

### Barbarous Congoans.

The natives of Congo (the interest in which marvellous region is growing daily among English merchants) have some strange and curious habits. Even the best of the Ba-congos turn persons suspected of witchcraft, and accept the most trivial evidence of sorcery as sufficient for the stake. Mr. Johnson says that "at Pallaballa, for instance, for everyone—child, woman or man—who dies somebody is suspected of having caused the death by supernatural causes, and the horrid od unganga or "medicine man," who holds the inquest over the coffin, is called to detect the guilty person, and generally fixes upon those possessed of worldly goods, in order that they may buy him off from his fell accusations. Should the person thus accused be unable to satisfy the unganga, he or she is compelled to take the osaka, the infusion of a poisonous bark; and according as the unganga is regulated in strength by the uganga, so the suspected tamperer with witchcraft either vomits up the poison and recovers, dies at once from its effects, or retains it in the stomach and does not die, in which latter case the natives have rare sport in hacking the ill-deer to pieces with their blunt knives or in corking their victim over a slow fire." The first days of all peoples seem to be very much alike. On the lower Congo, as far as Stanley pool, phallic worship is prevalent, rustic temples being dedicated to it, but the rites are far less obscene (one gathers from both writers and travelers) than in the classic days of the bacchanalian feasts. The highest form of civilization has a remnant of savagery in it.

### Deep Sea Fish.

Deeper down, toward 1,000 and 1,500 meters, fishes abounded. All these fishes, on arriving at the surface, were dead, the gas was separated from the blood, so as to produce a sort of froth, and many of them were deformed by the enormous distention of their swimming bladder. The species of this group, which inhabit the abysses of the sea, have a special aspect, and are readily recognizable. Their skin,

covered with a very thick coat, never has lively colors: it is grayish, or of a velvet black, and the scales are not very solidly attached; the muscles are not thick, and are of a soft consistence; their bones are soft and have a spongy structure; their mouth is usually large and armed with sharp, hook-like teeth. All that were observed by the "Talisman" party had normally developed eyes, whose mode of action in a medium completely obscure would be difficult to understand if it did not find its explanation in the existence of phosphorescent plates, or of a covering of luminous slime, which can shine at a certain distance. In the black Malacosteus these plates are situated at the eyes; in other species they are disposed in lines on the lateral parts of the body.—(Prof. Packard on the Cruise of the "Talisman.")

### Transportation of Heat.

A Pittsburgh prophet makes the assertion that in fifty years, perhaps twenty-five, coal will not be carried from the mines to its place of destination in bulk, but only its actual heat energy transported, and that by wire. This process, he says, can be accomplished by converting the coal into heat, the heat into motion, and the motion into electricity. A storage battery at Cincinnati would take it up as fast as generated at the mines. From his battery it could be taken out and converted back into motion and heat, or changed into light. It is only a matter of time, perhaps, until this and still more wonderful things are done. And today we are told, Edison is working on some such idea as the above.

Happiness is the result of harmony between our wants as creatures and the world without; peace is the harmony between us as spiritual beings and the Father of our spirits. The one is changeable as the objects or circumstances on which it for the moment relies; the other is unchangeable as the God on whom it eternally rests.

A lonesome swell is the very picture of solitude.

### NEWSPAPER FABLES.

While an Editor of an Afternoon Paper was Shearing four columns of Matter from a Morning Daily to be used as "Strictly Original News" in his Own Issue a Cockroach Climbed into the Paste-pot and Proceeded to Satisfy his Hunger. He had not Eaten above three Mouthfuls when the Editor seized him by the Neck and Flung him to the floor with such Violence as to Break Three Legs and Fracture a Rib or two.

"On what Theory do you Defend Such Outrageous Conduct?" demanded the poor Cockroach as he lay Helpless on his back.

"Why, you were Stealing my Paste."

"Exactly, but you were Stealing Copy."

#### MORAL:

Two Steals don't make a Right, but you can't Blame the Cockroach for Feeling that this Conduct was Excusable under the circumstances.

#### THE INDIGNANT CITIZEN.

A Citizen who "had had his attention called" to an Item in a Newspaper which seemed to reflect on his Integrity of Character, made a Bee Line for the office to Thrash the Editor. At the head of the "second flight of Stairs he Paused to Wonder if it would not be Wiser to Demand Retracted. At the third landing he had almost Decided that the Item Contained no Insultations. At the fourth he Decided to send the Thrashing by Letter. At the fifth he met the Editor whom he Started Out to find and handed him the Cash for the Year's Subscription in Advance.

