

THE FIRST ANIMAL LIFE.

Did it Begin Where Greely has Been?

A theory has been enunciated that the poles were first fitted to produce life, which consequently commenced at the northern and southern extremities of the globe, developing independently, but to a certain extent correspondingly, since conditions were similar. By the secular cooling of the globe the poles ultimately became unfitted to support life, and such forms as did not perish on the earth's surface slowly migrated toward the equator, changing in the course of ages, and ultimately giving rise to a fauna which, over most of the globe, consists of a mixture of northern and southern forms.

Many facts derived from the northern hemisphere lend support to this theory, and the southern hemisphere has recently added new facts which tell in the same direction. The animals of the northern hemisphere are still almost identical throughout the world's circuit. The same families and even the same species of mammals and birds are common to the north of the Old World and of the New. To give a few examples, the elk or moose, the reindeer, the beaver, the lynx, the wolf, the fox, of Europe and Asia are specially identical with those of America. The bison of America is closely allied to the aurochs of Europe, the brown bear of Europe to our own grizzly, the stag to the wapiti or elk, and so on.

Remains of mammals now regarded as tropical—such as the elephant, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, hyena, lion, etc.—are common even in the tertiary strata of temperate and even Arctic regions. This is proof of a southern migration when climate changed. In the southern point of South America, in desolate Patagonia, have been found mammalian remains which tend to show that the tertiary fauna of Patagonia preceded that of the Argentine Republic, to the north of it. Forms of the pampas are there, but are somewhat more generalized, as though older. Hooker has shown that seventy-seven species of plants are common to South America, New Zealand and Tasmania. A small family of fishes (Galaxiidae) and the marsupialia (kangaroo, wombat,

opossum, etc.) are Australian and South American.

A sort of submarine plateau connects Staten Island (part of the Terra del Fuego Archipelago) with South Georgia and other Antarctic lands, and it seems not unlikely that a great Antarctic continent once existed, the remains of which are Australia, New Zealand, etc., on the one hand, and Patagonia on the other. In Australia the marsupialia multiplied, and spreading northward, mingled with the boreal fauna that had been driven southward. In South America the marsupialia did not greatly multiply, though they spread, after the upheaval of the Isthmus of Panama, into North America, where they are represented by the opossum.

The edentata (sloths, armadillos, anteaters and their relations) appeared at Patagonia in the Miocene period, and, spreading northward, became the characteristic animals of South America. Edentates (the aard-vark or cape anteater, and the pangolin or scaly anteater) occur also in Africa, which was probably once connected southward with the ancient Antarctic continent.

In many cases the animals of northern origin, which are the most numerous, can be distinguished from the southern, but in other cases we cannot distinguish them, since on the one hand, animals which naturalists place in the same family on account of resemblances in structure may very possibly have had a distinct ancestry, and, on the other hand, the northern forms, which evidently predominate, have not only varied greatly in course of ages but have penetrated far toward the southern extremities of the continents. As regard the northern hemisphere, the resemblance between the fishes, insects and mollusca of the old world and of the new are even more striking than those of the higher animals.

A writer whose manuscripts are covered with blots of ink can be called a fluent writer.

The tongue of the female giraffe is seventeen inches long. The male giraffe feels that being denied the power of speech is a blessing and not a misfortune.

In a Greek Family.

We alighted from our mules in front of the cafe and then ascended a dark wooden staircase to be introduced to our host and hostess. The latter was a stout busy woman, scantily clad, without shoes or stockings; she had on a white cotton skirt, while over this was a blue jacket, gauged behind and frilled at the edge. She had on a white head dress twisted in folds, and a streamer hanging down behind. Her name was Mrs. Sunday. She had large brown pencilled eyebrows, a sallow, almost swarthy, complexion, and a profile as Grecian as ever was seen on any vase. She greeted us with profusion, apologizing, as women will, for her negligé attire, and busied herself to prepare for our reception.

After a few minutes our host and a few friends dropped in. He was a regular islander, with his baggy trousers, his loose embroidered waistcoat, and his fez. He carried a gourd in his hand full of wine, some of which he split as a libation, just as if he were an ancient Greek who wished to propitiate Zeus. Then we all raised the gourd to our lips in turn, saying, "We have found you well," and other compliments, which flow like water in these parts. Our host expressed his delight at the honor we had done him by visiting his roof, and told us that a table should be spread for us later on, after which he would have the pleasure of questioning us about our wanderings.

