

**"The Saving Remnant" in Syria.**

I cannot conscientiously say good-bye to my Arab enemies without making an acknowledgment. Before leaving Syria I encountered a single solitary instance of the unmercenary spirit, which will remain a perpetual green spot in the desert of my Levantine memories. I was riding through a field with Mr. Floyd, and I being overtaken by thirst, we stopped to get a drink of water from a peasant at work garnering wheat. The water we sucked out of a goat skin by means of a hollow reed, and it was delicious. I tossed the man half a franc, which he took, bowed politely and said: "You were quite welcome to the water without paying anything."

At first I staggered under this revelation of unexpected unselfishness. Then a tide of home memories swept over my bosom, and I wept. I had almost forgotten that benevolence, courtesy and generosity exist in the world. The circumstance, little and simple though it was, carried me back over seas and deserts to that land where such acts of hospitality are not phenomenal; where, indeed, people sometimes refuse to take money at all for a draught of cold water. Alas! that in the country where first was proclaimed the blessedness of giving the refreshing beverage of nature in His name, such a circumstance should now be so exceptional as to cause marveling! I do not want to represent the race so totally bereft of the gentler graces that at certain times to Occidental humanity, and, therefore, feel that this acknowledgment is due.—Correspondence of New Orleans Times Democrat.

**Wetting Lead-Pencils.**

The act of putting a lead pencil to the tongue to wet it just before writing is one of the oddities for which it is hard to give any reason, unless it began in the days when pencils were poorer than now, and was continued by example to the next generation. A lead pencil should never be wet. It hardens the lead and ruins the pencil. This fact is known to newspaper men and stenographers. But nearly every one else does wet a pencil before using it. The fact was

definitely settled by a newspaper clerk away down East.

Being of a mathematical turn of mind, he ascertained by actual count that of fifty persons who came into his office to write an advertisement or a church notice, forty-nine wet a pencil in their mouth before using it. Now this clerk always uses the best pencils, cherishing a good one with something of the pride which a soldier feels in his gun or sword. But politeness and business considerations require him to lend his pencils scores of times a day. And often, after it had been wet till it was hard and brittle and refused to mark, his feelings would overpower him. Finally he got some cheap pencils and sharpened them, and kept them to lend. The first person who took up the stock pencil was a drayman, whose breath smelt of onions and whiskey. He held the point in his mouth and soaked it several minutes, while he was torturing himself in this effort to write an advertisement for a missing bull-dog. Then a sweet-looking lady came into the office, with kid-gloves that buttoned half the length of her arm. She picked up that same pencil and pressed it to her dainty lips preparatory to writing an advertisement for a lost bracelet. The clerk would have staid her hand, even at the risk of a box of the best Faber pencils, but he was too late. And thus the pencil passed from mouth to mouth for a week. It was sucked by people of all ranks, and all degrees of cleanliness and uncleanness. But 'twere well to forbear. Surely no one who reads this will ever wet a lead-pencil.

**An Encounter With a Bloodhound.**

David M. Shertz of Lancaster, Pa., had a terrible encounter with a blood hound at Miller's soap factory, where he is employed, recently. The bloodhound roams about at night, and attacked Shertz who was the first to enter the premises, biting him in the right leg, which was lacerated from hip to knee. Shertz defended himself with his fists, pounding the dog about the head, but at last the infuriated animal bit him through the right arm, his teeth meeting. Shertz finally succeeded in beating him off and escaped from the yard. His injuries are serious. The dog was killed.

**ALL SORTS.**

A tight fit—the jim-jams,  
Gastronomy—Cooking with a gas stove.  
A rare specimen—Restaurant beef steak  
Hand-book—A work on palmyristy.  
A man with a cast in his eye—A trout fisherman.  
Earnest prayer is the disinfectant of the soul.

"The Mormon question:" Will you join the plurality?  
Er good judge o' er hoss is nearly allus er good judge o' er man.

When a lady indulges in a round of shopping she might be said to go out on a buy-oyole.

What kind of official would Butler make? Well, to strain a point, we should say very Benay-ficial.

