

ALL SORTS.

A sillybub—The dupe.
 The letter of the law—A writ.
 A striking peculiarity—The clock's.
 Has an optician an eye to business?
 Measures of pr. caution—Verifying a sur
 vey.
 Good at figures—A dancing master.
 A deep laid scheme—An ocean cable.
 The owl is a very small bird for its eyes.
 "What wud Oi want wid a bicycle?"
 said the ancient Irishman to the boys who
 had been chaffing him. "Badad, I'd as soon
 walk afoot as ride afoot."
 An American woman has secured a patent
 for an ash sifter, and now all that is wanted
 is a patent contrivance to make a servant
 girl use it.
 Nearly every newspaper we pick up now-
 adays contains some new horror. In a paper
 before us is a poem, the author of which
 says in the first line, "I will not die."
 The sandwich was named after a certain
 Earl of Sandwich. If the noble earl was
 anything like the railroad style of his un-
 ditab namesakes he must have been a
 "brck."
 A fellow of the name of Axaxxy visited
 Bay St. Louis, Miss., last week. He is sup-
 posed to be a woodchopper by profession,
 and a pretty good one at that.
 Life is like a harness. There are traces of
 care, lines of trouble, bits of good fortune,
 breaches of good manners, bridled tongues,
 and everybody has a tug to pull through.
 Job is always quoted as the personifica-
 tion of patience, but we wish it distinctly
 understood that Job never spent his week's
 vacation at the seashore where it rained six
 of the seven days.

Always Late.

Half the value of anything to be done
 consists in doing it promptly. And yet a
 large class of persons are almost always
 more or less unpunctual and late. Their
 work is always in advance of them, and so
 it is with their appointments and engage-
 ments. They are late, very likely, in ris ng

in the morning, and also in going to bed at
 night; late at their meals, late at the count-
 ing-house or office; late at their appoint-
 ments with others. Their letters are sent
 to the Post Office just as the mail is closed.
 They arrive at the wharf just as the steam-
 boat is leaving it. They come into the
 station just as the train is going out. They
 do not entirely forget or omit the engage-
 ment or duty but they are always behind
 time, and so are generally in haste, or
 rather in a hurry, as if they had been born
 a little too late, and for ever were trying to
 catch up with the lost time. They waste
 time for themselves and waste it for others,
 and fail of the comfort and influence and
 success which they might have found in
 systematic and habitual punctuality. A
 good old lady, who was asked why she was
 so early in her seat in church, is said to
 have replied that it was part of her religion
 not to disturb the religion of others. And
 if it were with all a part both of courtesy
 and duty, not to say of religion, never to be
 unpunctual, they would save time for, as
 well as annoyance, to others, and aid them-
 selves to success and influence in a thousand
 ways.

The Selfishness of Genius.

The humblest of us have longings, affec-
 tions, sorrows, pleasures, and like to be
 treated as though we filled a place in the
 world. We want to feel that those upon
 whom we lavish thought are not unmindful
 of our welfare. Genius hasn't time for such
 commonplaces. It is too engrossed in the
 evolution of a sublime idea to dwell upon
 the individual head or heart ache. I'm per-
 suaded that this is the reason why very
 clever men and women marry those who are
 considered their inferiors. They know by
 introspection the egotism of brains, and seek
 an unselfishness which will minister to their
 comfort. Intellectual companionship may
 be found in books or society, but that
 thoughtfulness and care upon which the hap-
 piness of daily life depends, can only pro-
 ceed from human beings possessed of hearts.
 As there are exceptions to all rules, so are
 there great hearts allied to great heads.
 Such creations are the glory of the universe,
 and to be honored without stint.

A CHINESE PHYSICIAN.

**The Remarkable Methods and Theories
 of a Mongolian "Devil Destroyer."**

Wong Choo Fan, a Chinese doctor, arriv-
 ed in Philadelphia with the intention of
 making that city his home, and ministering
 after his own peculiar fashion to the ail-
 ments of his countrymen. He was disap-
 pointed to find the Chinese population so
 small and its health so good and will go to
 New York.

