

Scenes at Naples.

A correspondent at Naples sends an account of the episodes of the cholera:

The town is, on the whole, as dirty and the contrast between the rich and poor quarters as striking as ever. We see one part of the inhabitants listening to the advice of the press and medical profession and endeavoring to scour the streets and houses, and Chiaja, Chiajone, Santa Caterina, La Villa, San Ferdinando appear in a state of extraordinary cleanliness. At Pendenza, the Mercato, and the Porto, on the contrary, in the little streets that twine and cross each other, where the Neapolitan fishermen and lazzaroni live, the scavengers leave no trace behind them. There, in the middle of the narrow, ill-paved street, runs a stream of black and evil-smelling water. On either side the doors stand wide open, but it is very difficult to see clearly into these dark rooms, or rather dens, guarded as they are by gossiping females and romping children, the latter in semi or complete nakedness. When we do succeed in getting a glimpse into the interior we find a miserable bed almost worn to pieces, with here and there a heap of rags, a rickety chair, a table, and madonnas dressed up in gut paper, all of which a sickly lamp that is never extinguished illuminates in a half-hearted manner. There is mud and refuse which emits a vile smell, but no one stirs unless it be to buy a watermelon, upon which, as the Neapolitans say,

Si mangia, si beve,
E si lava la faccia.

Progression is not always easy outside, for the route is often impeded by other handbarrows and bearers waiting for their burden, so that in the niches or little narrow streets there is frequently a perfect blockade. It is the duty of the guard to open a passage. At times the patient becomes restless on the litter, and pushing away the cloth which covers him, he exposes a face with a deathly pallor upon it. On other occasions—which are only too numerous—the porters stop to drink, become weak in the legs and stumble. Sometimes, moreover, the sick person is upset and projected upon the passers by, who move about calmly, paying little heed to the cholera patients. There is a long procession of handbarrows in the streets around the hospitals of Cannocchia and Piedigrotta. The bearers meet at the street corners, and silently form in single file. When tired they calmly stop to rest, and even sit down on their barrows, and then the patients, who frequently follow the bearers as far as the door of the hospital, take advantage of these stoppages to encourage the sick ones. The spectacles seen on the way are generally of a terrible character. The patients see funeral processions, terribly simple, with a hearse drawn by a pair of miserable jades, which the driver is obliged to lash unmercifully to make them move a little quicker.

The day before yesterday there was a crowd around the mairie in the Foria quarter. Some asked for doctors, others demanded porters or bearers. The cholera had been doing its fell work during the night, and the number of cases increased continually. As there was not sufficient employes to deal with the difficulty, the more impatient portion of the crowd began to shout, when the sound of a clarinet and other instruments was heard playing a spirited waltz. The musicians approached, and succeeded in making their way through the crowd, followed by a young couple in their Sunday best, who were come to be married before the mayor. The lady objected somewhat when she was obliged to go into the disinfecting room like any ordinary person. She feared for her white dress, which would be spoiled by the chlorine, and the gentleman complained as to his gloves, which were of a somewhat uncertain color. As soon, however, as they entered the apartment where the ceremony took place their gaiety returned. A few minutes later they reappeared with smiling faces, and the musicians resumed their waltz air, and the doctors went to attend the dying.

Measuring Genius.

The great mass of what we call moral and useful men, practical men, and men of common sense are very useful men; they are the warp and woof of society, but they are not capable of understanding the heroic. Now and then it appears in a life, and we don't know where it came from. His father wasn't like that; his mother wasn't like that; but here comes a heroic nature that is careless of matter or physical comfort, or even of society and its proprieties and its penurious reward, but who has a sense of beauty. It burns in him to develop it. For the sake of giving expression to that he is willing to waste his whole life. He has the artist's impulse to color, form, construct; it is in him, and for the sake of it he bears poverty, for the sake of it he says: "What though I am not known, I am working on the higher sense. Why should I expect the lower and vulgar crowd to understand me?" And they did not. If a man paints pictures and gets money, Oh! they can understand that, but not a man that paints portraits because it is in him, and he must do it without any relation to profit or any lower life whatever. Men who sing or sell their poems, we all understand them. They are on the market. Not that it is a discredit to them, but we interpret them because they are manufacturing things that bring money. But men that sing as old Homer sung, as Dante sung, as blind Milton sung, how we pity them! We look back and say: "Oh, that they should have lived in such a dark age; they never got anything for it." They got themselves. They answered the highest and noblest impulses. We are all the time measuring men of genius by the lower standards of what are called practical common sense men, who are like machines turning out fodder for themselves and other animals.—[Henry Ward Beecher.]

How They Make Putty.