A Vermont dog has been seen with two tails. We throw this out as a pointer to the wags.

Unconscious Homeopathy: "I was vaccinated straight from the calf, you know." "Ah! similia similibus!"

"Why is an old lawyer always fat?" asked Atom. "Because," replied Molecule, "they feed him so much."

Frozen mutton is sold in England, and it is no uncommon thing there for a butcher to give a customer the cold shoulder.

Love goes not where it is cent, as much as where it is dollars. And dolorous it is, that it's true.

A writer in the Providence Journal says we "must wait until 1892 for Jupiter's next perihelion." Well, if we must we must, though it seem pretty tough.

A fat man who wants to get thin, but can't control his appetite, should wear a shepherd's plaid vest. He will then be always able to keep his stomach in check.

A little girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses; she had seen a man finishing one. "He was nailing on his last foot."

"There is nothing impossible to the determined spirit," says a philosopher. Evidently that philosopher never tried to reach up behind his shoulder to get hold of the end of a broken suspender.

A prominent preacher recently chose for the subject of a sermon, "How to treat your enemies." The average man, however, thinks he has done his duty if he treats his friends.

An Irish witness was recently asked what he knew of the prisoner's character for truth and veracity. "Why, troth," said he, "since ever I've known her, she's kept the house clane and dacent."

A witty young lady having two suitors, one of whom was an army officer and the other a physician, she said it was very difficult to choose between them as they were both such killing fellows.

If a man wants peace to reign in the house hold he should count ten before speaking at times when he feels as if his clothes don't fit him. And on days when the kitchen stove doesn't draw he should count 480.

When a fellow is going by a place of regulation and kind of hesitates—argues with himself whether or not it is best to go in and take one, he can easily have the question decided by going in and seeing the barkeeper about it.

**CURIOUS FACTS.**

Louis XVI. was wiser than Marie Antoinette. While she spoiled the silk trade by wearing white muslin, he destroyed the sale of English nankeen, which was driving French cottons from the market, by ordering the executioner to perform his office in a dress of the foreign cloth.

A strong breeze off Lake Erie recently blew the lake flies broadcast into Cleveland. Local papers said there were a thousand bushels rotting in the streets. The lake fly is born, lives and dies in twelve hours. It never bites, but its laziness and familiarity and the nonchalance with which it stands still to be killed make it more despised than the mosquito. The lake fly cannot do much of anything except get drunk on light and die.

A notable drunkard who has just died at Paris in his 70th year, has kept a diary of his "drinks" for the last half century. It was his custom to take four bottles of wine as his daily allowance; so that in fifty years he must have emptied no less than 73 000 bottles! He could never eat until he had taken a dram of absinthe and as he regularly had three meals every day he must have swallowed down 109,500 drams of absinthe in the half century. In addition he found it necessary to his comfort to drink about twelve *petits verres* of some spirit or other during the spare hours of each day, so that he imbibed 219,000 glasses of spirituous liquor in the course of fifty years. He was never seen perfectly sober.

Co-operative baby farming is a success at Guise, France. In a late issue of *Le Devoir*, the official organ of M. Godin, who is the governor of the familistere at that place it is stated that the birth rate under his communal system is about the same as in French towns of the same population, while the infant mortality is fifty per cent. less. The baby farm comprises a baby house and a baby garden. The house contains 100 beds and one immense play-room, especially fitted up for its inmates. It opens flush with the garden, and is surrounded with spacious verandas. The administration is by a governess, with two assistants and the mothers that volunteer to serve. The children are generally brought there in the morning and taken to their homes at night, but a few make it a permanent home.

One of the most remarkable instances of the dumb spirit occurred in Glastonbury, Eng., during the present generation. This strange case was fully attested by a physician and reported to the London *Lancet* essentially as follows: Before the birth of Eli H., his father made a vow that should his wife bring him another girl—he now has three daughters in succession—he would never speak to the child as long as he lived. The expected infant proved to be a boy, and this son manifested from infancy the most pronounced antipathy towards his father. He never spoke to him, nor as long as this parent lived would he utter a word to anyone save to his mother and sisters. When Eli was 35 years old his father died, and after that the young man's tongue was loosed to every one, he becoming indeed quite loquacious, as though to make up for his long silence.

