

Fear.

One of the worst features against which physicians have to contend in the treatment of the sick, is that of foolish fear on the part of the patient or of the friends of the patient. Is the strong man, who is usually well, touched with an acute chill? Has he now, for the first time in his life, felt the twinges of rheumatism or of neuralgia? His appetite gives way, his courage fails him, and he timidly gives up, and fears he is going to die! The doctor is sent for, his tongue looked at, pulse felt, and powerful medicines prescribed, and he gets no better very fast. Now, wife and children catch the infection—fear—and a general alarm excites the entire household, drives away sleep, and aggravates the difficulty tenfold. Now comes a consultation of physicians, and the treatment of the regular physician is approved, and more medicines—poisons—of the same kind are prescribed. The fear is kept up, and the patient is kept down. Had he been left alone, or given a sweet or a wet sheet peck and a day's quiet, with a dish of oatmeal porridge, he would have come around all right in good time, without all that cowardly scare, and that little bad matter being made ten times worse.

A child overcasts, or cats what it ought not to eat; is taken sick, and the poor, timid, frighty mother becomes frightened out of the little wit she was supposed to have, and, boo-hoo, calls the doctor. "Eva throw up something as black as a crow. Could it have been a part of her liver, poor thing?"

Now, if self-control and coolness of judgment be ever important, nay, indispensable, it is in the emergency of sudden sickness or of occasional accident; and with this calm, cool self-possession, without foolish fear, nine lives out of ten would be sacrificed could be saved. The "let alone" policy, when one does not know exactly what is best to do, is just what is best. Nature, in any event, does all the healing, tinkering with the patient as much as we may. But the doctors must live, no matter how many others keep their beds a long time, and then either give up the ghost or recover sufficiently to become permanent chronic invalids the rest of their lives, a prey for those whose interest it is to keep them so. But the point we wish to impress on the reader is, the fact that vastly more people are frightened to death than die of old age. And what's the use? Why not be more courageous? Why not be more plucky? Why not fight? It is in accordance with God's will and with God's laws that we should live healthfully, till the oil of life shall be exhausted, burned out, by work, wear and old age. Is it not a sin to be sick? Has not a law of nature—and nature's laws are God's laws—been violated? Do you cast the blame on him? Look out! Do not be irreverent. Do not blaspheme! No, no, dear reader, the blame, if blame there be, rests otherwise. See thou to that.

Hope, faith, trust, and a spirit of quiet submission to the inevitable, tends to buoy one up when in affliction and to bring him peacefully into a haven of happy health, where he would be.

Courage, courage, then, oh, ye timid ones, and don't send for the doctor till something breaks.

How Europe Dines Passengers.

A writer in the Observer gives his experience: Not long since in travelling from Basel to Paris, we became hungry. As if divining our condition, the guard put his head in at the window of the train and politely asked, "Shall I order a dinner for you at the next station?" "But we do not stop long enough to eat it," was the reply. "True; it will be served in the train for three francs, and the dishes removed at the next stopping-place." "By all means order it," the telegraph carried the order ten miles ahead in a moment; and when the train drew up at the next station, the door was opened, and a circular basket, three feet high and one foot in diameter, was put in our compartment. Upon the top were knife and fork, spoon and napkin; a bottle of water, and a flask of wine; and a glass; a little salt and pepper and a large roll. Opening a door in the side of the basket, we saw four slices, on each shelf a dish. The first was a hot soup, the second was a slice of a la mode beef, the third vegetables, and the fourth a half chicken and salad. A bunch of delicious grapes was also found on one of the shelves.

We ate our dinner quietly and comfortably, while the train rushed along at thirty miles an hour, and then restored the dishes to their places. When the next stoppage was made, a porter removed the basket and received the pay. We reached Paris after a twelve hours' ride, weary and hungry, but neither faint with exhaustion, nor suffering from a fit of indigestion.

Our Eyes.

The eyes minister to sight, that most important of the senses, which bring us into communication with the physical world; and not only do they subservise this property of human intellect, but they also constitute a medium for the external expression of "the thoughts and desires of the heart." This expression in its numerous phases is the most easily learned and understood by all classes of mankind. Many of these phases, indeed, need no interpretation, but are instinctively comprehended by the civilized and savage among men, and by even brutes.

As a vehicle for transmitting thought or intelligence, it is most facile. The questioning eye, the "look that answers 'Yes,'" the stern gaze that says so plainly "No," have no need of the lips to act as their interpreter. The dog reads his master's wishes in his eyes,

and hastens to obey the command before it goes forth.

