## Dulce Est Desipere.

A LATE-STUDENT'S ODE OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

Cast aside dull books and thought!
Sweet is folly, sweet is play;
Take the pleasure spring hath brought
To youth's opening holiday!
Right it is that age should ponder
On grave matters fraught with care;
Tender youth is free to wander,
Free to frolic light as air.

Like a dream our prime is flown,
Prisoned in a study;
Sport and folly are youth's own,
Tender youth and ruddy.

Lo, the spring of life slips by,
Frozen winter comes apace;
Strength is minished silently,
Care writes wrinkles on our face;
Blood dries up and courage fails us,
Pleasure dwindles, joys decrease,
Till old age at last assails us
With his troop of illnesses.

Like a dream our prime is flown,
Prisoned in a study;
Sport and folly are youth's own,
Tender youth and ruddy.

Live we like the gods above!
This is wisdom, this is truth:
Chase the joys of gentle love
In the leisure of our youth!
Keep the vows we swore together,
Leds, obey that ordinance;
Seek the fields in sunny weather,
Where the laughing maidens dance.

Like a dream our prime is flown,
Prisoned in a study;
Life and folly are youth's own,
Tender youth and ruddy.

There the lad who lists may see
Which among the girls is kind;
There young limbs deliciously
Flashing through the dances wind;
While the girls their arms are raising,
Moving, winding o'er the lea,
Still I stand and gaze, and gazing
They have stolen the soul of me!

Like a dream our prime is flown,
Prisoned in a study;
Sport and folly are youth's own,
Tender youth and ruddy.

## A Sing Song.

BY E. PORCELL.

Love is young and Love is old
(Sing, sing, all ye that may);
Love is sad and Love is gay;
Every day
Flaming hearts are waxing cold.

Youth is weak and youth is bold
(Sing, sing, all ye that may);
Youth for naught shall toil or pay,
Saeve say;
Where is Wisdom bought and sold?

Age is right and age is wrong
(Sing, sing, all ye that may);
Honour comes when heads are grey;
Hush! I say!
Something hoarse is Wisdom's tongue.

## The Afghan Tribes.

Recent History of the Parthan Clans—The Ghilzais and Duranis—The Mir Vais Dynasty—Nadir Shah, Dost Mohammed, Shere Ali and Yakoob Khan.

What real hold has Yakoob Khan on the loose congeries of tribes which are supposed to own him realty? The question has become of importance, now that the Ameer is believed either to have connived at the recent outbreak or, at least, to have been forced to sanction the movement in self-defence. What special tie, for instance, attaches to him the Mohmunds, who, we are told, have taken an active part in the uprising? What is the source of his influence over the great Ghilzai group, whom, according to a telegram, he has called to arms? Above all, what is the precise relation of the present ruler, and of his dynasty, to the powerful Durani clan which has long formed the dominant element in Afghanistan? Some clear notion of these matters is essential to the understanding of current telegrams. Both from a numerical and an historical point of view the two foremost tribes of the Afghan or Pathan race are

THE GHILZAIS AND THE DURANIS.

The ancestral home of the latter lies in and about Herat, stretching eastward to a point somewhat beyond Candahar. That city, however, was originally included in the Ghilzai country, which still covers the whole southeastern part of Afghanistan. The Ghilzais are reputed to be descending from the illegitimate son of an exiled Persian prince, Shah Hussein, but they were the first to throw off the Persian yoke and to give independence to the Afghan tribes who previously had been ruled from Ispahan or from Delhi. It was not much more than a century and a half ago that the Ghilzais in the neighbourhood of Candahar rose against their chiefs and made

MIR VAIS

King. The dynasty thus created in 1707 had a brilliant but short career, and was dethroned in 1737 by the Persian General, Nadir Shah. The latter had been assisted in his Eastern conquests by an Afghan chief named Ahmed Khan, the head of the Sudozye family of the Abdali clan. After the death of Nadir Shah, his Afghan lieutenant set himself up as King in Candahar, the difference between his dynasty and that of Mir Vais being that in the latter case the Ghilzais and in the former the Abdalis were the controlling tribe. In the hope of appeasing

