

The Man who was Satisfied with the Weather.

We never knew more than one man who was always satisfied with the weather at all times and under all circumstances. It was Chubb. In summer when the thermometer boiled up among the nineties, Chubb would come to the front door with beads of perspiration standing all over his red face, until his head looked like a raspberry, and look at the sky and say, "Splendid, perfectly splendid! Noble weather for the washer-women! They don't shake up any such weather as this! Gimme my umbrella, Harriet, while I sit out yer on the steps and enjoy it." In the winter when the mercury would creep down 15° below zero, and the cold was severe enough to freeze the inside of the globe, Chubb would sit on a fence and exclaim, "By jingo I did you ever see such weather as this? I like an atmosphere that freezes up your very marrow. It helps the coal trade and keeps the snakes quiet. Don't talk of summer time to me. Gimme cold, and give it to me stiff." When there was a drizzle, Chubb used to meet us in the street and remark, "No rain yet I see; magnificent, ain't it? I want my weather dry; I want it with the dampness left out. Moisture breeds fever and ague, and wets your clothes. If there's anything I despise, it's to carry an umbrella. No rain for me if you please." While it rained for a week and swamped the country, Chubb often dropped in to see us, and observe, "I dunno how you feel about this yer rain, but it allus seems to me that heaven never drops no blessings but what we have a long wet spell. It makes the corn jump, and cleans the sewers. I wouldn't give a cent to live in a country where there was no rain. Put me on the Nile, and I'd die in a week. Soak me through and through to the inside of my undershirt, and I feel as if life was bright and beautiful, and sorrow nothing but nonsense." Chubb was always happy in a thunderstorm. "Put me in a thunderstorm and let the lightning play around me, and I'm at home. I'd rather have one storm that'd tear the inside out of the continent than a thousand years of little drizzle, water'n-pot storms. If I can't have a ripplin' and a roarin' storm I don't want none." One day Chubb was upon his roof fixing a shingle, when a tornado struck him, lifted him off, carried him a quarter of a mile, and dashed him with such terrible force against a rail fence that his leg was broken. As they carried him home we met him, and when we asked him how he felt, he opened his eyes and laughingly said, "Immortal powers! what a storm that was. When it does blow, it suits the senior member of the Chubb family if it blows hard. I'd give both legs if we could have a squall like that every day. I—I— Then he fainted. We wash Chubb elected President. He is the only man in the universe who doesn't growl at the weather.—*Mac Adeler.*

Pettengill's Agency.

By persistent energy from the humble beginning, the advertising agency of S. M. Pettengill & Co., now stands among the foremost in the country. The business of such an agency requires tact and a keen insight into all classes of trade. Now,adays, to succeed, a man must advertise, he must let the public know, through the newspapers that his business is and what he has to offer, and the more judiciously this is done, the greater success he will attain. To advertise in a prudent manner is no easy matter to many men; they seem to lack judgment. As a remedy we would direct them to an advertising agency. Here is done that which the business man fails to do for himself. The agency has the experience which enables it to know where the advertiser can obtain the best medium for his goods, and whether he should advertise in a lavish or economical manner, in one or five thousand papers. To men who wish to make the most of their money this aid is almost invaluable. A more honorable or complete establishment of this kind than that of S. M. Pettengill & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, is not to be found. The house is well known throughout the country, and has all the necessary facilities for transacting business in the most approved manner. Mr. Pettengill, the head of the firm, is personally fitted for the business. He is a man of strict integrity, possessing most excellent judgment and rare business talents. His success and popularity throughout the country, with both business men and newspapers, fully confirm this. He gives personal attention to all customers and quickly shows them the most popular style in which to make their wares known. Business men will do well by consulting this firm, for by their long experience and ability they will render most efficient and satisfactory aid.—*Albany Argus.*

Of Benefit to All.

In Australia, the ravages of that fatal scourge, diphtheria, have been so extensive within the last few years, that the government offered a large reward for any certain method of cure; and among other responses to this, was one by Mr. Greathhead, who at first kept his method secret but afterward communicated it freely to the public. It is simply the use of sulphuric acid, of which four drops are diluted in three-fourths of a tumbler of water, to be administered to a grown person, and a smaller dose to children, at intervals not specified. The result is said to be a coagulation of the diphtheric membrane and its ready removal by coughing. It is asserted that where the case thus treated has not advanced to a nearly fatal termination, the patient recovered in almost every instance.

"Dust to dust," as the little girl said when she shook the contents of her bursted doll-baby's abdomen into the street.

Miscellaneous Items.

The door-sill of home is the threshold of heaven.

A Vermont farmer stroked his gray locks and remarked: "I didn't really know how old and feeble I was until I went to lick James this morning. He's only seven years, but I couldn't make him holler."

"Will the boy who threw the pepper on the stove please come up here and get a present of a nice book," said a Sunday school superintendent in Iowa; but the boy never moved. He was a far seeing boy.

A Memphis fortune-teller told man that a fortune of \$30,000 was coming to him the next week, and he shelved out \$50 to his wife to buy a new suit. When too late he learned that his wife had fixed the thing with the old woman.

