The Man and the Picnic.

Under the shall-bark hickory tree,
The picnic man he stands;
A woeful looking man is he,
With bruised and grimy hands;
And the soil that sticks to his trousers' knee,
Is the roll of several lands.

His hair is tumbled, his hat is torn,
His clothes are like the ground;
He is those he had not we been born,
Or born, had not we been found;
He pleads and scowls in wrathful scorn
As oft he looks around.

At early morn, all dressed in white,
He sought the picnic park;
His face was clean, his heart was light,
His lood song mocked the lark;
But now, although the day is bright,
His world, alas, is dark.

He scours mood at early morn,
He sat upon the stump,
But soon, as though upon a thorn
He sat, with sharp pain
He leaped aloft, and all forlorn
In haste he did scamp.

For lo, in border the big black bitz,
With whispers long and slim,
Went swiftly crawling up his pants,
And made it warm for him;
And through the woods they made him dance,
With fear, and groan, and sin.

And when the rustic feast is spread,
And she is sitting by,
His wildwood garland on her head,
The love light in her eye,
He—woe, oh, woe; would he were dead!—
Sits in the custard pie.

And now they send him up the tree
To fix the picnic swing,
And up oh shall-bark's scrangy side
They laugh to see him cling;
They cannot hear the words he cried,
"Dad fetch! dog gone! dat bline!"

And now he wishes he were down,
And yet he cannot see
Just how the girls, stars, and frown
Escaped by him may be;
He knows he cannot scramble down
Still his back against the tree.

Sobbing, and sidling, and wailing,
Homeward alone he rose;
Clay, pie, and grass stain on his clothes
More and more plainly shows;
And he vows that to any more picnics
He never will go, he knows.

But the morrow comes, and he rising sun
Brings balm to his tattered breeks;
He thinks, after all, he had lots of fun,
And hopefully, gaily he speaks;
And he goes to picnics, one by one,
Nine times in the next five weeks.

The Remaining Rest.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."

God gave to man the earth all fair and flowing,
Rich with sweet flowers and fruits and lofty trees,
And grassy vales, their pleasant shades bestowing,
And thymy downs to greet the summer breeze.

God gave to man the sky all star-begemmed,
His diamond footprints on the purple height,
Changing in beauty, though their name entangled,
To guide the shepherds, wanderer benight.

God gave to man his nature's noble presence,
His stately form and heaven-directed mind,
His comprehensive mind and deathless essence,
And made all things acknowledge his control.

God gave to man his home's unbought affection,
Where eyes of love lit kindling glance may meet;
Blest in fruition of his heart's selection,
Gladly he bows and lifts his weary feet.

God upon man all kindly gifts hath lavished,
Save one, the dainty sought for and the best,
With fairest sights and sounds each sense hath ravished,
Yet here in vain may man demand for rest.

He finds it not in shady glades reposing,
He finds it not the starry heavens among,
Nor even when, his home around him closing,
He lies at eve at to his children's song.

Oft sought that rest aloud, the world-weary,
Weighed down his cup high mantles to the brim,
Or though his fate be desolate and dreary,
May seek and find repose alone in Him!

The Forgotten Sentinel.

Firman Bonard's Five Years' Vigil on the Island of Rugen.

The island of Rugen, in the Baltic, opposite Stralsund, is a strong natural position strongly fortified. During the campaign of 1807 Davoust had occupied it with a body of infantry and some companies of sappers and pioneers, and one of the infantrymen was Firmin Bonard, a young soldier posted one night as sentry on a little eminence near the harbour.

It was midnight when the corporal of the guard left him, and he expected to be relieved at two o'clock, which would leave him three hours sleep before morning. The minutes slowly wore away and the two hours, according to the sentry's calculation, had about expired, when suddenly he heard a sound as of approaching footsteps.

"Good! Here comes the relief!" said Firmin Bonard to himself, then cried aloud, "Who goes there?"

There was no reply. "And yet I heard something," muttered the soldier, "and I can take my oath the two hours are up." Almost immediately thereafter there was another rustle in the bushes, then a bark, and the poodle Capucin, the dog of the regiment, and a warm personal friend of the young sentry, bounded up to him.

On hearing the dog bark the sentinel at first fancied that something was wrong, and cocking his musket he cast a searching glance into the obscurity, holding his breath to listen. But there was neither sound nor sight of a foe, and Capucin, clambering up the rocks, came bounding to Bonard's feet.

