The Gleaners.

BY ARTHUR DOBSON.

The days decay as flowers of grass,
The years as silent waters flow;
All things that are depart, alas!
As leaves the winnowing breezes strew;
And still while yet, full-orbed and slow,
Now runs the old heroic climb,
Old Time must reap as others sow;
We are the gleaners after Time!

We pursue all the things that pass,
We harbor all the winds may blow;
Alas! see we up-grove amaze
All of the harrying Fates bestow:
Old dolorous of feast and show,
Old wife of by gone rune and rhyme,
Old faiths that made old banquets glow:—
We are the gleaners after Time!

We hoard old flows of lad and lass,
Old records of writ on tomb and tower,
Old ruins of a river-bed and bar,
Old wrecks of old worlds' overthrow,
Old relics of Earth's primals fine,
All drift that was fore-by and fro:—
We are the gleaners after Time.

Friends that we know not and we know!
We pray you by the Christmas chime
He's gone to make Life things that go:
We are the gleaners after Time!

Worked to Death.

Here lies an old woman who always was tired,
For she lived in a house where he never retired.
Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends I am tired,
Where washing ain't done, nor churning, nor sewing;
And everything there will be just to my wishes,
For there they don't eat there is no washing of dishes;
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,
But where I'll be no more I'll get tired of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now, and mourn for me never,
For I am going to do nothing for ever and ever.

SOME MEMORABLE SHOWS.

Mr. George Augustus Sala's Varied Experience.

The Coronation of Queen Victoria—Remarkable Incidents in the Career of Napoleon III.—How the Great were Buried and How They Wedded—The Sublime and the Ridiculous.

Mr. George Augustus Sala, the veteran English newspaper correspondent, began his lecture on "The Shows that I have Seen," last evening, by facetiously requesting a select audience that about half filled Chickering Hall, to call his attention to any slips they might notice in his talk in the matter of misplacing his h's. He spoke in a deliberate conversational tone, which was clearly audible in all parts of the house, and he was frequently greeted with laughter and applause. As illustrative of the philosophy of his discourse, he narrated an anecdote told him by an American of remarkable ingenuity, enterprise, and versatility, and one whom, on the strength of long friendship, he pronounced an honest man—P. T. Barnum—[laughter], about a little boy, who, being a precocious man-child, was presented with a ticket to Jenny Lind's concert in New-York drawn by that lady herself. After the entertainment the child's father asked him in the songstress's presence what he thought of it. The boy, amid much confusion, confessed that he had traded the ticket for a stick of taffy, six apples, and 10 cents, and with the last he had purchased admission to a side-show, where a very fat hog, with six legs, was on exhibition. The angry parent was about to administer summary chastisement when Jenny Lind interposed.

"Oh, pray, sir, do not beat him," she said, and then, turning to the boy, asked with much interest: "Was it a very fat hog, and did it really have six legs?" "Well," said the lecturer, "may affect an interest from time to time in the æsthetic and the cultured, but give us a good honest show, and we are more delighted than by all the discourses on all the elogies that were ever invented."

The first show that the lecturer described was the coronation of Queen Victoria in 1838. He was then a small boy in a frilled collar and the preposterous garb known at that time as the skeleton suit. The news of the death of William IV. came on a hot July day in 1837. He was not so bad a King, as Kings went, although, as a historian had asked, "what was to be expected of a King with a head like a pine-apple?" When it was announced that Victoria was to ascend the throne, the British went stark, staring mad with joy. The truth was, they were sick and tired of a succession of mad, bad Kings, and were relieved at the thought that they would not be compelled to suffer the infliction of another of the profligate and worthless sons of George III.

This would have been Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, who was afterwards King of Hanover, and who went to his kingdom followed by the universal good-wishes of the people who were rid of his presence. The English even coined on that occasion a commemorative medal, having on one side the figure of the enemy of mankind carrying the Duke under his arm, and on the other the motto "to Hanover." To this very day such medals are sold for counterfeit money in England, and are used by card-sharpers in lieu of good money. Of the Coronation Day pageant, the principal recollection of the lecturer was confined to the horses and to the pale, trembling girl sitting inside a great gilded arch, with the broad ribbon of the Garter crossing her fair young shoulders. He could see her now on the borderland between smiles and tears, the rose and the lily battling for mastery in her cheek. She still lives, he said, as young and fair as ever she was. The people of England with singular unanimity, agreed to retain on their coins her picture as she appeared in 1838. Elizabeth's portrait grew old; so did Mary's, and Anne's but developed a double chin, on the coins of their day, but Victoria's never changed, because she came to Englishmen as young and tender, and of so sweet a presence as to be a solace after many years of tyranny and corruption. She was to the English people as a man's wife, who never grows old to his seeming. For a really faithful chronicle of the ceremonies of that day the lecturer referred his hearers to the burlesque poem called the "Coronation," and printed in the "Ingoldsby Legends." He spoke of a number of those mentioned there as having been present. Among others Count Von Strougonoff, the Russian Ambassador who, being unable to obtain enough to eat at the royal table, surreptitiously made away with a game pie, some cold chicken, and a bottle of champagne under one of the Gothic stairways of Westminster Abbey. In 1856, in a church in St. Petersburg, the lecturer saw a very old man on his knees before a picture in an atmosphere rendered intolerably warm by thousands of lighted tapers. When he had finished praying, four valets carried him boldly to his carriage. This was the Count Von Strogonoff. He was making a good end of it. In the same connection the lecturer narrated a story current at the time, to the effect that when the Dukes of Sussex and Cumberland called to apprise the Princess Victoria of her selection to the throne, she drew herself up grandly and ordered a cup of tea and the *Times* newspaper—two things which she had been denied during her nonage by her excellent but austere mamma.

