Only Sixteen.

Only sixteen, so the papers say,
Yet there on the cold, stony ground he lay;
'Tis the same sad story we hear every day;
He came to his death in the public highway.
Full of promise, talent and pride,
Yet the rum fiend conquered him, so he died;
Did not the angels weep over the scene?
For he died a drunkard, and only sixteen:
Only sixteen.

Oh it were sad he must die all alone,
That of all his friends not even one
Was there to hit to his last faint moan,
Or point the suffering soul to the throne
Of grace, that purchases God's only Son
Would say, "whosoever will may come."
But we hasten to draw a veil o'er the scene,
Only sixteen.

Rumseller, come view the work you have wrought;
Witness the suffering and pain you have brought
To the poor boy's friends; they loved him well,
And yet you dared the vile beverage sell
That inflamed his brain, his reason dethroned,
And left him to die out there alone;
What if 'twere your son instead of another?
What if your wife was that poor boy's mother?
And he only sixteen.

Ye freeholders who sign the petition to grant
License to sell, do you think you will want
That record to meet in the last great day?
When Heaven and earth shall have passed away,
When the elements melting with fervent heat,
Shall proclaim the triumph of right complete,
Will you wish to have his blood on your hand,
When before the great throne we each shall stand?
And he only sixteen.

Christian men, rouse ye, to arms for the right,
To action and duty, into the fight
Come with your banners inscribed, "death to rum;"
Let your conscience speak, listen, then come;
Strike killing blows! here's the line!
Make it a felony even to sign
A petition to license; you would do it ifween
If that were your son, and he only sixteen:
Only sixteen.

Shining Gold.

BY J. T. T.

Ye talk of happy poverty; ye talk of humble pride;
Ye talk of those in ragged clothes, who rank and wealth deride;
Ye talk of empty purses bringing many joys untold;
But tell me not ye could do aught without "the shining gold."

Ye talk of blood red family descendants by the score;
Ye talk of name and boast of fame, and wish for nothing more.
Tell that unto the winds, say I; ambition's all controlled;
Both high and low, where'er you go, you need "the shining gold."

Wealth is an "open sesame," a banner which, unfurled,
Alone, we wave, and claim as slave the worship of the world.
Do not despise the needed joys which riches can unfold;
The more we live, the more we give to gain "the shining gold."

Antipodean Outlaws.

The Reign of the Kelly Gang of Bushrangers in Australia—Four Noted Highwaymen—Murders—A Reward of $40,000 Each, and 1,000 Mounted Troopers Fail to Bring them to Punishment.

The Australian colonies have always borne an unenviable reputation as a field for bushranging robbers, but from the time the first convict escaped from Botany Bay, in 1788, to the present there has been no series of crimes so strange at the one now taking place in the colonies of Victoria and New South Wales. It is not a single crime, but a succession of bank robberies and murders, commencing in October last and continuing until the latest dates from that country, notwithstanding the large force employed to repress it, and the tempting offer of $40,000 each for the outlaws, dead or alive. In the vicinity of Beechworth, in the colony of Victoria, lived a woman named Kelly, who was charged with some petty offence, and who was a recognized member of a class of low criminals. An officer went to her hut in order to arrest her, but he was resisted and injured. His principal assailant was Ned Kelly, son of the woman he sought to arrest. A warrant was issued for his arrest, but he left home. The police of the Australian colonies are a semi-military force employed by the government, and not by the different municipalities, as in the United States. These police are stationed in every town and district, a large part of them being mounted, and called

"MOUNTED TROOPERS."