A Boston merchant, who, some twenty-five years ago, sold two hundred dozen woollen hose to a trader who shortly thereafter failed, was agreeably surprised the other day at receiving \$1,000 in gold to liquidate "that old time debt."

At this period of the year, a voice steals at early morn through the keyhole of domestic chambers: "Mary Jane, get up and fix the fire," and a prompt and cheerful echo responds, "I'll see you doctored first, and then I want, you old brute." Such are the celestial harmonies of domestic life.

"Our professor does wonderful things in surgery," said a young modest student; "he has actually made a new lip for a boy, taken from his cheek." "Ah, well," said the old aunt, "many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and no very painful operation either."

It is stated, as an instance of the late Gerrit Smith's humor and practical way of reaching results, that on one occasion, when a visitor had outstaid his welcome, and had become a preternatural nuisance, Mr. Smith in the morning prayed for a blessing to descend upon "our visiting brother, who will this day depart from us." And he departed.

In the Bank of France they have got a brick for which they paid 1000 francs in specie. It was taken from the ruins of an old house, and the image and figures of a note for 1000 francs are burned on the surface, transferred by the heat from a real note. This brick the bank redeemed on presentation as if it were the note itself.

Distressing accounts continue to come of the famine in Turkey. One missionary writes, "For the last two weeks I have done nothing else but listen to the heart-rending tales of suffering, and distribute aid to the most needy." In one village of seventy families only thirty now remain, and ten of these are without means of subsistence. Forty-five persons died of starvation in another village. In still another village of sixty families only five or six have any supplies for the future.

The London *Who's Who*, for 1875, just published, tells us that the oldest member of Queen Victoria's Privy Council is Lord St. Leonards, aged ninety-four; the youngest, his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, aged twenty-two. The oldest duke is the Duke of Montrose, aged seventy-six; the youngest, the Duke of Norfolk, aged twenty-eight. The oldest marquis is the Marquis of Tweeddale, aged eighty-eight; the youngest, the Marquis of Camden, aged three. The oldest earl is the Earl of Leven and Melville, aged eighty-nine; the youngest, the Earl of Northbury, aged twelve; the oldest viscount is the Viscount Molesworth, aged eighty-nine; the youngest, Viscount Clifden, aged twelve. The oldest baron is Lord St. Leonards, aged ninety-four; the youngest, Lord Southampton, aged eight.

If we may believe our foreign critics and commentators, Americans are fair game for artist and artisan, and very easily brought down. The latest joke against us comes from Paris by way of England, and is after the style of Zeuxis, his cheat. A French animal painter, poor in every sense of the word, cast about him desperately for a patron, and, after total failure, happened to recall the story of the clever Z. He immediately began a deeply pathetic and tragic picture, "The Death of the Poodle," and every morning took his dog into the studio, and placing the unhappy creature before the painting administered a stout whipping. Picture finished—rich American invited to studio—dog comes in—sees "Death of Poodle"—remembers stripes—howls tumultuously—rich American strikes attitude—"Ha!—deceiving dog—how true, how beautiful!"—buys picture at a gorgeous price—is happy. Artist is happy! Dog is happy.—*New York Tribune.*

The Boston *Globe* representative who has just returned from an excursion of business men to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., brings back the following gossip from Vassar College:—"The report that the young ladies slide down hill on boards is untrue. They never use boards.—The girls are all very good-looking, but they don't resemble the intellectual females of Boston much.—The young ladies all read the Boston *Globe* with commendable regularity. It is usually kept on file, and whenever it disappears it is apt to create a great bustle.—It has been stated that each young lady consumed 2,500 griddle-cakes every morning. This is false. The students en masse eat that number daily. This gives an average of six and one-fourth cakes to each girl, or say forty-four per week, 1,364 per month, or 2,288 per annum. The course of study lasting four years, each fair Vassarian thus gets away with the startling number of 9,152 griddle-cakes in completing her education."

The following instance of youthful exactness comes to us from a friend in Hingham, Mass., where it recently occurred: An exhibition was given here some two months since by Tom Thumb, at which the prices were twenty-five cents for those over ten years of age and twelve and a half cents for those under. It was Johnny's tenth birthday and his cousin May, aged thirteen, thought it her duty to celebrate it by taking him in the afternoon to see the dwarf. Arriving at the door she put down thirty-eight cents, and asked for two tickets. "How old is the boy?" asked the ticket-seller. "Well," replied Miss May, "his is his tenth birthday; and he was not born until late in the afternoon."

The vendor of tickets accepted the accuracy of the avowal, and handed her the proper certificates for admission. But it was a close fit.—*Harpers.*

How the Boys Served Mr. Brassier.