After alluding to the yearly fetes in Paris to celebrate the establishment of a constitutional monarchy, at which fetes the lecturer assisted in the capacity of a student in the French school, he proceeded to describe a reception at the house of Mrs. Morton, the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, to which he was taken by his mother in 1836, as a sort of show-child because he had a big head and could recite "The boy stood on the burning deck" and "The isles of Greece." Among those present was a much travelled Prince, notorious for never washing his hands, who, when remonstrated with by a lady on one occasion, said: "You think you hands dirty. You should see my feet." This rather broad story elicited a chorus of Oohs from the audience and the lecturer, quickly perceiving that he had gone too far, half apologized with the assertion that it was a historical fact. Proceeding, he said he was particularly struck on that occasion by the appearance of an under sized young man of a sallow, somewhat bilious complexion, clad in a chocolate coloured coat, with brass basket buttons, a waistcoat of many colours, an under-waistcoat, and a green satin stock ornamented with a large eagle of brilliants of the purest water. This was "the nephew of his uncle," who had just returned from America, was mixing in good society in London, was a kind of dandy, was gambling a good deal, and was stoving to win an English bride, but was ever sitting in the corner sanspring. Three years afterwards, with a few adventurers as desperate as he, he landed at Boulogne. The same eagle which was to have alighted upon his head took refuge in a sausage shop, while he himself ran for shelter to a bathing-machine, whence he was dragged by the Gendarmes to Paris to stand trial for high treason. While the future Emperor was still in prison, the lecturer witnessed, in 1840, the "strangest show of his life," —the funeral of Napoleon I.—which he described in graphic terms. It was he said, a dangerous experiment to try the French people with, and, as the result, in 1848, the constitutional monarchy collapsed and Louis Philippe fled to England under the convenient name of Smith. In the same year, on the occasion of the Chartist demonstration, the lecturer who had attained the age of twenty years, served as a special constable, and one of his colleagues was Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, who had cleverly escaped from prison, and occupied shabby lodgings in King-street London. At the end of the day he [the lecturer] was proceeding proudly to his home, conscious of having done his duty, when he was met by a gigantic Chartist much the worse for liquor, who, he was sorry to say, took his club away from him, and mercifully consigned him to the infinities.

The next topic touched upon was the burial of the Duke of Wellington, which was given an elaborate description. A monster-funeral car was built, and then a difficulty presented itself which greatly disturbed the mind of the Lord Chamberlain. The car to procure horses able to draw it. Finally a Mr. Smith was unearthed, a highly respectable distiller of gin, who owned several black horses, which he was willing to hire out for a consideration. They were very skittish horses, however, and, the undertaker's men being unable to handle them at rehearsal, it was resolved to disguise a number of Mr. Smith's employees—six footers, with No. 14 hands—in solemn suits for the occasion. A new trouble then arose. The traditional funeral horses always had long flowing tails, and Mr. Smith's were all bobtailed. This was overcome by sewing long sable draperies on all the tails. "The ruse was quite successful," said the lecturer, "I don't believe that more than three of the tails came off during the ceremonies." Graphic descriptions of the funerals of Prince Albert, the Duke of Sussex, and the King of Hanover followed, and then the scenes at the weddings of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught were narrated in turn. This part of the lecture was prefaced with a description of the costume worn by the narrator on these occasions. He said he thought it always the duty of a man to dress as handsomely as possible at the marriage of somebody else; "it cheered the bridegroom." Should he himself be married again he would hesitate whether to wear a pectoral suit or a coat of armour well jointed. He spoke of the Princess Alexandra as a "charming, vivacious young girl whom the English still cherish in their heart of hearts, and take as the apple of their eye as a blameless wife and mother." The lecture concluded with accounts of the burials of Napoleon III. and his son, and of young Prince Napoleon he spoke in the highest terms. In bidding his audience good-night, Mr Sala took occasion to thank them for their reception of him, and through them, the American people, for the universal kindness which he had met since his return to this country, three weeks ago.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

The Sergeant's Tale.