THE ENMITY BETWEEN THE CLANS

which, however, had not been wholly healed unto this day, Ahmed assumed the title of *Duri-i-Duran* (Pearl of the Age), and henceforth the Abdalis became known as the Duranis. At the present day the Duranis are much the stronger, numbering about three-quarters of a million souls, whereas their traditional rivals do not muster more than three or four hundred thousand. The dominant tribe is generally credited with more spirit and bravery, though the Ghilzais have given ample proof of martial qualities. It is not, however, to the Sudozye branch of the Duranis that Yakoob Khan belongs. During the latter years of the last century and the earlier years of the present, the Ghilzais kept up the struggle for supremacy, and though they were unable to gain the throne for themselves, they helped to transfer it to another sub-division of the Duranis. Under one of Ahmed Khan's successors a chief of the Barucksye branch became a sort of mayor of the palace, and after his murder, a brother who was to be well known as,

DOST MOHAMMED

displaced the Sudozye line and became sole Ameer at Cabul. It was not, however, until 1843 that the new Barucksye house was firmly established in the mastery of the whole country. Thus it appears that Dost Mohammed and his grandson, the present ruler, can invoke the ties of hereditary clanhood only as regards one branch of the Durani tribe, and must find in the other their most implacable enemies. Heretofore the Ghilzais have uniformly supported the present dynasty from their hatred of the Sudozye line, which had supplanted their own leaders. Moreover,

YAKOOB KHAN

has a special hold upon them, having married the daughter of one of the most prominent chiefs. It was this fact quite as much as Lord Northbrook's protest which saved Yakoob's life when five years ago he was arrested by his father and thrown into prison, from which he only emerged upon Shere Ali's flight from Cabul. It is also through family relationship that the present ruler exercises peculiar control over the Mohmunds, his mother having been the daughter of one of their chiefs. Nowroz Khan, who was supposed some months ago to have brought the Mohmunds over to the British side, is Yakoob's maternal uncle. This tribe, it must be remembered, occupy the territory adjoining the Khyber Pass upon the north, and they are said to be able to put from 15,000 to 20,000 men into the field. Between the Khyber Pass and the Kuram Pass dwell

THE AFRIDIS

whom the Ameer can only influence by subsidies, in which, of course, the English can outbid him. The same may be said of the Waziris, whose country lies south of the Kuram Valley. It was an Afridi, by the way, who killed Lord Mayo. On the whole Yakoob Khan's position is in some respects stronger than his father's. Besides his dynastic title to the allegiance of the Barucksye branch of the Duranis, who have for some time stood forth as champions of the nation, and who possess in Herat the most coveted military position, he has claims of his own to the support of the Mohmund hill tribe which most threatens the Khyber Pass, and of that large Ghilzai clan whose power stretches from the neighbourhood of Candahar, their ancient capital, to the southeast angle of the kingdom.

## STRAY SHOT.

THE man who says, "And don't you forget it," a great many times in his conversation, hasn't a great many things to remember.

A CONNECTICUT man recently said: "Lend me a dollar. My wife has left me, and I want to advertise that I am not responsible for her debts."

A POEM in the *Modern Argo* is called "The Blessed Queens." But it is the confounded kings that lessen your opinion of the blessed queens, when you "call" 'em wo've been told.

PRESENCE of mind may stop a lion in his spring, but as a rule it would be a great deal safer to have a gully seventy-five feet wide between you and the lion previous to the spring.

"Nothing is made in vain!" exclaims the divine, but the next moment, as an aggregate of silk lace and feathers sweeps up the aisle, he realizes that something is maiden vain.

A GREENHORN sat a long time very attentively musing upon a cane-bottom chair. At length he said, "I wonder what fellow took the trouble to find all them ar holes and put straws around 'em!"

THE latest thing to blow up and kill a hired girl is a wash-bench. One can't be too careful how he hangs around the kitchen these days. It seems as if it wasn't even safe to handle soft soap or clothes pins.

IT was in the sixteenth century that wood yard men first discovered how to pile the sticks crossways in the box, and larrup a customer out of one-eighth on every cord.—*Free Press.* And yet to this day our singers continue to wail about the "Last Chord."

WHEN you see a lady running after a horse-car, shaking her parasol like mad, and crying out frantically, "Here, here," the thought comes that all this trouble and vexation of spirit might have been prevented had she been able to whistle on her fingers. But then there's her glove. Well, perhaps its better as it it.

THE following carefully-prepared table shows the chances professional men have of catching fish when they go fishing. Doctors, 7 in 50; lawyers, 3 in 50; editors, 10 in 50; artists, 2 in 50; architects, 18 in 50; book-keepers, 8 in 50; merchants, 13 in 50; professors, 1 in 50; unknown small boy, with straw hat and broken suspender, 40 in 50.