It was quite dark before the table was spread for our meal, and when served it was more curious than sumptuous; the water, in which a kid had been boiled with some rice in it, led the way as soup, and was followed by pickled cuttle fish, very hard and unpalatable, but a prized luxury in these islands, especially during Lent, so much so that it would pay the enterprise of pickling the many thousands we throw away in disgust to send out here. Then came the kid, a deliciously tender little thing, one of a litter of six, our host informed us. After the kid came the misethra, a standard dish in the Grecian Islands, made of curdled milk. I have tasted exactly the same in Corsica, under the name of broccio, and I always revel in it. There was a Turkish dish of rice and sour milk, called pilaff and yaourte, and which I had considerable difficulty in getting rid of; figs and almonds brought the repast to a close. The wine was rich and excessively sweet, such as, I presume, once was the nectar of the gods. The table was laid for four, ourselves, our host and his brother. Mrs. Sunday and her family waited upon us; occasionally she sat down respectfully in a corner, with a bone which she gnawed: but when all was cleared away, and the men began to smoke, she drew her chair up to the table, took occasional sips out of her husband's glass, and became talkative. Now all restraint was at an end, and questions about England and the far west occupied more time than I cared to devote to them. Every Greek adores the name of Mr. Gladstone, and I went up considerably in our host's estimation when I told him I had been at Oxford. "Then you are a schoolfellow of Mr. Gladstone's?" To this novel way of looking at the question I deemed it wise to assent.

Railway Courtesies.

A singular case was tried before Mr. Baron Pollock and a special jury at Oxford, Eng., on July 5th, arising from the action of two ladies, who had been shopping in town, endeavoring to secure the whole of a railway compartment by spreading their purchases over the seats, so that it might appear that all were occupied. The guard having directed Capt. Preston and his wife, who were going by the same train, to take their seats in the compartment, the captain removed some of the parcels to obtain room for himself and lady. This was done, according to the evidence of an independent witness, in a perfectly cool manner; but the owner objected, especially to the removal of a large milliner's cardboard box, and there appears to have been some force used, as the defendant stated that her hand was cut by the string in her endeavor to prevent the removal by Capt. Preston. Leaving the carriage at Reading, the lady said she had been grossly insulted, and subsequently her husband wrote to the captain demanding an apology. This was very naturally refused, when a blow was inflicted on the plaintiff, but in the struggle which ensued the defendant's finger was broken. The action was for slander, libel, and assault. The judge held the words uttered by Mrs. de Windt were not slanderous, and that there was no publication of a libel in the letter sent to the plaintiff but the assault was regarded as proved, and the jury gave a verdict for Capt. Preston, the plaintiff, awarding damages of £50. The fact that a railway passenger has only a legal right to the particular seat occupied, appears not to be recognized by many persons. Mrs. de Windt had not the slightest legal right to occupy the seats with her luggage, to the inconvenience of other passengers, nor to prevent their removal of it, if it annoyed them or occupied the space they desired to use. Luggage may be tolerated on the seats but it is only there on sufferance. Nevertheless, there are many persons who imagine that if they are the first occupants of a carriage, they can place their boxes, &c., where they please. It is a not uncommon practice for a lady to secure one corner seat for herself and to place a favorite box in the opposite one, thus monopolising two of the best and most comfortable places, and instances are not unknown of their regarding themselves as discourteously treated if their property is removed, and the seat occupied by a passenger. Of course there is neither legal nor moral defence of such selfish actions, and, as is instanced by the case under notice, the appeal to a husband to avenge the supposed wrong may end in his not even getting the better of the encounter, and having to pay a heavy sum in damages and costs.

Plantation Philosophy.

Smiles ain' no sign o' a good disservice. De red apple ain' allus de sweetest. Good sense doan' hanker arter fine cloze. De stalk ain' nigh so bright arter de co'n is ripe.

De abidin place o' good sense doan' b'ar no sartin mark. De rabbit doan' allus hide in de tall grass.

De man carried away wid bate is like de man carried away wid love. It is mighty seldom dat he's tempered wid good sense.

I hab never knowed er wise man to spread hisself. De rake kivers mo' groun' den de grubbin' hoe, but it doan' go down nigh so deep.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

It is impossible to be a hero, in anything, unless one is first a hero in faith.

You may take the greatest trouble and by turning it around find joy on the other side.

He is to be educated because he is a man, and not because he is to make shoes, nails and pins.

Recollect every day the things seen, heard, or read which make an addition to your understanding.

Customs will often blind one to the good, as well as to the evil effects of any long-established system.

We have a right to keep what belongs to us, but no arguments can justify our retaining the property of another.

Thought should be free, and not bought or sold; a new thought belongs to the world, and is no man's patent.

It is better to be a beggar than an ignorant person; for a beggar only wants money, but an ignorant person wants humanity.

To be happy the passion must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy; a propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

True wealth consists in health, vigor, and courage, domestic quiet, concord, public liberty, plenty of all that is necessary, and contempt of all that is superfluous.