In the year 1849 our regiment was ordered up the country by the cantonments of the British and native troops at Umbala, between Delhi and Simla, in sight of the snowy tops of the Himalayas. The victory of Lord Gough over the Sikhs at Gujerat and the annexation of the Punjaub to the possessions of the East India Company gave our forces in that quarter of the world a respite from the active duties of the field, and considerably relieved the severities of military discipline in the cantonments. Our arrival at Umbala was the commencement of the most pleasant part of the Indian year. The country round about beautifully diversified with wooden undulations, fields of maize and rice, gardens, hedgerows, and rural villages under the Rajah of Patiala, was profoundly peaceable and well-disposed toward the British. Consequently we roamed about a great deal, improvised endless picnics and pleasure parties, and amused ourselves to our heart's content. I do not recollect a gayer time during the whole course of service in India. Too gayest spirit of our company was Tom Smith. Tom was the soul of every enterprise that had amusement for its object. His inventive genius was never at fault when merriment was the order of the day. It may easily be guessed, therefore, that Tom was a great favourite with us, and indeed with all who knew him, for in addition to the rollicking and inventive spirit of fun which possessed him, he was remarkably obliging, good-tempered, and kind-hearted fellow. He was without a crack shot; perhaps with a fowling-piece the best shot in the regiment. It was a sore annoyance, therefore, to Tom, in fact the only thing that ever drew a sigh from him in our excursions, that he dare not venture a shot at the numerous pea-fowl which abounded in the district; but these were held sacred by the natives, whom we were forbidden to annoy or molest. Tom never cared to enlighten his comrades on his antecedents, but certain expressions which he let drop led me to believe that he must have been driven into the army by some poaching affair in England. Sometimes when a very fine bird would let him almost near enough to knock it down with his walking-stick Tom would exclaim, "By George! if I had not sworn never to lift a poacher's gun again, I would pay you out for your impudence, in spite of all this black rascals in the Punjaub." Sometimes he would say to me, when we met first time of a morning, "Confound those saucy peafowls! They make me dream of popping the pheasants again down in old Yorkshire." Then he would heave a sigh or two, and, as I was an older "Indian" than himself, he would ask me if I thought that the "niggers would raise a mighty row if he were to bag a pea-hen or two some morning." As I always assured him that the thing was not to be thought of, he would heave another sigh and change the subject. However, as several weeks passed without any reference to the pea-fowl, we supposed he had quite overcome the temptation, when one morning our company, and indeed the whole regiment, were struck with consternation and sincere regret by the intelligence that Tom Smith was under arrest for the murder of a native. We should scarcely credit that there was any foundation for the charge; but in course of the day I had an opportunity of hearing from poor Tom's own lips that he had "shot a nigger all along of them cursed pea-hens." We were not kept long in suspense as to particulars, for Tom's trial by the cort-martial was proceeded with as speedily as the forms of military law would allow. It was little that Tom's comrades could do for him under the circumstances, but you may be sure that what little we could do we did with the utmost promptitude. Tom was not the man to be over-anxious or to let his spirits droop, and, I believe, never fully realized the gravity of his position. With the exception of a few hints from the Judge-Advocate-General, Tom would hear of no assistance for the defence, which he resolved to conduct himself, and according to his own ideas of the matter. When the day of trial arrived, the court being an open one you may be sure as many of us as were not prevented by military duties, and could obtain admission, were present. It is not my intention, supposing I were equal to the task, to enter into a minute description of the trial. I shall confine myself to a few general remarks, and then go to Tom's defence, which really explained the whole circumstances which had brought him into that unfortunate position. When the indictment was read charging Tom with the wilful murder of the Hindoo, whose length and name I have long since forgot, he pleaded "Not Guilty," in a clear, unshaken voice. To this course he had consented with some reluctance, and only after assurance that, being his own advocate, he would have ample opportunity of making what explanation he desired. A number of witnesses were consequently called to substantiate the charge. These were examined through an interpreter, and made so many glaring, absurd and contradictory statements, that one time, but for the fact that the body of the defunct had been duly produced and identified according to legal requirements in such cases, it might have been supposed that the homicide was a pure invention, and at another that Tom had ruthlessly butchered several villages. I am certain that no English jury would have found a "true bill" on such evidence. Tom did not throw himself much of an expert at cross-examination. He sat for the most part with a half-puzzled, half-amused expression on his unhandsome countenance, or stared in wide-eyed astonishment at the marvellous exaggerations of the witnesses. When the case for the prosecution closed, Tom, who had been allowed a seat during the proceedings, rose, made his best military salute, and addressed the court in something like the following:—May