"Oh, that's you, old fellow, is it?" said the soldier. "You found it dull, did you? Well, Capucin, it is not particularly lively here. It is a pity you didn't think to invite the corporal to accompany you, for the night is decidedly cool, and I have "an exposition of sleep" come upon me. The corporal's watch is always slow, and will be till he takes it to the blacksmith for repairs."

In response to these words, to which he had patiently listened, Capucin began to bark and run furiously round his friend.

"Oh, you think that if I am chilled and sleepy I had better warm my blood and wake myself up with a dance, eh? But, Capucin, you have no musket to carry, or you wouldn't frisk so."

Still Capucin continued to bark and to run, now to the right, now to the left, as if possessed, till finally, losing all patience, he came up to the soldier, seized him by the overcoat, and tugged so heartily at it that he tore away a fragment of the coat.

Bonard was not in the best of humour originally; now his anger was increased and transferred from the absent corporal to the present Capucin, and he saluted the animal with a lusty kick.

The dog was visibly grieved to be so maltreated and misunderstood, and retired to some little distance, then slowly returned, looked reproachfully at the soldier, and then licked his hands.

"Go! Be off with you!" said Bonard, steeling his heart and threatening him with the butt-end of his piece.

Capucin, seeing that he could not prevail with him, at last retired, often looking back and barking invitingly.

But the sentry stood resolutely at his post, and Capucin just reached the beach in time to embark with the corporal in the last boat, for Napoleon had formed a new strategic combination and was retiring inland, and had sent Davoust orders to join him instantly, evacuating Rugen on an hour's notice. In the bustle, the corporal—every one but Capucin—had forgotten about Bonard.

Firmin Bonard, pacing his beat with his musket under his arm, heard three o'clock strike in the belfry of the old church at Rugen, then four, then five. The swallows began to twitter and the sun came up.

Losing all patience, and in desperate defiance of military law, which enjoined him to remain on post till he was duly relieved, he descended from the heights and sought the guard-house. "If anybody is going to be shot," he growled, "it ought to be the corporal, for the idea of leaving a man on guard for six hours is absurd."

So saying he entered the guard-house, and found it deserted. "The deuce!" he exclaimed, and was sorely puzzled, but after a few moments' reflection he came to the conclusion that the regiment had moved during the night to some other part of the island. Throwing his gun over his shoulder, he set off across the island and presently came to a peasant who was ploughing in a field.

"My good man," said the soldier, "can you tell me which way the French troops have gone?"

"By water," answered the peasant, surprised at seeing the solitary soldier; "I don't know where they have gone, but at two o'clock this morning they sailed with the greatest haste and in the completest silence."

"Gone!" said the sentry; "and they have abandoned me! I shall be set down as a deserter. Hang that corporal—he not only left me on watch six hours but he has ruined my reputation dishonored me. Now I understand Capucin's visit; he came to warn me that they were going, and I, dull fool that I was, could not understand him. Good dog, and I kicked him—the first time one of our men ever struck him. Oh, Capucin, Capucin, why didn't you think of tearing the corporal's coat!"

And the sentinel burst into tears of regret and despair.

"Come, come, my son," said the peasant, kindly; "don't give way so. Crying won't mend matters. Stay here; you can't do anything else. If the French return and take you I will explain everything."

"But you do not understand what martial law is—if they return there will be no pity shown me."

"Tut-tut! That is absurd. You cannot be punished for a crime you never committed. If anybody is to be blamed it is your superiors who forgot everything about you."

Firmin Bonard made no answer, but swept with a despairingly hopeful eye the distant horizon. Alas, there was not the white fleck of a single sail to be seen, and again he gave way to his grief.

"Take my advice," said the old man, "and bear up with a good heart. You too are from rural parts, unless I am greatly mistaken, and can find in me a true friend if you are only willing to let me befriend you."

"But you know nothing about me—whether I am fit——"

"I am an old man and long accustomed to read the faces of my fellows," said the peasant, smiling. "Before you took up the musket you had held the plough. I need a labourer, vigorous and intelligent, like yourself. Come with me, and I will feed, lodge and clothe you; and see that you have something in your pocket for a Sunday frolic."

"I accept your offer thankfully," said Firmin Bonard, "and you shall see that a French soldier is not less faithful to the plough by which he gains a livelihood than he was to the flag of his distant country."

As the farm of Peter Baren, the peasant with whom Firmin Bonard had fallen in, was one of the largest in the island, the soldier, returned to his old calling, did not lack for opportunities to show his skill and industry, and speedily convinced the rich peasant of his value.

"My friend," he said to Firmin one day, "I love you as I would my own son."

