The Ocean.

(Written by the Rev. Dr. Graham, of Brighton, Eng., the same day that he was drowned in the ocean at Cape May.

Peal on peal the billows war
Near and far-breaks on the ear,
Till the awe-struck spirit feels
God, the unsearchable, is there.

Yet, the deep, yet soothing sound
Wakes a power within the heart,
Scattering earth's frivolities,
Bidding earth-born cares depart.

Clouds and shadows seem to fly,
Brighter beaming head of or the flood;
Ocean seems a mirror vast
Of the boundless love of God—

Love, whose breadths can know no bound,
Love, whose depth no measure knows,
Love, that through all ages past
To eternal ages flows.

Love, that bathed the angel host,
Love, that flowed through Eden's bowers;
Love of Jesus, saving men,
Love, enrapturing Heavenly powers.

Bathers fringe this ocean side,
Catching ripples on the shore;
Child or saint or seraph high
In God's love can do no more.

Ocean's changing, changeless tide,
Rolls the same forever on,
Sounding forth the changeless love
Of the great Eternal One.

Round the earth this mighty swell
Breaks and rolls on every beach;
So the Eternal Father's love
Everywhere its blessings reach.

God of love, oh, let me launch—;
Launch upon love's mighty sea;
Thee to know, to trust, to live,
Is eternal life to me.

Paganism in Holy Russia.

About one thousand years ago, Pagan Russia turned Christian by order of the great Prince of Kieff. The new Christian country was at once overrun by Greek priests; the pagan temples were destroyed and orthodox churches and convents were erected in their stead; the Bible was translated from Greek into Slavonic by two Slavs, Kyrill and Methodius. Soon sacred relics of Russian origin made their appearance, and then Russians began to call their country Holy Russia. There is no need to discuss how far this epithet is applicable to the present Russia; but facts recently published in Russian journals are interesting in the way of illustration.

The *Golos* says: "The Russian peasantry—that is, the great majority of the people—preserve with a surprising tenacity the habits, prejudices, peculiarities of dress and language, and even the religious notions of the pre-Christian era. Nearly ten centuries have passed since Christianity was introduced into Russia, but the popular demonology is yet preserved in almost its original purity. Hobgoblin, were-wolf, water-ghost, and sea-maid, as also sorcerer and witch, are believed in by the people as real beings. Along with the feast days of the Christian saints they observe the holidays of pagan times. For instance, on the eve of Ivan Kupala the wood-piles are burnt, and people jump over them; on New Year's Eve the village girls go from one house to another, singing songs in honour of a pagan god (Arsen). In the spring, again, several Pagan holidays are observed."

In seasons of epidemic disease, the superstitious peasants resort to the magical arts of women rather than to the help of physicians or of orthodox priests. The *Golos* says: "In the middle of the night the women of the village meet in an appointed place; almost naked, they put themselves to the plough, draw it, and, singing wild, thrilling prayer songs, implore the gods to save the lives of those who stay in the place encircled by the line made with the plough. Woe to any male who is so imprudent as to approach those devout women, for they believe that their incantations fail if observed by man."

A reporter of the *Russian Truth* (the *Russkaia Pravda*) thus describes the ceremony of banishing the cattle plague: "In a village in the province of Tula, situated near the railroad station, on the night of July 9th I happened to witness a strange scene. It was a procession of women, dressed in white, barefooted, with their loose hair spread over their shoulders. They were led by an old woman. Behind came two women, one carring a scythe, the other a pitchfork. Some of the women carried bundles of straw, and the rest were armed with long sticks. This procession was moving along the streets, singing strange, wild songs. From time to time it halted, and a bundle of straw, was set on fire; then the crowd of women began to dance wildly around the fire, to shout and to sing; after which the procession re-formed and resumed its way, repeating the straw-burning at intervals. In this manner the cattle pest, it was believed, was driven way."

If the epidemic does not stop, no matter; the women's incantations did not succeed merely because some malicious man has seen their procession. So, whether they fail or not, the confidence in these magical arts remains unshaken.

Sometimes other kinds of arts are resorted to for the same purpose. A *Golos* reporter writes from the Bressk district: "An epidemic made an awful havoc among the sheep of this place; medical help was of no avail. Following the advice of a famous local witch, the shepherds picked up the best sheep and, in the night, brought it to the cemetery and slaughtered it on the grave of the peasant who had recently been buried. Then the body of the peasant was exhumed and the viscera of the dead man and the sheep were interchanged. The peasant's body was buried again, and that of the sheep was burned on a pile of wood built over the grave; then the ashes were collected and given to the sick sheep with their food."

