Happy Hygeia.

(A REAL EXHIBITION OF HEALTH.)

Hail, beauty, wit and wealth!
As the goddess of good health
I would speak:
Mine's an ancient reputation,
For my nearest blood relation
Was a Greek.

Know—I never take a chill,
Or a fever or a pill
Or a potion;
No physic can compare
With fresh air and simple fare—
That's my notion.

I lead a placid life,
Undisturbed by any strife
Or contention
In that organ out of sight
Which 'tis reckoned more polite
Not to mention.

In my cuisine I eschew
Ev'ry entrement, ragout,
Fricasse;
And to all those foreign entrees
Murmur, "intrigantes, ah, n'entrez
Pas ici!"

Men offer me in vain
Bitter beer and sweet champagne
And chartreuse;
As my father's duteous daughter,
E'en Apollinaris water
I refuse.

I should feel a grievous sinner,
'Twixt my luncheon and my dinner
To drink tea;
Would I ruin my digestion
With that beverage in question?
Not for me.

My waist I've let alone;
Never yet to busk or bone
Did I force it.
Could I reconcile my ribs
To figurative fibs
In a corset?

To sit I shouldn't dare
Upon a draughty stair,
Decollete,
Though an eligible Peer
Were to whisper in my ear,
"Prithee, stay!"

Those folks are feckless fools
Who, neglecting nature's rules,
Violate,
In their wild career of pleasure
Ev'ry hygienic measure
Till too late.

So the rich had better raise
A temple to my praise,
And dispense
My laws throughout this land,
And make it understand
Common sense.

A Story that Never Grows Old.

A youth and a maiden low-talking,
He eager; she, shrinking and shy
A blush on her face as she listens.
And yet a soft tear in her eye.

Oh! sweet bloomed the red damask roses,
And sweet sang the thrush on the spray,
And bright was the glamor of sunshine
That made the world fair on that day.

But, oh! not so sweet the red roses,
So sweet the bird's song from above,
So bright the gold glamor of sunshine,
As was the sweet glamor of love

That fell on that pair in the garden,
As 'mid the fair flowers they strolled:
And there, as 'twas first told in Eden.
Again was Love's tender tale told.

INDIA AND CANADA.

The Advantages of the Dominion—An Army Veteran's Experience.

(Toronto Mail.)

The Earl of Dufferin, our late Governor-General, is evidently a man of destiny. His appointment to the Viceroyalty of India is a deserved honor, and he will have the best wishes of every loyal Canadian. But he has no sinecure. English rule in India is a difficult thing to maintain—as the late Postmaster-General Fawcett often pointedly told Parliament—for it is one civilization attempting to rule another on its own domain. Moreover, the ruling class will always be in a minority because the climate is so exacting that Englishmen cannot colonize the country in any considerable numbers. Adults cannot long abide there without a change of climate, and children born there of Caucasian parents, invariably die if they are kept in the country over six years.

India has many natural advantages over other English dependencies, but Canada has a more healthful climate, and she is not vexed with the problems of the government of aliens.

The heat of the lowlands of India is something dreadful, the average being over 80°. In the dry season the glass often registers 120°. Most of the wealthy class can flee to the mountains in summer, but the army officers and men have to endure it. As a consequence the mortality is very great.

Not long ago it was our privilege to converse at some length with Mr. T. B. Deacon, of Goderich, who has served in Her Majesty's Indian army over 17 years. To our inquiry on how the climate affects the health of foreigners, he said:

"Well, one does not notice the change at first unless the dry and hot season is on. Indeed I endured the damp hot of winter and the dry heat of summer very well for many years. Not until 1877 did I begin to feel knocked up entirely. Then I lost flesh rapidly, my appetite was that capricious that I could find nothing agreeable, my bowels were stupidly torpid, my spirit was gone directly I wanted any vim, I got that yellow that I looked very like a lemon, and my legs swelled like in size to an elephant's. And sure enough, I was weak! No, I had no pain at all. I was simply quietly wasting away, my system being completely saturated with malaria. None of the army physicians could help me, and I finally went home for treatment, but the London medical men gave it up when they saw me and learned that I had been soldering in India. Quite given out, I came to Canada, but got no help here, either. I had about made up my mind that it was all up with me, but by a very fortunate turn of circumstances I began to use the famous Warner's safe cure, and when I had taken nine bottles I got to be a strong and healthy man, having run from 92 to 142 lbs., the most I ever weighed. I have not had to take a drop of medicine in over a twelvemonth. No, I shall not go back to India and I don't advise any of my friends either here or at home to go there. The Caucasian has no business there whatever."