**Premonitions of Death.**

Toward the close of November, 1779, Lord Lyttleton had gone down from London to Pitt Place for the purpose of spending a week or two in field sports or other recreation, and he had taken with him a gay party of friends. On the 24th of that month he had retired to bed at midnight, after spending the evening at cards with his guests, when his attention was attracted by the fluttering of a bird, apparently a dove or a pigeon, tapping at the window of his bed-chamber. He started, for he had only just put out his light, and was about to compose himself to rest, and sat up in bed to listen. He had gazed and listened for a minute or so, when he saw, or at all events fancied he saw a female clothed in white enter—whether by the door or the window we are not informed—and quietly approach the foot of his bed. He was somewhat surprised, and not agreeably surprised, when the figure opened its pale lips and told him that three days from that very hour he should cease to live. In whatever manner this intimation, real or unreal, from the other world was conveyed to him, whether by sound of the voice or by any other mode of communication, one thing is certain, that Lord Lyttleton regarded it as reality, and a message from the world of spirits.

The third night came, and everything had gone on as usual. The guests had sat down to dinner, played their rubbers of whist, and retired; but none of them had dared to rally the young Lord Lyttleton on the depression of spirits under which he labored. Eleven o'clock came; the party broke up and went to their several rooms, wishing each other good-night, and heartily desiring that the night were past and gone, so restless, anxious and uncomfortable did they feel, without exception. Twelve o'clock came, and Lord Lyttleton was sitting up in bed, having given his servant orders to mix him a dose of rhubarb, though apparently in the best of health. The dose was poured out, and he was just about to take it when he found there was no teaspoon. A little out of patience with the valet for neglecting to have a spoon at hand, he ordered him to go and fetch one from the pantry at the foot of the stairs. The man was not absent from the room

more than a minute, or possible a minute and a half, but when he returned he found his master lying back at full length upon the bed speechless and motionless. No efforts to restore animation were of any avail, and no symptom of consciousness showed itself. His lordship was dead, having died on the third day, as the spectre had foretold.—*Cassell's "Greater London."*

**Dog Commits Suicide.**

Three Esquimaux dogs brought to New York on the "Bear" have been put in a Brooklyn ice house to keep them away from the heat. But the two Newfoundland dogs which also came from a cold climate, were left on board the "Bear" to shift for themselves. This discrimination apparently hurt their feelings. They had no one left to fight with, and had to keep cool as best they could. They swam around in the water about half the time, and then lay panting in the hold. But wherever they went they found it hot, and their tongues were lolling from their mouths all the time.

One of the Newfoundlands was a very big dog, with long curly black hair and an immense bushy tail. The other is smaller, and doesn't seem to be full grown. The little one has kept his spirits up pretty well, and occasionally amuses the boys by jumping in after the sticks which they threw into the water. But for the past few days the big one, whose name is Prince, had been very low spirited, and had moped elbow deck all the time. He had not been seen for some time yesterday, when suddenly he rushed upon deck, ran to the side of the ship, and jumped overboard. The sailors looked over the railing, expecting to see him swimming around to cool off, but, they say, he did nothing of the kind. He stretched out his legs, let his head sink under water, and made no effort to keep from drowning. He quickly sank, and was carried away by the tide before the men who went to his assistance were able to save him. Every one who saw the act said it was a clear case of suicide, and the sailors who saw Esquimaux Harlow's Esquimaux dogs jump overboard in just the same way at Portsmouth are convinced that in both cases the self-destruction was intentional.

**CARPETS!!**

We offer to-day and following days the choice of one hundred and eighty pieces of best quality five frame Brussels carpets at \$1.10 per yard, "NET CASH," and worth \$1.35 per yard.

The above goods are of this season's importation, and bought by us at less than the cost of manufacture.