"If it were not," replied Firmin, "that my old father in France waits and hopes anxiously for my return, I should never care to leave Rugen."

"You will see him once more," said the farmer; "and when you go to France to see him why should you not bring him back to Rugen with you! That, however, we can talk of at some future time. To-day I wish to speak to you concerning my daughter."

A flush covered the young Frenchman's face, as the peasant's keen eye saw. "If I am not wrong," he continued, "she and you are very friendly!"

Firmin stammered something unintelligible.

"In fact," the old man went on, "the neighbours say you are in love with her."

"What! Who says so? I swear to you, sir, that I have never addressed to your daughter one word which would make her aware——"

"Precisely, and that is why she has desired me to ask you. You shall marry her. I have already promised her that it would be so, and she hagged me so for a quarter of an hour by the clock that I really thought she would strangle me."

Firmin hugged him, too, and a fortnight later became the husband of the old man's only child, the rich, pretty and amiable Amelie.

Four years passed away—four years of toil and love. Firman Bonard thought often of France, but came to forget his technical desertion. The prattling of his two children, the embrace of his wife, were a present that answered for the future; small wonder that he forget the past.

So matters went on until one morning the signal was made that several vessels were in sight; then as they drew nearer the word went round the island:

"It is the French! They are going to land!"

"It is the French! They are going to land!"

The words came to Firmin Bonard's ears like alarm guns, and he felt that he was a lost man. A sudden thought came to him, however, and reassured him somewhat; dashing to his dwelling, he put on his old uniform and shako and ran to the spot where, some five years before, he had been so strangely abandoned.

Soon barges filled with soldiers were seen to put off from the ships that had rounded to and dropped anchor. In the bow of one was a big white poodle that barked furiously on seeing the solid ground once more.

Firmin Bonard saw the dog and fancied that he recognized in him old Capucin, and his eyes filled with tears.

Still the barges approached; Capucin—it was Capucin indeed—evidently recognized the island, looked round eagerly, espied the sentry, then standing on his hind-legs gave one rapturous howl and plunging into the sea swam with all his might shoreward.

An instant later and the boats were within hailing distance.

"Who goes there?" shouted Firmin Bonard, in a voice of thunder.

"Who goes there, yourself!" answered one of Davoust's staff from the leading boat. "Who are you anyhow?"

"Firman Bonard, private of the 68th of the line, on guard."

"On guard! How long have you been on guard?"

"Since 12 o'clock on the night of May 13, 1807."

At this reply every one burst out laughing. The first boat's prow had not quite touched the strand when Capucin had scrambled up the steep rock and with a tremendous bound cast himself, barking furiously, into the arms of his old friend. Barks, gambolling somersaults, licking of hands, face, feet—all imaginable demonstrations of canine joy.

"Go on, old fellow," sobbed the soldier, with tears rolling down his cheeks; "tear my coat and muddy it as much as you like to-day, and I won't say anything. I remember when I struck you for showing me all your affection and intelligence."

When he had somewhat recovered from his emotion, Firman Bonard, followed by the faithful dog, went down to the beach to greet his comrades and tell his story. Luckily the corporal, now an officer on Davoust's staff, was there, and could corroborate it. The regiment feasted him royally, and he in return invited every one to the farm, where he and his wife did the honours nobly.

It was not long ere the news reached Marshal Davoust's ears. He laughed heartily at Firmin Bonard's stratagem, and having satisfied himself that the soldier's antecedents were irreproachable ordered his discharge to be made out in due form.

"Far be it from me," said the marshal, "after he has been on watch for five years without being relieved, to send this faithful fellow before a court-martial."

Firmin Bonard remained on the farm. He visited France that year and brought his father back to the island of Rugen. His children and grand-children to-day hold the most important positions there, and their family is known as "the family of the French sentry."

When the French again withdrew from the island Capucin resigned his commission in the 68th of the line. He had had enough of glory, and the quiet life of abundance and happiness that his friend led at the farm was more to his taste. He came to understand—wise dog!—that life on the farm might be quite as pleasant as life in the camp, and that there were infinitely fewer dangers in it.

So Capucin remained at the farm.

A Day at Gibraltar.

(From the Saturday Review.)