it please your honours, I am entirely ignorant of all forms of law, and being an ill-educated man, may sometimes use expressions wanting in polish; but I hope I shall make no statements save what are perfectly true, nor conduct myself in any way which shall not be considered respectful to your honours. I have listened to my accusers with close attention, and if I felt myself to be the monster that they have painted me, I should not desire to say one word in my defence, but silently submit to my fate, whatever your honours might determine against me. But I do not think that I am such a wretch, nor that I deserve death, because I have had the misfortune to kill a fellow-creature, although a heathen and black. If I had not been otherwise advised by friends who know the law better than myself, I should have pleaded guilty at first, and thrown myself on the mercy of your honours, and, after all, I think there is little else for me to do now. Tale much I must say for myself, if to murder means to kill with premeditation and enmity previously cherished, then I am wholly innocent of the crime of murder, for I have merely killed in self-defence a man of whose very existence I was ignorant until he became my pursuer. But it appears I did kill him. I believe and confess that he died by my act, and I am deeply sorry for the occasion which led me to fire at him. If your honours will bear with me for a little, I will tell you how the occasion arrived. And I will do it as briefly as I know how. Your honours are no doubt perfectly aware that there are in the country round about great numbers of pea-fowl, which the native refrain from killing or eating from a superstitious belief that they are sacred birds. Before I became a soldier I knew well how to handle a fowling-piece, and many a time since we came to Umbala the old love of sport has returned upon me when out among the places where the pea-fowl abound. But I was told that the natives considered the birds sacred, and I knew that your honours while kindly granting us permission to take our walks throughout the district, wishing us to avoid giving any offence to the inhabitants, I therefore kept a guard upon myself down till the morning when this unfortunate business happened. But, your honours, these fowl were constantly in my mind night and day. In my every dreams they would appear to me, and become changed into the pheasants and grouse which I had often potted on the sly in merry England, until at last I could resist it no longer. I determined to bag a few of the tormenting birds, believing that afterwards they would leave me alone, and took my measures accordingly. I wished to implicate nobody, and if possible to satisfy my longing without outraging the feelings of the natives. I did not mention my intentions to a single comrade. I hired a fowling-piece, and I obtained leave of absence in perfect conformity with military regulations, and I started on my expedition so as to reach a part of the country thinly inhabited, and make my bag at an hour at which the Hindoos would, I believed, be all asleep in their orbins and villages. The birds were numerous enough and only too tame. To fill the bag which I had provided was not sport, it was sheer slaughter, and soon accomplished. I set out loaded to return to the cantonments, and locastiously passing through some of the villages, was observed, and the contents of the burden suspected by some of the villagers. I supposed I had committed in their eyes a fearful outrage on their religion, for their howlings and contortions as they saw me pass became frightful. Soon they began to threaten me. Word of the scarriage spread like wildfire, I knew not by what method of communication. In a very few minutes after I first noticed that I was observed some hundreds of men and women were threatening me. I quickened my pace and tried to evade the populous districts, but furious men and women seemed to start up out of the earth. Unwillingly I dropped my burden and took to my heels. When my pursuers came up and saw of what it consisted, their yells were deafening and perfectly demoniac. While they were howling over their slaughtered gods I got some distance ahead of them, but on they came again like the wind, and their yells brought in others on each side of me. Mine now became a real race for life. If my pursuers had caught me they would have torn me in a thousand pieces. To frighten and retard them, I fired several times over their heads. Headquarters were in sight. If I could only gain the fortifications I knew I would be safe, but breath was failing me. Turning round I saw a huge black fellow thirty or forty yards ahead of all the rest. He was brandishing a great knife, and was fast gaining on me. Life is dear; I fired. He uttered a dreadful yell, sprang several feet upwards, and fell flat on his face. I resumed my flight and reached the cantonments. The rest you know. Tais, your honour, is my case, and now I will add no more, but leave my life in your honours' hands." Having concluded his defence, Tom sat and awaited the result as calmly as if he had no concern in it. His judges were some time in making up their minds. Part, it appeared, thought some punishment ought to be inflicted on Tom, and part thought he ought to go scot-free. The latter prevailed, and when Tom was liberated we here him to the canteen on our hands in a right royal king's chair, and made quite a hero of him for that night and for many more. It is some years since I have lost sight of Tom, but the last time he and I met he told me he should never while he lived forget the race for life at Umbala; but, as for the trial, he made light of it, saying he never believed there was any danger of British officers condemning a British soldier to death for shooting an Indian nigger to save his own life.