Beware how you allow words to pass for more than they are worth, and bear in mind what alteration is sometimes produced in their current value by the course of time.

He that rightly understands the reasonableness and excellency of charity, will know that it can never be excusable to waste any of our money in pride and folly.

It is not the dress that makes the monk; many are dressed like monks, who are inwardly anything but monks; and some wear Spanish caps who have but little of the valor of the Spaniard in them.

A man was arraigned in a Brooklyn court a few days ago for beating a woman who was a stranger to him. He explained to the judge that he mistook the woman for his

wife, and he seemed greasily surprised when the magistrate refused to consider the explanation amply sufficient.

A thoroughly methodical person eventually becomes convinced that it is not good policy to take things for granted. After spending an hour in drilling at a safe door in Newark, a burglar was frightened away. The men who frightened him off discovered that the door had not been locked at all.

Moral beauty is the basis of all true beauty. This foundation is somewhat covered and veiled in nature; art brings it out and gives it more transparent forms. It is here that art, when it knows well its power and resources, engages in a struggle with nature in which it may have the advantage.

Twice at least in recent years cholera has entered this country by the way of New Orleans. Yet it is said, on the authority of a physician, that the money spent annually on the Mardi Gras would make that city clean and healthful. The success of the contemplated Exposition is at stake this time.

A strange story of attempted robbery in a church comes from Mexico. In that country funerals are often held in the morning, and the priest of the Soledad de Santa Cruz Church did not think it strange when permission was asked to take an uncoffined body to the church on the evening before the funeral. In the night the body—that of a live thief—stole the church jewels, but did not get away with them.

A newspaper says that a number of cattle have died in Pennsylvania of hydrophobia, "caused by the bite of a strange dog on a tramp." Perhaps M. Pasteur will turn his attention to the problem how the cattle got hydrophobia when the strange dog bit the tramp, and whether the animosity of dogs for tramps is likely to result in disaster to the dairy interests generally.

In a go-ahead Western town the clergyman does most of his parochial visiting by telephone. He hopes that he will get his prisoners educated up to the use of the telephone for donation purposes by next winter, and will thus prevent the destruction of his household furniture and the depletion of his choicest winter supplies.

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Some special bargains in this department to-day. A lot of fine printed toilet covers, 28 by 45 inches, at 30c each, regular price 45c.

All-wool Mattresses, regular price \$6, sale price \$3.90.

A great reduction in Lace Curtains, \$5.50 and \$6 Curtains selling for \$3.90.

The whole stock of Parasols at big sale reductions.

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During the next few days we are going to clear out several new lines of prints, and have marked them at about half their value.

Gingham checks, all colors, 5c a yd.

Ashton's famous prints 7½c, regular price 12½c.

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Special bargains in Mantle Cloths, 54 inches wide, \$1.00 a yd—Send for samples.