Nothing can well be more enchanting than the landing there in the early spring, or what we should rather call the late winter. The heavy rains, which in their descent among the mountains have been turning dried up water-courses into raging torrents, and sending the newly-formed waterfalls in sparkling showers down the parched and rugged faces of the precipices, have clothed the thinnest strips of soil with the most luxuriant verdure. The rows of cottages running up the Rock at impossible angles, the lines of semi-detached villas on the Cornich roads, appreciated for the most part by the benedicts of the regiments, are covered with masses of blossoming foliage. The Alameda, with its crowd of promenaders listening to the military bands, is a blooming garden of fragrant delights. If you do not mind a certain publicity, you may breathe love-whispers in the bowers of fuschsia and myrtle. Heavy batteries, like the famous "Snake in the Grass," mask their formidable muzzles under encircling wreaths of flowers. The grim pomp and pageantry of war appears to be masquerading in the garb of peace in carnival time. And the idea of a merry masquerade is kept up by the picturesqueness of the motley groups among which you are moving. On the place before the Club-house Hotel, where you may think yourself lucky if you have found accommodation, is a panorama of physiognomies, figures, and costumes from all the lands of the West and East. Conspicuous are her Majesty's sentries before "the Main Guard;" and groups in that same scarlet uniform are strolling everywhere, showing patches of unreasonably brilliant colour in the grays of the glowing Southern sun. There are Moors from Barbary and Arabs from Algeria, in their flowing burnouses and snowy turbans. There are Jews in their black garments and red fezzes and yellow morocco slippers down at the heel. There are swarthy Spaniards enveloped in leather leggings and the heavy folds of their everlasting cape, notwithstanding the more than genial warmth, stalking through the crowd with an air as haughtily impassive as that of the Orientals from the other side of the Straits; while among fair-haired German merchants and olive-coloured Italians swarm the native-bred "Scorpions of the Rock." Should you have merely gone ashore for a few hours while your steamer is coaling, you are loth indeed to be torn from the scene which you have barely had time to realize. You feel besides that you are to miss the delicious freshness of the evening, for the vessel has been timed to sail at sundown, when the gates of the fortress lock up for the night. But if you have come out with a draft to join your regiment, your pleasures, as you know, are only beginning, and you make sure that you are an exceedingly fortunate fellow. It is all so unlike anything you have had experience of at home, and it seems impossible that you can ever cease to be alive to the novelty of it.

She Was Willing to Pay.

No one can blame her for being mad: and she was mad, too.

The little vagabond came into the hall on Fagnin street, and wanted to sell some matches. She didn't want any matches; but he drew her attention by asking if her husband's name was John.

"Yes, his name's John, and what of that?"

"Guess I hadn't orter tell," said the match peddler, sliding towards the door.

"O, yes, you had—what is it, my boy? speak right out," replied the woman, struggling with curiosity.

"But I'm 'fraid he'll lick me," said the little wretch.

"O, no, he won't; I'll take care of you; jealousy was just beginning to warm up; "no, he'll not lick you; wouldn't you like a piece of cake, my boy," and she brought him out a big chunk. "Now, what is it—what did he do?"

"O, not much; he was only a walkin' with her—at first."

That "at first" settled the matter; she was blazing with jealousy.

"Well—well, what did he do next? O, that villain! Come, young man, then what did he do? Do you know who she was? Come, speak up."

The boy opened the door and stood in the opening. He began to whimper a little.

"O, I can't tell you, mum; I didn't know's yed care. Yes, I know'd who she was, but I can't tell ye; he'd kill me."

"See here, you young villain, you'll never step out o' this house till you do tell me;" but the boy dodged her and was on the steps. So she coaxed him. "O, come back, my little man; I was only foolin'; jest wanted to see if you'd be scared; come—come back in, and I'll give you something nice."

The boy reluctantly stepped into the doorway again.

"I don't want to tell ye," he snivelled; "I know he'd give me five dollars not to say a word about it," and he slid towards the door again.

"Hold on—here, what can I give you? I haven't got much money here—here's a dollar; will you tell me all about it now? Come, that's a good boy; now, what did he do, who was she?"

The boy took the money, looked it over to see if it was good, stuffed it in his pocket, looked up at the woman, and replied in a whisper—

"He kissed her, marm—right here on these steps."

"O, that villainous deceiver!" she cried, wringing her hands. "But I'll make her wish she was cremated when I get hold of her! O, John, John, how could you! Here, boy, take this fifty cents; and now tell me who she was."

By this time the boy was down on the steps; but he looked back, smiled compassionately, and said—

"It was you, marm; when he went away to his work,"—and he went down the street at a high rate of speed.

A Zulu Fenian.