Where His Enemies Were.

The celebrated Marshal Narvaez would appear to have been a man who understood his country and his time. On his death bed his confessor asked him if he freely forgave all his enemies. "I have no enemies," replied the Marshal, proudly. "Every one must have made enemies in the course of his life," suggested the priest, mildly. "Oh, of course," replied the Marshal, "I have had a great number of enemies in my life time, but I have none now. I have had them all shot!"

A GAS-METER cares nothing for comfort or sociability. The whole family may be absent three weeks in a month, with the house shut up, and the meter does not find it out, but goes on working all the same.

THE HIGHER LATITUDES.

(From the Toronto New Dominion.)

Do you know what constitutes a pedant? Lots of people think that he is always a teacher and that he has a grand consequential air about him, and is continually talking about "education" and the impersonal verbs. All wrong, I tell you on the word of a chronometer. I have heard as much pedantic talk and seen as many pedants among any class of people as ever I either saw or heard among dominies. The fact is that anybody or everybody is more or less of a pedant, for the very essence of that character is a tendency more or less marked to attach undue importance to what he or an individual may be engaged in and to be continually in season and out of season "talking shop." Are schoolmasters in this matter the only sinners? Not at all. Just listen to the lawyers, as I am every day condemned to do. There is not a narrower, more "shop-talking" race on the face of the earth. They are overrun with "cases," "rulings," "appeals," "assizes," &c., &c., till the lay mind that listens contracts an amount of nausea which in material bodies could only have one issue and one mode of relief. And these fellows will sniff and turn up their right legal nostrils at shop-keepers, doctors, clergy, and counter jumpers as if they were specially ignorant. Narrow, one-sided and uncivilised because they also talk shop as it best pleases them, but not exactly in the way which seems best to the legal luminaries in *esse or posse*. Ignorant! Heaven help the poor foolish, self-sufficient mortals! Why there is not among all who have even a smattering of education a narrower, more hide-bound, and upon the whole, more generally ignorant class of people than these same lawyers. Take them out of their official and professional groove, and in nine cases out of ten they are as ignorant, as mischievous, and not half so inquisitive as Helen's Babies. But, bless your hearts, why should it be thought strange that people should talk about that in which they live, move, and have their being? There is nothing wrong in that. The thing that is wrong is thinking that what we are busy about and interested in must necessarily be important, and that they who are ignorant of what we know and care about, must be ignorant and stupid indeed. And that tendency is only too common everywhere. Politicians are bothered with the weakness. So are clergymen, so are doctors, so are grocers, so are cabmen, so are scavengers, and so are rag-pickers. Newspaper men think there is no such weakness about them. Isn't there! I bet that any one would have seen it in Mr. Dalase and George Brown, to say nothing of Jack Robertson, who has it strong. Do you see that man, with the rueful countenance and the ruddy nose just coming out of the lane at the side of the Receiver General's office? What a watery rheum there is about his eyes! How scientifically he draws his hand across his mouth! How unmistakeably he gives evidence that he has been tasting! Not a noble man he by any means! Not intellectual, not even moderately intelligent! But he has a theory which will successfully square the circle and solve all the mystical numbers of the Apocalypse and in season and out he lays it down, explaining, fooling, and amplifying, as he goes on "discussing his tipple." And just let any one show his ignorance or his want of sympathy and he will soon discover with what contempt he is regarded by this mad compound of many things who has seen an end of all perfection and has settled that with him alone are the issues of life. It is every where, and it is fun I tell you, to see in what a variety of ways it is displayed. The "whiskey straight" man who plays the oracle to his "*doughty seshers*" and drinks their liquor with the greatest condescension imaginable is not the only one to take charge of the Channel Fleet and operate for the stone. Just let any body join himself to any company he likes along King or any other street in the city and if he does not find before he has been listening five minutes that the whole drift of the speaker is to show how he or she in certain circumstances came out best and grandest, I'll wonder at it. He was arguing and of course shut up "the other party." He was bargaining and you bet, had the best of it. He quarrelled, but "kept cool." He had a hand at cards. He took a turn at the ice. He was at Osgoode Hall. He was "put forward." He—yes, who but he? When does any one hear another confessing that he had made an ass of himself, or got "sat upon," or "shut up," or "diddled," or "floored" or any thing but glorified? Never! Well, hardly ever! Sometimes a poor modest intelligent "stupid" perhaps may, but oh, how rarely! And we laugh at the fool with the rooster's feather in his cap, and make merry at the clown who thinks of the sun only as a grand institution for ripening the wheat!