**INSPECTION INVITED.**

**PETLEY & PETLEY,**

128 TO 132 KING ST., EAST, TORONTO.

**LADIES:**

In order that we may dispose of the balance of our Stock of Dress Goods by the end of this month, we are offering all our stock of Dress Materials at 8c. 10c. 12½c. at "FIVE CENTS" per yard and all our stock of Dress Materials at 15c., 20c. and 25c. per yard at "TEN CENTS" per yard. This is a grand chance for Ladies to buy, as those who come first have first choice.

**PETLEY & PETLEY**

128 TO 132 KING ST., EAST, TORONTO.

**EATON'S BIG CLEARING SALE.**

As the month of August is nearly over, and with it our *Big Summer Sale*, we have decided to clear all odd lines at a price, and also to mark our regular stock at still lower prices than ever.

**Summer Hosiery.**

Clearing Children's Summer Hose, fancy and plain colors 5c. pair.  
Special line of Cotton Hose at 5 and 8c. pair, worth 20 and 25c. pair.  
Ladies' Cotton Stockings in stripes and solid colors only 10c. pair.  
Ladies' full-fashioned Balbriggan Hose, 25c. pair, reduced from 40c. pair.  
Extra fine Balbriggan Hose, silk clocks, 38c. pair, former price 50c. pair.  
Special line of Ladies' German Striped Stockings 30c. pair, worth 45c. pair.  
Odd Lines of Ladies' Cotton Merino and India Gauze Underwear at clearing prices.

**New Fall Hosiery.**

Ladies' Black and Colored Cashmere Hose, ribbed and plain, 35c. pair up.  
Ladies' Canadian Wool Hose, all styles and colors, at very low prices.  
Special line of fine Worsted Hose, all colors, 40c. pair, worth 65c.  
Ladies fine and heavy Black Wool Stockings 40c. pair.  
Beautiful lines of Ladies' Cashmere and Shetland Lambs wool Vests, all sizes, in Claret, White, and Cardinal at very low prices.  
A line of Canadian Lamb's Wool Vests at 75c. worth \$1.  
Ladies' Sleeveless Vests, all sizes and colors \$1 up.  
Ladies' Heavy Vests, with sleeves, \$1.75 and \$2.  
Children's Ulsters, all the latest colors, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

**Summer Dress Goods.**

A nice line of Fancy Dress Goods 5c. yd. worth 10c.  
Brocade and Fancy Colored Dress Goods 10c yd., reduced from 15c.  
Fashionable Costume Cloths—Good Colors—12½c yd. former price 15c.  
Clearing English Shallies and Biegies at 10, 12½ and 15c yd.—*A Bargain.*  
Washing Silks 21in wide, 25c yd., reduced from 40c.  
Striped, Checked, and Plaid Summer Silks, 40 and 45c yd., special value.  
Victoria Lawns, Muslins, Etc. at greatly reduced prices.

**Heavy Dress Materials.**

Costume Cloths, Brocades, and Sicilian Dress Materials—Special lines at 12½ and 15c yd.  
Ottoman Cloths and Tweed Suitings—all the newest Fall Colors and Styles, 20, 25, and 30c yd.  
Beautiful English, Scotch, and French Costume Cloths, the very latest combinations. At prices to suit all purchasers.  
Full new ranges of Black and Colored Cashmeres. Extra widths.  
If you want anything in Velvets, Velveteens, Plushes, Satins or Silks, go to Eaton's for they have the largest, most complete and best assorted stock and at prices difficult to compete with.  
A large stock of Wool Wraps and Shawls—all sizes and colors at very low prices.

**House Furnishings.**

Everybody should purchase our American Window Shade with patent Automatic Self-acting Spring. 50 different styles to choose from. Measures taken and shades put up to order.  
Special line of Lace Curtains in Cream and Ecru at \$3.90 pr. former price \$5.00.  
Wool Carpets, New Fall Styles and Colors, 36in wide, 75, 80c. and \$1. yd.  
White Counterpanes \$1.25 reduced from \$1.75 and \$2.00. See them.  
All Wool Blankets for double Beds \$2.50 pr.  
Special Line of Oriental Lace Collars 15c., worth 75c.

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**T. EATON & CO.,**

190, 192, 194 & 196 Yonge Street.