McCarthy, the recently captured chief of the Umzuzi tribe, a tributary of the great Gwazi people, was a draper's clerk in Limerick in the year of the Fenian rising. He had a relative, a constable of police, who warned him that his name was on the castle books, and that if he wanted to preserve his liberty he had better leave the country. McCarthy fled to the South African diamond fields, where he prospered, making two profitable investments in London. He also contributed some readable sketches of the diamond fields to the London *Globe*. Somehow or other he picked up with the natives, and being of a bold, adventurous disposition, and already refused to a half-savage state by his occupation, he ended by joining the Umzuzi. When the chief of that tribe died, McCarthy was elected to the position, which he secured by killing, in single combat, half a dozen pretenders. His made an effort to introduce Christianity, but failed. He has a white wife, daughter of a fish hook, who eloped with him some time ago. The lady's father would be glad to receive his son-in-law, but the Irish Kaffir refused to desert his adopted people. It is feared it will go hard with him on court martial for McCarthy, as a combination of Fenian and Zulu can hardly enlist the friendly admiration of his captors.

There are several young men in England to-day who may at any moment take up a newspaper and learn that they have jumped from a few hundreds to many thousands a year by a Zulu's spear going through an elder brother. There must be a difficult conflict of emotion in some such cases.

The Largest Orchard in the World.

The *Rural Home* is inclined to think the very profitable orchard owned and cultivated by Mr. Robert McKinstry, of Hudson, N. Y. is the largest in the world. If there is a larger we should be happy to hear of it.

The orchard is situated on the east bank of the Hudson river, on high, rolling table-land, and contains more than 24,000 apple trees; 1,700 pears, 4,000 cherries, 500 peaches 200 plums, 200 crabs, 1,500 vines; 6,000 currants, and 200 chestnuts. The varieties grown are: Rhode Island greenings, 7,000; Baldwins, 6,000; King of Tompkins County, 4,000; Astrachans, 800; Northern Spy, 500; Wagener, 500; Gravenstein, 400; Cranberry Pippins, 200; Ben Davis, 200; Duchess of Oldenburg, 200; with Jonathans, Hubbardstons, Cayugas, Vanderveers, Pearmains, Peck's Pleasants, 20 ounce Pippins Russets, and others in less number.

The pears are Bartlett, B. d'Anjou, Sheldon, Seckel, and Lawrence chiefly. Of cherries there are twenty-eight varieties. The orchard is intersected by roads over six miles in length for the passage of waggons, and it is bounded by a continuous row of apple trees set ten feet apart for four miles and a half. The apple crop of last year was 30,000 barrels. Twenty-four men and fourteen horses are employed hauling out the crop or in ploughing.

The success of this orchard has not been achieved, nor is it maintained, without the closest supervision and most industrious work. The oldest trees are about twenty years old. The soil is dry, rolling gravel, with some limestone; the trees are planted twenty feet apart, and do not by any means seem to be crowded. The ground is ploughed several times in the year and kept fallow except when thought advisable it is seeded to clover. Suckers and sprouts are removed as soon as seen; the borers are watched and followed with vigour. Wires are used to reach them in their burrows, and the damaged bark is removed with chisels.

A Burmese Review.

—A recent review of Burmese troops is thus described by an eye-witness: "The number of men drawn up on the parade ground was five thousand, including infantry and cavalry, in addition to which there were eighty-five elephants. The infantry looked like so many monkeys; for size and soldierly bearing they are utterly contemptible. The cavalry were mounted upon thin and puny ponies. The guns of the elephant battery were of no greater bore than the common English duck gun. The Burmese were immensely excited over their warlike display; but it would be difficult to imagine any thing more ridiculous than such a sight to any one with the slightest acquaintance with the armies of Europe."

BANK OF TORONTO.

Proceedings of the Twenty-third Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders, held at the Banking House of the Institution, in Toronto, on Wednesday, 18th June, 1879.

The annual general meeting of the Bank of Toronto (being the twenty-third since the commencement of business) was held, in pursuance of the terms of the charter, at the Banking House of the Institution, June 18th, 1879.

On motion of A. T. Fulton, Esq., the Vice-President, James G. Worts, Esq., was called to the chair.

The Cashier at his request then read the following

REPORT:

The Directors of the Bank of Toronto herewith submit, for the consideration of the shareholders, the following statement, exhibiting the result of the past year's business, which they regret has not been of a more satisfactory nature:—

The net profits of the year, after deducting cost of management, interest due depositors, rebate on current notes discounted, and making full provision for bad and doubtful debts, amount to		$165,196 00
Balance brought forward from last year		2,316 85
		$167,512 97
Deduct:—		
Dividend No. 45, three and one-half per cent	$70,000 00	
Dividend No. 46, three and one-half per cent	70,000 00	140,000 00
Balance		$27,512 97
Rest transferred		500,000 00
		$527,512 97
Appropriated for bad and doubtful debts	$273,376 07	
Placed at credit of Contingent Fund	250,000 00	523,376 07
Balance to New Account		$4,136 90

The year has been distinguished by continued depression and curtailment in the general business of the country, accompanied by a large increase in the number of failures, and for amounts much in excess of previous years, thereby the ordinary profits of the bank have been diminished, while the losses by bad debts have been much above the average.