Wong Choo Fan is rather a diminutive
 specimen of the Mongolian race, being but
 five feet in height and rather delicately pro-
 portioned. The doctor or "devil destroyer,"
 as he is known in the Flowery Kingdom,
 speaks very excellent English, and consent-
 ed, when questioned, to explain a few of his
 many odd methods for conquering disease.
 "Every sickness," he said, "is caused by a
 Nong T'iao—a 'disease devil'—and it is the
 work of the doctor to find out where the
 devil is and drive him out. What you call
 fever—hot skin, dry lips, high pulse—is the
 work of a little imp with eight mouths, each
 mouth having a hot, scorching breath. The
 imp gets into the patient's stomach by flying
 down his throat and is usually in the air on
 a damp day like this. The little devil is as
 large as a grain of sand, but when he gets
 into the human body he grows to be about
 as large as a bean. He blows his hot breath
 into every vein of the victim and causes him
 great distress and thirst by drinking all the
 water in his stomach. The way to cure the
 patient is to poison the imp with a powder
 scraped from the inside of a tree which
 grows in the Province of Foo Chow."

The doctor exhibited some of the powder,
 which proved to be either quinine or cin-
 chonid.

"Spasms or fits," continued the Mongolian
 disciple of Esculapius, "come from the
 'earth devil,' a creature that lives under the
 ground and sends a shock into the victim
 through his feet. You will find that nearly
 all persons when first taken with fits fall
 while walking, but after awhile, when the
 devil gets the victim weakened, the shock
 can be communicated from the earth,
 through the house and into the bed. It is
 very hard to cure them. I cured a man in
 Canton who had been subject to fits for
 fifteen years by rubbing the soles of his feet
 with fat stewed out of a frog's heart. Opium
 is a very valuable help in such cases
 when taken internally, because it makes the
 patient's feet itch and prevents the devils
 from gaining an entrance. A very small
 proportion of Chinamen die of consumption,
 because three hundred years ago it was dis-
 covered by T'sang Loo, a learned doctor,
 that people became afflicted with the disease
 by breathing through the mouth instead of
 the nose. There are millions and millions of
 imps flying in the air all the time—more in
 cold weather than in warm—and to your
 eyes they appear like specks of dust. They
 cannot get through the nose because the
 hairs catch them and they die, but they go
 into the mouth where there are no hairs, and
 find a resting place in the lungs. In a short
 time the lungs are dug out and coughed up.
 The only cure is to lay the patient on his
 back and beat him on the chest with a
 switch until the imps are frightened and fly
 out into the air again. Then the patient is
 starved for thirty-six hours and has his
 mouth sealed up. Very often he dies, but
 that is because all the imps were not driven
 out."

Food Fishes of Lake Erie.

In a paper read before the Buffalo Natural-
 ists' Field Club it is stated that Lake Erie
 and the Niagara River furnish thirty-seven
 marketable varieties of fish. But their
 numbers are becoming rapidly reduced in
 those waters, owing in great measure to so
 many fish being taken when they are so full
 of ro. Some fish spawn late in the fall; the
 eastern salmon, salmon trout, whitefish,
 brook-trout and lake-herring belong to this
 class, but the majority spawn in April, May
 or early June. Black bass choose a place
 for their spawn-beds where the water is
 shallow and the bottom is a sandy gravel.
 They leave their winter quarters in deep
 water a month or six weeks previous to
 spawning. The eggs hatch in from one to
 two weeks, according to the temperature.
 Bass are very prolific, yielding fully one-
 fourth their weight of spawn. The bass and
 the muskellonge are the recognized game-
 fish of the lakes. Whitefish do not take the
 bait readily, but are caught in gill nets, and
 can be taken in great numbers just at the
 time they are ready to spawn. They aver-
 age three and a half pounds in weight,
 though some are taken weighing ten to eight-
 een pounds. Surgeon average fifty pounds,
 but occasionally one is caught that weighs a
 hundred pounds or over. Fish differ greatly
 in rapidity of growth. Some grow in one,
 two or three years to a definite size, and
 then growth seems to be arrested. Such
 fish are short-lived. Other kinds, which
 slowly and steadily increase in size, attain a
 great age. Pike have been known to be
 over a hundred years old.

