

A Quarrel of Young Married Fools.

No, I will not say good-by—
Not good-by, nor anything;
He is gone. I wonder why
I have not met him since.
How that tiresome bird will sing!

I might follow him and say
Just that he forgot to kiss
Baby, when he went away.
Everything I want I miss.
O, a precious world is this!

What if night came and not he?
Something might mislead his feet.
Does the moon rise late? Ah me!
There are things that he might meet.
Now the rain begins to beat.

So it will be dark. The bell?—
Some one some one loves is dead.
Were it he—I cannot tell
Half the fretful words I said,
Half the fretful tears I shed.

Dead? And but to think of death!
Men might bring him through the gate!
Lips that have not any breath,
Eyes that stare—And I must wait!
Is it true, or is it late!

I was wrong, and wrong, and wrong;
I will tell him, oh, be sure!
If the heavens are builded strong,
Love shall therein be secure;
Love like mine shall there endure.

Listen, listen—that is he!
I'll not speak to him, I say.
If he choose to say to me,
"I was all to blame to-day"
Sweet, forgive me," why—I may!
Mrs. S. M. R. PLATT.

GOING TO SEE THE SULTAN.

A Lost Chapter in the Travels of Sumner
Cox Recovered.

Gen. Lew Wallace Presents the Congress-
man to Abdul Hamid—What he
Saw, Heard, Said, Felt,
and Imagined.

New York.—When work came to be ready for presentation to the Sultan, there was an unusual flutter around our trunks and in our wardrobe. It was no ordinary occasion. As one of the "best men," in the bridal of the Bosphorus and the Wabash, I determined to be *en route*. I had heard of one of our Secretaries of Legation being received with marked distinction by Louis Napoleon because he had donned his Odd Fellow regalia. I knew, from reading Sartor Resartus, the value of toilet. I knew that the successor of Suleiman the Magnificent was a man of choice tastes, and I resolved to adorn for the ceremony, so that Indiana might not blush for its *suite*. Nor did I fail to remember that the Sublime Ruler who was about to open his Porte to us represented something more than the present Turkish power and Mohammedan Caliphate. Was he not the successor of leaders of armies against whom the hosts of Europe had struggled often and in vain? Had not his predecessors lifted the crescent above the cross? Did not the blood of the "Draconbolt" run, though sluggishly, in his veins? Was he not the pacificator between Christians contending for the holy places? His fat, once so potent, might it not again arouse a conflict—*à la Jehu*—at which the world might tremble? Was he not the titular, if not the actual, head of nearly 200,000,000 of one faith?

"Have you been in Constantinople before?" asked Munir Bey.

"Oh, yes, before you were born, I think, for you look youthful. Thirty years ago, when Abdul Mejid was Sultan, I was here, and I longed to renew my memories."

There was a little chorus of surprise as I expressed as only Turks can express it, and another fusillade of questions. "Have you found any chance?" "Are we progressing?" "What do you see different?" "Do we move with the age?" "How do Americans regard us?" To which I gave reply that I found new convenient steamers, an underground railway, tramways and railroads, newspaper in half a dozen tongues stean and light, better streets, and sumptuous villas. True, the seraglio palace is no longer here, but your palace crowns the hill. You have had a great war, and we find more courtesy and tolerance of strangers. We visit St. Sophia and other mosques with comparative freedom. No, you are not behind many other nations in the race of improvement. All which seemed to give pleasure to the listeners. I begin to feel that I am an old and familiar friend of the family. I describe the former Sultan, as I saw him in a grand parade on the 4th of July, 1851, and Munir Bey promises to show me his portrait on horseback in the palace. Then we take cigarettes. Before they are ashes I divert Nubian servants appear, bearing the daintiest porcelain cups ever fairly conceived or Dresden fabricated.

THE SULTAN.

