The York Herald

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

BY

ALEXANDER SCOTT,

RICHMOND HILL,

And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails, or other conveyance, when so desired.

The YORK HERALD will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Provincial News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.

TERMS:—One Dollar per annum, IN ADVANCE; if not paid within Two Months, One Dollar and Fifty cents will be charged.

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The York Herald.

Vol. XI, No. 10. RICHMOND HILL, ONT., FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1869. Whole No. 577.

Business Directory.

JNO. D. McCONNELL, M.D.,

(*Graduate of Toronto University*)

LICENSED PRACTITIONER IN MEDICINE, Surgery, Obstetrics, &c.

RESIDENCE—Adjoining Thornhill Hotel.

July 22, 1869. 575-1y

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF

WILL GENERALLY BE FOUND AT home from 8 to 9 A.M.

Richmond Hill, June 9, 1869. 568*

DR. HOSTETTER,

REGISTERED MEDICAL PRACTITIONER of Ontario, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, [by examination]; and late from Guy's Hospital, London, England; will continue to devote the whole of his time and attention to the practise of Medicine, Surgery and Midwifery.

RESIDENCE — Opposite the Elgin House, North of Richmond Hill

December 8, 1868. 542 tf

JOHN N. REID, M.D.,

COR. OF YONGE AND COLBORNE streets, Thornhill. Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 8 to 10 A.M.

*** All consultations in the office, Cash.

Thornhill, June 9, 1865. 1

MARGACH, ANDERSON & Co.,

[Formerly J. L. Margach]

Wholesale and Retail Druggists,

44 *King Street East, Toronto,*

OFFERS FOR SALE A LARGE AND Varied Assortment of

DRUGS, CHEMICALS,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes!

BRUSHES,

ARTISTS' MATERIAL, &c., &c.,

At Low Rates for Cash.

Call when you visit the city, inspect the stock and learn the prices; we shall feel pleasure in shewing goods whether you purchase or not. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Toronto, July 15, 1869. 550-1y

DRUG STORE IN MAPLE.

JACOB YELINSKIE BEGS TO INFORM the Inhabitants of Maple and surrounding country that he has opened a Drug Store in the above named place.

All Kinds of Herbs and Herb Medicines supplied.

Maple, April 15, 1869. 560-tf

GEO. H. LESLIE & Co.,

CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS,

COR. OF BLOOR & YONGE STS., YORKVILLE,

DEALERS IN DRUGS,

CHEMICALS, DYE STUFFS,

Patent Medicines, Perfumery, &c.

Yorkville, April 1, 1869. 558-1y

THOMAS CARR,

DEALER IN

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

GROCERIES,

Wines and Liquors,

THORNHILL.

By Royal Letters patently has been appointed Issuer of

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Thornhill, Feb. 26, 1868

R. H. HALL,

DRUGGIST,

AND

PHARMACEUTIST,

RICHMOND HILL.

Richmond Hill, Jan. 31, 1867. 35

Law Cards.

McNABB, MURRAY & JACKES,

Barristers and Attorneys at Law,

Solicitors in Chancery,

CONVEYANCERS, &c.

OFFICE—In the Court House - - TORONTO.

August 1, 1865. 95

STRONG, EDGAR & GRAHAME,

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

OFFICES—Wellington Chambers, Jordon St. Toronto.

S. H. STRONG. J. D. EDGAR. R. GRAHAME.

Toronto, June 18, 1868.

J. N. BLAKE,

BARRISTER AT LAW,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

OFFICE—Over the Gas Company Office, Toronto Street, Toronto.

Toronto, August 1, 1867.

DUGGAN & MEYERS,

Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law,

SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

CONVEYANCERS, &c., &c.

OFFICE:—Provincial Insurance Buildings, Court Street, Toronto.

JOHN DUGGAN, Q.C. ADAM H. MEYERS, JR.