#### MORAL:

First Impulses are more apt to be Wrong than Right.

#### THE DISAPPOINTED REPORTER.

A Reporter who had Walked two miles on a Rumor of a Murder discovered the Supposed Victim alive and in the Best of Spirits, and in great Disappointment he cried out:

"Alas! but I had hoped to find you with your Throat Cut, and I have had my tramp for Nothing!"

"While it is true I am Alive!" replied the Citizen after due Reflection, "it Hurts my Feelings to see you so Cast Down, and I will therefore Kill my Mother-in-law and give you the Scoop on all the Other Papers."

#### MORAL:

Disappointment is sometimes the Fore-runner of Luck.

#### THE PROOF-READER AND THE ORATOR.

An Orator who had Delivered a "little Offhand Address" at a Public Meeting carried the Manuscript down to his favorite Newspaper to be published. Next morning when he came to read the Matter over he Discovered that the sentence, "The Bulwarks of Liberty," had been changed to "The Balruses of Livonian." In great Pain and Consternation he Rushed down to the office and sought out the Proof-Reader and exclaimed:

"Alas! that you should have made me the Victim of Ridicule and Contempt! I feel as if I could Paralyze you!"

"Gently, my Friend," was the calm reply "Had you halted at the door below you would have found the Editor writing a Second Page Article in Praise of this very Sentence, which he Declares to be Original and bound to have a Run. My Inadvertence will make you Famous."

#### MORAL:

There's none in it. The Proof-Reader always manages to Wriggle Out, no matter how Small the Knot-Hole.

#### The French Hair Trade Affected by War with China.

The troubles in China are unfavorably affecting one of the most important minor industries of Marseilles, and may interfere with female heads all over Europe in a way their owners little expect. China has ceased to send hair to France, whether because its export has been interdicted by authority or because Chinese dealers in the article are too patriotic to deal with their enemies, has not yet been ascertained. The Iraqoudy, which arrived in August from Hong Kong, brought only three bales of this interesting merchandise, and the Sindh, which arrived last month, brought but a single case.

Marseilles is the principal human hair market in Europe. The imports average 80,000 kilogrammes (about 80 tons) of which fully one half come from China. For the rest Italy supplies 22,000, Cochinchina 13,477, the English East Indies 2,000, Japan 538, Algeria 431, Turkey 98, Austria 57, and Spain 13 kilogrammes. Thus China, Cochinchina, and Japan furnish a greater quantity than Italy, which was formerly the sole source of supply.

As education extends it becomes increasingly difficult to persuade young women in Europe to part with their tresses. The only parts of France where any can still be procured are Brittany and France. The trade has grown enormously. In 1865 the imports into Marseilles were no more than 17,000 kilogrammes, but since "plaits" came into vogue the demand for hair has created not alone a large commerce, but an important industry. There is something almost appalling in the idea of eighty tons of perukes, puffs, and false fronts, France, however, profits by it, and wigs all the world—certainly all the women in central Europe. This is proved by the curious and suggestive calculation. Marseilles reserves for his own consumption 3,000 kilogrammes, of which 300 are made into pesukes for men and 2,700 into postiches for women. Now as one kilogramme of hair makes on the average ten coiffures, it is evident that the sale of postiches must be at the rate of 27,000 a year, and as a postiche lasts three years, it follows further that 84,000 women in Marseilles—pre-eminently the whole of the female adult population—must be wearers of false hair in one shape or another.

Applying the like rule to the balance of the hair imported into Marseilles we find that after deducting the same proportion for the wigs of men, there remains for the use of the fair sex in France and elsewhere 70,000 kilogrammes—equal to an annual sale of 600,000 postiches. Hence the number of women who procure their false hair directly or indirectly from Marseilles must be upward of two millions. As Marseilles, though the great mart, is not the only place to which human hair is consigned, there are probably many more bewigged women in Europe than these figures denote.