They are truly æsthetic, and crusted with diamonds. We long to carry one home, not for the gems—oh, no! but for the artistic beauty. No sooner does the surreptitious thought enter the mind than the servants gather them up. We then form in line, behind the Minister, and under escort proceed up the staircase to the audience chamber. We pass up between soldiers, fine large Circassians, in their native array, who looked at us impassively. Africans eunuchs, in strange contrast with the Circassians, in rich attire, stand like statues upon the steps. Officers with side arms and soldiers with rifles are in waiting. We halt a moment at the head of the stairs, and, looking within through a large chamber, perceive in the grand saloon before us a well-made man of medium size and serene, almost melancholy, aspect. He stands alone. He wears a blue uniform, or frock coat with the inevitable fez. He holds a sword—hardly a scimitar, though it curves—of golden sheath and jewelled hilt. It rests upon his patent leather shoes. A rich sash is over his shoulder. It is green, for green is the Mohammedan color. It is the symbol, I suppose, of the growing, fadeless Caliphate. We approach in due order, gallanted by the Ministers, and make a formal bow. Our suite form a crescent around the Sultan, with Major-Gen. Wallace with his two stars in the concave. Next to him on the left is Assim Pasha, and on the right the interpreter, his hat still secure. After several rather elaborate bows from the Sultan's officers, we await events. The Sultan raises his dreamy, languid, thoughtful eyes, and his sallow face lights up a little. Then the confabulation begins.

There is an austerity of dread, a painful hush, as the Foreign Affairs Minister, in low, husky tones, announces the function and purpose of the visit. Gen. Wallace catches the solemn spirit of the scene, and, subdued to the Oriental quality, makes in low tones proper reference to his predecessor, and in the name of the people of the United States, with an emphasis upon "the people" which made me grasp my hat, expressed their desire for the good relations that had always existed between the two nations, and which he would endeavor to strengthen. The Sultan drops his impassive eye, and now and then a sidelong glance at us in turn. I take this opportunity, without discourteous curiosity, to look about the large chamber. A dim light enters it from the east. The Sultan has his back towards Asia. The group is interesting. The atmosphere is one of funeral quietude. The gods are shod with wood; so are Sultanic servants. Neither the dresses nor the movement and speeches are loud; quite and painfully otherwise. It is pomp, but pomp in unassuming display. The scene is not ornate nor Oriental. There are no trellis nor lattice casements, no tapestry nor ottomans, and no exuberant nor vulgar signs of luxury. No crystal jets shake their "leesening silver into the sun," and there are no arabesques nor fantastic imagery. The surroundings are as simple as the audience is decorous. No grovelling obeisance is demonstrated. A few pictures decorate the walls. They represent Bedouin chiefs in the desert, pictures of local color, all but one, which rivets my eye. Unless I am in error, this picture on my left is that of the midnight sun, which is languishing light, hanging over the hozy horizon at Nord Cap! Then I thought of the verse of the American moralist;

The bark of tempest, vainly tossed,
May founder in the calm,
And he who braves the polar frost
Faint by the isles of palm.

Although a polar navigator, I felt the calm influence; and, comparing the situation with the bleak and desolate scenery which we had so recently viewed as thus pictured on the wall, I felt the contrasts of our summer voyaging.

THE SULTAN'S AFFABILITY.

I am recalled from my reverie by reflecting upon the power of the Sultan. He is a man of calm dignity and superior intelligence. Mohammed II., the grand progenitor of this line, who took the city from the effete Greeks, may have had more élan, as he had a larger army, but he had no more reserve corps in his eye than his descendant before us. Was he not administering, amid troubles for which he is not responsible, a great empire of various nationalities and religions, and under manifold embarrassments? By his illustrious descent and inborn dignity, by his position as the heir of the Othmans, Amorphs, and Suleimans, he receives, as the Oriental chief should, that Occident which has never encroached upon his prerogative or domain, and has no true inclination nor object in doing so.

I confess to an enthusiasm for this monarch. He is a king, every inch, and without any dramatic ostentation; for I learn from our Consul that he deserves great regard for his rare ability. He is his own adviser. Amid the troubles and care growing out of the equivocal death of his predecessor and with the population of diverse religions and races which he must reconcile to rule, he is not unworthy of the fame of Abdul Mejid whose memory is to me a part of my earliest association in this city, whose praises then were on every tongue.