Toronto Dec. 24, 1868. 544-1y

READ AND BOYD,

Barristers, Attorneys at Law,

SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c.,

77, King Street East, (over Thompson's East India House) TORONTO.

D. B. READ, Q.C. J. A. BOYD, B.A.

May 6, 186 , 49-tf

Licensed Auctioneers.

HENRY SMELSOR,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the counties of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, Accounts, &c. Small charges and plenty to do

Laskey, March 2nd 1865 39-1

FRANCIS BUTTON, JR.,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

FOR THE

COUNTY OF YORK

Sales attended on the shortest notice at moderate rates. P.O. Address, Buttonville.

Markham, Jany 24, 1868. 497

H. D. BENNETT,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

FOR THE

COUNTY OF YORK.

RESIDENCE, Lot No. 14, 2nd Con., Vaughan Post Office Address Carville. All orders left at the "York Herald" office, Richmond Hill, or at the P.O. Maple, will be attended to.

Vaughan, Oct. 10 1867. 1-y

JOHN CARTER,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

FOR the Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence: Lot 8, 6th concess. on Markham. Post Office—Unionville.

Sales attended on the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.

Orders left at the "Herald" office for Mr Carter's services will be promptly attended to

June, 27. 1867.

EDW. SANDERSON,

Licensed Auctioneer,

FOR THE

COUNTIES OF YORK AND PEEL.

Residence—Lot 20, rear of 3rd Concession of Markham. P.O. Address—Buttonville.

Parties requiring Mr. Sanderson's services can make arrangements at the HERALD office.

January 4, 1865. 31

MARRIAGE LICENSES

RICHMOND HILL.

M. TEEFY, NOTARY PUBLIC AND Commissioner in B.R., is Government Agent for issuing Marriage Licenses in the County of York.

Office hours—7 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.

Richmond Hill, October 23, 1869.

P. A. SCOTT,

LUMBER MERCHANT,

AND BUILDER,

618 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Flooring, Sheeting, Mouldings &c.

ALL KINDS OF

Building Materials Supplied!

Post Office address, Yorkville.

Toronto, May 18, 1868. 3-m.

Farmer's Boot & shoe Store

JOHN BARRON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of

BOOTS & SHOES,

38 West Market Square, Toronto

☞ Boots and Shoes made to Measure, of the Best Materials and Workmanship, at the Lowest Remunerating Prices.

Toronto, Dec, 7. 1863.

P. O. SAVINGS BANK.

RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.

DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR,

(Or any number—not exceeding three hundred dollars by any one depositor,) will be received at the Richmond Hill Post Office, for which Government will allow Interest.

For particulars apply to

M. TEEFY,

Postmaster.

*** MR. TEEFY is Government Agent for the sale of

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Office hours: from 6:30 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.

May 4, 1869. 563-tf

Ringwood Marble Works

P. WIDEMAN,

MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF

MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES!

&c. &c. &c.

Call and examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere, as you will find it to your interest.

☞ *Issuer of Marriage Licenses.*

Ringwood, Sept, 13, 1867. 497

JAMES BOWMAN,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses,

ALMIRA MILLS,

Markham, Nov 1, 1865. 22

GOLDEN LION HOTEL,

YONGE STREET.

NELSON DAVIS, - - Proprietor.

*** Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostler always in attendance.

Yonge St, April 7, 1869. 559 1y

J. S. SCOTT, M.D., L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST!

RESIDENCE—PORT HOPE.

ROB'T E. LAW, ASSISTANT,

RICHMOND HILL.

N.B. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered for the painless Extraction of Teeth.

Toronto, Jan. 27, 1869. 549-1y

DENTISTRY.

W. C. ADAMS, D.D.S.,

95 King Street East, Toronto,

NEAR CHURCH STREET,

IS prepared to wait upon any who need his professional services in order to preserve their teeth, or relieve suffering and supply new teeth in the most approved style. Also to regulate the teeth of those who need it.

Consultation free, and all work warranted.

June, 1865. 21-y

Money to Lend.