All comprehend and acknowledge the power that speaks in the flaming eye, that inspires terror in the guilty and fresh courage in the virtuous; in the commanding eye that compels awe and prompt obedience; in the "look that speaks volumes" when the tongue fails to express the fast-throbbing thoughts and emotions. As a natural organ of language, the eye may express all the nobler emotions of the mind; so, also, may it be made the servant of baser uses. The look of coarse insolence, the leer so expressive of a brutal mind, the insinuating glance that hints more than the lips dare utter, are some of the forms of the lower language of which the eyes are susceptible.—Annals of Phrenology and Physiognomy.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Mr. John P. Jewett, famous at one time as the publisher of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," tells some interesting facts connected with the publication of that work. When Professor and Mrs. Stowe came to Boston to negotiate about it, Professor Stowe was very conscientious, and after agreeing to let Jewett publish it, said he did not believe it right. He was sure Mr. Jewett would lose money by it; no one would want to read an anti-slavery novel except those who read it in the Era. Of course the publisher said it was his risk. Then the question came up whether the copyright should be sold in full or retained. Mr. Jewett strongly advising the latter course. So the contract was closed, Prof. Stowe remarking with a dubious smile, "I shall be well pleased if Harriet gets a good black silk dress out of it." Subsequently Professor Stowe (after the book began to sell and was noticed) confessed they dared to hope they might really get enough out of it to buy a little cottage and a quarter of an acre of ground. The financial romance came when the first payment for copyright was made. It consisted of a check for \$10,000. The author—then famous, but not realizing the money value of her fame—with her husband, the simple-minded professor, stood looking with a dazed surprise and perplexity at the little bit of paper by which they were informed that the Tremont Bank would pay to Harriet Beecher Stowe or order the sum of \$10,000. At last, with a queer and almost pathetic simplicity, the professor asked the publisher what he should do with it. Doubtless that gentleman would now be surprised at his own simplicity. It was questionable then whether he had ever seen a check before, and certainly he had a little knowledge as most women have of the mode of banking operation. Mr. Jewett, fearing they might be easily swindled or robbed, went with them to the bank, having first advised them to open an account, to keep but little money about them, and draw a check when they wanted any. The famous book sold by million copies. The unaffected, simple little lady was soon transformed into the renowned author, and "The Beecher," as Mr. Jewett expresses it, became from that date the uppermost trait. He paid in all over \$26,000 for the copyright of the work.

Observing the Sabbath.

The following story is published by a Connecticut paper—They lived in New Haven a man whose wife, Tabithy, widely known for her strictness in observing the Christian Sabbath, as he was for his remarkable patience in bearing with some of her unpleasant ways. One Sabbath morning a barrel of flour stood in the front hall which to the good man seemed to be in the way, and that it would not be very wrong to put it in its proper place before going to church. So, after breakfast was over he proceeded quietly to roll the barrel into its place, which was up one flight of stairs. No sooner had he reached the stairs and commenced to ascend, than his wife came out and forbade him going any further, declaring that God would withdraw his blessing from them, and the whole blame would rest upon his conscience. After pausing a moment to think he resolved to proceed, let the consequences be what they would. Having succeeded in getting it half way up the stairs, Tabithy determined to have it her way, as usual, reached up and took hold of his feet, pulling them from under him, which he and his barrel of flour came to the bottom, causing the head of the barrel to come out, covering him with the contents. As soon as the poor man could remove the flour from his head sufficient to enable him to speak, he looked up to his wife meekly and penitently and said: "Tabithy, let us pray."

A Sweet Smuggler.

The New York correspondent of the St. Louis Republican writes of smuggling practices, saying: "Some time ago a passenger of a French ship was suspected of having a quantity of diamonds to get through, and on the deck she was told she must be examined. The dear girl protested. It was no use. So, turning to her fellow-passengers she bade them a warm adieu. The embrace she bestowed on one lady was touching; she kissed her not once, but twice, and with each kiss she gave into her friend's keeping a solitary worth \$3,000. Then she went off with her mouth full which she would have swallowed rather than disgorge. As she afterwards explained those awful large stones impeded her utterance, and she intended giving the Custom House people a bit of her mind, and thus she was enabled to do so, thanks to her own ingenuity and the size of her friend's mouth.

It is a correct thing among London fashionables to boast of having traveled in an American palise car.

Miscellaneous Items.