### A JOURNEY IN A SHARK'S MOUTH

#### The Thrilling Adventure of a Spanish Diver.

A Spanish diver, while at work beneath the sea on the wreck of a vessel, met with a thrilling adventure, and gives the following graphic account of it: "At the time I was at the bottom of the sea," says Alfetto, "I was just about to signal to be drawn up for a moment's rest, when I noticed a shadowy form moving at some distance above me and toward me. In a moment every fish had disappeared, the very crustaceans lay still upon the sand, and the cuttle fish scurried away as fast as they could. I was not thinking of danger, and my first thought was that it was the shadow of a passing boat. But suddenly a feeling of terror seized me. I felt impelled to flee from something, I knew not what. A vague horror seemed gnawing after me, such as a child feels when entering a darkened room. By this time the shadow had come nearer and taken shape. It scarcely needed a glance to show me that it was a man eate, and one of the largest size. Had I signalled to be drawn up then it would have been certain death. All I could do was to remain until it left. It lay off twenty or twenty-five feet, just outside the rigging of the ship, its body motionless, its fins barely stirring the water above its gills. It was a monster as it was, but to add to the horror the pressure of the water upon my head made it appear as if it were pouring flame from its eyes and mouth and every movement of its fins and tail seemed accompanied by a display of fireworks. I was sure the fish was thirty feet long, and so near that I could see its double row of white teeth. Involuntarily I shrank closer to the side of the vessel. But my first movement betrayed my presence. I saw the shining eyes fixed upon me; its tail quivered as it darted at me like a streak of light. I shrank closer to the side of the ship. I saw it turn on one side, its mouth open, and heard the teeth snap as it darted by me. It had missed me, but only for a moment. The sweep of its mighty tail had thrown me forward. I saw it turn, balance itself, and its tail quivered as it darted at me again. There was no escape. It turned on its back and swooped down on

me like a hawk on a sparrow. The jaws opened and the long snining teeth grated as they closed on my metal harness. It had me. I could feel its teeth grinding on my copper breastplate as it tried to bite me in two—for, fortunately, it had caught me just across the middle, where I was best protected. Having seized me it went tearing through the water. I could feel it bound forward at each stroke of its tail. Had it not been for my copper helmet my head would have been torn off by the rush through the water. I was perfectly conscious, but somehow I felt no terror at all. There was only a feeling of numbness. I wondered how long it would be before those teeth crushed through, and whether they would strike first into my back or my breast. Then I thought of Maggie and the baby and wondered who would take care of them, and if she would ever know what had become of me. All those thoughts passed through my brain in an instant, but in that time the connecting air-tube had been snapped and my head seemed ready to burst with pressure, while the monster's teeth kept crunching and grinding upon my harness. Then I felt the cold water begin to pour in, and heard the bubble, bubble, as the air escaped into the creature's mouth. I began to hear great guns and to see fireworks and rainbows and sunshine, and all kinds of pretty things; then I thought I was floating away on a rosy summer cloud, dreaming the sounds of sweet music. Then all became blank. The shark might now have eaten me up at his leisure, and I should have been none the wiser. Imagine my astonishment, then, when I opened my eyes on board and saw you fellows round me." Alfetto was found by his comrades a few minutes after the snapping of the line. He was picked up insensible with several holes punched in the metallic part of his diving-suit.—[Casell's Journal.]

#### A Facetious Father.

"Pa, can money talk?"  
"That's what betting men say, sometimes my son."  
"What can it talk, pa?"  
"I suppose it can talk good cents."

# EATON'S GREATSALE NEW FALLGOODS

## Dress Goods, Silks & Shawls.

Coloured brocade dress goods all the newest shades, 10c per yard, worth 15c.  
Extra heavy costume cloth 15c per yard, splendid value.  
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Printed Linen Handkerchiefs, 2, 3, 4 and 5c.  
Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, Printed Borders, 5, 8, 10 and 12c.  
Ladies' Fancy Lace Handkerchiefs, 50, 75, and \$1.  
Ladies' and Gentlemen's pure Linen Handkerchiefs, 3 for 20c.

A splendid selection of pure Silk Handkerchiefs in cream, white, black, second mourning and plain and fancy colors, from 30c to \$2.50.

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Ladies' Undressed Mosquetaire Kid Gloves, in Black, Tans and Dark Fancies, 75c., \$1 and \$1.25 pair.  
Ladies' 4 Button Kid Gloves, Tans with Embroidered Backs, \$1, and \$1.25 pair.  
Gent's 1 Button Dent Kid Gloves, Black and colours, 50c. worth \$1 pair.  
Gent's Lamb Gloves, Embroidered Backs, 75c. pair.  
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