I have been trying to make out the new M. P. P.'s as they show themselves on King. But its awfully difficult. You know they are not like the man's sons long ago—each of whom had the bearing of a prince. They ought to be ticketed till they are known. Does anybody expect that the latest great men are to be discovered by mere instinct? How should I know Mr. McMaster? Why it's only the other day that I found out Morris himself, though he represents the Cathedral as well as the Clock and much else. I know Tommy Gibson and Donald Sinclair and Christopher Fraser and A. W. Lauder and a few others, and if that is all the length even I have got what must be the state of ignorance among the "unwashed?" Well, we!, they have not done much for their indemnity yet, but there's a good time coming by and by! Queer things take place sometimes. Do you know about the saddest to me, is when a poor drunken wretch of a woman is hustled off to the cells in charge. I saw one the other day on the corner of Jarvis street, and when she was got on to an open waggon and kicked and screamed in her drunken fury till woman hood was hopelessly degraded, and decency dishonoured, was there one in that gaping grinning crowd that turned reverently aside and either wept or blushed at the thought that any woman could sink so low? There may have been, but if so, I did not see. Women as well as men laughed and only one poor orange woman put in the proviso that we have all our own sins to look after, and that we had better be looking after them rather than crying out about those of our neighbours. True for you, good honest woman of the Market place. May your shadow never be less! You were no doubt a little reddish in the face as if you could occasionally tilt up the little finger yourself, but you *had* something like pity for your poor sister as she raved in her fury from the liquor duly and legally administered by law. And this sort of work is going on everywhere, and whiskey sellers thank God and take courage; and clergymen maunder about the sad immorality of the times; and decency laughs; and girlhood giggles; and the strong citizen smiles contemptuously; and fine ladies gather up their skirts and go home to their glass of wine; while wholesalers and retails pay for their pews, subscribe to the House of Industry, and cheer on the racket in this dance of death. It's all very fine, very Christian, and very much a matter of course!

But what about the N. P.? Tut, I won't say a word on the subject. Its everything and anything and nothing. Its the sum of of all the villanies. It's the only unadulterated blessing which has survived the fall. It will ruin the country, and it alone will make it live. It will coerce the States. It will confound ourselves. The *Globe* says it, the *Mail* says it, so does the *Telegram*, and so do their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. In the meantime January is nearly done, Vennor is a fool and there is scarcely any snow. Of poverty we have any quantity, and some people are inclined to think we should look after the starving at our doors before we send off the cash to Ireland, and hurrah for that fool and fire-brand Parnell. I'm sure I don't know, but if Parnell's theory is to be good for Ireland, and "no rent" is to be the watch word of the day, it is equally good for Toronto, and I wonder what all the landlords here would say if all their tenants struck against rent, and still stuck to their houses!!! but even Pat Boyle would not let an office for nothing and would not print for the love of country and of God. What about Independence this week? Scarcely a word. Bray brays as usual, but nobody is put out. It is quite natural. The *Globe* growls, but it is equally of no consequence. The *Telegram* tells of what it could do if it liked, but it never likes; and Willie Howland grins from ear to ear and thinks of the days when he talked Cass in First and made himself ridiculous. In spite however of all, the world goes on. *Grip* jokes. Blake plays the sphinx. McKenzie, like Lochinvar's bridegroom says—"never a word," but looks as grim as his halfve Grampians. Mowat smiles through his spectacles. The Governor is looking after a house. David Blain walks our streets a full private and everything is quiet round

THE CATHEDRAL CLOCK.

"Seize Quartiers."

The Difficult Job it is to Look Up One's Ancestry.

The conceits known to the heralds of different countries as "lines," "branches," or "quarters" derived their importance in former times from the regulations which controlled the admission of candidates into the various orders of chivalry. At present they have ceased to be regarded as of much moment even by professed genealogists who are commonly contented enough in those days if they can trace a pedigree without a serious flaw in a single course of descent, either male or female, for any considerable number of generations. Nobody who takes the trouble to consult Sir Bernard Burke can well help seeing that the peers of all the three kingdoms, ancient as well as modern, are, as a rule—fortunately perhaps for themselves—of far from uniformly distinguished ancestry in many directions. Some of them fall among their four grandparents, more of them among their eight great grandparents, and almost all of them among their sixteen great-great-grandparents. Judged by this standard, probably the Duke of Rutland is, outside the royal family, the best born subject in the realm; and, inasmuch as rank and titles are concerned, it is at any rate certain that the progenitors of the several chiefs of the Howards of England, of the Douglasses of Scotland, and of the Fitzgeralds of Ireland—the dukes of Norfolk, Hamilton, and Leinster—are, as compared with his, we will not say nowhere, but decidedly a long way off. Since, however, the number of everybody's ancestors is doubled in each generation, what are considered by heralds and genealogists to be inferior strains must, in spite even of a multiplicity of cross-marriages, come in sooner or later. The Queen is descended in the fifth degree from George I. and thirty one other ancestors, and in the eighth degree from James I. and two hundred and fifty-five other ancestors, all of them no doubt illustrious personages. But, when we pass from the Guelphs and Stuarts to the Tudors, we find that her Majesty is descended in the twelfth degree from Henry VII. and over four thousand other ancestors; from Henry II., the first of the Plantagenet Kings, in the twenty-fourth degree, and from going on for seventeen millions of other ancestors; and from William the Conqueror, the first of the Norman kings, in the twenty-seventh degree, and from a good many more than a hundred and thirty-four millions of other ancestors. And, although in the first case all or nearly all the royal progenitors might be easily identified, it is obvious that in the second and third cases the discovery of even a minute fraction of them is wholly out of the question.