The process of making putty is a very simple one. The principal ingredients are raw linseed oil and whiting. Marble dust is mixed with the whiting, and as it is much cheaper it reduces the cost of the putty. Paraffine oils are used to a great extent instead of linseed, and as the former is the cheaper and inferior oil of the two the result is to make an inferior article. To knead it, it is put in a chaser—an annular shaped trough from the centre of which rises a vertical shaft. From this shaft, two arms extend, on the ends of which are heavy iron wheels that rest in the trough. When the shaft revolves the wheels chase each other around the trough. The wholesale price of putty is about two cents a pound.

Impressive Scene Among Alaska Glaciers.

A vast ice field, the accumulation of ages, stretched back as far as the eye could reach, or rose still like seemingly limitless walls they met the horizon. Icebergs whose wondrous colorings and grotesque formations exceeded our wildest imaginings, surrounded us on all sides. A huge blue pyramid growing fainter towards the apex where rested a mass of snowy whiteness, sailed slowly by to be followed by another, black at the waterline, growing bottle-green, lighter olive, and then by some inexplicable transformation becoming tipped with a delicate turquoise. Pinnacles, arches and domes in turn drifted by, till the speed of the Ancon was checked, and we found ourselves ready to drop anchor, while before rose a vertical ice-wall 500 feet in height and with a frontage of three and one-half miles. Not daring to attempt a pen picture, I quote the words of Muir, the State Geologist of California: "The whole front and brow of this majestic glacier is dashed and sculptured into a mass of yawning chasms and crevices, and a bewildering variety of strong architectural forms appalling to the strongest nerves, but novel and beautiful beyond description. Clusters of glittering, lance-tipped spires, gables and obelisks, bold out-standing bastions, and plain mural cliffs adorned along the top with fretted cornice and battlement, while every gorge and crevasse, chasm and hollow were filled with light shimmering and pulsing in pale blue tones of ineffable tenderness and loveliness." When at the firing of a cannon huge masses of ice became detached and plunged into the water with a force that threw the spray hundreds of feet in the air, and even at the distance we were, caused our steamer to sway violently, the excitement culminated, and the cheers of our party mingled with the echoes of the fall as the distant crags sent them back to us. We were landed on shore and after almost the entire afternoon spent climbing the side moraine, looking back at our ship, an atom in the distance, we returned feeling the half had not been told us.—[Correspondence Providence Journal.]

Guides for Ghosts

The Chinese hill-tribes believe that man has only three souls, and these are most satisfactorily disposed of. One appropriately and conveniently remains in the grave, another takes up his position at the ancestral board, and the third roams about unrestrained in the spirit world, not necessarily upon earth. Many of the women are fond, as in India, of giving their dead child a dog, or, by dint of prayers and supplications—the departed soul of an old and experienced person as guide, that the infant wanderer may not miss its way on the path to the spirit world. For this reason it was that the Mongolians sent slaves to accompany their dead princes. The Chinese, however, have a more humane idea. They believe that, since it is likely that the dead man will be unable to find his way safely to the land of spirits, and may as probably as not stray from the right path, the kings of the under-world would furnish him with a little devil to act the part of guide and servant to the newly disembodied spirit on its journey. The Poles used to have a notion of a similar kind, though they, like the Chinese, did not display it in such an unpleasant way for survivors. It was their custom to lay bears claws in the grave, to serve the dead man as hooks, with the help of which he might climb the great glass mountain. According to the common notion among the Kareens, the dead renege as "plu-pho" in the world of Piu, under sovereignty of the great King Koetay, or Tneedo, the occupations which they had followed while as yet mortals upon earth—a most curious hint at the caste system of the Hindoos, which has no place with the Kareens while they are alive.—[English Paper.]

Destruction of a Swiss Glacier with Dynamite.

One of the youngest, as well as one of the most beautiful, glaciers in the country is that which gives birth to the river Rhone, and the grandest sight in connection with the Rhone glacier is the superb seracs or pinnacles of ice, which prove a source of unending attraction to travellers by the Furka pass. As is well known, the second and third bends of the road almost hang over the glacier, and afford a wonderful view of the stupendous ice fall, which, descending from precipitous rocks, is broken and twisted into fantastic pyramids. This sight, writes our Geneva correspondent, is certainly unique in that part of the Alps, but unless active steps are taken to stop the destruction now going on, it will soon be no longer. It appears that some people have obtained permission—from whom it is not clear—to destroy these pinnacles by means of dynamite, in order that the huge blocks thus easily detached may be put on the St. Gotthard railway, and so transported to Bale, where they are to be stored in immense wells for summer use. Should the destruction of the glacier be allowed to continue the authorities will find to their cost that they have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, for the chief attraction of that desolate region is the superb ice pinnacles of the great glacier, and when they have disappeared travellers will turn their steps in other directions.—[London News.]

The Spanish American.