Three of the latter class were travelling in search of horses that had recently been stolen. They stopped on the road to water their horses and were hailed by four men. One of the men was recognized as Ned Kelly, and he was ordered to give himself into custody. He, in turn, ordered the police, who had dismounted from their horses, to throw up their hands and surrender. The officers attempted to run to their horses and two of them were killed, and the third, jumping on a horse, escaped with bullets whistling about him. He wandered about, lost his horse and reached a police station two days later. The next day there was a commotion all through the colony, for the outrage was one not often known there. The bodies were found, but the horses and arms of the police had disappeared with the murderers. The chief police official of the colony repaired to the scene, where fifty mounted troopers were soon concentrated. Near by rises a mountain chain known as the Wombat ranges. Into these ranges the men hurried. They had been born and bred in the district and knew every acre of ground. Searching enquiry was made to ascertain who

THE COMPANIONS OF KELLY

were, and they were found to be Dan Kelly, a brother; Steve Hart and Bob Byrne, relatives of the principal. The police authorities boasted they would have them in gaol in a few days, and about one hundred men were divided into squads to search the country. Thirty or forty troopers would ride hard all day; lonely cabins were surrounded at midnight; police were everywhere, but still no traces of the men were found. Two weeks passed, and no one saw them, although it was said they were moving about their old haunts. One evening in Mansfield a half-drunken man said he could catch the murderers if he wanted to, at the same time calling Ned Kelly

A CUR AND A COWARD.

At this instant the redoubtable Kelly himself walked up to the man and offered to fight him for £10, at the same time knocking him down. He remained in the bar-room for some time and then walked quietly out and away. Horses were stolen from stables near by the same night and the police were busy the following day. No clue could be found, however. The men were in the mountains and successfully eluded all efforts to find them. The secret of their success was the sympathy of their friends and the lower classes of the community, who gave them food, shelter and information, at the same time misleading the police. "The Kelly gang" and their work became the theme of conversation, and the newspapers were filled with accounts of them. There were from three hundred to five hundred mounted police after them; there was

A HEAVY REWARD

for each man, and yet the officers had not even got a glance at one of them. They seemed to know every move of the police, and Kelly is said to have sent the police taunting notes, and also to have sent the chief executive officer of the colony demanding the release of his mother from gaol and freedom for himself and friend, or he would start immediately to rob and murder. The communication was published and caused much comment. Robberies now became frequent, and it was seen that the example of Kelly was being followed. Amateur highwaymen began work in all directions. The legislature was petitioned to increase the reward and declare the gang outlaws. A bill was prepared, the standing orders were suspended, and it was rushed through both houses. Kelly and his associates were declared

BEYOND THE PALE OF LAW,

any one was allowed to shoot them, and a large reward was offered for them dead or alive. Those wounded in trying to capture them were to receive pensions, while loss of life would secure state support for widow and orphans, or relatives depending upon the dead man for support. There was also a clause empowering the police to arrest and imprison any person suspected of furnishing aid or information to the outlaws, the penalty for which was fifteen years' imprisonment. It was thought that this Act would soon secure the arrest of the criminals, but it had an effect directly opposite. The novelty of the case, the fact that the was

THE FIRST OUTLAWRY ACT

in the colony (other colonies had passed them years before, notably against the Gardner and Powell bushrangers) drew attention, and newspaper discussion on the expediency of the measure did the rest. The police authorities requested the newspapers to refrain from publishing anything about the case, especially the movements of the police, and the newspapers abused the police for not effecting the capture of the outlaws. If the police, now about one thousand strong, could not catch the robbers, they could at least arrest all parties suspected of aiding them. One night mounted squads went out, and the next day there were about fifty men in prison, suspected of sympathizing with and aiding the criminals. Nothing was definitely known of the whereabouts of the party until they went to a wealthy farmer's house, robbed the inmates, placed them, with the farm hands and one or two they had taken up on the road, in a room, and left Steve Hart to guard them. The other three harnessed the horses to a carriage and drove into Euroa, a small town near by on the main line of railway. They proceeded quietly to the bank, told the manager who they were, and that they had come to

ROB THE BANK,

at the same time informing him that if a loud word were uttered they would shoot him. They took $2,500 in gold and $7,500 in bank notes, destroyed many valuable papers, placed the manager and clerks in the carriage, and went back to the farm-house, where they introduced the bank manager to the other prisoners. Informing them that a watch would be kept by men outside, and that the first one that went out of the room before midnight would be shot, they departed. The news of this outrage astonished every one. The outlawry bill had signally failed to effect its purpose. The bank managers met, and $5,000 more was added to the reward. Soldiers and police were sent into all the small towns; the branch banks were ordered to send their reserves and valuable papers to Melbourne. The community was in a state of excitement, hourly expecting to hear of fresh outrages. People suspected of