Some of us may at times feel like finding a little fault with our cold Dominion, but take it all in all we have a climate much preferable to that of "India's coral strand," and we will stick to our own country.

When a woman makes up her mind to do crewel work she always gets worsted. The key to this will be sold for a quarter —*The Hatchet.*

GERMAN SOCIALISTIC METHODS.

The Underground Railway Transferred to the Older Continent—Circulation of Revolutionary Literature Through Secre Channels.

Many Americans, writes a Zurich correspondent to the New York *Sun*, remember the underground railroad of the abolitionists before the war. The abolitionists had their own newspapers and held public meetings, besides using other means for propagating their sentiments. Except an occasional riot, there was free speech for them throughout the United States. Nihilism in Russia and Socialism in Germany flourish under sterner conditions. Their modes of defeating the iron will of despotism are different. I know something of the mysteries of the German socialistic propaganda. Its headquarters are in this city, and its official organ is a little weekly paper, called *The Social Democrat*. The German law against the socialists, promulgated October, 21st, 1881, and lately extended, gives into the hands of the police powers of repression unheard of in the German fatherland for about half a century. They are far stronger than those of the viceregal authority in Ireland under the Coercion Act, and they even surpass those of the French police under Napoleon III. They are enforced with an iron hand, and, arbitrary as they are, they are often exceeded. The will of Bismarck directs the machinery, and the zeal of his underlings is too apt to outrun that of the master. By this law the police are empowered to dissolve every union or society, to prohibit every meeting, and to suppress every newspaper, pamphlet, book, or other printed matter wherein they choose to allege that socialistic ideas are disseminated. There is no appeal from the action of the police to any court. An appeal may, however, be taken to a sort of special commission of nine members, selected by the Government, the alleged culprit suffering in the meantime and having no redress if it should turn out that there was no real cause for the act of repression. These commissioners are the judges of both the law and the fact, without the aid of a jury. The police are almost invariably sustained.

Within a few weeks after the promulgation of this law about fifty newspapers were suppressed by the police, at a loss to the proprietors estimated at $500,000, a large number of families being thereby thrown out of employment. All meetings suspected of a socialistic tendency were sternly prohibited. All tangible organization was annihilated, and the mildest of printed socialistic ideas was sternly suppressed. The man of iron made sure that no new converts should be made, and that the rising generation of workingmen should grow up in the political faith as it is in Bismarck.

This blow stunned the socialists only for a short time. Notwithstanding all of the difficulties that the arbitrary powers of the police enabled them to place in the way of a political canvass, the socialists increased the number of their representatives in the German Parliament from nine to twelve in 1881, and another was added in 1883 at Hamburg because of the death of a progressist, who was succeeded by the well-known socialist Bebel. The number of their voters in the parliamentary election of 1881 was about half a million.

The main instrument of the success of the Socialists in sustaining and increasing their organization and power in the teeth of Bismarck is this same little weekly sheet published in Zurich, and the tale of their ingenuity, expedients and success in battling against Bismarck is a sort of Arabian Nights entertainment of fact.