MONEY TO LEND ON GOOD FARM Security, in Sums to suit applicants.

Apply to

DUGGAN & MEYERS,

Attorneys, Court St.

Toronto, April 1, 1869. 55 -3m

Money to Lend on Landed Security.

THE Undersigned is authorized to state that

$20,000!

Can be procured, in sums to suit borrowers, on Landed security. Terms made known on personal application to

M. TEEFY,

Notary Public, Agent, &c

N.B. Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Bonds, &c, &c, drawn with neatness and despatch.—M. T. continues to act as DIVISION COURT AGENT. Fees moderate.

Richmond Hill, Nov, 28, 1866.

J. SEGSWORTH,

IMPORTER OF

WATCHES, CLOCKS,

AND FINE JEWELRY.

113 Yonge Street, Toronto

☞ *Masonic and other Emblems made to order.*

Toronto, April 27, 1866. 47.

W. WHARIN & co.,

IMPORTERS AND

DEALERS IN WATCHES, CLOCKS,

AND JEWELLERY

ELECTRO PLATED WARE, CUTLERY, &c., &c., &c.

THE attention of the Public is invited to their Stock, consisting of

A Great Variety

OF

CHOICE AND FANCY GOODS,

Of the best description and newest designs. Careful attention given to the repairing of Watches and Clocks Jewelry manufactured and Repaired.

No. 11, King Street East, 6 doors east of Yonge Street.

Toronto, April 26, 1866.

Poetry.

TRUST.

'Tis sweet to feel in our paths
That grim, unfailing trust
Which gives us full assurance that
Our Father's ways are just.

It soothes us on the couch of pain,
It brings us peaceful rest,
And whispers, what our Father gives
Is always for the best.

It is a balm for every care,
It softens bitter grief,
And says, Our Father's love alone
Can give us sure relief.

It bids us freely go to Him
When weary and opresst,
For, in his love all merciful,
He says he'll give us rest.

It lifts the dreary clouds of gloom,
It bids us know no fear,
And tells us in the darkest night,
Our Father's arm is near.

Oh! let us ever trustful be
In all our griefs and pains,
And truly feel, whate'er betide,
Our Heavenly Father reigns.

Literature.

DOUBLES AND QUITS:

A COMEDY OF ERRORS—PART V.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Nothing could be more successful. When the first batch was disposed of there was a call for more, and again and again there swarmed on to the platform scores of fresh assailants, anxious to match their volitions against the singular powers of the woman. It must be confessed that, on the whole, she justified the title she had assumed. At the close of her experiments with the last batch a 'pale head' slowly and cautiously introduced itself at the door of exit from the platform, behind Madame—a pale head adorned with a fez and garnished with black spectacles. Madame was unconscious of the apparation, but not so the audience generally, who beheld with breathless interest what they supposed to be a premonitory symptom of some new *diableric*, if not of the fiend himself in *propria persona*.

'The seance,' Madame began to observe, 'must now to my shagreen, feegish.' The pale head here [illegible] the introduction of a vyla'nous looking claw, which was waved, as if in adieu, towards us.

'Whaat you have seen,' continued the lady, 'is not much, but it is what I can do. The offle malady of Saynor Plotski will not allow his prisence this night—'

'Ha! Ha!' ejaculated the head, in the *basso profundo* of a melodramic ruffian, instantly withdrawing itself.

Madame gave a tremendous start and looked round, and a thrill of expectation ran through the audience. 'The offle malady,' she repeated, 'of me imiment hosband, will not allow his prisence this night. I thank you—farewell;' and she bolted hurriedly from the platform, and through the doorway where the vision had displayed itself.

The audience applauded, expecting that this was a *coup de theatre* to work them up; but Madame not re-appearing, and the officials proceeding to turn out the lights, they broke up mystified and murmuring, as well they might.

