to look at them!" Chorus—What a shame!

Joaquin Miller is now the lion of New Orleans, and has been given the liberty of the Crescent City on condition that he shall write no poetry during his sojourn. He promises instead to study up the sugar interest, and is going to visit John Dymond and H. P. Knobloch, the two most prominent sugar planters in Plaquemines Parish, and will then take a run through the Teche country.

Worth their Weight in Gold.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

AND OINTMENT. THIS INCOMPARABLE Mixture who cured for itself an imperishable received the world for the alleviation of Mr. A. diseases to which humanity is another

threshed and purified, regulate and improve without Blood. They assist the digestive

STOMACH and BOWELS. Increase the secretory powers of the nervous system and throw into the purest elements for sustenance pairing the frame.

Thousands of persons have testified that they alone they have been restored to strength, after every other means had been unsuccessful.

BAD LEGS, OLD WOUNDS, Colds, Sore Throats, Bronchitis, and of the Throat and Chest, as also Gout, Rheumatism, Scrofula, and every kind of Skin

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

CAUTION.—I have no Agent in the State, nor are my Medicines sold there unless should therefore look to the London, Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Street, London, they are spurious.

D. FLOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WHEAT

STRAWBERRY

Cures Cholera, Cholera Morbus, sentery, Cramps, Colic, Sea Sickness and Summer Complaint, Cholera Infantum, and all other complaints peculiar to children

ing, and will be found equally beneficial for adults or children. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM OR SELL

TO BUY A FARM OR SELL. Lists of "Farms for Sale" and "Farms Wanted" in the DAILY AND WEEKLY MAIL.

The Recognized Medium for Farm Advertisements. And contains more of them than all other Canadian papers combined. It has 350,000 readers of the right class.

Advertisements of "Farms for Sale" and "Farms Wanted" in the "Daily Mail" or "Weekly Mail" inserted in THE WEEKLY MAIL—Five cents per word each insertion, of twenty cents per word for the first insertion, or in THE DAILY MAIL at two and a half cents per word each insertion.

Address—THE MAIL, Toronto, Canada.