AIDING THE ROBBERS

were daily arrested. Kelly gave away money to a poor woman, and he became the hero of the lower classes. "He robbed from the rich to give to the poor," and the lower order of colonial society looked upon his work as that of a "brave, bold boy." Members of the party were seen occasionally, but, though the police were unremitting in their work, no trace of them was discovered. The small army kept at work among the mountains, while every respectable citizen trembled at the rumours that came thick and fast. The New South Wales police were ordered to carefully

PATROL THE RIVER

of the Murray River, the boundary between two colonies. They did so, but Kelly and his men, successfully passing through the Victorian police line, crossed the Murray, rode ninety miles through a country as level as that about Cheyenne, entered the town of Jerilderie, went to the police-barracks and gained an entrance at 12 o'clock on Saturday night, Feb. 7. They remained in the barracks until Monday noon, keeping the two policemen prisoners. On Monday Kelly put on a police uniform and made a policeman accompany him. They went to the public house, where Kelly introduced himself and treated all who were present, paying for the same with some of the bank notes stolen at Euroa. He left one of his party, who had strolled in, to watch the public house while he went to the telegraph office, cut the wires and destroyed the instruments. They then went to the bank, summoned the managers and clerks and declared their intentions. They were allowed to take $3,455 in gold and $7,250 in notes. They also burned a large amount of valuable papers. One man took the money away, while Kelly and Steve Hart walked about the small village selecting whatever they wanted. When evening came they exchanged the valuable horses they had for four others at a stable and left the town. They are supposed to have ridden back to the Wombat ranges. This was their first act in New South Wales, and it was promptly met by sending two hundred and fifty troopers to the frontier and the passage of an outlawry Act similar to the one in force in Victoria, with heavy rewards, which now amount to

$40,000, ALIVE OR DEAD,

for each man. Several parties of highwaymen now started out, and a few days after the Jerilderie outrage four men were captured who had committed robbery by force of arms. The Kelly party returned to their old haunts, and since then nothing but vague rumours have been heard of them. There can be little doubt that they will eventually be destroyed, as they deserve to be; but their long and successful career of crime is a remarkable one.

A Beatific Existence.

The Phongees in Burmah hardly now occupy the position they once did, but they still have great influence. There are whole districts of Mandalay devoted to Phongee-Kyoungs, or monasteries. These are fantastic, joss-like houses of beautifully carved dark wood, often with singularly graceful tapering spires. I think, on the whole, that I would rather like to be a Phongee. He has no bother about anything at all. He is forbidden to have any money, nor does he want any. I don't quite know who finds him in clothes, but he always wears a very bright yellow garment. People bring him his food, a handful of rice from this admirer, a handful of rice from that other admirer. His life is celibate, so that he escapes the nuisance of a mother-in-law; he is not supposed so much as to let his eyes rest on a woman, but he has a quiet knack of giving a sly glance out of the tail of his eye. When he travels he lodges in a Kyoung, and never goes hungry. And when he dies he has a funeral the pageant of which, if he has been a distinguished Phongee, may last for days. The details of it may not be quite pleasing to a person nourishing the sentiment of respect for his corpse. The dead Phongee is plunged into a cask of honey. After the lapse of such a time as may be sufficient to allow the virtue of him to pass into the honey, he is fished out, and pious people, following the example of the sailor who resorted to the practice known as "sucking the monkey" in regard to the cask of rum in which the body of Sir Ralph Abercromby was being brought home, greedily consume the honey. The Phongee is then blown up by gunpowder into small pieces; if the process of disintegration is not completed to satisfaction in this manner, he is chopped into minuter fragments with knives and swords.—*Daily News.*

AT the entrance of a restaurant in Pesth, where young ladies are employed to stand, is pasted a notice reading: "Gentlemen are requested to abstain from kissing the waitresses on the stairs, as this is a fruitful source of breakage and impedes the service." Human nature being the same the world over, the placard calls in a great many customers who are anxious to see the girls whom they are enjoined not to kiss on the stairs.

THE German Empress has offered an international prize for the best treatise on the cure of diphtheria.

Society and its "Pleasures."