A supper had been prepared in the mess-room in honor of the *savant;* and although it seemed that his company could not now be hoped for, we, with the adaptability of circumstances of the military appetite, at once sat down to its discussion. The conversation, of course, turned upon the mysterious Plotski and his strange apparation at the door of the platform.

'My impression is,' said the Major, pompously (he had suddenly constituted himself a biological authority)—'my impression is that, standing where he was, the Professor was exerting a magnetic influence upon us; he was compelling us to leave the place without objecting on the ground of an unfilled programme, I was quite conscious of a strange sensation when he threw out his hand.'

'But what did 'Ha! ha!' mean?' inquired some one.

'Ah, that 'Ha! ha!' meant—I suppose that 'Ha! ha!' conveyed some impression—some—some—eh? to most of us, eh?'

'My impresion, Major,' said a pert youngster, 'is, that the whole thing was a swindle, and when it was all over, 'Ha! ha!' meant 'sold again,' or words to that effect.'

'Considering the success of the experments,' replied the major, loftily, 'the word swindle can scarcely apply.'

'My impression,' said another, 'is, that the fellow was beginning to have another fit, and was telegraphing for assistance.'

'Yes, that would account for his wife hurrying off as she did.'

'At all events,' I remarked, 'I don't think we we're losers by his absense now—a dirtier looking ruffian I never came across.'

'Genius *has* its eccentricities,' said the Major, sentenciously.

'I wonder if he ever was at Moscow,' said one.

'Devil a bit.'

'Ha! ha!'

The sound proceeded from the doorway and was the twin brother of the cachination lately under discussion. We all started, and looked towards the door, where, sure enough, were the 'pale head,' the fez, the black goggles, and the waving paw of the Professor.

'I'm a lookin' at you!' he cried, arohly applying his forefinger to his nose. 'I hear you a-talkin of me. Talk of the devil! 'devil a bit. Ha! ha!'

'Confound the fellow, he's mad!' muttered the Major in great confusion.

'Come in, Professor; delighted to see you; just saying what a bore it was of you not coming,' said I, recovering my presence of mind, and rising to receive him.

'Gammon!' growled the eminent person. 'I hear you a carrying on about me; but I'll come in; no malice; leastwise none a drop o' brandy and wa'er won't make all right.'

The Signor had apparently acquired the English tongue with considerable fluency since the forenoon, though perhaps not according to the best models.

'I hope you've quite recovered your — your — a — a — little attack, Signor Plotski,' said the Major blandly, as the invalid seated himself.

'Ah! that was gammon—a trifle of the old enemy. I mean. I'll take some medicine though, if you'll 'scuse the freedom.'

'Oh! certainly, certainly,' said the Major; 'pray take every freedom.'

'But you must get it for me.'

'Certainly; but what would you take? The hospital is at hand—a draught or a pill of any kind? or——'

'Ha! ha!' roared the invalid. 'Pills be d—d! brrandy and wa'rr to be sure. Why, man alive! professors and signiors have throats; they're just like you all; thirst, thirst, thirst, that's the d'sease—brrandy's the perfick cure. Get's a go o' brrandy, old swivel-eye!'

This was addressed to our very respectable butler, who had a slight obliquity of vision.

'Martin,' said the Major, in a manner intended to rebuke Signor with dignity, 'have the goodness to bring a small glass of brandy.'

'A small one for the Gen'ral, cock-eye, and a whopper for me,' amended the professor. 'I can't abide your thimble-fulls of brandy gents; they take no grip of the stummick; what I likes is something to take me by the hinside, and shake me like a dawg.'

We had now a pretty fair notion of the nature of the malady which had prevented the Professor's lecture. It was clear that the great man was far from sober, and was in fact a drunken English blakguard, Moscow, Amsterdam and Buenos Ayres, notwithstanding. At this juncture the Major rose, and muttering something about 'an engagement,' left the room.

'And now' said Plotski, when he was supplied with a huge beaker full of brandy which he scorned to dilute—'now that old Stick-in-the-mud's gone, lets be jolly! gay young dogs all;' and he shoved back his fez, and took off his goggles, thereby disclosing a most villainous countenance and a pair of blearing, blinking, red eyes.