A COLORED man was once asked why he did not get married. "Why, you see, sah," said he, "I get an old mudder, an' I hab to do for her, ye see, sah, an' if I don't buy her shoes an' stockin's an' bread an' butter she wouldn't get none. Now, if I was to get married, I would hab to buy dem things for my wife, an' dat would be taking de shoes an' stockin's an' bread an' butter right out o' my mudder's mouf."

As a palefaced, hollow-eyed man was walking along Queen st. Avenue, using a cane to support his feeble steps, a pedestrian halted him, reached out a hand and said: "Why Tom is t-is you." "Yes, it's me," was the mournful reply. "And what's the matter?" "I'm all run down, and I have lost my place." "Lost it! How? Been discharged?" "Yes," sadly replied the poor man, "I'm looking for a job now." "I know of a coal dealer who wants a driver," suggested the friend. "No good—no good," with a mournful shake of the head. "I've been to two or three and as soon as they found that my weight was down to one hundred and twenty pounds they turned right away from me. Coal is down, you know, and they have to make it up in the weight of the driver."

A POLITICIAN who had been on terms of intimacy with actors and artists is suddenly elevated to an important official position. One of his friends, a distinguished actor, goes to call on him, and entering the office, says genially, "Hullo, old fel., how——?" "I beg your pardon, sir," says the official in a glacial manner; "I am occupied for a moment. Be so good as to take a seat." The actor sits down in surprise in a chair, and presently his friend says: "Now, sir, what can I do for you?" "Why, don't you know me? I'm——" "I do not precisely follow you," says the official. "You have come to——?" "I came, sir," says the actor, in a terrible voice, jamming his hat down on his head—"I came, sir, to give you some hints as to deportment now that you are a public official, but by the Nine Gods you don't need any!" Good morning, sir!"

"TAKE back the heart," as the man said who drew one when he wanted a diamond. "A loan in the world," was given with great effect by the man who had to raise three hundred dollars by Saturday noon. "Bee ware," was the natural song of the honey merchant. "Down by the sea-beat shore," was the sad refrain of a man whose summer hotel was eaten out by tramps. "Dream, baby, dream," was sung and said very energetically by the man who patrolled the floor while the colic patrolled the baby. "Good-bye, sweet tart," was chanted by the dyspeptic man who couldn't eat pie. "Somebody is waiting for me," was wailed out by the man who had been to the lodge, lost his night key, and could see the shadow of his wife's mother's night-capped head on the curtain of the sitting-room. "Larboard Watch" is the favourite lay of the recent idiot who wears two watches.—*Hawkeye.*

## The Wonder of a Woman's Glove.

A woman's glove is to her what a vest-pocket is to a man. But it is more capacious, and in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred it is much better regulated. A man will carry $200 worth of small change, four matches, half a dozen toothpicks, a short pencil, and not yet be able to find a nickel or a match or a toothpick or a pencil or a card when he wants it. Not so with a woman. She has the least bit of a glove, and in that glove she carries the tiniest hand and a wad of bills and the memoranda for her intended purchase of dry goods and cir tickets and matinee checks and maybe a diminutive powder bag. We have no idea how she does it—how she manages to squeeze a thousand and one things into that wee space. But she does it every time, and the glove never looks the least discomposed or plethoric or ruffled. And when a woman wants any article concealed about that glove she doesn't seem to have the least trouble in the world getting at it. All that is required is a simple turn of the wrist, the disappearance of two fairy fingers, and the desired article is brought to light. It is a wonder that no savant can explain.

## Society of the Damned.

A curious institution still exists in Paris, the Society of the Damned. These damned are dramatic authors, and they meet once a month and dine at Brebant's. Their number has no fixed limit, only every member to be eligible must have been hissed. An eminent dramatist is selected as chairman, and holds the post for three months. His election generally follows close on a splendid failure. M. Meilhac, M. Dumas, jr., M. Zola, and M. Offenbach have all filled the chair, and presided at the monthly dinners. These dinners are given on the last Friday of the month, and are extraordinarily hilarious.

## USEFUL RECIPES.

SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.—One cupful sugar, half cupful butter whipped to a cream; add one cupful boiling water, and scald, but not boil; thicken with two teaspoonfuls of corn starch; add one wine-glass of wine, (brandy is better,) and a well-beaten egg.

JOHNNY CAKE.—One quart buttermilk, one teacupful flour, two-thirds teacupful molasses, a little salt, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one egg, beaten; leave it so thin that it will almost run; bake in a tin. If it is not light, it will be because it is made too thick.