The net profits, after providing for the losses sustained during the year, have exceeded the dividends paid, but in view of the shrinkage in the value of certain assets carried forward from previous years, the Directors, after a careful scrutiny of the entire business, and investigation of the various accounts of the bank, have considered it necessary to take the sum of $500,000 from the Rest, thereby enabling every ascertained bad debt to be written off, besides making a liberal provision for accounts presenting elements of doubt or uncertainty.

The Directors exceedingly regret that, on account of the times through which the trade of the country has passed, and is still passing, they should have been compelled to adopt this course, in order to place the assets of the bank on a sound and satisfactory basis.

Your Directors, while refraining from a forecast for the coming year, beg to state to the shareholders that they may rest satisfied that the bank remains in the most favourable position to take advantage of any improvement that may arise in the business of the country.

The Directors have to refer to the removal by death during the year of one of their colleagues—James Appelbe, Esq. A suitable expression of condolence has been forwarded to the widow and family of the deceased, but in the interim no any steps were taken to fill the vacancy.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

WM. GOODERHAM,
President.

GENERAL STATEMENT OF LIABILITIES AND ASSETS AS ON MAY 31ST, 1879.

ASSETS.

By Specie		$ 196,492 30
By Dominion notes		457,252 01
By notes of and cheques on other banks		94,543 25
By balances due from other banks in Canada		86,957 65
By balances due from other banks in foreign countries		44,535 29
Total assets immediately available		$ 879,780 50
By Government debentures		$ 138,622 50
By loans to Dominion Government		450 71
By loans, discounts, or advances on call, for which the bonds or debentures of municipal or other corporations, or Dominion or Provincial, British or foreign public securities are held as collateral securities		618,390 30
By loans, discounts, or advances, for which shares of the capital stock of any other bank are held as collateral security		44,820 00
By loans, discounts, or advances on current account to corporations		567,788 40
By bills of exchange and other bills discounted and current		3,979,728 56
By notes and bills discounted, overdue and not specially secured		21,253 04
By overdue debts secured by mortgage or other deed of real estate, or by debentures or lien on stock, or by other securities		44,240 56
By real estate, the property of the Bank (other than the bank premises) and mortgages on real estate sold by the Bank		36,517 22
By Bank premises		53,000 00
By other assets not included under foregoing heads		43,950 00
		$6,411,307 79

LIABILITIES.

To notes in circulation	$ 493,521 00
To Dominion Government deposits	
payable on demand	304,617 90
To other deposits payable on demand	1,477,622 01
To other deposits payable after notice or on a fixed day	787,105 99
To due to other banks in Canada	176,718 49
To due to other banks in United Kingdom	130,946 54
Total liabilities to the public	$3,570,531 89
To capital	$2,000,000 00
To rest	500,000 00
To contingent fund	250,000 00
To rebate of interest on current notes discounted	20,632 00
To accrued interest on deposit receipts	2,408 00
To unclaimed dividends	131 00
To dividend No. 46, payable 2nd June	70,000 00
To balance of profit and loss carried forward to next year	4,136 90
	$6,411,307 79

MEMO.—Of above deposits there are
Bearing interest $1,819,793 78
Not bearing interest 708,353 58
$2,529,146 96

D. COULSON,
Cashier.

Moved by J. G. Worts, Esq., seconded by Wm. Cawthra, Esq., and

Resolved, That the report now read be adopted and printed for distribution amongst the shareholders.

Moved by Peter Paterson, Esq., seconded by S. Nordheimer, Esq., and

Resolved, That the thanks of the shareholders are due and are hereby tendered to the President, Vice-President, and Directors for their services to the interests of the Bank during the past year.

Moved by James Campbell, Esq., seconded by C. Stuart, Esq., and

Resolved, That W. S. Lee, Esq., and Henry Pellatt, Esq., be appointed scrutineers for the election of Directors for the ensuing year.

Moved by W. S. Lee, Esq., seconded by Henry Gooderham, Esq., and

Resolved, That the polling do now commence and to remain open until four o'clock, but should ten minutes elapse without a vote being tendered, it shall be closed at once by the Scrutineers, and the result reported to the Cashier.