The Indian and the Telephone.

(From the San Diego (Cal.) Union.)

An amusing application of the wonders of the telephone as an assistant detective of crime comes to us from Julian. Several horses were recently stolen in that neighbourhood, and suspicion fell upon a certain Indian as the thief. Some one having introduced a telephone up there, the same was being exhibited, when it occurred to the owner of the stolen horses to get the Indian to come in and hear the "Great Spirit" talk. The Indian took one of the cups, and was thrilled with astonishment at being apparently so near the Great Keeper of the happy hunting grounds. After some little time spent in wonderment, the Indian was solemnly commanded by the "Great Spirit" to "give up those stolen horses!" Dropping the cup as if he had been shot, the Indian immediately confessed to having stolen the horses, and trembingly promised, if his life was spared, he would restore the "caballos" at once, and he did so.

Read and Learn for Yourself.

Many valuable discoveries and much useful knowledge is kept from the world, because of the immense expense in making them known to the people. This is not the case with BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP; although but a few years introduced into this country its sale now reaches in every town and village in the United States and Canada. Its wonderful success in curing Consumption, severe Coughs, Pneumonia, Asthma, and all other diseases of the throat and lungs, was first made known by distributing every year, for three years, over 400,000 bottles to the afflicted, *free of charge*, by Druggists. No such a test of merit was ever given before to any other preparation. Could you ask more? Go to your Druggist and get a bottle for 75 cents and try it. Sample bottles 10 cents.

"TEABERRY," the new powder for whitening the teeth, stimulating the mouth and purifying the breath; the brightest, neatest, most perfect toilet gem extant. Ask your druggist for "Teaberry." Price 25 cents.

FARMERS feed your Horses, Colts, Cows, Fat Cattle, Calves, Sheep, Pigs and Fowl *Thorley's Horse and Cattle Food*, sold everywhere. More agents wanted. Manufactory, 48 John St. S., Hamilton.

Our food furnishes material for the growth and nourishment of the body by absorption and assimilation. In like manner Victoria Hypophosphites acts in the cure of disease. When swallowed, it is absorbed, taken up by the veins, and circulated through the system, with the blood reaching the most hidden and remote parts. It is evident, therefore, that the whole system must feel the effects of the remedy. For sale by all dealers.

FOR gents' underwear in fine Scotch and Canadian goods at prices as low as the lowest, go or send to Cooper's great American shirt factory, 109 Yonge st., Toronto.

A Cure for All.

To persons suffering from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps in the Limbs, pain in the Side, Back or Chest, Corns, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Scalds, Burns, or Pains and Aches, from any cause will find quick relief from the use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil for man and beast. Pain cannot exist where it is applied.

AGENTS.—Gen. Grant's Tour Round the World; fastest selling book now offered; exclusive territory; for terms address at once, Oberholtzer & Co., Berlin.

What is Catarrh?

There is perhaps no complaint so commonly Catarrh or cold in the head. It occurs both in winter and summer. Symptoms—pain in the limbs and back, lassitude, and a sense of tightness across the forehead, repeated sneezing, watery and inflamed eyes, and increased discharge from the nose; in fact the whole mucous surface appears to be affected and coated with phlegm. In the first stages use Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, which will remove the phlegm and allay the irritation. Also use Hagyard's Pills or some other mild purgative to remove the tightness across the forehead, etc. Full directions accompany each bottle, price 25 cents.

Some tobacco spurt up in the pipe while smoking, with little crackling explosions. This is caused by the addition of foreign matter to assist the combustion. When the purity of the tobacco is not tampered with and it has been properly taken care of, this combustible foreign matter is wholly unnecessary. For in that case it burns at a lower temperature than almost anything else. Nothing of this kind is seen in smoking the "Myrtle Navy." It burns with steady combustion throughout.

To be thoroughly happy you must be well. To be well, in thousands of cases, you should take the great medicine which relieves, regulates, and recreates disordered systems—Warner's Safe Nut Tree Oil. For Bright's disease of the kidneys, diabetes, and all diseases of the urinary system, in timely use is very beneficial. For sale by all dealers at $1 per bottle.

A NEGRO clergyman appeared in a Newark court, the other day, and charged his wife with atrocious assault and battery. His wife, calmly defiant, remarked, "I don't go much on these 'ligious coons, anyhow." This is a sad companion picture to some of the pretty sanctified groups in the novels of negro character.