PEACHES IN CANE.—Peel ripe peaches; cut them in halves; put them in a preserving kettle, with a little sugar sprinkled over them. Let them heat thoroughly in a pan of hot water on the range. When the peaches are scalding hot put them in glass jars and seal them up.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE.—Scald the milk and let it cool; grate some sweet apples; to each cupful of apple have two-thirds cupful of powdered sugar, four well-beaten eggs, one cupful milk, one-fourth of a nutmeg; line an earthern pie-dish with a rich crust, and let it bake; then fill with the custard and let it bake for half an hour.

CAKE MADE FROM SOUR CREAM.—Take two cupfuls of powdered sugar, five eggs, one-half of a nutmeg, four cupfuls of flower, one cupful of sour cream, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two table spoonfuls of warm water; stir it well through the cream, which should be put in last of all, and bake as soon as mixed; bake this in a four-quart basin for one hour; a hot oven is best for this cake.

OLD MAIDS' PICKLES.—One small head cabbage cut fine, six large onions sliced, one ear green corn sliced, one dozen green tomatoes sliced, one pint radish pods, green; two ripe cucumbers cut small, two green cucumbers cut small, 30 small cucumbers used whole, one teaspoonful turmeric, 12 green peppers used whole if small, three cents' worth of cloves, one-eighth of a pound of ground allspice, one-eighth of a pound of ground cinnamon, one-eighth of a pound of mustard-seed, one-eighth of a pound of pepper corns, one-half pound brown sugar, one quart good cider vinegar, one root of chopped horse raddish. Boil the vinegar, sugar, spices, and turmeric, and pour hot over the pickles, having brought them to a scald in weak vinegar.

## SCIENCE NOTES.

THE London Society of Arts intends awarding a gold medal for the discovery of the best means of protecting ships from fire and from sinking.

A CONFERENCE of meteorologists is to be held at Hamburg, to consider the scheme proposed by Count Wilczek and Lieut. Weyprecht for establishing stations within the Arctic circle, at which meteorological observations may be conducted for twelve months.

A BED of anthracite of excellent quality and well adapted for smelting has begun to be worked at Ching-men-chow, near Ichang, China. The coal district extends for seventy-five square miles, and has ten beds, one of which, only one hundred feet below the surface, is estimated to contain 1,200,000 tons. The region contains also valuable iron ore, and it is not improbable that an important iron industry will be established.

VARIOUS remedies have from time to time been proposed to arrest the ravages of insects which destroy books and printed papers. There are obvious objections to the use of such antidotes as washing with a solution of corrosive sublimate in alcohol, exposing the books to the vapour of benzine, carbolic acid, hydrocyanic acid, or burning sulphur. Dr. Hagen has tried with success to meet the difficulty by keeping the infested volumes for an hour under the exhausted bell glass of an air-pump.

The result of an investigation by a Government commission in Prussia to ascertain the best kind of ink to be used for official purposes has just been published. The objection to aniline inks is that they can easily be washed away by preparations containing chlorine. Alizari, or Adrianop'e red, imparts considerable permanence to the ink of which it forms an ingredient. The best ink of all, however, is that made from gall-nuts, and it is the one recommended for writings which are intended to withstand time.

## The Murdered British Envoy.

Sir Louis Cavagnari was one of those few men created by nature to make their mark in the world's history. Utterly un-English in his aspect, his manner, his style of thought and his character of action, he recalled the continental diplomatists of the moyen age. It had been generally assumed at Peshawur for years back that it was only a question of time when Cavagnari should be assassinated, as had been Mackson, Macdonald and so many others who had been his predecessors in the perilous but fascinating career of frontier management. A slight man, of rather feeble physique, but with an eye like a two-edged sword, he never carried arms, differing in this from John Nicolson, who always had a pistol on his writing-table; and when, at an interview, a hillman or an African waxed truculent, took care to secure the first trick in the game. Cavagnari (writes a correspondent), although he never loses his temper, can on occasion hit wonderfully straight from the shoulder. I remember once riding with him to an appointment he had with some Afridis to settle some vexed land question. I remained on the road while he, alone, in the centre of about a dozen stalwart ruffians armed to the eyebrows, walked round the field. Presently the loud, angry accents of a dispute reached my ears. The Afridis were surrounding Cavagnari, gesticulating with passionate vehemence, some with hands on their daggers. Cavagnari stood quiet, perfectly fearless, utterly impassive. Suddenly I saw the biggest of the Afridis go down like a bullock and Cavagnari, with unruffled composure, returning his hand into his pocket. He had knocked the ruffian down, and the swift thoroughness of the act cowed the fierce hillmen. About half-way on the return journey Cavagnari remarked, apologetically: "It was absolutely necessary. Please don't think I lost my temper; I was perfectly cool; but I was forced to maintain my ascendancy;" and then he added, meditatively, "and I waited also to save my life."