After the translation into the vernacular of the Minister's speech, and when it was expected the ceremony was done. Gen. Wallace broke through the formal etiquette and, stating it was a custom of his country, and a sign of cordiality, tendered his hand. The Sultan timidly, but blandly, breaks his reserves, and cordially replies. This reply is translated, when, in the same subdued whisper, and with much emotion, he asks the Minister the latest news of President Garfield's condition. The Minister remarks that the news is better, but not encouraging. This episode engenders a human sympathy, and then we are in turn presented. I am denominated, in French phrase, a "statesman," and my face assumes the color of the Sultan's fez. We had no elaborate, theatrical bowing. The only one who seemed to be specially Oriental in his salutation was Murid Bey. He bows quite low, and with singular grace, his hand to his head, breast, and hip, signifying that his mind, heart, and speech were complacent; but even he is not obsequious. Seizing my hat and guarding my shoes, and without special trouble, I back out of the presence with the rest and return to the saloon below. There sherbet is served, with cigarettes.

The Adventures of a Bank-Note.

Louisa Gilbe.

A 25 Bank of England note has just found its way back to its original source in a manner which indicates the efficient management both of the bank and of the post-office. It was lost as far back as 1829, having been inclosed in a letter. The postal authorities made the usual investigations, but, as nothing was heard of the bank authorities, after some years, made good the lost to the postoffice in belief that the note must have found its way back, but through some carelessness the fact had been overlooked. It was, however, found in circulation only the other day. It has been traced to a woman in humble circumstances, who found it accidentally among the papers of her grandfather, who acted as guard to one of the old mail-coaches. There is no evidence whatever that he stole the note. The loss was probably the result of the merest accident.

The Effect of Weather on Trees.

Sir Herbert Christison, the great Scotch chemist, has made some curious observations on the effects of a cold, wet season in diminishing the normal growth of trees. He found on careful measurement that, comparing 1879 with 1878, eleven deciduous trees—not oaks—made on an average forty-one per cent. less growth in last year than in the year before. Of seventeen pine trees the average deficiency was twenty per cent., so that heat appears to have more to do with the making of wood than moisture has. It is strange that the growth of the oak, which drops its leaves, seems less dependent on heat than that of the pine, which we usually associate with very cold regions.

Is Consumption Contagious?

Harper's Monthly.

In view of the fact that consumption is the most destructive of any of the diseases to which flesh is heir in Europe and America, causing from sixteen to twenty per cent. of the deaths that occur, the question, Is Consumption Contagious? which Dr. Clapp, of the Boston University School of Medicine, has chosen for the title of a volume in which he maintains the affirmative with great cogency and calmness, and with an array of evidence that is very impressive, is one of immediate and startling interest. After premising that he uses the words phthisis and tuberculosis synonymously with consumption, and the word contagious in the broad sense of communicable, transmissible or catching, Dr. Clapp gives a historical sketch of the opinions that have prevailed on the subject from the earliest times, from which it appears that almost all the celebrated medical writers, from Hippocrates (400 B.C.), Aristotle (350 B.C.), and Galen (A.D. 180), down to 1780, shared the belief that consumption is, to a certain extent at least, contagious. But about a hundred years ago a reaction set in against this hitherto almost universal belief, though the old belief, somewhat modified, never lost its hold—the celebrated Drs. Cullen, of Edinburgh, Reid and Herberden, of London, Rush, of Philadelphia, and Darwin, the author of *The Zoonotic Garden*, and his son Charles, among other eminent men, still adhering to it. It is proper to say, however, that later in life Dr. Rush announced that his views on the subject had changed, and maintained that, except in rare cases, it is not proper to ascribe the causation of consumption to contagion. During the early part of the present century opinion was divided on the subject among the most eminent physicians, the majority denying that consumption is contagious, although even those who held the negative most firmly quite generally admitted that greater precaution should be observed than was usually exercised by attendants upon consumptive patients, especially by nurses, husbands and wives; that extreme caution should be observed in the use of garments and mattresses which consumptives had used; and that the same bed, or even the same sleeping apartment, should not be occupied by two persons, one of whom was known to labor under pulmonary consumption. Within a few years, however, renewed attention has been given to the subject, and as a result of a series of close scientific investigations, conducted by men of admitted high qualifications, the medical profession, including some of the most eminent pathologists—notably Professors Cohnheim, of Leipzig, Schuppel, of Tubingen, Chauveau, of Lyons, and Drs. Villemin, of Paris, and Marce and Andrew Clark, of London—are largely adopting the conclusion that consumption may be contracted from persons who have it, by inhalation of the germs of the virus, by swallowing them in food, by inoculation and by eating the flesh or drinking the milk of animals suffering from phthisis or tuberculosis. Dr. Clapp supports this conclusion by a number of reports of illustrative cases furnished in this country and abroad, and by a summary of the results of the experiments of a number of eminent investigators. He also has a chapter showing the possibility of the virus being transmitted by means of food—especially beef and milk—we consume. The practical importance of the subject may be seen from the following: 1. That no person, particularly if young, should be allowed to sleep in the same bed, or even in the same room, with a consumptive. 2. That no person should be allowed to remain for too long a time in too close or too constant attendance on a consumptive. 3. That ventilation, as perfect as possible, should be secured. 4. That the most rigid inspection of all the meat that comes into our markets, particularly at the slaughter-houses, and of all the cows which furnish milk by competent and trustworthy officials should be insisted upon as essential to the public safety.