'By the by,' he continued, 'I don't mind if I pick a bit; any devilled truffles? No. Well, then, a fried hoyster? None. 'Ang it, you've no kweeseen, you coves! When I dine with the Hemperor at Moscow, he's always up to the mark. 'Plotski, my jolly young waterman,' he says, 'I know your 'abits. Your tastes are genteel, but simple—come and feed to-day — taity, taity — no cardinals or nonsense — honly my himperial self—some devilled cavyhairy and four bottles of clo-voojo—in the smoking-room. Don't dress.' Oh! he's a wunner, is the Hemperor. 'Here's to him. Hurrah! Hurrah!' and he drained his tumbler with a gasp of satisfaction.

'Was any of you ever at Aleppo?' he continued.

'Yes,' said Jack Leslie, who constituted himself the chaffer of the mess in general—'yes, I was born there; were you?'

'No, I wasn't born there: I aint *aleper.* Ha, ha, ha, twig? ah? ha, ha, ha, not so dusty, eh? ha, ha, ha. I was'nt born there, but I was hambassador there wonst.'

'From what king?' said Jack.

The Professor blinked at him a moment, and then said, 'If any one axes you the question, little pink, and-white, you can say it was from the King of the Cannibal Islands, if you like. I won't contradick you, and you can say I'm a Kokasian, if he wants to know any more about me, and that I'll dine with him the first fine Sunday next week.'

He emptied his glass, and nodded at Jack with his eye very tight closed, and then favored us with an isolated scrap of intelligence.

'We drank nothing but 'Tickly-Bisky,' down at Aleppo—nothink; it's strong—it makes me thirsty to think of it; pass the bingo.'

'You seem to have been a great traveller, Professor,' I remarked.

'Yes, sir,' said the Professor, and as his eye rested on me, it seemed to dilate and acquire a look of puzzled and hazy interest, almost of recognition.

'Why—damme!' he stammered, half rising—'damme!—it's—it's—oh! blow me tight! here's a go!' Then he took a pull at his liquor, nodded three times to me with an expression of drunken wisdom, and went on—

'Yes, I've travelled, sir, all round the horange—I've seen men and manners—I don't mind saying I've seen a few things.

I've been up the Niger and the Cotty-Wotty. I've topped the 'Imalayas, and I've crossed the Rocky Mountains.'

'The Rocky Mountains, have you?' cried an ensign, much interested; 'a poor brother of mine went with an expedition there, three years ago, and he has never been heard of since.'

'His name sir,' cried the Professor.

'Wilson,' said the ensign.

'Which of the Wilsons, sir?'

'Thomas.'

'Thomas Wilson—very fair?'

'As fair as I am,' said the milk-white youth, 'with a red scar on his cheek.'

'That's the man, sir,' cried Plotski, decidedly. 'Poor Thomas Wilson is no more, sir; we were all starving; drew lots; lot fell on T. Wilson, and he was man-meat in half an hour.'

'Wh—wh—wh—what do you mean?' faltered the ensign.

'Why, we ate him, of course. I had a grill of him, and a boil of him, and I had him cold, and then we had him heated up and hashed, and devilish tough the poor fellow was all ways. Give us the bingo till I wash the memory of him off my palate.

I am afraid there was a shout of laughter at this disgusting anecdote, and young Wilson fled from the room.

'Pooh!' said the Signor, 'he needn't fret — we all heat each other in the Rockies;' and he plunged into his tankard.

On emerging therefrom his eye again rested on me, and winked. I returned it vaguely; he then shook his head and gave a drunken giggle.

'Let's have some spirit rapping 'Professor,' said the spiritualist.

'What for,' said the professor, on whom his repeated draughts were beginning to make awful ravages.

'Oh! get them up and ask them all sorts of things—secrets, you know—you promised you would.'