Baby is King.

It was just a young couple who were mov-
 ing. They had been boarding with mother
 but were going to housekeeping for them-
 selves now. In front of the house
 stood a great load of furniture red and blue
 and other bright colors. It consisted of a
 baby's rocking chair with the rockers off, a
 baby's crib and a perambulator, one small
 high chair and one large high chair, one
 hobby horse, one express wagon with the
 forward wheels gone, one doll's buggy.
 There might have been a cooking stove and
 a dining-table there, but if so, it was lost to
 sight to memory dear under the more
 numerous belongings of the baby housekeep-
 ers. And when the young father and
 mother came out they had the little emi-
 grants with them and all the indescribable
 dolls, humming-tops and other paraphernalia
 that there wasn't room for on the load. Two
 happy babies going to housekeeping with
 their child-parents! And it's love, love that
 makes the world go round.

A Brute.

A married couple were out promenading
 in the suburbs of Austin one day. Presently
 the wife said: "Think, Albert, if the brig-
 ands should come now and take me from
 you!"
 "Impossible, my dear."
 "But, suppose they did come and carry
 me away what would you say?"
 "I should say," replied the husband,
 "that the brigands were new at the busi-
 ness."

Comic Scraps.

Almost Stationery.—Sheep pens.
 The Best Motive Power.—Gold.
 Bun and "Bister."—Catch a dynamiter
 in possession of a cake of dynamite, and
 make him eat it.
 A fellow screws his courage to the stick-
 ing place when he puts a postage stamp on
 a written proposal of marriage.
 Question.—Does Mr. Gladstone expect
 England to work the traffic on the Suez
 Canal satisfactorily with a Ferry?
 A Poser.—Molly—"Oo, what a dear,
 little boy!" Grandpapa—"That was me
 when I was your age, Molly!" Molly—
 "And who is it now, grandpapa?"
 Dealer—"Would you like to have a
 French clock?" Mrs. Mulcahy—"No,
 indeed, I don't want none ay yer French
 clocks. Its a clock that I can understand
 when it stroiks that I want; so I do."
 A Happy Thought.—Can anybody think
 why it is so very dangerous to indulge in
 "just forty winks" when taking a railway
 journey? Can it really be because the
 train runs over sleepers?
 Shocking.—What is the difference, if you
 please, between a bachelor's face and a
 married man's face?—Well, you see a
 bachelor's physiognomy is often the worst
 for wear, a married man's for wear and tear.
 "Ah! Mr. Panier, have you been to any
 parties this last winter?" asked Glendo en
 de Smith of his friend. "No; but I have
 attended three balls." "Why, how deli-
 cious, weally! Where were they at?"
 "At the pawnbroker's," sally sighed Mr.
 Panier.

How Fashions Change.

One day, it was in 1680, the Court was
 hunting at Fontainebleau; Mlle. Marie-
 Angélique de Scorial de Roussill, Duchesse
 de Fontanges, was the queen of the fete,
 "a queen beautiful as an angel," says the
 Abbe de Choisy, "but stupid as a basket."
 She was then hardly nineteen, in all the
 freshness of her blonde beauty, in all the
 pride of her conquest over Louis XIV's
 heart. She was gaily joining in the hunt,
 when suddenly the wind blew off her hat,
 and tossed onto her shoulders her magnifi-
 cent fair hair. What was she to do? She
 had no coiffeure at hand, so she bravely
 determined to help herself, and with the
 aid of a rich colored ribbon she coiled her
 hair on the top of her head in a kind of loop,
 and so tied the ribbon that the two ends
 fell on her forehead. She now looked pret-
 tier than ever, and the king was enraptured
 with this native coiffure, which appeared all
 the more charming that it was original.
 The next day all the court ladies appeared
 with their hair tied on the top of their
 heads with ribbons! The Fontanges had come
 into fashion.