A Wonderful Substance.

The Chicago *Western Catholic* says: "It is endorsed by Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio, and by some of our most honored and respected priests throughout the country who have used it for rheumatism with success where all other remedies failed. We refer here to St. Jacobs Oil. We know of several persons in our own Circle who were suffering with that dreadful disease, rheumatism, who tried everything and spent hundreds of dollars for medicine which proved of no benefit. We advised them to try St. Jacobs Oil. Some of them laughed at us for faith in the "patent stuff," they chose to call it. However, we induced them to give it a trial, and it accomplished its work with such a magic-like rapidity that the same people are now its strongest advocates, and will not be without it in their houses on any account."

Mr. Joel D. Harvey, U.S. Collector of Internal Revenue, of this city, has spent over two thousand dollars on medicine for his wife, who was suffering dreadfully from rheumatism, and without deriving any benefit whatever; yet two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil accomplished what the most skillful medical men failed in doing. We could give the names of hundreds who have been cured by this wonderful remedy, did space permit us. The latest man who has been made happy through the use of this valuable liniment is Mr. James A. Conlan, Librarian of the Union Catholic Library of this city. The following is Mr. Conlan's endorsement:

UNION CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,
CHICAGO, Sept. 16, 1880.

I wish to add my testimony as to the merits of St. Jacobs Oil as a cure for rheumatism. One bottle has cured me of this troublesome disease, which gave me a great deal of bother for a long time; but thanks to the remedy, I am cured. This statement is unsolicited by any one in its interest.

Very respectfully,
JAMES A. CONLAN, Librarian.

The innumerable jewel robberies in England have led to the invention of a "patent safety case," by means of which, when the box is properly set, which is done by putting a pin in its place inside the case, it cannot be taken up by any one without continuously ringing a powerful alarm bell inside. If the bell once starts ringing it cannot be stopped except by the owner, who may thus make the case perfectly safe when left in the dressing room.

Millions Wasted Upon a Barren Rock.

A San Francisco letter in the *Baltimore Sun* says: Half a million a month continues to be spent in barren rock in vain search for bonanzas in the numerous mines on the "on-stock silver vein, in Nevada, below an average depth of 2,200 feet below the surface of Mount Davidson. The 5,000,000 daily gallons of water is very hot everywhere below 1,600 feet, and, with a single exception, no large body of paying ore has been found below that level. At this time combined efforts are pushing explorations with fourfold activity, and streaks of quartz are met in the dark porphyry, giving hopes. But the stock market is set back by the new theory of Expert James Dolevan, viz.: "No bonanzas will be found where the water has so high temperature, and all boring is money thrown away." Scientific borings are given. Two of the mines have reached 3,000 feet in confirmation of this theory, and the bottom has dropped out of the mining stock market.

Substitute for Fresh Air and Exercise.—Persons of sedentary habits, or who are employed in factories, etc., require something to assist nature, as confinement and want of exercise is sure, sooner or later, to impair the digestive powers. Then it is that nature requires a stimulant such as Briggs' Botanic or Stomach Bitters. It creates an appetite, strengthens the whole system. It is brought within the reach of all, as it sells at 25 cents a package, and makes one-half a gallon of a splendid mixture, equal to what is sold in bottles at \$1 for three-fourths of a pint. Directions accompanying each package. Simple as steeping tea or coffee.