## What there is in Wheat.

(From the American Miller.)

The wheat grain is a fruit consisting of a seed and its coverings. All the middle part of the grain is occupied by large, thin cells; full of powdery substance, which contains nearly all the starch of the wheat. Outside the central starchy mass is a single row of squarish cells filled with a yellowish material, very rich in nitrogenous, that is flesh-forming matter. Beyond this again are six coats or coverings, containing much mineral matter, both of potash and phosphates. The outermost coat is but of little value. The mill products of these coverings of the seed are peculiarly rich in nutriment, and fine flour is robbed of a large percentage of valuable and nutritious food. Middlings not only contain more fibrin and mineral matter than fine flour, but also more fat. The fibrous matter or outer coat, which is indigestible, forms one-sixth of the bran, but not one-hundredth of the fine flour. Wheat contains the greatest quantity of glutin and the smallest of starch; rye, a medium proportion of both, while in barley, oats and corn the largest proportion of starch and the smallest of gluten are to be found. In practice 100 pounds of flour will make from 133 to 137 pounds of bread, a good average being 136 pounds; hence a barrel containing 196 pounds should yield 266 one-pound loaves.

IN writing for the press if you can't put fire into your writings, you would better put your writings into the fire.

## Lost in the Catacombs.

Groping the Way Through Goblin Gallleries and Stumbling Over Grinning Skeletons.

Miss Bessie Darling, the actress, who has just returned from her European tour, gives the following dramatic account of the misfortune which attended her visit to the Catacombs of Paris;

"There were thirty-one of us in the party. Regardless of the guide's injunctions that we should keep together on the penalty of getting lost, I wandered, unobserved by any of my companions or the guide, into a transverse gallery, and after leisurely deciphering several inscriptions that attracted my eye, turned to make an exit and rejoin the party. But I turned in the wrong direction, and did not discover my mistake until I had gone some distance. Positive, at first, that my course was correct, I hurried on without giving an alarm. As soon, however, as I realized that I was indeed lost, you may be sure that my voice was exerted as only a woman in distress knows how to exert her voice. I retraced my steps in as much of a run as the flame of my candle permitted, pausing at every opening I passed to call and listen. The echoes of my calls were simply fiendish in the way they came back to me. They were far from human in tone—more like derisive howls uttered from the cold grinning skulls that were staring at me on every side with their hideous, sunken eyes. As these echoes only added to my tribulation I refrained from calling any more. My voice was gone, at any rate. The ghoulish atmosphere seemed to defy any effort above a hoarse whisper. Thus I wandered from one gallery into another, into caverns and out of them and back into other galleries again, and all the while going farther and further into the most dangerous section of the Catacombs, wherein visitors are never conducted. I wandered this way for nearly two hours. The silence was so oppressive that even the squealing of rats would have been welcome, but the Catacombs are singularly free from this varmin. So long as my candle held out I kept heart and did not despair. When its flame began to flicker and grow weak I lessened my pace, carried the candle closer to the ground, to enable me to avoid the skulls and ribs I was constantly stumbling over. The ground was so pasty it held my feet so firmly at times that I imagined some unearthly crawling creature was attacking me. I emerged at last from a narrow gallery into what I thought was an enormous chamber, but its darkness was so black that I came to a standstill at the threshold, as it were. I could not distinguish either floor or ceiling, nor see a vestige of already familiar skulls or bones. The atmosphere was colder and purer than what I had yet experienced in the place.

"ALAS, POOR YORICK.