Traces of fetishism may be found among the Russian peasantry. The *Russian News* says: "In the province of Jamboff there is a missionary brotherhood whose object is to propagate Christianity among the Mohammedan population of that province. Perhaps it would be a great deal better if that brotherhood should enlighten the peasants who are officially known as Christians, while in fact they are not far from pagans, worshipping trees, springs, and the different phenomena. Last year, for instance, in the village of Solargor, of this province, there appeared a spring. The local sorcerers and witches announced that it possessed miraculous healing properties. Crowds of people flocked there to be cured of all kinds of diseases at the hands of the local magicians. The priest of the village reported the pagan services held at the spring to the authorities. The police arrived; they succeeded in destroying a kind of chapel that had been erected there, and dispersed the supposed sorcerers. Presently clouds of smoke were seen; a house was on fire. The peasants did not attempt to put out the fire. They said: 'It is the god's will.' And when the chief of police ordered them to extinguish the fire they broke out into a serious riot. Led by an old woman, with a magic poker in her hand, they assaulted the chief of police and left him on the ground nearly dead."

"The Cheremis of the province of Perm," says the *New Times*, "although nominally Christian, are in fact pagan. They perform their sacrifices in wild forests, where only men of their own belief are admitted. They ride swiftly to an appointed place and carry with them an ox or sheep for the sacrificial ceremony. The sacrificer kills the animal, opens it, and, according to its appearance, predicts how the crops will turn out, whether an epidemic is impending, and what important events are to happen in the year. Then the animal is roasted on a wood fire and every body present partakes of the sacred meat. When the final prayer-songs are ended they quietly disperse."

The peasants believe that the sorcerers can conjure rain and cause drought, and again bring down rain during a drought. "In the town of Ust-Khoper," says the *Don News*, "a potter established a factory, which became a great success; unhappily, there came on a prolonged drought, and the people, believing that dry weather is much needed by potters, looked on this one as a conjurer, who was able to get what he wanted. In vain he tried to persuade the crowd that he was an orthodox Christian; in vain the local priest pleaded for him; not only was he forced to decamp, but his factory was burned."

"In the province of Saratoff," says the *New Times*, "in case of a drought, the peasants are accustomed to resort to a strange means which they believe brings rain. All the village rs, old and young, take pails of water and splash it around the corner on the passers-by. Nobody is spared. The village is a very queer sight—men, women, and children, with buckets and scoops in hand, running after one another, and splashing right and left."

In sickness the Russian peasantry rely all most on conjurers—naturally, since it is hard for a peasant to secure the services of a doctor. Each district physician has in his charge perhaps fifty-thousand persons, scattering over fifty square miles; all he can do is to hurriedly pass through the villages once every month. Under those circumstances, the majority of peasants, when suffering from disease, resort to local magicians, especially sorceresses, who sometimes practise their incantations with decoctions of their own, oftener with holy water. The trainers of tamed bears also are not neglected; these lay the sick man on the floor and compel a bear to walk over him several times.

Many other circumstances of the peasant's hard life induce him to seek the conjurer's advice. If an ox is stolen, a cow lost, a gun misses fire or aim, a horse has the distemper, his pigs and poultry get sick, his wife grows thin and sad, his grown daughter is neglected by young men, his fruit trees don't bear, the fish leave the neighbouring pond, a peasant friend gets delirium tremens—in all such troubles who can help if not Sorcerer Ivan? The peasant admits that in applying to a sorcerer he deals with the devil; but what does that matter, if he can recover his stolen ox, or his wife grows stout and merry? He knows well how to get rid of his sin; five copecks to the priest for confession and two copecks for a taper will make everything right.

Adelina Patti and her St. Petersburg Engagement.

A general smile of incredulity greeted the announcement that Alexander, czar of Russia, the *bete noir* of Nihilism, had begged Adelina Patti to revisit his capital in operatic guise, and finally contracted to pay her, with Nicolini put in as make-weight, £4,000, or $5,000 in our currency, for each night that she will sing in opera at St. Petersburg and Moscow, besides her benefits, which always yield her $8,000 or $10,000 cash, and her travelling expenses, including regal hotel bills. This unprecedented compensation to a prima donna is all put to her account, because Nicolas or Nicolini is no longer estimated in London as *prima tenore*, his incessant, all-pervading tremolo or quivering of the voice soon disgusting that public as it does all other really musical appreciators. In speaking of this now chronic defect, writers and men who presume to be profound critics, make a serious mistake in calling it vibrato or vibration, which is the very essence of musical tone and key. For those singer experienced in Russian winter climate, no compensation for the risk of losing either voice or life, is deemed too great, and Rubini, adored by operatic *habitues* in that country, disclosed the fact, when pressed by the czar, then ruling, to name his price for another season, bidding up at each request for his engagement, until, worked to a high pitch by Rubini's declining to engage at great price, that mighty czar sent him his autograph in these words: "We must have you. Enclosed find *carte blanche*. Fill it up with any sum you please, but come." Rubini answered that such a compliment might shake ordinary resolutions, yet having earned a competence ($500,000) he now valued life more than money, and must absolutely decline that signal honour. The operatic world lost Adelina Patti's sole rival—Bozio—through a Greek husband's forcing her to visit Moscow, after getting $30,000 for a season at St. Petersburg, because a mighty offer was made for one concert at the former city. Merelli, who now rules Italian opera in Paris, Vienna and Russia is a shrewd fellow and he perceived that his predecessor's failure in Russia would be duplicated unless some great magnet like Patti could be exerted to draw high-priced opera attendance liberally. He therefore worked up the czar's well-known regard for Patti's exquisite singing and delineation of character, until he got an order to engage her, with Nicolini as tenor, at the high figure named. He no doubt feels safe now, at St. Petersburg, Vienna and Paris, for the magic lamp is held by him, and by him alone.