Horrors of Dinners and Evening Parties—Impossibility of Reform.

(From the *Saturday Review.*)

There are truths that seem to bear many repetitions, and to impress themselves on us in inverse proportion to their greatness. We are induced to give utterance to this commonplace by the reflection that a large proportion of society are incessantly crying out, "What a boredom is its pleasures! what toils are its amusements!" and yet, day after day, night after night, is tamely submitting to the toil and sorrow they entail. This is, if we may make the comparison without disrespect, not unlike the little influence which the belief in a future state, where all things will be arranged for the best, exercises on the practical affairs of life. More than half the world clings to these beliefs and hopes; but not an eighth of it let them in any way off of their daily conduct. The "blessed" eighth, which has a view to getting its happiness out of the future bears a certain resemblance to the equally blessed eighth part of society that cries aloud, "Bored we will not be," and follows its own devices serenely and satisfactorily. But to belong to either of these eights requires a strength of mind and a steadfastness of purpose given to few. Most of us may be numbered with the people who groan and go through with it, possessing our souls with what patience we may.

To live entirely in the family circle we all admit to be an unwise and rather dreary existence. All of us have not arrived at the melancholy condition of an old gentleman we know who elected to stay always at home, and who, on being asked if he did not find it dull, answered simply: "Well, you see, I am bored everywhere, and I may as well be bored at home in comfort, as bored in other people's houses in discomfort!" None of us, we will assume, want to shut ourselves from our kind. On the contrary, we wish to mix with them, talk with them, laugh with them, dance with them, feed with them even. And in the present state of society, no reasonable mortal can derive enjoyment from the preparations made by his friends and acquaintances towards these ends. Take an average dinner-party, and analyze its elements. The principle on which the givers of the feast have, as a rule, been induced to give it is that they "owe" it. This is, at least, an honest beginning. They owe a great many people dinners, and they can dine, we will suppose in London, about eighteen people pretty comfortably. Let us say that it is their first dinner of the season, to give it every chance, and that they take a little pains to assort their people in the first instance—so far that is, as their most pressing debts will allow. Two couples accept; sixteen refuse. Then the dinner-givers begin to fill up with the next creditors. More refusals, some acceptances, and more fillings-up take place, till in the end the guests are a mixed multitude who are either known to each other only by name or by very slight acquaintance; in the case of ordinary givers of dinners, who do not belong to the very highest circles, unknown to each other even by name. They assemble and are told off in pairs, according to their social standing; a young and jovial boy who happens to be a poor, for instance, being condemned to take down an ancient dame of equal rank, with whom he cannot have an interest in common, and who, though he might love her dearly if she were his grandmother, he will find very heavy in hand for a two hours' conversation. Few of the guests have either the sense, or the sense of humour, of a late church dignitary, who, on being introduced in the drawing-room to a young and pretty woman who instantly began to talk to him, laid his fingers on his own venerable lips and said gently: "Hush. I am going to take you down;" and they all begin to exhaust themselves beforehand in the effort to talk. It must be confessed that the nobodies have the best chance of enjoying themselves, for a girl who is also a nobody generally falls to their lot, and it is possible that she may be amusing. But what man or woman can stand the strain of two hours' forced talk, fixed immovably side by side at a table, in a room that is laden with the odours of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and that is heated by the steam of dishes and the breathings of guests and of servants? The people, and they are few, who do really enjoy this thing are those who make no attempt at amusing or seeking to be amused, and give themselves up silently to the pleasures of the table. And even they have their trials, if we may judge by their faces when the dinner, as most frequently happens, is indifferent or bad. There are others who are by nature such thorough snobs that to sit two hours at a table with people of high social standing is a pleasure in itself. Neither of these—the snobs nor the gourmets—are easily bored; but it is of little moment whether they are so or not. Their social deserts are low, and they deserve to get them.