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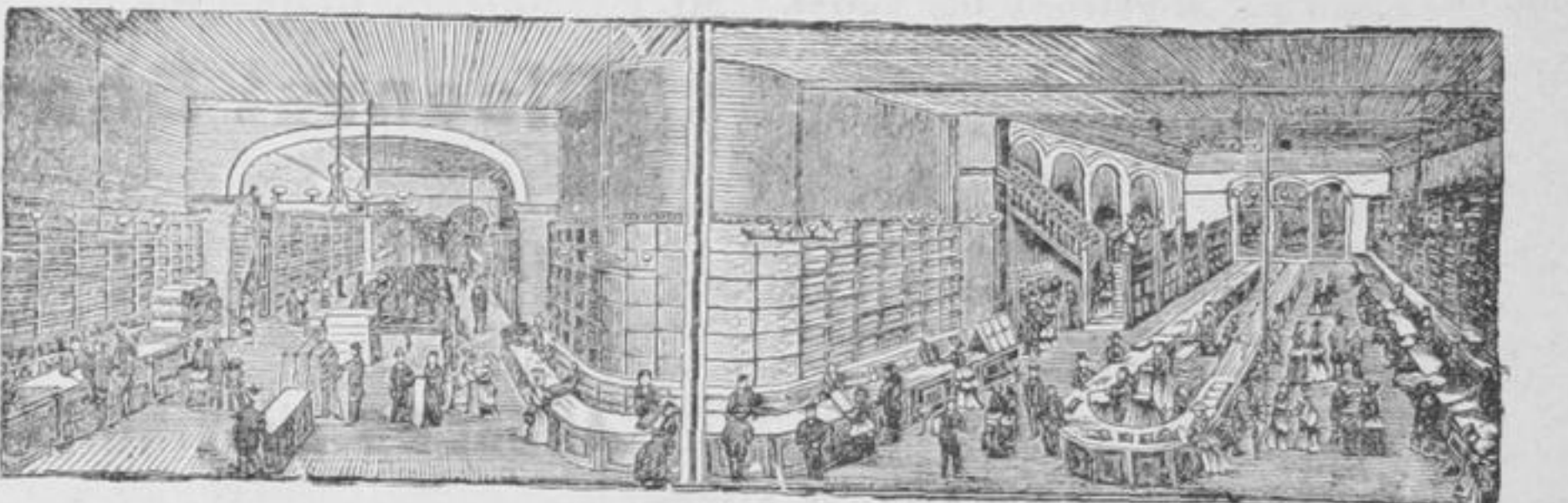
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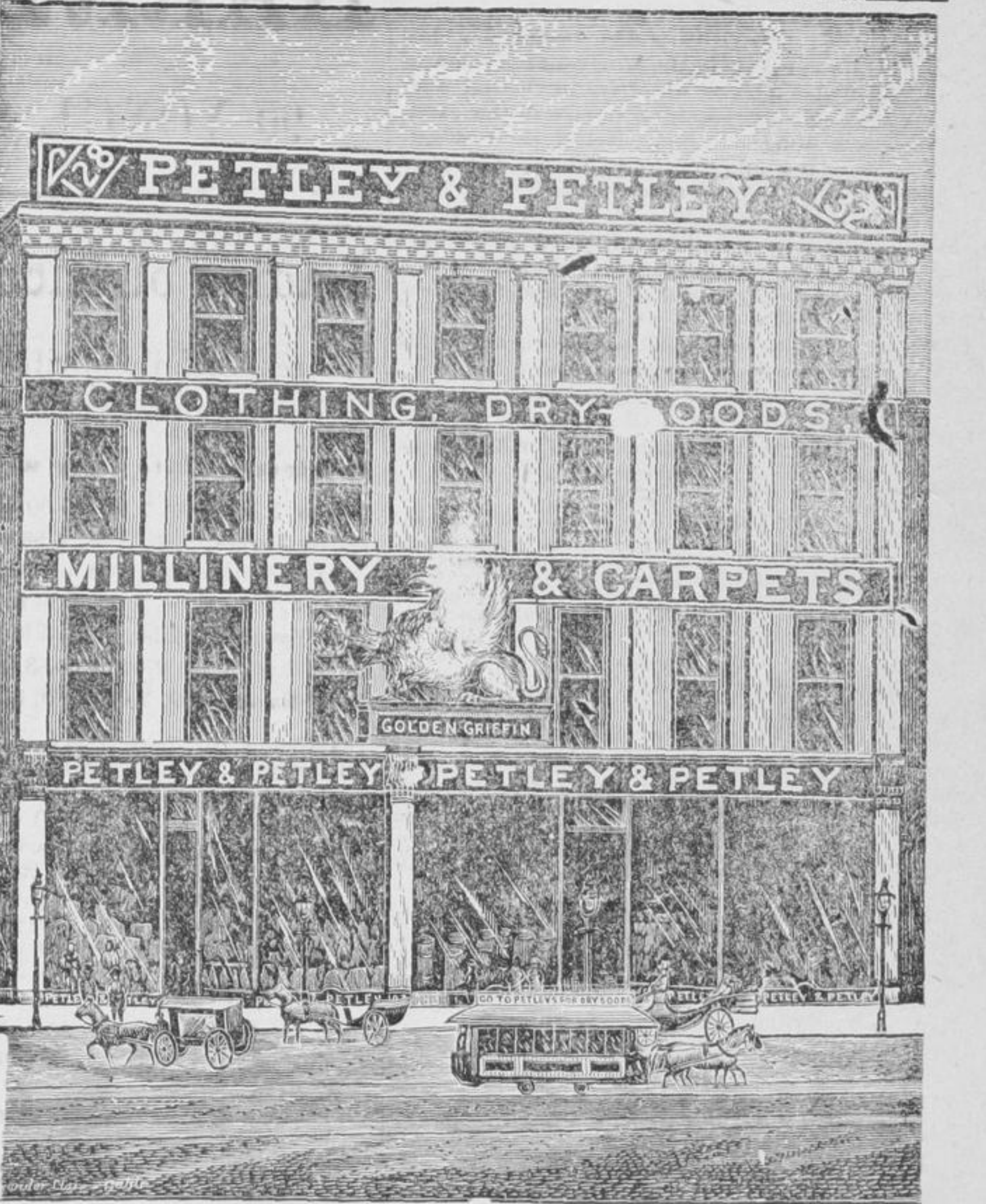
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