Tombs of the Bonapartes.

The Remains of the Late Prince to be Taken to Corsica.

(From the Boston Times.)

We have as yet no knowledge as to where will be deposited the remains of the late prince, but it is probable that they will be transferred to Corsica. As is well known the body of Napoleon I. was interred in the Hotel des Invalides during the reign of Louis Philippe. This great soldier's home was to become to the Bonapartes what St. Denis had been for the Bourbons, whence it was to be deemed not a family burial-place, but the mausoleum only of the members who had worn crowns. In accordance with this principle of selection, Napoleon III. exhumed the body of King Joseph to be brought from Florence, where he had died in 1844. This was in 1862, and in the following years the other crowned Bonapartes (Louis of Holland and Jerome of Westphalen) followed him. For the others the late emperor had a fine mortuary chapel built at Ajaccio. The crypt underneath the chapel floor, is octagon in shape, three of the eight tombs being already occupied. The centre of the chapel itself has but four walls, the spaces corresponding to the other sides of the octagon beneath being open halls, forming together a Latin cross. Of the four walls, three are occupied by inscriptions in honour of the persons buried beneath; for the fourth and last place no candidate has till now presented itself. One of the inscriptions runs:

Marie Laetitia Romolina Carolo Bonapartes, Nupta

A. D. MDCCLXVII.
cui incipta proles.
Joseph Hispaniae Rex.
Napoleo Galliae Imperator.
Lucianus Caninae Princeps.
Elisa gemma Thusciae Dux.
Ludovicus Hollandiae Rex.
Paulina Guastallae Dux.
Carolina Neapolis Rex.
Hieronymus Westphaliae Rex.
Excessit ipsa II. Februari, A. D. MDCCCXXVI.,
Reliquiae depositae A. D MDCCCLIX.

The other persons honoured by inscriptions are Cardinal Fesch and Charles Bonaparte, second prince of Canino, and famous for his knowledge of natural history, who died as director of the Paris Botanical garden in 1857. When in power, the Bonapartes have always had great means of getting rich, but most of them have lived so extravagantly as to have nothing left when once more out of office. Laetitia and Fesch, however, were exceptions to the rule, both having left large properties. That of the first eventually came to Napoleon III., and was of great use to him in carrying out the *coup d'etat*. Fesch left most of his wealth to Joseph Bonaparte. The property of the late Prince Louis Napoleon came from the Princess Baccciocchi.

A YOUNG man in Binghamton, N. Y., tossed a silver half dollar into his mouth to please a child, but the surgeons couldn't get it out of his windpipe to please anybody.

Embroidery runs riot on summer toilettes for every part of the day. In the autumn it will be even more fashionable, as it is more effective when done on heavy cloths. Owing to its great expense, it can never become common.

A COUPLE of young men who had been fishing, on returning, tired and hungry, passed a farm-house, and, seeing the farmer's daughter at the door, they yelled: "Have you got any buttermilk?" The reply came wafted back in dulcet tones: "Yes, but we keep it for our own calves." The young men hastened on their way.

The Genius of Reporters.

And How it is Rewarded.