The *Social Democrat* was established here less than a year after the passage of Bismarck's masterpiece of repressive law. In the intervening time and for about a year the gentleman to whose courtesy I am primarily indebted for the opportunities of investigation was in a German prison. The first editor of the paper was Baron George von Volmar, who was crippled in both legs in the French war. He is of the old nobility of Bavaria. His novel-reading while convalescing from his wounds was in the line of political economy, and this thin pabulum made him a Socialist, notwithstanding the obvious interests of his class. As head of the propaganda he assumed the name of Walther. The business manager was Herr Julius Motteller, formerly a member of the German Parliament, who assumed the name of Julius Brantner, and afterward that of Morretti. Herr Carl Derossi was a worthy coadjutor, who invented their wonderful secret-cipher code, which has puzzled the brains of the German police and of the scientists at their disposal ever since. Baron Von Volmar is now a member of the German Parliament. The paper was started with 1,500 subscribers. It was at first packed across the frontier in the clothes of pedestrians. The circulation is now fully 15,000 copies. These are nearly all made up into small packages for various places in Germany. Each package is marked with a symbol of the secret code. The packages are then bunched, placed in cases, and sent over the frontier by the hands of professional smugglers. These offspring of protective tariffs are exceedingly adroit, and they are very seldom caught. When everything is all right a cipher despatch tells the fact, otherwise another cipher causes the printing of a new edition and its being forwarded through other channels.

The organization is so perfect and the channels of distribution so numerous that no one channel does duty more than six times in a year. When one of these contraband cases arrives at its destination the consignee addresses the various packages therein according to their final destinations, as denoted by the cypher symbols on each, and, as a rule, forwards them through the post. No one of these consignees can read the cypher that is used by another, and thus the provision against treachery is very complete. The postal authorities and the police are utterly powerless to track this matter as it passes through the mails. If by any accident they should discover a package it would be no evidence against the addressee; if it were so, it is evident that packages intentionally sent to enemies of the socialists for the purpose of getting them into trouble would be very common. This addressee distributes, or causes to be distributed, the papers in the package, and another member of the club receives and distributes the package the week following, and so the circulation goes on.

The work of final distribution is the most risky, for a man who is detected in one act will get from two to six months' imprisonment for it, and as the judges sometimes hold him responsible for the contents of the paper, as well as its distribution, it is possible for him to be punished with five years' imprisonment for handling one copy of the *Social Democrat* to a neighbor. By the same means the propaganda supply their subscribers with interdicted books and pamphlets.

There is a small edition of the *Social Democrat* very gauzy, to bear the expense of letter postage. This edition is folded and pressed into fifteen different forms for as many sizes of envelopes, and it is sent to subscribers to whom it would be too risky to deliver the paper by hand. A certain German grand duke has been a subscriber from the foundation of the paper, and he receives it in letter form.

Almost every copy of this little paper has many readers. The elaborate means taken for its circulation show that it is held in very high estimation by those who receive it. The German authorities have spent, and are spending, large sums to destroy the interdicted sheet. Numerous spies have been sent to Zurich, and hosts of spies are on the frontier. The surveillance is so close that even here in Zurich it would be the height of imprudence to designate to any man not thoroughly in the confidence of the propaganda any one of the special stations from which the underground post starts on its secret journey; yet it travels with fair average security, and the socialistic organization still remains the most dreaded opponent of the imperial system. It defies repression, and it derides the petty pseudo socialistic laws by which Bismarck has lately been trying to compete with it in winning the hearts of the workingmen. It will continue to increase, and if some means of meeting it better than the devices of despotism is not found, it may in the end sweep out of existence the imperial regime as easily and as effectually as the French revolution annihilated the old monarchy of France.

The Paving Inspector.

"What is this man doing here?"

"Why, he's the Paving Inspector."

"Of what use is he?"

"Well—um. He gets $3 per day."

"For what?"

"To inspect."

"What does he inspect?"

"Nobody knows. When the contractor on the excavation begins work the Paving Inspector appears. He looks over the street and nods his head. He walks up and down and thinks of his $3 a day. He sits around on the curbstone and shakes his head in the most solemn manner."

"But if he failed to show up?"

"Oh, that would make no difference. What the contractor doesn't know the inspector can't teach him. Sometimes they are not even personally acquainted, and nobody ever heard of an inspector giving any orders on the job."

"Doesn't he throw out suggestions?"

"Very rarely. He sometimes suggests that it is a cold day, or that a glass of beer would just touch the spot, but further than that he never goes. Some folks think the excavator might dig right down to China if the inspector was not on hand, but that is a delusion."

"And when the excavating is finished?"