It is a melancholy fact that those who declare war are never called upon to do the fighting; if they were we suspect there would be not the slightest amusement of this nature.

Sooner or later, justice certainly overtakes the leader of a country brass band. A bridge came along and struck one on the head the other day, as he stood on the top of an Erie freight train.

The Indiana Legislature is petitioned to pass a law fixing definitely the date of "Ground-hog day," and making it a public holiday. The subject ought to be referred to the committee of the hols.

A new poem by Robert Browning was announced some time since, but it hasn't appeared yet. Evidently it is going to be one of those thoughtful, elaborate, real nice poems which nobody but Robert can understand.

"J. Gray—Pack with my box five dozen quills." There is nothing remarkable about this sentence, only that it is nearly as short as one can be constructed, and yet contain all the letters of the alphabet.

"Give us a copper, yer honor," cried a street Arab. "Be off with you!" replied the gentleman; "I've no change." "Please, sir," continued the urchin, "do give us a half-penny; I've lost half an hour runnin' after yer."

Mr. Carruth, a northern Nebraska man, lives on a farm which is six miles square and all surrounded by a hedge fence. The house is set three miles back from the road, which must make it very nice for a fellow when he wants an appetite in the morning to run down to the gate and back before breakfast.

Captain Anstie, of the American ship Ironsides, which in August last ran down a fishing smack off the English coast, drowning two of the crew, has been committed for trial at the Lancaster Assizes, on a charge of "manslaughter," it being alleged that nobody was on the lookout on the ship, and hence the collision.

According to the Memphis Appeal a queer marriage took place at Jasper, Tennessee, the other day. The bridegroom, Mr. Martin, had attained his seventy-sixth year, while the bride was a blushing girl of only thirteen. To add to the charms of the little modest maiden, the three-score and sixteen gave his bride \$3,000 as a marriage gift.

The latest Parisian story is of a man who had just died in the French capital at the age of ninety years, who had a new set of teeth given in her jaws a few years ago; a previous new set at sixty-three; also at forty-seven, and these in addition, of course, to the earlier sets that all have. Poor thing! She had three times as many tooth-aches as less-favored mortals.

The Cincinnati Times asserts that it is true that a Cincinnati woman uttered this lament over her lost lap-dog, Angelina: "Just think of it, Mrs. Henry, my Angelina is dead, quite dead. Now if it had only been Thuydesides (Thuy was her eldest), I could have borne it, for Thuydesides would go to Heaven, you know, and be very happy, but my Angelina (boo-hoo!) is gone and I shall never see her any more (boo-hoo!)"

It's a deep mystery—the way the heart of a man turns to one woman out of all the rest he's seen in the world, and makes it easier for him to work seven years for her, like Jacob did for Rachel, sooner than have any other woman for the asking. I often think of these words: "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and they seemed but a few days, for the love he had for her."—George Elliot.

Phair, a murderer under sentence of death at Windsor, Vermont, was born and reared in that neighborhood, and has reputable brothers, sisters, and other relatives living. He had become such an outcast through dissipation that not one of them attended his trial, and nobody could be found to testify a word in favor of any point in his conduct or character. A clergyman is now working at him, however, with a probability of making him a Christian before he is hanged.

"Would you please give a boy, who broke his leg the other day, a few peanuts?" inquired a small chap of a Michigan avenue grocer. "Now, boy, you are lying to me," said the grocer, looking him in the eyes. "I don't believe you know any boy who has broken his leg. Come now, do you?" "No-I don't," replied the lad after some hesitation, "but I know a boy whose sister fell down and jared her teeth out." He got a few peanuts.—Detroit Free Press.

We find the following story in the Denver News of the 13th, which demonstrates how cold it is in Colorado: "There was more than the customary stir at Las Vegas, the other day, when the stage coach, with four passengers inside and a corpse for a driver, came tearing into town. The driver, though frozen into a beautiful 'stiff,' was sitting bolt upright, with an awful grimace of face and a death-grip on the lines. The ghostly Jehu was helped down from the seat and next day there was a big funeral at Las Vegas.

I was once walking a short distance behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and as I looked at her beautiful clothes, wondered if she took half as much pains with her hair as she did with her body. A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us he made two attempts to go into the yard of a house, but the gate was heavy and would swing back before he could get in. "Wait," said the young girl, hurrying forward, "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate till he passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile, and she passed on. She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells within her breast."

A Healthy Individual.