At evening parties the very atmosphere as we enter chokes the life and spirit of enjoyment out of us. It sickens us even to think in cold blood of hundreds of human beings crowded into a space which would be close and unwholesome if only fifty were thrust into it, and with all the windows open in the daytime. We are jostled, trodden on, scented by half a dozen acquaintances at once: interrupted if we do happen to find somebody interesting, either by our own acquaintances, or those of the person we are talking to. It would be an interesting task to set down on paper the names of all our dear friends, extract out of the list the number of those we should really be sorry never to see again, and add them up. And if that total should be found to be surprisingly small, we ought to be equally astonished when we consider what we go through for the sake of the surplus whom we really do not care to see at all. As for dancing, to revolve like a teetotum on one's own axis in a confined space in the midst of hundreds of other revolving and perspiring teetotums seems to be the only idea we now have of enjoying that pleasing pastime. The aim and object of givers of balls and evenings is either to get together, not the best dancers of the young people who would like to meet each other, not the most entertaining and agreeable people who might make up a really pleasant social gathering, but the greatest number of the "best" people—the people of highest rank—on their visiting lists, or else to pay off in one grand sweep all their little society debts to everybody to whom they owe the smallest favour or attention.

Then there are the afternoon at-homes, the "4 to 7's," the "readings," the musical teas. Many and various are the well-meant attempts to pass the time pleasantly which only bore us to death. Can any one of us lay our hands on our hearts and say that we go to any of these with pleasure, or that we are not intensely dull when we are in the midst of them? And yet we go to all; to dreary dinners, to stuffy, crowded rooms, to indifferent music, to tedious readings, to tiresome gossips about people for whom we care absolutely nothing. "Pause," as the centers are fond of saying, "pause, and ask thyself why?" Is it to please ourselves? Emphatically no. Is it to please the giver of the entertainment? No; for we do not generally care for the pleasure or displeasure of our acquaintances. Is it that we may be seen there? No, again; for the people who go to a house for the only reason that "everybody" goes, get what they want in being seen there, and cannot be classed with the genuine sufferers from boredom.

The fact is we have got into a groove, and cannot get out of it for want of moral courage and energy. An organized strike for any particular form of social entertainment would perhaps not succeed, seeing that it would be difficult to get any three people to agree as to what they would strike for. But it seems to us that if everybody would separately make up their minds never to go anywhere where they were disinclined to go, they would not owe so many dull people a return of hospitality. Another thing that we may as well bear in mind is the undeniable fact that the people who really do enjoy themselves are the people who care little or nothing for appearances, and who do not assume that the chief end of every man's life is his dinner. And we would make two practical suggestions.

The first is, that no excuse should be necessary in refusing an invitation, and that no more offence should be taken at a refusal without excuse than there is when a lady whom we know to be at home declines to receive.

The second is, that all young couples who have the happiness not yet to have entered the dreary treadmill of society's listless joys should give their minds, and a portion of their time, experimentally to making their homes pleasant, in some sensible, unfashionable, unconventional way, well within, instead of outside their means, to a limited number of their friends. The more original the plan they hit upon, and the more they enjoy it themselves, the more likely it will be to succeed. By comparing experiences, from time to time, by not being too proud to take a hint from others, or to modify and alter their own ideas according to their success or want of success, some new and rational and thoroughly pleasant social intercourse might by degrees be established. Each house would then become a small centre of individuality, and would be consequently more interesting and amusing. We wish it to be distinctly understood that we are by no means advising young wives to set up *salons*. The social talent required for a successful *salon* is not possessed by one woman in a thousand, and imitations are always dull things. And, moreover, the husband of a woman who has that art gradually becomes a nonentity, and the *raison d'etre* of the house is no longer to make a happy home for him and his children, but a shrine for the worship of his wife by all his acquaintances. Our suggestions have in view the social pleasure of the husband as well as the wife; and thorough and not pretended enjoyment on the part of both host and hostess is essential to their being carried out successfully. Another point that we would greatly advise attention to be given to is that a sufficiency of air for the number of the guests be allowed. By the help of the rising generation of householders, the blessed eighth of the world who dare "not to be bored" may in time, let us hope, become a respectable fourth. Lastly, let us have a more liberal allowance of fun at our dinner parties. Is it not enough to work hard all day? Must a man be doomed to punch his unhappy brains all dinner-time as well, in order to keep up a grave controversy on politics or theology—like a "late lamented" journalist whom we once heard discussing the doctrine of predestination throughout the dinner. How much better employed he would have been in cracking jokes! He might have been living now.