"Then the excavator packs up and leaves, but the inspector sticks the closer. He is there when the sand is drawn in. He may know sand from blue clay, but is not required to. He may know the paver, but he has nothing to say to him. When the blocks come he may pick up one now and then, turn it over and over to see whether it be walnut or cedar, and then lay it down with a trembling sigh, but that's all. When the blocks are all laid he remains to see the hot tar poured on and the gravel spread out. He knows hot tar from mineral paint, and he knows gravel from clover seed, but his knowledge is thrown away. When the street is opened for traffic he certifies to that effect, and his tremendous mental and physical labors are concluded—except to draw his pay."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Inspecting a Missionary Ship.

The children's new missionary ship, the Morning Star, has been taking on cargo for the Sandwich Islands for the past week at Lewis' wharf, Boston. The present missionary ship is the fourth one of the same name built by the contributions of Sunday school children all over the country. One was sold, when worn out by voyagings in the South Sea, and two were wrecked on coral reefs off some of the remote islands of the Pacific. Each time the money was forthcoming to build another ship, and when the fourth Morning Star was commenced, more than the necessary $45,000 was ready. Nearly 100,000 children own shares in the little ship, and all of them living near Boston have been down to see the vessel during the past fortnight. It is many years since my own pennies rattled into the Sunday school box to help build a Morning Star, but the pride of past ownership now passes to this latest ship that wears that name. Until the missionary ship was made fast to the wharf the sailors never saw such crowds of just such people in that part of the city. Children have trooped all over the ship and explored to the lowest depths of the hold, and dear old ladies, main props of the missionary cause, have gone cautiously up the steep gang-plank and inspected all the admirable fittings and arrangements of the cabins and staterooms. This newest Morning Star is 130 feet long and registers 470 tons. In nautical phrase it is a three-masted barquentine, but, in addition to masts made eighty feet high in order that the upper sails may catch every lightest breeze in the tropic seas, the ship is supplied with auxiliary steam power, to be used in calms and among the islands. Everything is good and substantial about the cabins, but there has been no unnecessary extravagance, unless it comes to the presents, souvenirs and bits of fancy work that adorn the captain's sanctum.—*Boston Globe.*

Philadelphia *Call:* Customer—You have not left me any bread for two mornings. Baker's Boy—No, mum. You take Graham bread. "Of course; why don't you leave it?" "We haven't none, mum.' "You haven't any! That's a queer excuse. Why don't you make it?" "You, see, mum, the man what held the mortgage on the mill foreclosed it, and it don't run now." "Oh, you mean the flour mill?" "No, mum; the saw mill."

"I Have Suffered!"

With every disease imaginable for the last three years. Our

Druggist, T. J. Anderson, recommending "Hop Bitters" to me,

I used two bottles!

Am entirely cured, and heartily recommend Hop Bitters to every one. J. D. Walker, Buckner, Mo.

I write this as a

Token of the great appreciation I have of your Hop

* * * Bitters. I was afflicted
With inflammatory rheumatism!!!
For nearly

Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any

Good!!!

Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well to-day as ever I was. I hope

"You may have abundant success"

"In this great and"

Valuable medicine:

Anyone! * * wishing to know more about my cure?

Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Washington, D. C.

——I consider your
Remedy the best remedy in existence
For Indigestion, kidney
—*Complaint*

"And nervous debility. I have just"

Returned

"From the South in a fruitless search for health, and find that your Bitters are doing me more

Good!

Than anything else;

A month ago I was extremely

"Emaciated!!!"

And scarcely able to walk. Now I am

Gaining strength! and

"Flesh!"

And hardly a day passes but what I am

* * * * * * * * *

complimented on my improved appearance, and it is all due to Hop

Bitters! J. Wickliffe Jackson,
—*Wilmington Del.*

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name

Don Carlos recently expressed his confidence that the crown of Spain would devolve on him at Alfonso's death, and meanwhile he will make no further effort to secure it.

The Day of Small Things.