Puzzle.—How is it that Briggs' Electric Oil should reach and successfully treat so many complaints? All nervous diseases yield to its influence in a few minutes when applied externally, and as an internal remedy all are both astonished and pleased.

The girl that has the most freedom and runs at large most persistently at this age is the one that's maid fast.

No Scrofula can be so deep seated, no sore so stubborn, but that Ayer's Sarsaparilla will be found helpful. It will effect a cure, if cure be possible.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SCULLAN HAIR RE-NEWER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

"Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer, Balmly Sleep." But there are times when this "Renewer of Strength" is denied us, times when our minds and bodies have been so over-worked and are so worn out that we "woo the drowsy god in vain." The Peruvian Syrup (an Iron Tonic) renews our strength and makes our rest sweet and refreshing.

"What every one says must be true." And every one who has tested its merits speaks warmly in praise of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam as a positive cure for all throat and lung complaints, coughs and colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and incipient consumption.

Dyspepsia. That all prevalent disease of civilized life, is always attended with a disordered sympathetic system and bad secretions, and no remedy is better adapted to its cure than Burdock Blood Bitters taken according to special directions found on every bottle. 10

A. P. 63

Time Testers and Burden Bearers.

From the immemorial the horse has been man's best friend. In a few years back we can all remember the comparatively little attention paid to this most indispensable of animals. We say comparatively little attention, for the horse was well groomed, and certainly as well fed as now; and that those great gatherings—agricultural shows—you would see the pride of the county and State stables and farms assembled. But there was a conspicuous want of noble draught horses, and as for speeders—well, 2:40 was the great ultimate limit that owners in those days desired to strive for. But now a 2:40 animal is esteemed a fair roadster, and fine animals only deserve the name when they can shade the first quarter of the third minute. There have been immense strides forward in the recent development of horsemanship in the civilized countries of the world, as shown by the time-records of the races and



draught capacity of the humbler, but really more useful, work horse. Many things have conspired to effect this desirable end, chief among which have been the intelligent care and consideration bestowed upon the animal in his every relation—in a word, upon the breeding. And this has not failed to include a very serious modification of the old methods of treatment, doing away, in many cases, with the inhuman and really savage plans pursued in the eradication of even simple disorders and ailments, and substituting rational measures of relief instead. A prominent factor of this reform, and one indorsed by owners, breeders, farmers and stockmen the country over, is ST. JACOBS OIL, recognized by all who have used it as an exceptionally good remedy for the ailments of the horse and stock generally, needing more indications for its use and effecting far better results than any article of a curative or remedial nature ever introduced. Such breeders and horsemen as Aristides Welch, Esq., of Edenburgh, near Philadelphia; Miles Goodin, Esq., Belmont Park, Pa.; Calvin M. Priest, formerly in charge of Mr. Robert Bonner's stock, New York; and thousands of others throughout the country, who could be named, are on the list of unqualified customers of the efficacy of ST. JACOBS OIL.

When Doctors Disagree, who shall Decide?

Nothing is more variable than the different opinions of medical men; but when they fail to agree, or to perform a cure in a chronic disease, the patients often decide for themselves, and take Burdock Blood Bitters, and speedily recover. It is the grand key to health that unlocks all the secretions, and liberates the slave from the captivity of disease. 12

Weak Lungs and how to make them Strong.

Breathe with the mouth closed, have access at all times to pure air exercise moderately, eat nourishing but simple food, and take that best of all cough remedies, Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, it speedily cures all throat and lung troubles of adults or children. Price 25c. per bottle. 11

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will run via the line of Credit Valley & Canada Southern Rys. and Leaving Union Depot, Toronto, 12:30 P.M., Tuesday, March 14th and 23rd, and every two weeks thereafter, for Fargo, Grand Forks, Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie, Brandon, and all points Northwest. Freight shipments made weekly. For rates, tickets, and full information apply to D. A. HOLLIBROOK & CO., North-Western Emigration & Real Estate Agents, 61 King-st. East Toronto.

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