"I don't know what prompted me to do it, but I picked up a skull and threw it forward into the gloom in front of me; to my infinite terror I did not hear the thud of the skull upon any ground until after a few seconds, and then I heard it away beneath me, accompanied by a muffled rattle, as though the skull had fallen on and disturbed a number of others at the bottom of a great and unseen pit. And pit it was—over 150 feet deep, I was afterwards told; two or three steps more and I might have gone headlong down. I turned to go and die somewhere else, but as I turned the light of my candle expired, and here nature gave way. I fainted within three feet of the edge of that awful abyss; the chilliness of the air revived me after a while. I opened my eyes, was I blind? for I saw nothing. I threw out my arms, and felt only the slimy mud in which I was lying. I turned my head, and my cheek rested against a clammy skull. Oh! how I prayed for death. Once more I became unconscious, and I lay for eighteen hours insensible. It was fortunate I fell where I did. Had I fallen in any of the galleries restricted to visitors, I might have lain undiscovered thirty days, for, as you are aware, the Catacombs are on public view only once a month. As it was, I fell at a spot frequented by the workmen daily employed in the place; the pit near me they used as a dumping hole for refuse bone litter. Had I tumbled into that pit my body would have been covered up with tons of ghastly dumpings before the search for me would have been extended to the awful hollow."

RESCUED BY A WORKMAN.

"I again recovered consciousness, just in season to attract the attention of a retreating workman. Too exhausted to call, I could only groan, and, brave fellow, he at once advanced in the direction of the sound. My face, clothes and arms were so besmeared with mud that he could not locate me until I groaned again. I must have been a frightful object, with my hair all matted with the slimy earth and my eyes wide open upon him appealingly. But he was a courageous fellow to return my fixed gaze and merely mutter to himself, 'Suicide and dead!' As he stooped over me I managed to touch his foot, whereupon he started up, lit a spare candle, placed it on the ground beside me, and then hastened away. 'Oh, has he abandoned me without killing me?' I cried to myself. I swooned again. When next I revived I found myself being tenderly carried by stalwart hands up the steep main entrance steps down which I had descended so many hours ago. Although I was perfectly conscious of the fact of my rescue I did not manifest the least sign of life; hence the newspaper reports to the effect that I had been found dead. It was ten o'clock in the morning when I was rescued; I had been lost in the Inferno of Paris since two o'clock the previous afternoon."

"Had there been any search for you instituted in the meantime?" the reporter enquired.

"None whatever," the actress rejoined. "My companions knew nothing of my misfortune until they read it in the next day's afternoon papers. There were so many of us, and we had been somewhat independent in our movements in the Catacombs, lagging behind or distancing each other, and dispersing unceremoniously upon regaining terra firma, that my absence could not have been definitely noted. My family were ignorant of my having gone to the Catacombs. I met the party on their way there and was persuaded to join them. There was, of course no little commotion at my hotel when I failed to return that evening. The police were notified and preparations made to begin, the next morning, to drag the River Seine for my remains, on the suspicion that I had been waylaid, robbed and murdered, and my body cast into the river. But the intelligence of my rescue obviated that intention."

Miss Darling here brought from an adjoining room the once handsome dress she wore on the eventful night. It was stiff and caked with mud, and irrevocably ruined.

"This adventure of mine," the heroine concluded, "is not likely to befall any one else in the future, for the guides have since been instructed to count their parties in escort at certain points in the Catacombs. Some years ago a gentleman went astray just as I did. He was found dead two hours subsequently. I cannot conceive how I survived, for I used to be a fearful coward. If anything, the mishap has made me braver, but not by any means brave enough to pass another night alone in those dismal Catacombs."

## Murder Will Out.

A few years ago "August Flower" was discovered to be a certain cure for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. A few thin Dyspeptics made known to their friends how easily and quickly they had been cured by its use. The great merits of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER became heralded through the country by one sufferer and another, until without advertising its sale became immense. Druggists in every town in Canada and the United States are selling it. No person suffering from Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Low Spirits, etc., can take three doses without relief. Go to your druggist and get a bottle for 75 cents and try it. Sample bottles 10 cents.

## Business Items.

BARRING dried apples in cask, there is nothing in the world that can swell out like a woman in a crowded street-car.

NERVOUSNESS.—A very great number of those in the middle and higher classes of society, who, without being ever actually sick, never knew what real health is; who live constantly in a lower plane of living than is normal in man, who are weak all over, though not specially and constantly weak in any one organ, who may not experience piercing and grinding pain, yet suffer at times, if not always, that profound exhaustion which in many respects is worse than pain. Those in that lamentable state have always been relieved, and many permanently so by using the VICTORIA STAUT OF HYPOPHOSPHITES, it being particularly adapted for those cases.