A New York correspondent of *The Louisville Courier-Journal* writes: A deal has been written recently about the bright things reporters have done. A much neglected and unappreciated class of men have thus received some portion of the newspaper space which they fill so often in glorifying the deeds of the valiant, reporting the words of the eloquent, relating the romances of daily life, that come up every night like mushrooms nearly every day in the year, and photographing the exaltations and sorrows of the human race. How much they have done for humanity it may be somebody some day will tell. One day there was a great loss to one of the banks by means of a raised cheque reported in New York, and the reporters of the *Sun* were busy writing out their facts about it. One of them stopped a moment to say in a chatty way that if the bankers would cut into the cheque the amounts for which each was drawn, a raised cheque would be an impossible thing. The managing editor overheard the remark. "Mr. Blank," he said, when you get through write a letter to the editor of the *Sun* giving that idea." It was done and the letter was printed next morning containing the suggestion that the amount of each cheque should be cut into it to prevent any alteration. A few nights afterwards a spruce young man came in and scattering around some blank cheques, with numbers cut through them, as is now common, said: "I am much obliged for that idea; it's going to be worth $10,000 to me." The reporter who originated it is still labouring by the week. You now and then hear of a case around Printing-house square of the valuable things that reporters have done. There is, however, too much work and life crowded into their twenty-four hours to give them much time to tell about what they have done. The past to them is as the waters that have run by. They are interested only in what they may have to do to-morrow. When leisure days come, they do not find themselves in a mood to revive the past. So it is hard to get at what these agile gentlemen have done that should be fixed into history. Nearly every man of prominence has a story of some extraordinary obligation he rests under to some newspaper man; but he would be indeed a man worthy of prominence who could say that he had fulfilled such an obligation. The venerable Peter Cooper not long ago won a suit through the suggestion of a reporter who was examining a contract on which the suit was based. There were two words which, in the hasty reading of the contract, were not emphasized. Hours were spent in trying to get at the understanding between the parties, which, to the reporter, was made as clear as the noonday sun. Jotting down the expression and seven words of argument as to why it represented Mr. Cooper's defence and not the plaintiff's position, he handed it to John E. Parsons. The lawyer grasped the point, nodded a smile, hammered the reporter's idea into the heads of the jurymen, rung the changes on it in a two-hours' speech, won the case, and collected a fee of $2,000 from the aged philanthropist, who cheerfully paid it, as the jury on a former trial disagreed, and he came near being mulcted in ten times the sum for damages.

The reporter goes on reporting.

When the celebrated case of Tilton against Beecher was being tried, a *Sun* reporter discovered, through an evasive answer to a question he put to one of Beecher's counsel, that an attempt was going to be made to prevent Theodore Tilton from testifying in his own behalf. Austin Abbott, a tireless legal book-worm, had found a law, which William M. Evarts was to expound. It was designed to completely surprise the opposite counsel, and to overwhelm them with the Abbott collection of legal precedents, and serpentine sentences. The intimation, the first received, was given to Gen. Roger A. Pryor, in return for a kindness previously done, and he laboured night and day in his library, and prepared the argument which demolished Evarts' speech, and destroyed the plan to keep the plaintiff from telling his grievance under oath.

Pathos of Dickens.

His Description of the Passage over the Dark River.

"Even when golden hair lay in a halo on a pillow; round the worn face of a little boy he said with a radiant smile: 'Dear papa and mamma, I am sorry to leave you both and to leave my pretty sister, but I am called and I must go.' Thus the rustling of an angel's wings got blended with the other echoes and had in them the breath of heaven."—Tale of Two Cities, book 2, chapter 21.

"There is no time there, and no trouble there. The spare hand does not tremble; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in her face. She goes next before him—is gone."—Ibid. book 2, chapter 15.

"The dying boy made answer, 'I soon shall be there.' He spoke of beautiful gardens stretched out before him, that were filled with figures of men and many children, all with light upon their faces; then whispered it was Eden, and so died."—Nicholas Nickleby, chapter 58.

"It's turned very dark, sir. Is there any light a-coming? The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end. I'm a-gropin'—a-gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand. Hallowed be thy name."

"Dead! my lords and gentlemen. Dead! men and women born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day."—Bleak House, chapter 47.

"He slowly laid his face down upon her bosom, drew his arm close round her neck, and with one parting sob began the world. Not this world. Oh, not this! The world that sets this right."—Ibid. chapter 65.

"'If this is sleep, sit by me when I sleep; turn me to you, for your face is going far off and I want it to be near.' And she cried like a child that had gone to sleep."—David Copperfield, chapter 9.

"Time and the world were slipping from beneath him. He's going out with the tide. * * And it being low water he went out with the tide." Ibid. chapter 30.

"One new mound was there, which had not been there last night. Time, burrowing like a mole below the ground, had marked his track by throwing up another heap of earth." Martin Chuzzlewit, chapter 16.

"She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God and waiting for the breath of life, not one who had lived and suffered death. She was past all help or need of it. We will not wake her."—Old Curiosity Shop, chapter 71.

"The hand stopped in the midst of them; the light that had always been feeble and dim behind the weak transparency went out."—Hard Times, chapter 9.

"For a moment the closed eyelids trembled and the faintest shadow of a smile was seen. Thus, clinging to the slight spar with her arms, the mother drifted out upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls around all the world."—Dombey and Son, chapter 1.

"It's very near the sea; I hear the waves! The light about the head is shining upon me as I go! The old, old fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. Oh! thank God for that older fashion yet of immortality! And look upon us, angels of your children, when the swift river bears us to the ocean."—Ibid. chapter 17.