The following is the last thing written by the late "Artemus Ward." Until quite recently I've been a healthy individual. I'm nearly sixty and yet I've got a muscle in my arm which don't make my fists resemble the tread of a canary bird when they fly about and hit a man. Only a few weeks ago I was exhibiting in East Showhagen, in a bildin' which had been formerly occupied by a pugilist—one of them fellows which hits from the shoulder and teaches the manly art of self-defense. And he cum and sed he was goin' in free in consequence of previusly ockeypin' sed bildin' with a large yaller dog. He sed "O yes," I sed "O no." He sed "Do you want to be ground to powder?" I sed "Yes, I do, if there's a powder-grinder handy." When he struck me a disgustin' blow in the left eye, which caused the concern to look for repairs; but he didn't hurt me any more. I went for him energetically. His parents lived near by, and I will simply state that fifteen minutes after I had gone for him his mother, seein' the prostrate form of her son approachin' the house on a shutter carried by four men, run out doors, keerfully looked him over, and sed, "My son, you've been foolin' round a thrashin' mashesen. You went in at the end where they put in the grain, come out with the straw, and then got up in the thimgumajig, and let the horses tread on you, didn't you, my son?" You can judge from this what a disagreeable person I am when I'm angry.

Russian Sand-Pies.

St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, is the heaven for children who have a propensity for making mud and sand pies. In many of the small public parks of that city there are, here and there, large open spaces, covered with gravel. Every morning in each of these spaces may be seen a large pile of sand, cone-shaped, about four feet high and six feet in diameter. After breakfast all the children of the neighborhood, equipped with hatchets, little spades and wagons, repair to these cones, and employ themselves in digging them down and scattering the material according to their fancy over the gravel spaces. The next morning the cones are all ready for another assault. The city government provides the sand, and has it piled up in the cones each night. The result of this simple plan is that the children acquire a fondness for exercise and labor, and get that healthful, open-air amusement so essential to their vitality in a city. Perhaps they always get the usual maternal spanking for soiling their clothing, but this is one of the sweets of the halcyon days of childhood that can be looked back to in after years without revengeful feelings.

The London Standard says:—Ten thousand pounds is to be raised toward the expenses of the mission of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to London, and the Agricultural Hall has been secured for the month of March. In these preceding months they are to labor in other quarters of the capital. Our Liverpool correspondent writes that they have arranged to spend the whole of the month of February in Liverpool. A temporary building, capable of accommodating some eight thousand persons, is being specially erected as a central hall for the occasion; and though only of a temporary character, it is to be entirely demolished after two months, it is to cost £3,390, and the committee calculate that at least £1,500 will be required to cover the whole expense of the visit. They are confident that the amount will be speedily subscribed, without the necessity for a general solicitation. The invitation to Messrs. Moody and Sankey was forwarded to these gentlemen in September last, and was signed by nearly one hundred of the citizens and ministers of all denominations in the town. Early last month a numerously attended conference was held of the leading ministers and other friends of the movement in town. Mr. Moody was present, and the whole of the arrangements were completed.

Bores.

There is probably no one who could not tell you volumes of experiences and sufferings from the persistency of bores, although every one's idea of them varies. The man who replied, when asked what a bore was, "A fellow who talks about himself when you want to talk about yourself," made the most comprehensive classification of the kind yet imagined, and they all, with slight variations, come under this heading, for if they do not talk about themselves it is about some hobby of their own that they hold forth. There is the scientific bore. "On man and his functions he talks with a smile." I never meet one of these that I do not remember the snub administered to a person of this description by one of the most prominent and wittiest of New York diners-out. The bore having button-holed him, was pouring forth his theories, and ended with the assertion that the oyster was the equal of a man. "I hold," said Mr.—, "that it is the superior, for an oyster sometimes shuts up," with which extinguisher he gently disengaged himself from the clutches of his adversary.

We have received a copy of Withrow's "Catacombs of Rome," and have pleasure in endorsing the following opinions of the press. No Canadian book has ever been so favorably received:—