Another Civil Damage Act.

The Massachusetts Legislature has passed a Civil Damage Act:

It was fought hotly in the House. It was first enacted by a vote of 91 to 69, and a reconsideration was refused, after a rattling debate, by a vote of 103 to 105. The bill going promptly to the Senate, was there enacted by a vote of 23 to 12. A reconsideration was moved, and placed in the orders for Monday, but it cannot be carried. The Governor, known to sympathise with the measure, will not withhold his signature. The bill is modelled after the New-York law. It provides that any person who shall be injured in person or property or means of support by any intoxicated person, or in consequence of the intoxication, habitual or otherwise, of any person, shall have a right of action against any one who shall have caused the intoxication, in whole or in part, by selling or giving intoxicating liquors; and any one owning, renting, leasing, or permitting the occupation of any building or premises, and having knowledge that intoxicating liquors are to be sold therein, or who, having leased the same for other purposes, shall knowingly permit therein the sale of any intoxicating liquors, shall, if such liquors sold or given therein have caused, in whole or in part, the intoxication of any person, be liable severally or jointly with the seller or giver of the liquor, for all damages sustained, and the same may be recovered in an action of tort. It is further provided that no license for the sale of liquors shall hereafter be granted without the consent, in writing, of the owner or lessor of the premises upon which the business is conducted, and that any owner or lessor of real estate who shall pay any money on account of his liability incurred under this Act for any act of his tenant may, in an action of contract, recover of the tenant the moneys paid.

In Pennsylvania the people are aroused for the passage of a prohibitory law:

The Pennsylvania State Temperance Convention, attended by 342 delegates from thirty-eight counties in the State adjourned after adopting a series of resolutions asking the Legislature to change the policy of the State from that of license and regulation to that of prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors for public drinking purposes; that all males and females over twenty-one years old be clothed with legal power to vote on a duly framed law for prohibiting the traffic in liquors; that each candidate for office be interrogated before and after nomination as to his view of a temperance law, and if unfavourable, that he be regarded as unfit to represent the people; that the Legislature authorize the appointment of a commission to investigate the alcohol liquor traffic. A law was framed prohibiting the sale and manufacture of liquors, which will be submitted to the next Legislature.

Turkish Officers.

There is no army in Europe so encumbered with reports, returns, and official correspondence. As a rule, the Turkish General spends the greater part of his day entirely occupied with office work. He rarely visits his troops, and he seldom exercises them in the practical manœuvres of a campaign. The work which is usually done by the generals of other armies lies entirely upon his senior staff officer. The consequence is that the chief of the staff in an Ottoman army really holds a higher and more commanding position than in any other organized army in the world. Yet, as a rule, the young officers holding these positions are utterly unacquainted with the practical staff duties which are so carefully taught in Continental armies. They can describe the campaigns of Frederick the Great, but they have no idea of placing a division in its positions for an attack.

How Thiers thought he was Scientific.

According to the *Figaro*, when M. Thiers died he left behind him a scientific work which was to fill the world with wonder and admiration. However, before handing the manuscript to the printer, Mme. Thiers confided it to an eminent professor, who immediately proceeded to study it attentively. His verdict was fatal, and he had to perform the painful duty of breaking to Mme. Thiers the fact that the deceased statesman's work was filled with long-exploded scientific heresies. Under these circumstances, Mme. Thiers is said to have deemed it prudent not to publish the manuscript.

A Lie.

"Just as much liquor sold without license as with," says the blood sucker. If this is true what does he want of license? He works all the year to work up his case, uses money, corruption, fraud and intimidation to secure license. Why does he do this? He wants the people to believe that he does not want to sell as much liquor.

Poor fool. If he can sell as much liquor without license as with, what does he pay money for and work so hard to get license? Ask him to help you beat license, and prove him a liar.

One of the latest applications of vulcanized rubber in England is to render china, stone, and glass ware noiseless. It is applied in the form of narrow strips inserted in grooves.

Living Issues.