"In this round world of many circles within circles do we make a weary journey from the high grade to the low, to find at last that they lie close together, that the two extremes touch, and that our journey's end is but our starting-point."—Ibid. chapter 34.

"A cricket sings upon the hearth; a broken child's toy lies upon the ground and nothing else remains."—Cricket on the Hearth, chapter 2.

A MAN cares little for his wrongs when getting his funeral rites.

The Good Boy at the Picnic.

The good boy comes home from the picnic clean discouraged and badly mashed. Indeed, he is oftener brought home dead. The bad boy has a whooping old time from the very outset, and returns home chuck full of figs and candy and enthusiasm to go again. When the good boy's dad has made up his mind to take the family to a picnic on some shady island or distant shore, the boy doesn't jump up and declare that he won't wear white pants, or that he is bound to go barefooted, or that he must have half a dollar in cash and a revolver. On the contrary, the good-boy's chin is at rest; he is in his mother's hands, and he trusts her with all arrangements regarding his sacred person and property. Before leaving home the good boy is thus solemnly addressed by his devoted mother, and the "address" is accepted, adopted and filed by his respected father, who was a boy once himself.

"Now, then, young man, we are going to a Sunday-school picnic, and I want to say a few words to you. If you lose your hat on the cars I'll box you ears till they ring! If you don't stay right with me and your father I'll lick you before all the folks! If you sit on the grass and stain those pants you know what you'll get! If you dare go in a boat, go into the water, shoot a pistol, climb a tree, wrestle with a boy or tease your father for money to buy candy or lemonade I'll take your hide off and hang it on the fence the very minute we get home!"

That's the music the good boy has to face when he starts for a picnic, and if he do an't start out with smiling face and buoyant step he may get his ears cuffed before he reaches the depot. If any one has to stand up in the cars it is the good boy. If there are any cinders flying they settle on the good boy's white pants and hat and lodge in his eyes. If any one falls flat on the platform or into the mud at the getting-off place it is the good boy, while the bad boy, who has come all the way on the roof of the car, having deadloads of fun, meets with not the slightest accident as he ascends. On the contrary, he is almost certain to find a basket of luncheon which no one claims, and he runs his chance of picking up gold-headed canes, bottles of ginger-ale, pocket-books and watches on the way over to the grove.

The good boy's father, on reaching the grove, buys himself a glass of lemonade to get the dust out of his throat and follows it with a dish of ice-cream to cool his system. The good boy himself isn't supposed to have any dust in his throat, or any system to cool off. If he is very thirsty he can drink water—provided his mother doesn't catch him at it. The bad boy skins up a tree, hangs by his heels, finds a bird's nest, eats slippery-elm and June-berries, and the good boy must sit on a cracker-box and watch the family umbrella. The good boy's mother braces up with a draught of current wine, and his father takes some ginger-ale to prevent sunstroke and then retires to a shady spot to smoke a cigar. If the good boy felt like squandering the old-fashioned penny he has had in his "bank" for seven long years one look from his mother freezes him to that cracker-box so fast that a pony couldn't draw him off.

The bad boy has at least fifty cents to spend as he pleases. He rows a boat; he goes in swimming; he throws stones; he swings on a wild grape-vine; he climbs hills and rocks and slides down banks, and although some descon with a face as solemn as the garret window in a deserted tannery predicts that he will be killed or drowned, he is the liveliest one of the lot when the party make ready for the homeward trip.

In instances have been known where a good boy evaded his mother's eye and bought a pop-corn ball, but it always choked him. If he dared to climb a tree he fell and broke his arm. If he got hold of peanuts or lemonade he was made dreadfully sick. If he went near the water he was drowned. A good boy's parents should and do take a heap of comfort at a picnic. The good boy himself might as well take a seat in a graveyard and try to be happy with a broken penny whistle. Up to the time of taking the cars for home he may have behaved himself in such a manner as to win a word or two of praise from his mother, but he is sure to jam his hat, break a suspender, lose his handkerchief, or do something on the way home to induce the old lady to remark as she reaches home and removes her bonnet:

"Now, young man, you step out here! Things have come to a pretty pass if we can't take you anywhere with us without your cutting up so as to disgrace us for ever! Stop that blubbering, sir, and let me say that the louder you holler the harder I shall lick!"

The Fellaheen.