Mr. Brassier, who lives on Ninth avenue, has a son about twelve years old, named Claudius, and the other evening this boy received permission to allow a neighbor's boy to stay all night with him. The old people sleep down-stairs in the sitting-room, and the boys were put into a room directly above. When they went up to bed Claudius had the clothes line under his coat, and the neighbor's boy had a mask in his pocket. They didn't kneel down and say their prayers like good boys, and then they jumped into bed and told their stories, but as soon as the door was locked young Brassier remarked:

"You'll see more fun around here to-night than will lie on a ten-acre lot. From a closet they brought a cast-off suit of Brassier's clothes, and, stuffing them with whatever came handy, they tied the mask and an old straw hat on for a head, and while one boy was carefully raising the window, the other was chocking the clothes line round the 'man.' The image was lowered down in front of the sitting-room window, lifted up and down once or twice, and Brassier was heard to leap out of bed with a great jar. He was just beginning to doze when he heard sounds under his window, and his wife suggested that it was a cow in the yard. He got up and pulled away the window-curtain, and when he beheld a man standing there he shouted out:

"Great bottles! but it's a robber!" and he jumped into bed. "Theodorus Brassier, you are a fool!" screamed the wife, as he monopolized all the bed-clothes to cover up his head. "Be quiet, you old jade, you!" he whispered; "perhaps he'll go away!" "Don't you call me a jade!" she replied, reaching over and trying to find his hair. "Get up and get the gun and blow his head off!" "Oh! you do it!" "Get up, you old coward!" she snapped. "I'll never live with you another day if you don't do it!" Brassier turned up the lamp, sat up in bed, and cried out:

"Is that you, boys?" "Mercy on me! git up!" yelled the wife, as the straw man was knocked against the window. "I'll blow his head off as clean as milk!" said Brassier in a loud voice, as he got up. He struck the stove three or four times, upset a chair, and reached behind the foot of the bed and drew out an old army musket.

"Now, then, for blood!" he continued, as he advanced to the window and lifted the curtain.

The man was there, face close to the glass, and he had such a malignant expression of countenance that Brassier jumped back with a cry of alarm.

"Kill him! Shoot him down, you old noodlehead!" screamed the wife.

"I will—by thunder! I will!" replied Brassier, and he blazed away and tore out nearly all the lower sash.

The boys up stairs uttered a yell and a groan, and Brassier jumped for the window to see if the man was down. He wasn't. He stood right there, and he made a leap at Brassier.

"He's coming in—perlice—boys—ho! perlice!" roared the old man.

The tattered curtain permitted Mrs. Brassier to catch sight of a man jumping up and down, and she yelled:

"Theodorus, I'm going to faint!" "Faint and be darned—boys—perlice!" he replied, walloping the sheet iron stove with the poker.

"Don't you dare talk that way to me!" shrieked the old woman, recovering from her desire to faint.

"Po-leee! Po-leee!" now came from the boys up stairs, and while one continued to shout the other drew the man up, tore him limb from limb and secreted the pieces.

Several neighbors were aroused, and officer came up from the station, and a search of the premises was made. Not so much as a track in the snow was found, and the officer put on an injured look and said to Mr. Brassier:

"A guilty conscience needs no accuser."

"That's so!" chorused the indignant neighbors as they departed.

As Mr. Brassier hung a quilt before the shattered window he remarked to his wife:

"Now see what an old cundurango you made of yourself!" "Don't fling any insults at me, or I'll choke the attenuated life out of you!" she replied.

And the boys kicked around in the bed, clucked each other in the ribs and cried:

"I'd rather be a boy than be President!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Close Fit.

The following instance of youthful exactness comes to us from a friend in Hingham, Mass., where it recently occurred: An exhibition was given here some two months since by Tom Thumb, at which the prices were twenty-five cents for those over ten years of age and twelve and a half cents for those under. It was Johnny's tenth birthday and his cousin May, aged thirteen, thought it her duty to celebrate it by taking him in the afternoon to see the dwarf. Arriving at the door she put down thirty-eight cents, and asked for two tickets.

Strong English Girls.

A correspondent of the Hartford *Times*, writing from a Swiss inn, says: "A few days ago just at dusk, after a cold rain had set in, two English girls and their handsome gray-haired father arrived. They were cold and damp, and the hotel was cold and damp, and as we sat by our blazing fire and heard them go into their cold rooms we pitied them so much that we opened our doors and invited them in to share our warmth and comfort—so they came in and we chatted together all the evening. These two bright, fresh-looking girls sat calmly in their chairs, and told us they had crossed from Meiningen to the Rhine glacier over the Grimsel on foot, the day before, through a foot of snow—had walked nine miles down the valley that morning, and had climbed up all the way from Viessch to the hotel on foot in rain that afternoon. We looked at them agast and murmured 'Tired?' 'Oh, no,' they chorused briskly; and indeed they did look most revolutely fresh and pretty. When we appeared in the morning, their father (who always came in to breakfast from out of doors with a blast of cold air, very much as if he had slept on the nearest glacier) announced that those English girls started to walk up to the summit of the Eggischhorn two hours ago, and are coming back in time to cross the Aletsch to go to the Bello Alp for the night. Before long they came in, brisk and rosy as usual, and without waiting for anything more than a lunch, were off again. We groaned in spirit as they disappeared around a promontory."

An era unknown to woman—the middle ages.

The world has been compared to a looking-glass which gives back every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will turn and look sourly at you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.

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