'Did I?' said Plotski, 'then I'll keep the word. Plotski's faithful and true. I don't need to rap. I don't care a rap. I'm a spirit myself. I am—what you want know? I could tell you all 'bout yourselves. Spirits tell me everything. Tap me. Blaze away.' And he winked a very tight wink at me again.

'Tell us when we'll get out of this abominable quarter,' I said, rising to leave the room, and putting the question to cover my retreat.

'Don't go—don't leave us Thingummy,' he cried. 'I'll tell you—sit down—what was it?—Oh yes! I'll tell you—Now I could tell you 'bout yourself. Your name's B— B— B— Hang it! Your name begins with a B; don't it, now?'

'Bravo! Professor; but any one might have told you that.'

'Devil a bit!' you've been in India?'

'Yes of course; but everybody has.'

'Devil a bit! You've been in love.' There was a roar of laughter, hints of my condition having got abroad.

'Well,' I said, 'every one has,'

'Devil a bit! You're married.'

'Of course—of course,' I said to humor him.

'But you don't hit it off with the missus.'

'Not at all.'

'You've not seen her for six years.'

'No, I certainly haven't.'

'Give me the brandy,' said the Professor, looking round the table with drunken triumph, 'I'll rest after that.' I've told you a thing or two.' He took another tremendous pull: the man's interior must have been lined with cast-iron.

'Lawyers can do nothink for you like a clever bird like me. I'll tell you 'nother secret, now. You've paid money to try and g'rid of missus, and you can't—ain't you, now?'

'Yes, of course.'

'You've gone t'wrong shop—this is sh-shop for you, Bur-Burridge, my boy—that's yer blarmed name—I've got you at last.'

There was a roar of laughter down the table, and the Professor blinked and nodded round at the laughers, like an owl surveying a row of candles, and feeling the worse of it.

I felt as if an electric telegraph had passed through my head. Who was this ruffian? Did he know all about Burridge? Could he be of any use? Had he really got a secret that could help us?

I composed myself and said, 'Yes, but the secret, Professor—the secret. How am I to get rid of this confounded wife of mine?'

'Ah! yes; that's wot you want to know—hic—of course; but the terms—his—the rowdies—hic—the rhino—the flimsies? eh, old Burgage? What'll ye stand?'

'Tell me what you'll do first.'

'I shay, d'ye remember Garden Reach? and Count Smufflefrowski a-ridin' through the desert, eh? Oh Lor! how the—how she did pile it up!—hic—mountaineous—hic—I call it, oh Lor! She's a clever one—ain't she now, Buggy? that blarmed wife of yours?'

'But you forget the secret—the secret.'

'What'll ye give to be rid of the she-male? Can'dly now, Capt'n?—be lib'ral.'

'If you put me in the way of getting rid of her, if you give me real documents that will do that, I'll give you a couple of hundreds.'

'Taint enough—I might be lagged myself; but I'll come round and talk a bit.'

He rose and groped his way round to me, falling repeatedly in the transit,

'I'm sick of the d—d business—hic—I 'ont stand it, there. I'll p-p-peach for £250; promise me £250 and not to lag me—hic—and I'll p-peach for £250—I will, by gum!'

'I promise.'

'Well, then, your missus was married when you—when you married the—hic—devil out in — in ——'

'Hwhare is he? Tayke me to um! Show me mee hosband! These words bellowed outside the door, immediately preceded the entrance of the Irresistible who burst into the room in a state of the highest excitement. The shock tumbled Plotski off his chair, and he remained beneath the table concealed. 'Moighty noice offishers!' continued the lady, 'moighty p'loite indeed, to keep a lady standin' out foreninst the door in the strayte, and thim blayguards of soldgers to say sich things to the loikes of me! No admitt'nce, was it? Well, here I am, annyhow, and now, hwhare's mee hosband, Mr. Impiddence?' and she fetched Jack Leslie a whack across the cheek, which stopped his grinning.—There was a very biological energy about the lady certainly. 'Hwhare is he, ye varmints!' she screamed.