A Novel Cocking Main.

A disgraceful cockfight took place recent-
 ly under very novel circumstances. It ap-
 pears a steamer was hired from Dublin and
 steamed out into Dublin bay with between
 fifty and sixty passengers. The cocks were
 then produced, an Ulster and a Liverpool
 bird, and pitted against each other. The
 fight is said to have lasted nearly four hours,
 after which the party returned to Dublin.
 It is said the skipper and crew were ignorant
 of the object for which the vessel was taken,
 yet they were not altogether without blame,
 as they might have returned at once with
 their vessel as soon as the object was made
 known to them. Still, there is this to be
 kept in view—the danger that might have
 threatened them if they had thwarted the
 miserably play of these British men; there
 is no knowing what they might have resorted
 to. At any rate, of the fifty or sixty
 spectators some must surely be known to
 the police; there it is to be hoped will be
 brought before the authorities, and meet
 with the punishment the mer action so richly
 deserves.

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 Black and Colored Lisle Thread Hose, 60c and 65c pair.
 Ladies' Cashmere Stockings 35, 40, and 50c pair.
 Silk Stockings \$1, \$1.15, and \$1.25 pair up.

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Clearing Lisle thread in Black and Colors, 10-12½ and 15c. pr.
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A splendid line of Ladies' all wool Cashmere Jerseys, all styles and colors at
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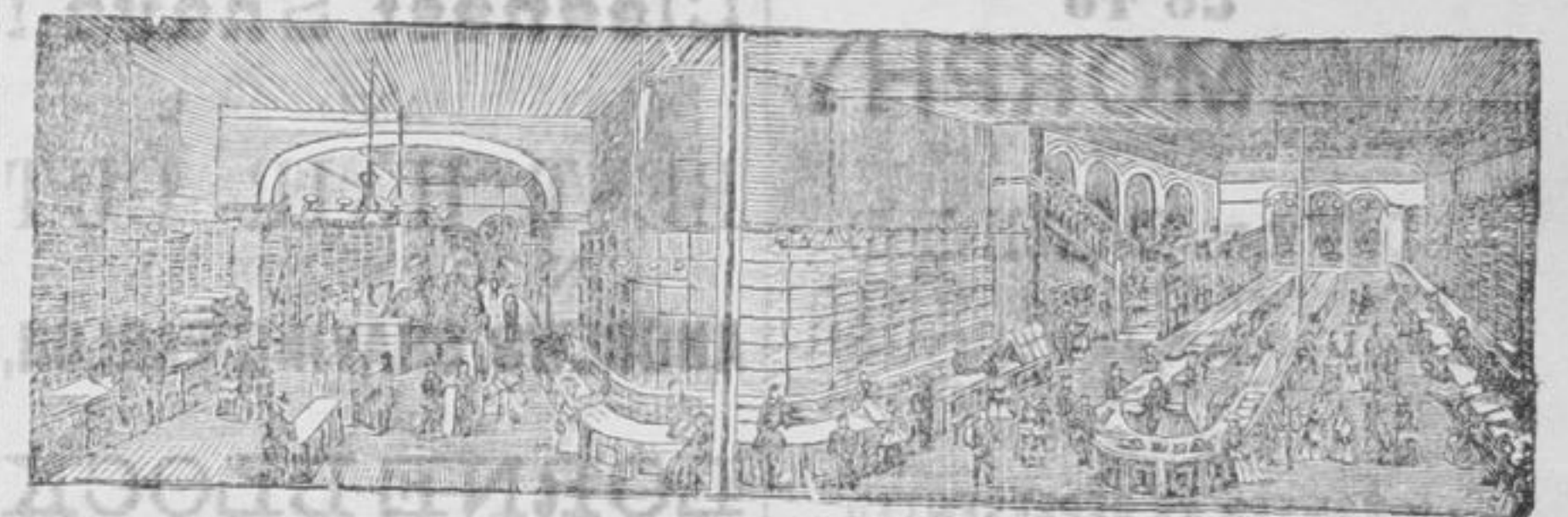
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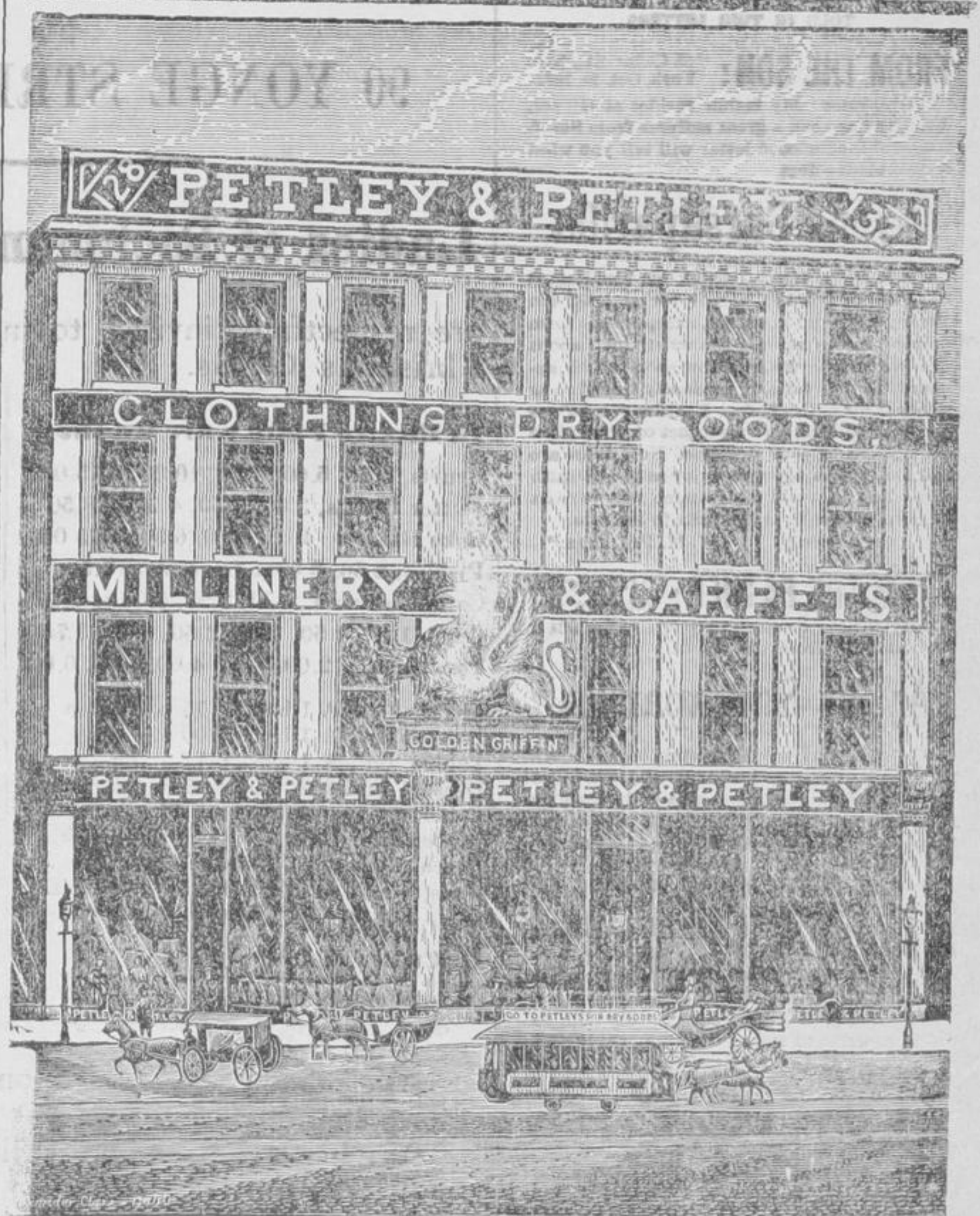
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