A correspondent writes to the Delaware, Ohio, *Signal* as follows:—"When the two old parties begin to look about for issues on which to base a party contest, the questions first taken into consideration are: what do the whiskey men want? What do the brewers want? What do the saloon keepers want? And these leaches generally get what they want. If the liquor traffic can so combine as to make themselves heard, felt and obeyed, could there not be, should there not be some combination so managed that it shall be enquired instead: what do temperance people want? What do Christian people want? What does right and justice demand in the next election? Awake! thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead. What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. The time is short, and, knowing the time, now it is high time to awake out of sleep.

Enjoy Life.

What a truly beautiful world we live in! Nature gives us grandeur of mountains, glens and oceans, and thousands of means for enjoyment. We can desire no better when in perfect health; but how often do the majority of people feel like giving it up disheartened, discouraged and worried out with disease, when there is no occasion for this feeling, as every sufferer can easily obtain satisfactory proof that Green's August Flower will make them as free from disease as when born. Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint is the direct cause of seventy-five per cent of such maladies as Billiousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Nervous Prostration, Dizziness of the Head, Palpitation of the Heart, and other distressing symptoms. Three doses of August Flower will prove its wonderful effect. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Try it.

Business Items.

If you are suffering with a cold, do not fail to try HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM; it is daily relieving its hundreds throughout our Dominion. It is pleasant and palatable. For sale by all dealers.

"To be or not to be, that's the question whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, &c," were the words of the noble bard. Those who go to "Cooper's" for "Shirts" never suffer from a misfit. 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

MATELLIN is a solemn thing—a choice for life; be careful in the choosing. And be careful in choosing a remedy for female complaints. Be sure to ask your dealer for VICTORIA BEURT and OIL UNIT. It is now extensively prescribed by all intelligent physicians. Bright's disease of the kidneys, diabetes, etc., may be overcome by the Buchu if taken in time. For sale by all dealers.

READY FOR SPRING.—The new spring stock of Furniture now being shown by the Oshawa Cabinet Co. is ahead of anything yet offered. The latest styles of parlour sets from fifty dollars upward are very pretty and well got up. In walnut bed-room sets they have extra bargains. In chairs their prices are much reduced. Their warerooms is very tastefully arranged, and the four large flats are filled with every kind of Furniture. Oshawa Cabinet Co., 87 Yonge St., Toronto.

A TRUTH.—Constant grinding at the mill of life, perpetual loss of vital force, will drag the strongest man to the dust; it is manifest, therefore, that the system must be kept supplied with a due amount of oxydizable phosphorus. The pleasantest and most palatable way by which it can be introduced into the system is by the use of VICTORIA HYPOPHOSPHITES, which is the greatest brain, blood, and nerve food in the world. For sale by all dealers.

MILLBROOK P. O., TYRONE, ONT.

MESSRS. MILBURN, BERTHET & PILLSBURY.—Sirs, I feel it my duty to inform you that last spring I lost my hearing with one ear, and this fall I lost the hearing of the other also, so that I was afraid I would never be able to hear again. I tried everything to bring back my hearing again, but found it all in vain. At last I made up my mind to try some of the YELLOW OIL, so I rubbed a little on the outside of my ears two or three times a day, and every night and morning. I wet some wool with the oil, and kept it in my ears, and in one week's time I could hear as well as I ever could, but still rub on the oil when the weather is cold, and I keep wool also in my ears. I write this that you might know the worth of your Yellow Oil. Yours truly, JOHN CLARK.

For sale by all dealers.

Business Directory.

TORONTO.

Brush Manufacturer.
James Wilson, 56 Sherbourne street, Toronto.

Barristers & Attorneys.
Watson & Happert, 90 Adelaide East.

Engravers.
J. B. Webb, 18 King East.

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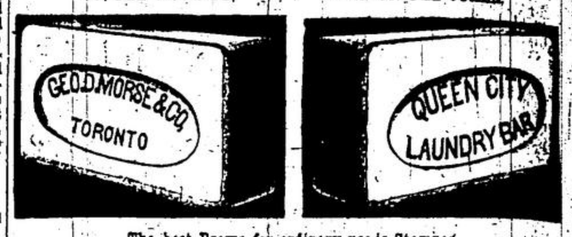

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