'Here,' piped Plotski from his lair.

'Hwhare?' she cried, advancing.

'Here,' rejoined Plotski, raising his white sodden face above the table—'here—drunk; and I shay, damme. I've done it! I've done with you too, you blasted witch! I've peached—I have by gum.'

'Hwhat?' yelled the woman; then recovering herself, she raised her forefinger menacingly, fixed her horrible eye on Plotski, and ejaculated, as it were an incantation, 'Cran-barra! Klimpski khobana!'

'Cranberry yourself! Give me a gi—gi—glimpse of the cabana, and I'll sh—shmoke him,' cried Plotski. I tell you I've done it (hic) I've sold! Three figures. Two (hic), five nought! that's my price—going, going, gone!' and his head came down with a bang on the table that made the glasses dance.

'He's dronck, jontlemen!' cried the Irresistible; 'belayve nothing he says, Come home at wonst, Maximilian,'

'I 'ont, I tell ye. I aint a-goin' to be 'ocus-pocussed about the country—'avin' eclectic fits—and gammonin' (hic) bout Bagdad and Leetchures—I'm done with it, I tell ye. Two, five, nought—Cap'n; come to King's 'Ed t'morrow—you'll 'av it all out.'

'I'll be with you at ten,' I said.

The woman looked keenly at me, and her countenance changed.

'He's been telling you nonsense, sir,' she said. 'You won't trouble to come?'

'Oh! I'll come to ask for the Signor's health,' I said, with a laugh, and a look intended to convey the idea, 'I only say this to humour him. I won't come.'

There was some difficulty in getting the Professor off the premises; but at last the barrack-gates fairly closed upon him and Madame, and fainter and fainter from away down the empty street came back their voices—sounds of fierae vituperation, mingled with the shrill tipsy laughter of the man.

To my brother-officers the scene had suggested nothing but the disgusting intoxication of Plotski, and steps, indeed, had just been about to be taken for his ejection at the moment when the woman presented herself. The conversation which the Signor had addressed to me had excited no curiosity whatever, being set down simply to the maunderings of a drunkard so, after one or two little bits of chaff about 'getting rid of that abominable wife of mine,' we separated.

(CONTINUED.)

TO PREVENT HORSES BEING TEASED BY FLIES.—Take two or three small handfulls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of cold water; let it infuse one night and pour the whole next morning into a kettle and let it boil for a quarter of an hour. When cold it will be fit for use. No more is required that to moisten a sponge and before the horse goes out of the stable let those parts which are most irritable be smeared with the liquor—viz: between and upon the ears, the neck, the flanks, &c. Not only the lady or gentleman who rides out for pleasure will derive benefit from the walnut leaves thus prepared, but the coachman, the waggoner, and all others who use horses during the hot months.

THE BLOOD.—Every organ of the body is formed out of the blood; and if the blood be vitiated, every organ suffers in proportion to its delicacy; and the brain, being the most delicate and highly specialized of all organs, suffers most of all and soonest of all, as every one knows who has tried to work his brain when his digestion was the least out of order.—*Charles Kingsley.*

A HINT TO MOTHERS.—If you allow a child to get into the habit of sleeping with its head under the bed clothes, and breathing its own breath over and over again, that child will assuredly grow pale, weak and ill. Medical men have cases on record of scrofula appearing in children previously healthy, which could only be accounted for from this habit, and which ceased when the habit stopped.—*Good Words.*

DR. FRANKLIN once remarked, 'When I see a house well furnished with books, newspapers and magazines, there I generally see intelligent and well-informed children; but where there are no books or newswpapers, the children are often found ignorant, if not profligate."

HEINTZMAN & Co's Agraff Bar Piano Fortes were awarded the 1st prize and Diploma at the last Provincial Exhibition, over twelve competitors. Intending purchasers waited upon at their residence, by addressing C Chapman, Music hall, Markham.