The Spanish American is an inveterate gambler, while many who have studied the social economy of Mexico have held that the financial embarrassments of that fine country have been due no less to "pronunciamentos" than to the game of "monte." The Cuban, again, is one of the most determined and the best mannered of punters. Whether he gains or loses at card playing or cock-fighting, he rarely moves a muscle, and pockets handfuls of gold doubloons, or sees the auriferous "cart wheels" swept away from him, with equal imperturbability. Every steamship that leaves Liverpool for an American port has among her passengers a portion of gentlemen who would smile and shrug their shoulders in contempt, or open their eyes wide with amazement, were they told that gaming was an offense against public morality, and was in the highest degree detrimental to the maintenance of good discipline on board ship. The Spanish American begins to gamble when he is a boy, and continues to gamble his whole life long; and a baccarat table on board a steamship would be by him regarded as a sweet boon, not only from its presenting a chance of winning a comfortable pile of dollars, but for its alleviation of the tedium of a sea voyage.—[London News.]

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Love, like fear, makes us believe everything.

There can be no friendship where there is no freedom.

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

It is good discretion not to make much of any man at the first, because one cannot hold out that proportion.

To wish to do without our fellows and to be under obligation to no one is a sure sign of a soul void of sensibility.

True politeness is the last touch of a noble character. "It is the gold on the spire, the sun-light on the corn-field."

An old proverb says, "An unkind word falls easily from the tongue, but a coach and six horses cannot bring it back."

When a misfortune happens to a friend look forward and endeavor to prevent the same thing from happening to yourself.

Life, according to an Arabic proverb, is composed of two parts—that which is past, a dream; and that which is to come, a wish.

Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness.

We are linked both to the past and the future, and our duty to the former, well fulfilled, will best fit us to discharge our duty to the latter.

He that does not know those things which are of use, and necessary for him to know, but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

Pride is like the beautiful acacia, that lifts its head proudly above its neighboring plants—forgetting that it, too, like them, has its roots in the dirt.

Every man has his chain and his dog, only it is looser and lighter to one man than another, and he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags it.

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease; many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock.

Conversation should be pleasant, without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceit, novel without falsehood.

If you are willing to be as pleasant and as anxious to please in your own home as you are in the company of your neighbors, you will have the happiest home in the world.

Friendship without beneficence degenerates into a weak and worthless sentiment; beneficence without the spirit of friendship becomes a mechanical and lifeless routine.

A generous, a brave, a noble deed performed by an adversary, commands our approbation; while in its consequences it may be acknowledged prejudicial to our particular interests.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for so doing; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants and the admiration of fools.

Sarcasm always leaves its doubt and its depression. Human nature avenges itself by suspicion. There comes the internal and unerring whisper, "As others have been used so shall I be."

A man should never put a fence of words around his ideas, because many who would otherwise give him a fair hearing, lack sufficient resolution to climb over such a rugged enclosure.

The Loss of the "Wasp."

When the British gunboat was lost with all save six on board she was bound for Lough Foyle to take the Sheriff and bailiffs to Inshrahull to evict the inhabitants. The total rental of this speck in the ocean is £18. It is a small island on the seaboard of Donegal, and it is well known as the scene of the wreck of the Iris some few years back, when the hardy islanders, at great risk of life and limb, succeeded in rescuing the passengers and crew of the ill-fated steamer. The extreme length of the islet is three miles and the breadth one and a half miles. It is distant from the mainland about nine miles, and of all the desolate specks of land it is the most uninviting. Sixteen families with the light-house keeper make up the entire population. There is no arable land, and the surface of the ground is formed of rocks. Some of the tenants have never paid any rent, and others are from ten to fifteen years in arrears. A precarious livelihood is earned at fishing during the summer months, but, owing to the stormy and dangerous nature of the coast in the winter, the islanders go to the mainland until the spring, as there is no fuel to be obtained on the islet. There is only one landing place, and it requires skill and care to run into it in safety. So the attempt to collect \$90 has cost the British navy thousands of pounds and fifty-two lives.

A Pen and Ink Portrait.

A man of refined courtesy and pleasantness, who can make a flattering speech when needful, and yield to non-essentials with grace, there is in Lord Dufferin, as in all successful Irishmen—in the Wellesleys, and the Lawrences, and the Wolseleys—an element of granite hardness and impetuousness, rising sometimes into pitilessness, indispensable to the man who is to govern, and not merely seem to govern, under Indian conditions. The sceptre which guides and controls a fifth of the human race must be of hard metal, and the man who cannot bear to punish may ruin provinces. Lord Dufferin can hang if needful, as he showed in Syria, or frighten opponents, as he showed on one great day in Constantinople, and is by no means, when pushed to the wall, the sweetly-soothing politician of which his career in Canada left in some minds an impression.

How Doth the Busy Little Moth.

It is astonishing what an appetite a moth has, and how many square inches of a \$60 overcoat he can get away with in one short summer. He don't make any noise about it, but as soon as spring opens, and it becomes warm, their appetite reminds them that they have been lying quiet for some time, and so they go to work to eat enough to last all winter. When fall comes again and you take your overcoat off the hook, it looks as though it had been chewed by a buzz saw.

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