To be well draped, your linen must be faultless, and to insure it get your Shirts and Furnishings at Cooper's, 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

AGED persons are often troubled with derangements of the kidneys and urinary organs, and will be glad to learn that VICTORIA BUCHU and UVA URSI is prepared with the especial purpose of meeting these troubles, and making life happy to the aged. Those who have used it speak highly of it, and it is highly recommended with confidence. For sale by all dealers.

Among the many brands of smoking tobacco which have established themselves in the favour of lovers of "the weed," none has more confirmed votaries than the "T & B" Myrtle Navy. Those who give it a trial generally make it their choice, and are quite content to abide by it whatever new fancies and fashions may come into vogue from time to time. Made of tobacco of uniform excellence and always prepared in precisely the same way and with the same care, it gives unvarying satisfaction to the user, who in buying his plug knows exactly what he is getting. Such as may feel inclined to try it should be careful to see that the trade mark "T & B" in gilt letters is stamped on each plug, as the high reputation of the article has brought many worthless imitations into the market.

If those who have never tried that unrivalled preparation for colds, coughs, hoarseness, asthma, sore throat, etc., HAYYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM, will but receive the testimony of the many thousands who have successfully used it, they will be acting wisely. It is one of the oldest and best known remedies in the Dominion. For sale by all dealers, at 25 cents per bottle. Milburn, Bentley & Pearson, Proprietors.

At the Industrial Exhibition in this city recently the sight which, next to the steam hen, attracted the largest concourse of curious and admiring spectators was certainly Morse & Co's soap house. It was a sight not to be missed; and when seen, not to be forgotten. The fine effects to be got out of soap as a building material excited general wonder, and this was accorded, in the minds of all thirty housewives by unstinted admiration of the soap as such. That they never saw soap at all like it, that they intended to give it a trial and if it was anything near as good as it look would never think of using any other, were remarks heard all day through in the neighbourhood of the stand. These observations were merely repetitions of a judgment already widely pronounced. The Champion and the Queen Laundry Soaps are unquestionably the best in the market.

STILL THEY COME.—Dr. H. Ea. Ross, Kincardine, considers YELLOW OIL an staple an article as he has in his store, and as sure to sell as tea or sugar. Jas. Bobtin, Bobbinton, P. O., writes:—"We have used HAYYARD'S YELLOW OIL, and finds it answers every purpose for which it is recommended.' There is nothing better for burns, bruises, scalds, etc.; so better liniment in the world.

Delightful as the prolonged autumnal weather is, householders are already painfully exercised over the problem how most effectually and most economically to maintain the fight against winter's cold. The difficulty is in choosing from an almost boundless variety of heating appliances, each of which has something to recommend it which, it is claimed, others lack. At the recent great fair at Guelph the brand of excellence was placed by the judges on the Splendid Self Feeder manufactured by Laidlaw, Bowes &c., of Hamilton, which was awarded a first prize, a similar certificate of excellence being secured by the same firm for their Splendid Parlour Coal Stove, which is, certainly, in material, appearance, utility and manageableness, one of the best in the market. The Boynton Hot Air Furnace, also their make, gives satisfaction to those whose convenience it suits to employ this method of house-heating.


## Business Directory.

TORONTO.

Brush Manufacturer.
*Machine Brushes. Jas. Wilson, 56 Sherbourne st.*

Barristers & Attorneys.
*Watson & Heyport, 20 Adelaide East.*

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

Engravers.
*J. H. Webb, 15 King East.*

File Manufacturer.
*File Recut. Thos. Gresham, 55 Sherbourne.*

Furniture.
*Oshawa Cabinet Co., 97 Yonge street.*

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

PICTURE MOULDINGS, FRAMES, CHROMOS, Mottoes, Mirrors, etc. Dealers send for wholesale list. H. J. MATTHEW & BROS., Toronto.

BUY ONLY *Ontario Baking Powder*

WILD AND IMPROVED FARMS for sale cheap on easy terms, in the county of Lambton. Send for circular and price list. Wm. LINDSAY, box 67, Petrolia.

COME TO DELAWARE — 100 Delaware fruit and grain farms, cheap; mild, healthy climate; catalogue free. A. P. GRIFFITH, Smyrna, Del. ware.

LIVING WATER Star Auger bores 30 feet per hour, hole 5 to 25 inches. Hand or horse power; good supply of pure filtered water. Send for circular. MACTORY, 68 Mary St., Hamilton.

AGENTS—EVERY COUNTY IN Canada, for Tellor's Disease of Live Stock and their Efficient Remedies. Send for terms to agents. OBERHOLTZER & CO., Publishers, Berlin, Ont.

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

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.