The Chairman having vacated his seat, and Wm. Cawthra, Esq., requested to take the same, it was moved by G. J. Boyd, Esq., seconded by A. T. Fulton, Esq., and

Resolved, That the Chairman, James G. Worts, Esq., be presented with the thanks of the meeting.

REPORT OF THE SCRUTINEERS.

We, the undersigned scrutineers, appointed at the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Toronto this day, declare the gentlemen undermentioned unanimously elected Directors for the ensuing year:—

WM. GOODERHAM,
JAMES G. WORTS,
WM. CAWTHRA,
ALEX. T. FULTON,
GEO. GOODERHAM,
HENRY CAWTHRA,
HENRY COVEY.

(Signed), HENRY PELLATT, WALTER S. LEE, } Scrutineers.

The new Board met the same afternoon, when William Gooderham, Esq., was unanimously elected President, and James G. Worts, Esq., Vice-President.

By order of the Board,
D. COULSON,
Cashier.

Toronto, 18th June, 1879.

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.

King Cholera Declares War!

They are having lively times in the Eastern Country; but our Chemist and his army of assistants are just as lively in our laboratory, raising the guns for the great fight against Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all Summer Complaints. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is just as sure to cure any Summer Complaints as the Army of Great Britain is to defeat her enemies. This medicine is positively the Greatest Remedy in the World for all kinds of summer complaints. The order of the day, therefore, is, *fortify your houses* and be all ready for the great enemy—King Cholera. This splendid preparation is within the reach of all, and may be had of all druggists and dealers in medicines.—WILCOX, BRITTLE & PEARSON, Proprietors, Toronto.

"COOPER'S" are showing a very handsome stock of Scarfs, Ties, Collars, Silk Handkerchiefs, Gloves, &c. Just the thing for the holiday season. Address, 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

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TORONTO.

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Walton & Hoppert, 30 Adelaide East.

Electrotypers, Stereotypers, etc.
F. Diver & Co., 14 King Street East.

Engravers.
J. B. Webb, 78 King East.

Rossin House.
Palace Hotel of Canada. Mark. H. Irish, Prop.

DR. EMILY H. STOWE, Physician and Accoucheur. Specialty, Diseases of Women. Ladies desiring an experienced physician of their own sex, can have accommodation secured on application. Enclose stamp and address, 171 Church Street, Toronto.

STRAWBERRY AND RASPBERRY Baskets (quarts and pints) and all other Fruit Packages and general Market Baskets made at the Oakville Fruit Package & Basket Factory. W. B. CHISHOLM, Proprietor. P.O. Box, 97.

BUY ONLY *Ontario Baking Powder*

AGENTS WANTED to sell our Rubber Printing Bank Stamps, Patent Pocket Stamps, Self-Inking Solid Rubber Types, Stencil, Steel Stamps, etc. Removed to No. 10 King Street East. C. C. STEWART & Co., Toronto.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—TEN MORE—TO learn telegraphy, at the Dominion Telegraph Institute, 52 King-street East, Toronto. For terms, &c., address D. McMILLAN & CO., Proprietors.

$10 TO $1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks make fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & Co., Bankers, 17 Wall Street, N.Y.

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PICTURE MOULDINGS, Frames, Mirrors, etc. Wholesale and Retail. Lowest Prices. H. A. MATTHEWS & BRO., 92 Yonge street, Toronto.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS OF PREPARED LEATHER Durable, Light, Elastic, and Cheap. First prize at Provincial Exhibition, London. Testimonials on application. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address,
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LIVING WATER Star Auger bores 50 feet per hour, bolts to 25 inches. Hand or horse power; good supply of pure filtered water. Send for circular. MACTORY, 68 Mary St., Hamilton.

200 ACRES GOOD LAND, WELL watered; 100 x 40 house; 2 stables, 60 x 50; beautiful situation, half mile from village and lake; steamer daily; near grist, sawmill, stores, church, school, telegraph, post office, etc. Apply to H. G. LADELL, Port Sydney, P. O., Muskoka.

$15 MADE IN ONE DAY.

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Selling a reliable patented article. Sells rapidly with large profit. A good business that requires no capital. Send two 3-cent stamps to L. D. BENTON, St. Thomas, Ont., for circular and instructions. Write at once and secure a good agency that pays.

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The "Brunswick" is not offered to the public as a CHEAP oil stove, but as a FIRST-CLASS stove.

The Best is the Cheapest.

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BRUNSWICK. BRUNSWICK.