Is forever. It is not the great difficulties of life that try us but the small annoyances that ceaslessly wear away patience and good temper. The smallest grain in the eye or the pricking of a pin, even an aching corn, upset us completely, and therefore it becomes our duty to protect ourselves against the lesser evils which grow great by repetition. To remove corns all that is necessary is to purchase Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It will very quickly remove them and without the slighest pain or discomfort. Putnam's Extractor, like other articles of merit, has numerous imitators. Be on your guard against such Ask for and get Putnam's Extractor.

The novelist, F. Marion Crawford, has a pet cat on whose gold collar is inscribed, "I'm F. M. Crawford's cat; whose cat are you?"

Have You Thought About It.

Why suffer a single moment when you can get immediate relief from all internal or external pains by the use of Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure? Nerviline has never been known to fail in a single case; it cannot fail, for it is a combination of the most powerful pain-subduing remedies known. Try a 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline. You will find Nerviline a sure cure for neuralgia, toothache, headache. Buy and try. Large bottles 25 cents, by all druggists.

The notorious dive formerly kept by "Billy" McGlory, in New York city, has been reopened as a so-called "temperance theatre."

Another Life Saved.

About two years ago, a prominent citizen of Chicago was told by his physicians that he must die. They said his system was so debilitated that there was nothing left to build on. He made up his mind to try a "new departure." He got some of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and took it according to directions. He began to improve at once. He kept up the treatment for some months, and is to-day a well man. He says the "Discovery" saved his life.

It is predicted by a fashionable New York optician that ladies will wear the single eye-glass very extensively this winter.

Wrecked Manhood.

Victims of youthful indiscretions suffering from nervous debility, lack of self-confidence, impaired memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three letter stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving means of certain cure, with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The New Orleans Exposition opens Dec. 6th. The main building is completed. In the machinery department sixty-six boilers are in position. A system of waterworks supplies 3,000,000 gallons of water daily.

"Frailty, thy Name is Woman."
—*Hamlet.*

That she is frail, often in body,
"'Tis true, 'tis true 'tis a pity.
And pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the best restorative tonic for physical frality in women, or female weaknesses or derangements. By druggists. Price reduced to one dollar.

An observing traveller in the West says that the way a Western town is built is about as follows: A name is given to the locality, a shanty is built, a newspaper is started and a post-office established. A railroad must then be procured, hand bills and circulars distributed through the Eastern States, a few residents come, some buildings, always a saloon, are erected and the town is well on the way cityward.

The most destructive prairie fire known in Montana since white men set foot in the territory broke out in the Bears' Paw mountains, near a log camp, on the 11th of October. It raged and spread, and threatened Fort Assiniboine. Troops were sent out to fight it while several miles from the fort, but they were driven back. Reinforcements were sent, and the course of the flames was finally turned and the fort saved, but they destroyed everything within fifty yards of the buildings. A tract of over 900 miles was burned over.

A new village in Kentucky has been named Cleveland.

——Last year's fashions are out of date, but last year's friends are still our own. This is why Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound never loses favor; every lady who knows its worth (and who does not?) feels that the kindly face of Mrs. Pinkham is that of an honored friend.

A dinner was given to ten gentlemen at the Bellevue, Philadelphia, last week, the elegance of which is a subject of much talk in fashionable circles. The menus were in the form of a book of antique leather with a solid silver clasp. There were nine pages to the book, each page representing a course, and beautifully illuminated in oil. The gossips say these dainty books of the gastronomic library cost $10 each.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE

For all of those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to Cancerous Humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headache, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of Bearing Down, causing Pain, Weight and Backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

Its purpose is SOLELY for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does ALL it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints in either sex this remedy is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. *Sold by all druggists.* Sent by mail, postage paid, in form of Pills or Lozenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any Lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

No family should be without Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

D. C. N. L. 48 84.

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(BELT.) (BELT.)

ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address

Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.

Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich. offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them once for illustrated pamphlet free.

EYE, EAR AND THROAT.

DR. G. S. RYERSON, L. R. C. P. S. E., Lecturer on the Eye, Ear and Throat Trinity Medical College, Toronto. Oculist and Aurist to the Toronto General Hospital, and Clinical Assistant Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorefield's and Central London Throat and Ear Hospital. 317 Church Street Toronto. Artificial Human Eyes

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