$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.

HURRAH FOR MANITOBA!

SIXTEENTH PARTY.
A special train of comfortable cars will start for
MANITOBA
On TUESDAY, 14th Oct.,
at 12.30 p. m. For particulars address with 3c stamp,
R. W. Prittie,
Manitoba Land Office, 25 Colborne-st., Toronto.
N.B.—Oct. 14th last party of the season.

GUNS! GUNS!!

Breech and Muzzle Loading, just arrived from England. A splendid lot, the best ever received. Also full assortment of Winchester and other Rifles, Sporting Goods, &c.
Send for my new illustrated catalogue, now ready.
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123 Yonge St.,
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THE CELEBRATED

New Harris Patent Hot-air Furnace.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue containing Testimonials. Tenders given on application. Address,

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RICE'S
PAT'T SPRING MATTRESS.

The Patentee claims for the Spring Mattress represented by the cut, that it is superior in many most important respects to any other in the market. Other inventions are recommended to the public for some one special excellence, and on trial disappoint the purchaser, being faulty in almost every other respect. DURABILITY is secured at the cost of ease to the user; SIMPLICITY of construction at the expense of serviceability; or COMFORT, with enhanced cost. In RICE'S PATENT SPRING MATTRESS there is a combination of all these excellences. It is not the best Bed in one point, but in ALL RESPECTS. The advantages guaranteed to the purchaser are

1.—COMFORT.—In regard to this, all who have used the Spring Mattress are agreed that it has or can have no superior. It is a perfect and infallible fatigue annihilator. It accommodates itself to every position of the body and yields to every motion of the limbs.

2.—HEALTHFULNESS.—The medical faculty express their entire approval of it from a sanitary point of view. For invalids, and persons of weakly constitution, they say there is nothing better to be had.

3.—DURABILITY.—It is almost impossible for it, even with rough usage to get out of order, consequently there is no need of repair. It is made of the very best material, with two rows of springs across the centre, which, together with the tension springs at the ends, effectually prevents sagging. It never loses its shape. All the springs are made from the best steel spring wire.

4.—NOISELESSNESS is another of its many recommendations. Sleep, "nature's sweet restorer," is a necessity; but simple as the fact is, it seems to have been overlooked by many who have exercised their ingenuity in constructing mattresses and bedsteads, and the result is that the world-be sleeper is robbed of his needed rest by the incessant squeaking and groaning of his couch. RICE'S SPRING MATTRESS is perfectly noiseless, and thus refreshing rest is guaranteed to any one who has a sound mind in a sound body.

5.—CHEAPNESS is a most important consideration these stringent times. RICE'S SPRING MATTRESS is offered as low as any article of the kind in the market, while it is superior to all.

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Every boiler insured with this association is periodically visited and examined, and the insured is kept advised as to its condition and the proper means of keeping it all right. Inspection can also be obtained without insurance. Inspectors visit all parts of the country. Steam engines and gauges tested.
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Send for Price List and discounts.
N. B.—None genuine unless with a STAR in the head of the rivets.
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Stump and Stump Machines, Stove Hoists, etc., cheapest and best in the market. Send for descriptive circular. Address,
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Valuable Cleared
FARMLANDS
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The Executors of the late Mrs. Mary E. Hughes have received instructions to sell—
Lot No. 6, in 4th concession Luther, 100 acres.
East half of Lot No. 17, in 2nd concession Garafraxa, 100 acres.
West half of Lot No. 17, in 2nd concession Garafraxa, 100 acres.
West half of Lot No. 28, in 2nd concession Garafraxa, 100 acres.
Lot No. 14, in 4th concession Arthur, 100 acres.
Also 4 first-class brick stores in the village of Arthur.

The lands are under cultivation, with buildings, &c., and amongst the best farming townships in Canada.

This is a splendid opportunity for parties wishing to buy first-class farms, as they must be sold at once.

Terms to purchasers will be made liberal.

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PATRICK HUGHES, Esq., Executor, of Hughes Bros., Toronto.
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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.

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None Other is Genuine.

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

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Bald-Headed Men

Wanted during the Exhibition to call on Mr. Whitecotton, 347 Yonge St. West, he being the only one (and challenge contradiction) that has succeeded in restoring hair to the hopelessly bald.
All testimonials right in your midst. To all afflicted with Dandruff, Hair Falling or Greyness, &c., &c., do not fail to call on
Charles Maitland Wintercorbyn.
Send for circulars and testimonials.

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