"A book of unusual completeness."—N. Y. Independent. "Enlightening as a novel, and full of Christian instruction."—N. Y. Tribune. "A book of uncommon interest and importance."—Beecher's Christian Union. "Gives results of latest explorations at Rome."—N. Y. Tribune. "Must prove an almost indispensable part of every library."—Buffalo Christian Advocate. "We could linger for hours over this enlightening work."—Nashville, Tenn., Christian Advocate. "Every lover of good books should have it."—Hamilton Times. "By far the best book on the subject in the English language."—St. Louis Christian Advertiser. "The fullest, latest, and best resume of facts on the Catacombs."—Toronto Globe. "A credit to Canadian scholarship and literary taste."—Christian Guardian. "The Church is under great obligations to Mr. Withrow for his gift of this book."—New York Christian Advocate. "What a perfect fascination have these memorials of the Church, so near the time of Christ."—Lect. Boston. "Is wonderfully interesting. Such books are worth their weight in gold to the Christian student of history."—N. Y. Tribune. "Is profusely illustrated with fine engravings. A book of unique and absorbing interest."—Evangelical Witness. "As fascinating as a novel, whilst full of weighty thoughts for mature and cultivated minds."—Toronto Advertiser. "The most important and interesting recent contribution to Christian Art and Archeology. One scarcely feels like leaving the perusal until the last page is devoured."—Ladies Repository, Cincinnati. "Will be found valuable in Sunday-School libraries, as its style is so simple and its subject matter so interesting that it will be read with avidity by the elder scholars."—Montreal Witness. "A work to be classed with higher literature, and well worthy to be deeply studied, not only by Christian scholars, but by the more thoughtful part of our entire Christian people."—Methodist Quarterly-Review.

A California man pounded his wife, was fined \$90, and sold her silk dresses to pay the fine.

Death of the Champion Bunter.

One of the "characters" in which our New England village life abounds, has just passed away at Williamsstown in the death of the negro Abram Parsons, or "Abe Bunter," as he was known to every one acquainted with the town. Abe's popular title was descriptive and grew out of his ramlike or bunting propensities, "bunting" being his readiest and most effective method of defence. His thickness of skull, even for one of his race, was simply astounding. He would split heavy plank with his head in the way of business or for the amusement of any one willing to pay a quarter for such fun, or would utterly discomfit and rout an adversary by launching himself bodily and irresistibly at his stomach. There were his play spells. The worthies of the village will vouch for other stories illustrative of Abe's more vigorous achievements. They beguiled him, years ago, into splitting a small grindstone. He was asked at one of the stores if he wanted a cheese. Naturally he did, and they told him it must be put in a salt sack and he must smash it with his head; so they inserted the sack, and Abe actually and literally shivered it—and let us hope, got his cheese. When "Cole's store" was burned some years ago, and the heavy door could not be broken open, Abe very obligingly pounded it in with his head. He was a kindly, good-natured fellow, had been born a slave in New York State, and been freed, much against his will, found the task of caring for himself and an ever-growing family a discouraging one. He was a good laborer when properly "bossed," but up to his death represented well the old-fashioned White Oaks' shiftlessness, though latterly he had brought, with his family, somewhat under the reforming influences of Prof. Hopkins' mission chapel. "Abe Bunter" will be missed as a member of the "lower faculty" about the college and by the graduates at the annual commencement season.—Springfield (Mass.) Enquirer.

The American Revivalists in England.

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A CONSUMPTIVE CURED.



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Rheumatism and Gout heretofore have been considered by the ordinary practicing physicians as incurable diseases, and the only has been pronounced of what is called the "stone" or "gravel," which is a pretended science; and what doth it avail—either to acknowledge that all their resources are exhausted, or to prescribe for a patient suffering from chronic rheumatism. The great trouble lies in the fact that the mode of investigation is prescribed with certain boundaries and limitations compelling the doctor to remain within them, and after disaster and exasperation from that highly respectable order of mortals known as the Medical Faculty, whose genius had been turned in its efforts of investigation can be easily imagined. And often really grand and beneficial discoveries have been placed under the ban of science, by those self-constituted censors for no reason whatever, but that they are innovations upon a stereotyped and time honored prescription. It was not so, however, with the proprietor of the

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For his high standing in the profession, and the learning and science of an able mind, quickly compelled the profession to accept, and now physicians generally all over the world, when they have had the opportunity of his wonderful efficacy, and often prescribe it for their patients. The use of the Diamond Rheumatic Cure, without the aid of a physician, is a saving in fees to the sufferer, but the really conscientious physician, whose genius had been turned in its efforts of investigation can be easily imagined. And often really grand and beneficial discoveries have been placed under the ban of science, by those self-constituted censors for no reason whatever, but that they are innovations upon a stereotyped and time honored prescription. It was not so, however, with the proprietor of the

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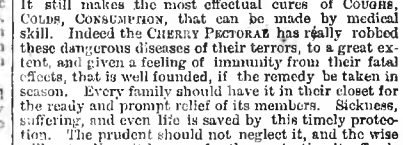
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