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Bar Iron, Steel, Tin and Canada Plates, Galvanized and Tin Sheets, Coil Chain, Nails, Rope, Zinc, Paint, Glass, Garden and Laying Tools, Celebrated "Cyclo" Gilling Nets, Brass Cornices.

BABBIT METAL AND SHELF HARDWARE

Cutlery a Specialty.

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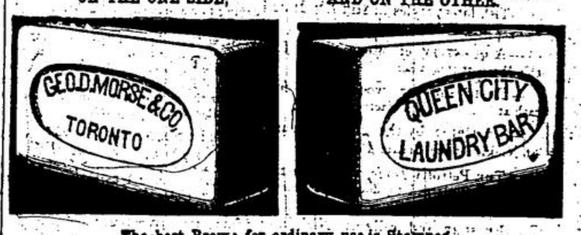
SEE THAT THE WHITE IS STAMPED ON THE ONE SIDE, AND ON THE OTHER.



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DON'T USE ANY OTHER!

THE ROYAL Clothes Wringer,
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is constructed with a strong, neat, galvanized iron frame. The patent lever pressure closes the springs as the rolls are opened, thus increasing the pressure according to the size of the article, as well as avoiding liability of breaking springs. The pressure of the rolls is relieved when not in use. It is secured to the tub with an eccentric, thus dispensing with thumb screws.

This Wringer combines more good qualities than any other, and has no equal. See it before purchasing.

Address all orders to the
HAMILTON INDUSTRIAL WORKS,
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AGENTS WANTED FOR THE WEATHER INDICATOR!

It will detect and indicate correctly any change in the weather twelve to forty-eight hours in advance. It will tell what kind of a storm is approaching, and from what quarter it comes. Farmers can plan their work according to its predictions. It will save fifty times its cost in a single season.

Sample by mail, $1.50, post-paid. Send for descriptive list and price to agents.

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HURRAH FOR MANITOBA!

A special train of comfortable cars will start for
MANITOBA
on
Tuesday, 15th of July,
at 12.30 p.m. A similar train will start every ten days afterwards. For particulars address with 3c. stamp,
R. W. PRITTIE,
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CANADA PERMANENT Loan & Savings Company.

Paid up Capital $2,000,000
Reserve Fund 550,000
Total Assets $6,355,342
Total Liabilities 3,328,062
Surplus Assets $3,027,280

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Deposits received, and interest and principal repaid in all parts of Ontario, through the Company's branches, free of charge. The Capital and Reserved Funds of the Company, invested on first class real estate, being pledged for the security of money thus received. Depositors have undoubted assurance of perfect safety. Circulars sent, on application to
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Are Superior to all others
Have Work, Better Work, Less Power
Universally in Temper.
R. H. SMITH & CO.,
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Sole manufacturers for the Dominion of Canada.
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The Canadian Air Gas Machine.
This machine is for lighting private dwellings, mills, factories, churches, public halls, hotels, etc. Call and examine the machine in operation at JOSEPH PHILLIPS', sole manufacturer, plumber and gas-fitter, 158 York Street.
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TERMINUS OF THE VICTORIA RAILWAY—farm and village lots for sale. C. J. BLOMFIELD, Manager Canadian Land and Emigration Co., Halibuton, or wm. W. A. C. Baines, Toronto-st. Toronto.

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WHITE ENAMELED WARE.

LAIDLAW, BOWES & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE
Improved Boynton Furnaces,
For coal or wood, and enamelled ware of all descriptions.
84, 86, 88, and 90 Mary-St., Hamilton

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Medical & Electro-Therapeutic Inst.
Every Facility, Convenience and Comfort has been provided in this institution whereby invalids may regain their health, and guests and patients enjoy a cheerful, pleasant sojourn in this popular health home.

Electricity, the most powerful yet gentle curative, is applied according to a NEW and lately discovered system, with marked success, CURING cases hitherto considered hopeless.

Galvanic Baths form an official part of our treatment.

Hydropathy.—The facilities for giving all kinds of water treatment, MEDICATED BATHS, VAPOUR, HOT AIR, &c., &c., are equal to any in the country.

Medicines are used as the experience and judgment of the physicians dictate.

Inhalation is given in all suitable cases with the latest improved and most approved apparatus.

Swedish Movements, Rest Cure, Massage, etc., are all used as aids to health.

Persons wishing a change, rest from business, a quiet, cheerful home, can do so without taking baths or treatment.

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Terms, Moderate. Position the best in the city. The facilities for a private establishment.
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E. AMELIA TEFFT, M.D., U.S.