As they were under the Pharaohs, the Ptolemies, the Romans, and the Caliphs, so in the main are they now the most patient, the most pacific, the most home-loving, withal the merriest race in the world. In the latter respect the oppression of more than 40 centuries has failed to damp their natural buoyancy of spirit; and nowhere more than amid the mud huts and seemingly abject poverty of a fellah village does "the human heart vindicate its strong right to be glad." The men are temperate and honest, but the women, if not quite meriting Lane's harsh judgment that they are the most licentious of all females who lay claim to be considered as members of a civilized nation," have at least long lost the robust virtue of the Bedoweeyeh, and as a class, while physically the finest, are said to be ethically the frailest of their sex in the Nile Valley. It is the fashion to write and speak of this large section of the Khedive's subjects as being intolerably oppressed, ground down by the crushing taxation, and generally wretched beyond any parallel elsewhere. This exaggeration has, no doubt, its origin mainly in the superficial impression of strangers, who, coming fresh from Europe—where, in a different civilization, a totally different standard of peasant life prevails—discover in the scant clothing, the simple food, and the primitive huts of these Egyptian ryots evidences of altogether special misery and administrative abuse. But no inference could well be more fallacious. Apart from the fact that these external features accord with the climate, and have been stereotyped since the Pyramids were built, it may be affirmed that the general condition of the fellaheen will compare favourably with that of almost any other peasantry in the East. If economical facts prove anything at all, the vast increase in the agricultural and other exports of the past dozen years, and nearly corresponding return outlay on European manufactured goods, demonstrate a measure of material improvement among the producing classes which may be vainly sought for elsewhere out of Europe. That the taxation is heavy, but not oppressive, is admitted, and that until lately the methods of its collection have been often brutal, may also be conceded. But apart from the traditional cruelty of tax-gathering all the East over, the Egyptian peasant has been noted in all time, from Cheops to Ismail, for the unwillingness to pay taxes at all. It is in fact, a point of honour to bear any amount of "stick," if by so doing the impost, or any part of it, can be evaded. The fellah, indeed, who will not do so is despised by even his own wife as a poltroon, and if, after a dozen or score of blows, he disgorges the coin, which endurance of fifty might, perhaps, have saved, the conjugal estimate of his spirit is shared generally by his fellows. Hence a difficulty of no trifling importance in the way of the new financial administration. Those who know Egypt best believe that nothing short of "stick logic" will, as a rule, persuade a fellah to pay his dues, be they ever so equitable.

"No, sir," said a gentleman from Pittsburg, "I was not in the war, but my brother was, and he was wounded." "Ah! indeed. Seriously wounded!" "Yes, sir; he was shot in the horse."

A FLORIDA negro mistook a mule for a ghost and poked it with a stick. The verdict recited that he came to his death by using too short a stick in probing the unknowable for evidence of a future existence.

The Crompton Corset Company.

(From "Mail" of Saturday.)

It is gratifying to be called upon from time to time to draw public attention to the development of our manufacturing industries, as it shows that confidence in the future prosperity of the country is being rapidly restored. It is our pleasant duty to-day to allude to the enterprise shown by the Crompton Corset Company by entering more extensively than heretofore into their line of business by the occupation of those larger premises, No. 78 York street, opposite the Rossin House. The premises are four storey in height and very commodious, giving facilities second to no other business house in the city for carrying on an extensive trade. The lower flat is occupied by general stock, the second is devoted to manufacturing purposes, being fitted up with the most modern machinery, which is driven by steam and manipulated by nearly one hundred young women, who have each a special branch to perform; and the work is certainly turned out in a very creditable manner. Some idea may be formed of the extent of the business carried on here when it is stated that from thirty six to forty dozen corsets are manufactured daily. The cutters who occupy the third flat have long tables upon which they lay down great webs of material from the English and American markets, and by the aid of peculiarly shaped knives cut through twenty-four thicknesses of cloth at the same time. Consequently much care is taken in having the goods in the various classes manufactured the exact size and similar in finish in every particular. Here the visitors find a large number of special lines ready for the warehouse, fully ironed and boxed on the premises within the space of a few hours; and the most fastidious cannot but be pleased with the charming character of the goods. If the artistic corset be needed, or that known as the abdominal; or even the free and easy nursing corset, they can be found all ready for the purchaser, whose fancy must be tempted by them. Upon the three classes above named the Company has patents which secure to it the right above all other companies to manufacture them. As a natural consequence the demand for this class of goods is very large. Matrons with rapidly increasing families will appreciate the advantage of the patent upon the nursing corset, where the little appliances for preventing over anxiety on the part of babies who need a little refreshment, are very neat and also very easily adjusted. The artistic corset is a charmer, and as it has a beautifully setting steam-pressed bust, which never loses its shape, and contains no bones, delicately inclined members of the gentler sex cannot but be delighted with it. Its advantages can be more readily imagined than described. The abdominal corset is very neatly constructed for giving strength where it is most needed, while at the same time it is very neat and comfortable. Indeed the stylish finish of all the goods is very attractive, and cannot fail to impress their beauty upon all who see them. We bespeak for this Company a very large share of patronage and financial prosperity to which it is entitled by its enterprise.

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 health 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 Biliousness, 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.