Business Directory.

TORONTO.

Brush Manufacturer.
Machine Brushes. Jas. Wilson, 56 Sherbourne St.

Barristers & Attorneys.
Watson & Harvey, 80 Adelaide St. East.

File Manufacturer.
Files Recut. Thos. Graham, 56 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. Matthews & Bros., Toronto.*

Lovely Rosebud Chromo Cards, or 20 Fine Motto with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau N.Y.

SHEEP MARKS *stamped on ear. M. H. YOUNG & CO., 64 King St. E., Toronto.*

FOR LIST OF VALUABLE PROPERTIES in the County of Oxford, Ont., Ancient county in Dominion. *App'y to JOHN BEARD, Woodstock.*

TRY IT. *Devonshire On ile Food,* BEST IN USE. *John Lambert, Manuf., Toronto.*

A GENTS WANTED TO SELL OUR GOODS. RUBBER Hand and Dating Stamps of every description. The greatest novelty in the Dominion. KENYON STEWART Mfg. Co.

Tingley's Patent Lightning Stamp. *Self-inking, with changeable Rubber Dies, the best selling stamp made. Agents wanted. Box 1567. C. O. STEWART & CO., Toronto, Ont.*

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, Dresden, Ont.*

12 PRINCESS LOUISE turned edge corner gilt bevelled edge Cards, and name 25 cts; 12 pretty floral Chromos 10 cts; 25 Elegant Mixed 10 cts. NATIONAL CARD HOUSE, Lacroix, Ont.

FOR SALE—CHEAP—TO close an estate—lot 251 in third concession and 251 in fourth concession Melancthon Co. Grey; 101 acres; good land; timbered; half cash. TURNER, CLARKSON & CO., 44 Front street west, Toronto.

WATER, WATER. *Best Auger for well boring—does it in half the time. Agents wanted for quicksand, hard pan, clay, etc. Never was beat; try it. Send for circular to manf., 66 Mary st., Hamilton.*

Free Tickets TO THE NORTH-WEST *Free to all who fill in this Coupon and forward it to us with two cents in stamps or enough old Free Tickets here. U.S., English or Foreign. Direct Stamp. Map with Belts sent. Information free. Dominion Bazaar Co, Toronto, Ont.*

A GOOD PLAN. *Composing and speculating money pursuits is well and has met every exception of capital, with profitable returns. Large profits derived yearly on investments of $5 to $1,000. Circular, which full explains the system, sent free. Address Baxter, New York.*

BEES AND HONEY. *Those interested send for my circular of apiary supplies for 1880. Address, M. RICHARDSON, Box 112, Pt. Colborne, Ont. Say what paper you saw this in.*

NOTE THIS. *Also good men wanted in every county. NEW and VERY PROFITABLE business. Enclose 5c. in Postage Stamps for circular and sample. H. E. SIMPSON & Co. Owen Sound, Ont.*

THE OFFICIAL PRESS for amateurs. Prints from 1x2 to 8x12. Price from $1 outfit from $4 50. The PEARL CARD PRESS from $6 to $24. Can be seen at any time in operation at my store. Send for illustrated list of outfits. H. GOODCHILD, 106 King st. West, Toronto.

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.

Iowa Farms. Over 1,000,000 Acres of Choice Farming Lands in the Near West. For sale by the Iowa R.R. Land Co. Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Branch Office, 21 Randolph St., Chicago, Ills.

STEELE BROS. & CO. DEALERS IN SEEDS. TORONTO ONTARIO. PLEASE SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

RUPTURE! Desiring to introduce his great invention for the immediate relief and cure of Rupture (without exception), the proprietor offers for ONE MONTH only his best Single Imperial Truss at HALF PRICE. Persons of limited means should SUFFER NO LONGER. Price List and Pamphlet Free. PROF. EGAN, Toronto Ont.

SEEDS. My Illustrated Catalogue for 1880 is now printed, and will be *mailed free* to all attending purchasers who send their name and P.O. address. Farmers who wish a reliable change of *Seed Grain*, &c., will please send their orders early. Price and samples on application. WILLIAM RENNIE, Seedsman, Toronto, Canada.

SILVER PLATING. SPOONS, FORKS, CASTORS, ETC. REPLATED TO ORDER. W. MILLICHAMP & CO. (Established 1858.) 29 to 35 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever. DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier. Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, and every blemish on beauty. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. Mme. M. E. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 48 Bond St., New York. For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the United States, Canada and Europe; also wholesale druggists in Canada: Lyman Bros. & Co., Toronto; Lowden, Wall & Co., and Kerry, Watson & Co., Montreal.

The Canadian Air Gas Machine. This mach