DO IT WELL.—Never slight a job because it is comparatively unimportant. Training the hand and eye to do the work well, leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects, as a good workman is in most cases a good citizen. No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a cent, because it is not a dollar. Some of the wisest law-makers, the best statesmen, the most merciful judges, the most ingenious workmen, rose from the great mass. A rival to a certain lawyer sought to humiliate him publicly by saying, "You blacked my father's boots once." "Yes," said the lawyer, unabashed, "and I did it well." And by his habit of doing even little things well, he rose to greatness. It is proper attention to health that enables us to attend to business. By the timely use of the Extract of Wild Strawberry, you may avert all disagreeable summer complaints, diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera morbus, etc., nothing is so pleasant in its cure, so rapid, reliable, and effectual, as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. And the value of this medicine as an antidote to sour stomach, colic, cramps, sea sickness, vomiting, and other irritations of the stomach and bowels is incalculable. It is safe and sure, and should be carried in the haversack of every traveller and tourist.

If you wish to appear at your best during the approaching festive season, procure your Shirts, Gloves, Ties, &c., at Cooper's, 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

Business Directory.

TORONTO.

Barristers & Attorneys.
Watson & Harpurs, 30 Adelaide East.

Electrotypers, Stereotypers, etc.
F. Dover & Co., 15 King Street East.

Engravers.
J. E. Webb, 15 King East.

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

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS OF PREPARED LEATHER Durable, Light, Elastic, and Cheap. First prize at Provincial Exhibition, London. Testimonials on application. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address,
J. DOAN & SON, Drayton, Ont.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF By sending 15 cents with age, height, colour of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. W. Fox, box 44, Fulton ville, N.Y.

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. R. CHISHOLM, Proprietor. P.O. Box, 97.

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.

LIVING WATER Star Auger bores 20 feet per hour, hole 5 to 25 inches. Hand or horse power; good supply of pure filtered water. Send for circular. MASTICK, 63 Mary St., Hamilton.

LADIES Desiring an experienced physician of their own sex can have accommodation secured on application.
Specialty, Diseases of Women.
Enclose stamp and address
Dr. EMILY H. STOWE,
Physician and Accoucheur,
111 Church St., Toronto.

WE HAVE SELECTED AMONG THE MANY unsolicited testimonials received by the Star Well Auger Company, 63 Mary street, Hamilton, the following:—Mr. George Hall, Harrisburg, writes under date of March 30th, 1879: I was greatly pleased with the seven inch auger you sent me, as it could not work any better. I worked it in quicksand over ninety feet from surface and it worked in the most satisfactory manner.
William Stuart, Emerson, Manitoba, July 9th, writes:—I must pay your auger works like a charm in Manitoba soil. I bored a few wells with it and then telegraphed you for another.
Stanley & Cann, of Cambellville, Manitoba, July 24th, says:—We consider from what we have done that your auger is a complete article. We bored a well 62 feet in one day, besides mining 14 feet out to 18 inches, put down curb, and were done early.

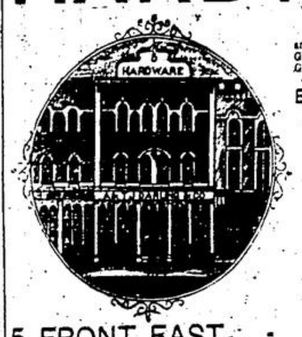
The Canadian Air Gas Machine

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.
Send for circular and price list.

SEED WHEAT.

All the leading varieties, as well as others, now introduced for the first time.
Address for circular.
WILLIAM RENNIE,
Seedsman, Toronto.

HARDWARE!



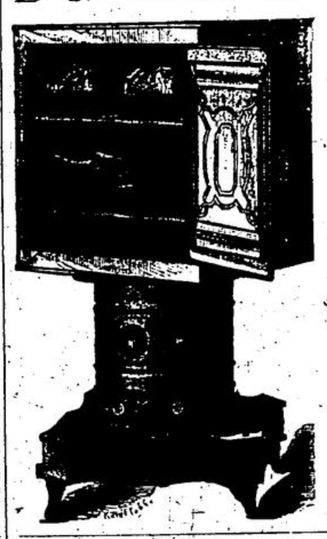
Bar Iron, Steel, Tin and Canada Plates, Galvanized and Tin Sheets, Coil Chain, Nails, Rope, Zinc, Paints, Glues, Garden and Hunting Tools, Celebrated "Oyster" Gilling Nets, Brass Cordage.

BABBIT METAL AND SHELF HARDWARE

Cutlery a Specialty.

A. & T. J. Darling & Co.
5 FRONT EAST, - - - - TORONTO.

BRUNSWICK!



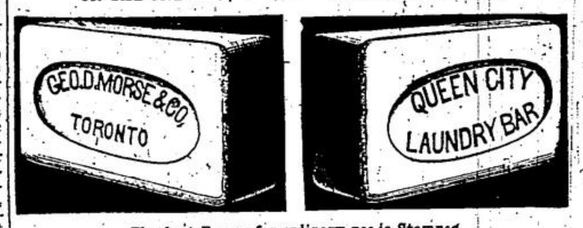
THE "BRUNSWICK" Coal Oil Stove.

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

The Best is the Cheapest.

E. & C. GURNEY & CO'Y,
91 Yonge St., Toronto.

IF YOU VALUE YOUR HEALTH AND CLOTHES,
USE THE
BEST SOAPS.
SEE THAT THE WHITE IS STAMPED
ON THE ONE SIDE, AND ON THE OTHER.



The best Brown for ordinary use is Stamped
MORSE'S CHAMPION.
DON'T USE ANY OTHER!

GRAND DOMINION EXHIBITION
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
AGRICULTURAL AND ARTS ASSOCIAT'N
OF ONTARIO,
TO BE HELD AT OTTAWA
ON THE
22nd to 27th of September, 1879.
500 Dominion Medals and $18,000
Offered in Premiums.

Entries must be made with the Secretary at Toronto on or before the undermentioned dates, viz:
Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Agricultural Implements, on or before Saturday, August 23rd.
Grain, Field Roots, and other Farm Products, Machinery and Manufactures generally, on or before Saturday, August 30th.
Horticultural Products, Ladies' Work, Fine Arts, etc., on or before Saturday, September 6th.
Prize Lists and Blank Forms for making the entries upon can be obtained of the Secretaries of all Agricultural and Horticultural Societies and Mechanics' Institutes throughout the Province.
JOHN R. CRAIG,
Sec. Agricultural and Arts Association, Toronto.

Montreal Telegraph Company.

TELEPHONES!

The Montreal Telegraph Company having been appointed sole agents in Canada for the EDISON CARBON TELEPHONES, are now prepared to meet the requirements of all parties requiring Telephones for private use.
These instruments are by far the most perfect and serviceable ever introduced. Information as to terms may be had for Ontario from agents of the Montreal Telegraph Company, or by application to
H. P. DWIGHT,
General Western Supt.
Montreal Telegraph Co.,
Toronto.

THE 'SIMONDS' SAWS
Are Superior to all others
More Work. Better Work. Less Power Uniformity in Temper
R. H. SMITH & CO.,
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.
Sole manufacturers for the Dominion of Canada.
Send for Price List.

BRITISH AMERICAN
COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,
112 & 114 King St. West, Toronto,
Re-opens Monday, September 1st.
For circulars, address
CONNOR O'DEA,
Toronto.

FOR SALE—ONE OF THE BEST FARMS IN Ontario—cheap and on easy terms. Lot 6, in the 6th Con. Township of Glanford, Co. Wentworth, on Hamilton and Caledonia stone road, 8 miles from Hamilton—known as the Choate Homestead; 137 acres; rich clay loam; under first-class cultivation; well fenced; abundance of good water; two large orchards, pear, peach, and plum trees, grape vines, evergreens, etc.; large brick house frame barn, with stone stables and root-house underneath; driving house; sheep barn, and all other buildings necessary on a first-class farm; school house in the place; churches, post office, etc., convenient; 3 miles from Glanford station, H. and N. W. R. R. For further particulars apply on the premises, or to HENRY REED, Glanford P. O., Ont.

BUY ONLY Ontario Baking Powder

HALIBURTON.
TERMINUS OF THE VICTORIA RAILWAY—farm and village lots for sale. C. J. BLOMFIELD, Manager Canadian Land and Emigration Co., Haliburton, or near W. & C. Baines, Toronto-st., Toronto.

$15 MADE IN ONE DAY.
Agents Wanted Everywhere
Selling a reliable patented article. Sells rapidly with large profit. A good business that requires no capital. Send two 3-cent stamps to L. C. BENTON, St. Thomas, Ont., for circular and instructions. Write at once and secure a good agency that pays.

EVERY WOMAN HER OWN DOCTOR
A long-felt want supplied! The new instrument, called the Uterine Medicator, enables every woman to treat and cure herself in her own home. The old method of treatment was barbarous, painful and unpleasant, and women suffered ten years after year rather than submit to the indelicate exposure attending it. Send 3c. stamp for circular containing full particulars. AGENTS WANTED. Address E. Amelia Tefft, M.D., U.S., Jarvis St., Toronto, Canada.

CANADA PERMANENT
Loan & Savings Company.

Paid up Capital	$2,000,000
Reserve Fund	650,000
Total Assets	$6,355,342
Total Liabilities	3,328,062
Surplus Assets	$3,027,296

SAVINGS BANK BRANCH.
Deposits received, and interest and principal received in all